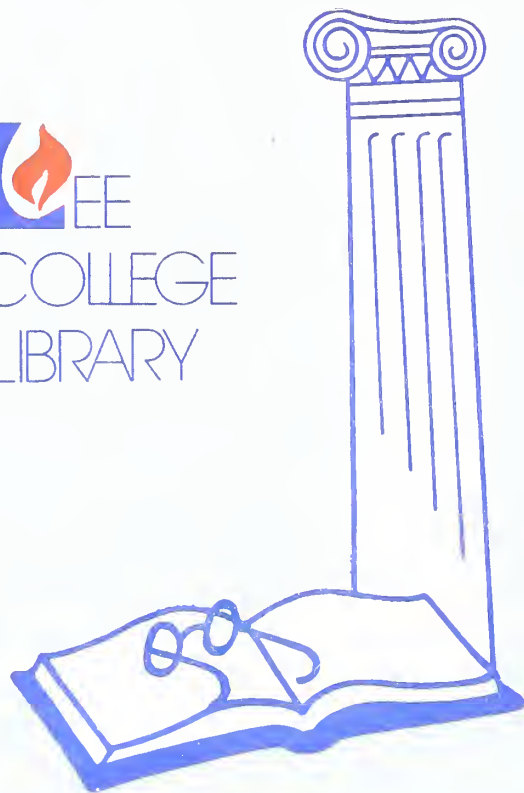


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# LIGHTED PATHWAY

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

VOL. 10

JANUARY, 1939

No. 1

## Prayer for the Year

BY HELEN WELSHIMER

*Oh, grant us vision, God, this year to carry  
Our banners up the timeless hills to peace;  
Turn our swords to plow-shares, this we ask Thee,  
Sound the bugle, God, and bring release  
From hatred that so long has held us captive,  
From greed that looks on lowlands, not the stars;  
Too long we've groped, each in his little kingdom,  
Oh take from us each hurting thing that mars!*

*Help us this year to walk the cosmic highway  
That goes where fields are green and rivers clear;  
To watch bright sun lay rugs on April's meadows,  
To brave the winter without cry or fear.  
To know seedtime and harvest will not perish,  
That day must come if there has been the night;  
That months will pass unchanged in rhythmic  
cycle—*

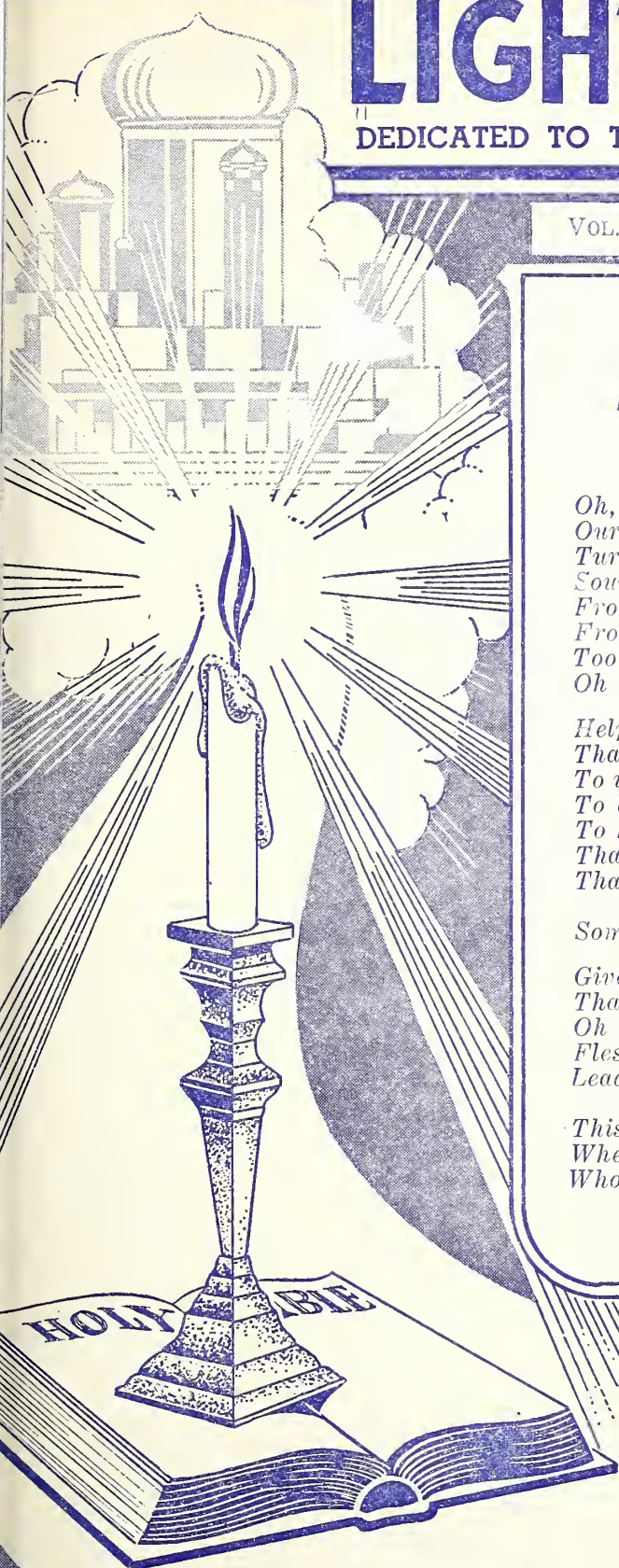
*Sometime, somewhere, the pattern will be right.*

*Give us this year frontiers that are unconquered,  
That lie uncharted in the human breast;  
Oh let us stand again, dear God, on Sinai,  
Flesh bruised by thorns, hearts valiant in the test.  
Lead us through Wilderness, dear God, and bring  
us*

*This time next year to gayer, braver days,  
When we shall come again as grateful children,  
Whose hearts are tuned to richer hymns of praise.*

"Thy word is a lamp  
unto my feet and a  
light unto my path."

Psalm 119:105



Jesus,  
the Light  
of the world."





# The Editor's Message



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

The New Year is almost here and we feel such a responsibility in sending out our message to you at this season of the year. It is the time of new resolutions and new efforts. However, each day of the year is

just as important for we should begin each day with the thought, "Lord, make me a blessing today." Each day we should go forth with the thought that we find in one of our songs, "I want to live so the Lord can use me." But especially the New Year brings many new thoughts and desires to our hearts. I am sure that as you look out into another year with its untried way that the prayer of each honest heart is,

"Jesus, Savior, pilot me  
Over life's tempestuous  
seas."

Of course you want Him to pilot you. You would faint by the wayside right now if you were not trusting in Him to guide you through this new year. So we will talk with you about "Divine Guidance." I wonder if you ever stopped to think how many promises of guidance God's Word holds for us. Let me give you a few. Psalms 32:8, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." Proverbs 3:6, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Isaiah 58:11, "The Lord shall guide thee continually." John 8:12, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Dear ones, those of you who are most anxious to please the Lord and have His divine guidance this year, please read these passages of scripture and let them become a part of you, so that when you need help along the way that you will not be disappointed. How much of our Christian lives, as we look back over

the past year or years, has been a failure because we have persisted in initiating it for ourselves instead of waiting before the Lord to see what He wanted? We dream bright dreams of success. We call to our aid all kinds of expedients. At last we turn back disheartened and ashamed like children who are torn and scratched by brambles and soiled by the quagmire. None of this would have come about had we trusted God for guidance. We do not want you to misunderstand and think that you must sit down and wait for God to come every time and do some great miraculous thing for you. Many things, in fact most things, are settled by the written Word, and anything you are about to do that the Word does not back you up

down and wait for God to tell us to be soul winners. He has told us "to go in to all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And He has said, "He that winneth souls is wise." Many of our problems can be solved by the study of the Word of God, but there are times when we must listen carefully to the still small voice. In this how careful we must be, for the Word tells us that Satan comes many times as an angel of light. He does not always come with horns, and if we are not careful he will deceive us.

Friends, the secret of divine guidance is a wholly surrendered will. If we are holding on to our own way and will, God cannot guide us. We are not pliable in His hands. We want our way instead of His way. So He lets us have our way like the children of Israel when they asked for a king, only to let us see later that our will was not best. There is a secret controversy between our will and God's and we shall never have perfect guidance until we have turned our will to Him and let Him take and break and make that will according to His purpose for us.

## GREAT DECISIONS

*Great life decisions are in the making all about me. People are at the parting of the ways, choosing a life work, choosing companions and associates, choosing paths, some to rise, some to fall. It is my desire to live so close to the Master, that I may be duly under the Spirit's guidance, so that in all places I may be led to do that which people need at the parting of the ways.*

*My soul! What a need there is for great lives. National ideals to sustain. The revolt of youth world wide, and who shall pilot them in their new day? The awakening world crying for the democracy of Christian brotherhood. Wealth is accumulating. Men are decaying. Poets for the new day should spring up. Men of might would for political leadership be developed. Powerful business men with high honor should be produced.*

*I must walk close to youth. I must be so true and earnest that I can counsel them. I am resolved that I shall give much thought and effort to help youth choose wisely, heroically and earnestly the path they are to take. Be this my one great aim—to counsel lives at the parting of the ways.—Selected.*

God's impressions within and His Word without are always corroborated by His providence around and we should quietly wait until these three focus into one point. Sometimes it looks as if we are bound to act. Every one says we must do something. We are in a tight place. Behind are the Egyptians, before is

the sea. It is not easy to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. Here is where we fail God so many times. We get frightened at the Egyptians and plunge into the sea before the time. It's all right to plunge into the sea if it is God's time for He will part the waters and we can go over on dry ground, but we should wait God's time. God may delay His revelation of His will for us until He has tested us. There was delay when Mary sent for Jesus when Lazarus was sick and all hope was gone. He had been dead and buried for three days when Jesus finally arrived. There was delay ere the angel sped to Peter's side on the night before

(Continued on page 23)



# For His Glory

We are very sorry that we have not yet decided on our continued story for this year. Be patient and keep praying for God to help us in choosing one that will be a blessing to our young people.

—\*—

Louanna's head was bent industriously over her Ancient History, but she was not studying. Her thoughts were far away from the schoolroom.

Outside, the yellow heaven, touched by frost, swayed and murmured, as the wind moved gently through the branches of the huge cottonwood tree that stood by the schoolroom window.

Louanna disliked fifth-hour study—she was tired and hungry by then. Moreover, Amy Allen sat in front of her. It took all the kindness of Louanna's heart to be nice to Amy, who just now was industriously rouging her already red cheeks and touching with scarlet her pink lips.

Louanna's fair skin and red lips, untouched by rouge, seemed fairer by contrast with Amy's gilded face. Her brown hair, which she had never bobbed, was coiled in smooth bands across her head. She gazed around the room. She was the only long-haired girl in it. There were a few others in school, but none in the fifth-hour study. She stood out among the others as a lily would stand out in a bouquet of scarlet can-nas.

Usually she did not care—but today! even though she ranked among the first in her class. Amy always made her feel that she was an outsider—a stranger, a bit of a freak! Only that morning she had overheard her say to Delbert Ross, as she passed them loitering in the hall.

"Oh, Louanna! She is a little Polly Prim. Needs to be given a poke and brought to life." She did not hear Delbert's reply. If she had but heard it, she would not have minded Amy's sly thrust.

"Louanna is the prettiest girl in our class," he had responded loyally, "the prettiest and the smartest, too. She doesn't need all that calimine some of you girls spread on."

"Does it really pay," Louanna wondered, "to dress and act womanly? Maybe the boys liked girls of Amy's style better." Amy not only rouged, and rolled her hose, but even boasted that she took a puff of her boy friend's cigarette occasionally.

Louanna liked Delbert Ross. It had been a real ordeal to come from a tiny school like the one at Clearwater into a large school like this one at Wade, and he had been friendly and helpful

while she was "learning the ropes." She recalled how glad she had been when Friday night came to see his friendly face at young people's meeting. She was thinking now of how he had said after the service,

"Miss Lewis, I am so glad to know that you are coming with us. I surely like to hear you sing."

"But girls like Amy always seem to get anything they want," she thought. "Maybe I am too prim, too careful, too old-fashioned."

It was no wonder that Louanna failed in her history recitation that day. All she could see was Delbert's brown head leaning over Amy's fair one, and all she could hear was "Polly Prim, Polly Prim." Miss Lane, her history teacher, looked at her closely and decided the girl must be ill. Her cheeks were flushed crimson and her eyes were stormy. Miss Lane appreciated Louanna. She was so dainty and sweet, a real relief to anyone's eyes. Few of the senior girls were so natural and unspoiled.

Louanna had her life all planned. She had confided to Miss Lane that she intended to become a singing evangelist. Her voice, a real gift, was to be given to her Master in song. It had not seemed a difficult thing back in the little church at home to promise God to use her talent for Him. But here in the big city school and church Louanna was fighting her first real battle. There was a sincere desire in her heart to serve and please her Lord, but the influence all about her was adverse. Her school-mates, nearly all of them, were frivolous and worldly. Deep down in her heart she never wavered, but at times the temptation to be, to do, and to say things not consistent with her stand for Christ almost overwhelmed her. What could it matter? Were not many of the girls who seemed to enjoy these questionable things Christians?

She walked home that afternoon, her mind in a turmoil. Up to her pretty room she went, and at her desk she faced the question. Resolutely she marshaled the facts. If she held to her resolve to be a real Christian, she foresaw that she would always be a little lonely. But a voice whispered to her, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." She knew she would be compelled to forego many things that the young people all about her called pleasures. She would always be thought "queer," the tempter warned her.

Then came the thought that she would at least have peace and rest, her conscience would not flay her as it had done all day. She would not be con-

stantly defending herself and her actions to herself. She visioned the joy she would experience as she saw others swayed by her messages in song and pointed to her Savior. Her eyes stung as tears gathered behind the lids.

For a long time she battled with her conscience. She knew that the class party next week would be a crucial test for her. It was to be a dance. Louanna could hear the strains of jazz as she sat in her quiet room. She knew the kind of music they would have. She felt that her Lord would never have gone to such a place.

But she wanted to go—her dress was ready. She looked at it as it hung on the hanger. Flimsy, dainty, and pink as an apple blossom's heart it was, and she knew it would bring out the tint of her cheeks and make her brown eyes deeper.

She had felt sure that Delbert Ross would ask to take her to the party. She felt sure she could not say she was not going. She did not want to dance. She had not cared to dance since she had consecrated her life and talent to God. But she did want to go if Delbert asked her.

Suddenly she dropped to her knees by her bed. When she arose, her eyes were wet, but a smile of victory was on her lips. Her decision was made. She was going to be true to Christ, to her best ideals, and to the vow she had made.

"Louanna," called her mother, "telephone for you." She ran lightly downstairs, took the receiver off the hook, and instantly Delbert's voice came to her.

"Hello, Delbert," she answered. And then came the invitation she had been expecting.

Louanna hesitated, and as she did so, the longing to go came back, like a flood. Forgotten was the vow she had made, forgotten her recent decision. She only remembered that she wanted most awfully the good will of this boy, and the approval of her mates.

"Yes, Delbert, I shall be glad to go."

"Click," went his receiver, and instantly to Louanna came a heavy feeling of doubt. If she only had not hesitated!

"Who called you?" Mother wanted to know.

"It was Delbert Ross; he wants to come by and take me to the class party," Louanna returned slowly.

"Will there be dancing, dear?" her mother asked.

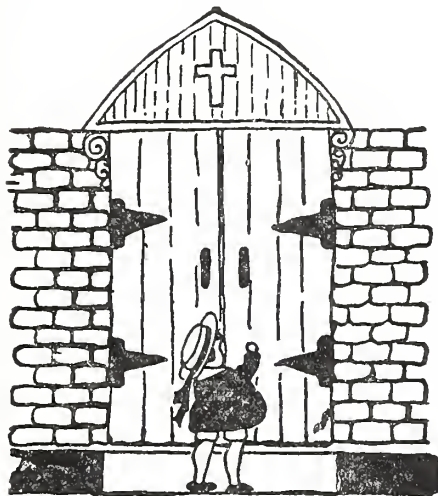
"Ye-es," returned Louanna.

Mother just said, "O Louanna!" and went on about her work. The week sped by. The big night came. Louanna, flushed and radiant in her new dress, met Delbert at the door. He came in to greet her mother, promising to get Lou-

(Continued on page 19)



# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

## A Little Christian

I am a little Christian,  
My sins are washed away;  
Jesus my Savior loved me,  
He died, my debt to pay.

I am a little Christian,  
Though very, very young,  
And I am bound for Heaven,  
To sing redemption's song.

I am a little Christian,  
I'll watch, and work, and pray  
Until He calls me higher,  
To live through endless day.

I am a little Christian,  
For Jesus I will shine;  
For I am His forever—  
And Jesus Christ is mine.

I am a little Christian,  
Will you not be one, too?  
Oh come just now to Jesus,  
And He will then save you.

—Publisher Unknown.

Our lessons are brief but they will give our leaders thoughts to use with other things that may come to them. Let the children during the week find each of these characters in the Bible and study them and tell where they are. You may use the little stories on the opposite page as illustrations to teach lessons of importance.—Editor.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 1

### Topic, "Thanking God By Our Gifts"

Long ago in a far away country there was a beautiful church. Many people climbed the lovely, white marble steps

that led to the church. Young and old came often to the church to sing and thank God for His goodness, for His gifts and for His care. They went because they loved God.

Just inside the great doors were chests of yellow brass, where people dropped their money when they wanted to thank God by bringing it to the church.

One day Jesus was in the temple near one of the brass chests while many people were dropping their money in the chest. Some were happy because they gave so freely and really wanted to thank God. Some were not happy, for, although they had much money and gave a great deal, it was not because they loved God.

A poor woman came in. Her husband was dead and she had to work hard to get enough money to buy food. She was very poor, but she had something to give because she loved God. She dropped into the chest two tiny pieces of money.

Jesus, standing by, saw it and it made Him glad. He called His friends to Him and said, "This woman has given more than any one else, for she has given all she has."

### Questions:

Why did the people go to the church? Because they loved God. What was just inside the doors? Money chests. Who stood over against the chests one day? Jesus. What made Him so very happy? A poor woman came in and gave all she had because she loved God.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 2

### Topic, "The Girl Who Left Her Own Country to Go With Her Mother-in-law"

We read in the Bible of a girl of Moab named Ruth who married a man of Bethlehem-judah. After the death of her husband and father-in-law, Naomi, her mother-in-law, was returning to her homeland and was ready to send Ruth back to her home but Ruth refused to go, saying "Entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

So Ruth and Naomi went back to Bethlehem, a place unknown to Ruth who was dependent on working for her own living. Although thus handicapped she had chosen Naomi's people for her people and the true God for her God, so God took care of her. By this right choice Ruth was made very rich and happy a few years later.

### Questions:

Who was Ruth? A girl of Moab. What did her mother-in-law try to persuade her to do? To return to her own people. Why did she refuse? Because she loved Naomi and was willing to stay with her. What did she say? Thy people shall be my people and thy God, my God. Did God reward her for this right choice? Yes.

## Bible Characters

Note: Perhaps your children will enjoy this blackboard word puzzle. Use your blackboard, writing one word at the time and let the children see who can make the proper word first.

Instructions: Each group of jumbled letters has just enough letters to spell some Bible character mentioned in the New Testament. On page 23 will be found the correct arrangement of the words which are Bible names.

Example: Hojn. Correct arrangement: John.

Esusj	Bethelisa
Vidad	Thamar
Terpe	Zarusla
Mesja	Lipiph
Ryma	Dalyd
Drewan	Monsi

(Correct arrangement on page 23)

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 3

### "Prayer"

Leading thought: Our only hope is in prayer. Boys and girls must learn to pray.

Prayer: Let us pray that we may all be boys and girls of prayer. Let us ask that we may learn how to talk to God.

In prayer we are communicating with God in heaven. We cannot see God, but we know He hears and will answer. In the Bible we read of some boys and girls of whom were Samuel, Joseph, and the little Syrian maid.

God will answer if:

I believe. Matt. 21:22; 7:7; John 15:7.

I ask according to His will. 1 John 5:15.

I do not have sin in my heart. Psa. 68:18.

Let us go to God in prayer as we go to father and mother. How often should we pray? 1 Thess. 5:17. This means breathe a little prayer such as, "Jesus help me," at school, play, or doing chores at home, etc.

How often did Daniel pray? Dan. 6:10. Let us decide to set aside a certain time for prayer each day. Ask Him for special blessings you need, and for unconverted friends and relatives, etc. (Memorize scriptures given.)

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 4

### Topic, "Joseph in Prison"

Joseph was very dear to his father



Jacob, and he was dear to God, for he was a good son, and he always served God. Although he was a good son to his father, his brothers hated him, and sold him to some Egyptians. He was carried to the land of Egypt as a slave and there worked for many years.

Because of hatred, his master's wife had him thrown into prison. In the prison with Joseph were two other men; the one had been a butler and the other a baker to the king. They each had a dream, and when they told their dreams to Joseph, the Lord gave him wisdom to know what the dreams meant, and so he told them what would happen, and it all came about just as he said.

While Joseph was still in prison the king had a wonderful dream, which troubled him very much, because he was afraid that something was going to happen, and no one could tell him what it was.

The butler remembered about Joseph's interpreting his dream and told the king about him, and the king sent for him at once.

The Lord gave him wisdom to tell the king all about his dream—how there were to be seven years of plenty and seven years of famine, and how the king should save up the corn of the seven good years and feed the people in the seven bad years.

And the king saw how wise Joseph was and that he could trust him to care for everything in the kingdom. He put him over all his people and over all he had, and Joseph was as true to him as he had been to his father and to God.

#### Questions:

Who was Joseph? The son of Jacob. Why did his brothers hate him? Because of jealousy.

What did they do with him? Sold him to some Egyptians. Why was he cast into prison? Because of hatred. Who had him cast into prison? His master's wife.

Who dreamed dreams? The chief baker and butler of the king. Did Joseph interpret them? Yes. How did he get out of prison? The king dreamed a dream and Joseph was able to make known unto him the interpretation.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Please send me the Lighted Pathway for one year. Mother is sending it to me for a Christmas present. I never did see but one copy of it and I surely did like it. A dear friend gave it to mother to read one time.

I am a little boy nine years old. I like to read Bible stories. Mother reads the Church of God Evangel to me, but I like your paper too. I would like to meet you personally and talk with you.

Wishing you many happy Christmases

and good health.—J. L. Kuykendall, Mobetie, Tex.

We are so glad to know that your mother knows what is good for little folks, and we are glad you have joined our reading circle. I believe with your mother's help you can read the paper through each month. We are glad you enjoy the Evangel too, and we hope these papers will carry a blessing to many girls and boys. Perhaps sometime we will meet personally. That would be fine.—*Editor.*

Brother Homer Johnson of Erwin, Tenn. writes:

We have organized a Junior Y. P. E. here at Erwin, and the children are happy in the work. May the Lord bless you in your work this year.

Note: We miss you and your good family in Cleveland but we are glad to know you are prospering there.—*Editor.*

Dear Children:

We are going to give you some stories each month and we hope that you will read about other good boys and girls and try to be like them. And when you read about bad ones do your best not to do the things that they have done. We have a letter from one of our little boys and I am publishing it on this page.—*Editor.*

#### Letting Go the Ladder

A boy lost five thousand dollars the other day by letting go of a ladder. The way it happened was that his grandfather, who was repairing the house, needed someone to hold the ladder on which he was to stand. He asked his grandson to do it.

Thomas was twelve years old. He wanted to go and play. He did not want to hold a ladder instead. He did not care whether his grandfather worked or not, but he certainly did not want to help him. So while his grandfather was standing on the ladder Thomas sneaked away.

If the ladder had slipped and his grandfather had been hurt Thomas might have been held responsible. But nothing happened. At least, Thomas did not know that anything had happened. The ladder did not slip. His grandfather got down safely. He looked grim at supper, but he did not scold his grandson.

Thomas considered that he had got away with it all right.

But it set the old man to thinking about Thomas. He began to watch the boy, and the more he watched him the more he saw what kind of boy he was. That little incident of the ladder was a finger post showing the way that Thomas was going. He was a shirk. He could not be depended upon. He was determined to please himself and have his own way regardless of

his family or anybody else.

His grandfather's eyes and mind were still keen. He came to a decision, and carried it out. When he died, the next year, he had crossed the name of Thomas out of his will with heavy ink lines, and had left everything to another grandchild whose character pleased him better. Thomas lost five thousand dollars in this way. A protest was made, but the judge decided that the old man had a right to disinherit his grandson if he did not think that Thomas was a fit boy to have the money.

Thomas could not understand it. Just leaving a ladder that he was asked to hold—what was there so wrong about that? His grandfather must have been crazy! Thomas will always believe that he was wronged. A little incident like that meant nothing, he was sure.

But it did. It revealed exactly what Thomas was like, as one leaf reveals the kind of tree on which it grows. A boy's nature, a girl's nature can be read by one little thing like that. A girl can often be fairly judged by a bit of rudeness, a trifling falsehood, a small, mean act. It is a rather terrifying thought, but it is quite true.

She may not lose five thousand dollars by it, but she will lose the best of life, and that is far more.—*The Girl's World.*

#### I Want Him Tonight

A little girl went with her mother to a hall where the gospel was being preached, and listened quietly to an address on, "The Way To Be Saved," but it seemed to her as if the preacher spoke only to the grown-up people. On the way home May asked her mother, "Is Jesus a Savior for a little girl nine years old?"

"Yes, indeed He is," said her mother. "He is the Savior for the youngest who trusts Him as well as for the oldest. He died for all, and that takes in my little May as well as her mother. But why did you ask that question, my child?"

"Because I want Him for my own Savior, and I want Him tonight."

May had often heard the story before, but had never felt a need; but now she just opened the door of her young heart and let the Savior in, and He made her very happy.

Oh, that the little reader may say what May said, "I want Him for my own Savior, and I want Him tonight!" That was being decided, and in earnest, was it not?—*Sel.*

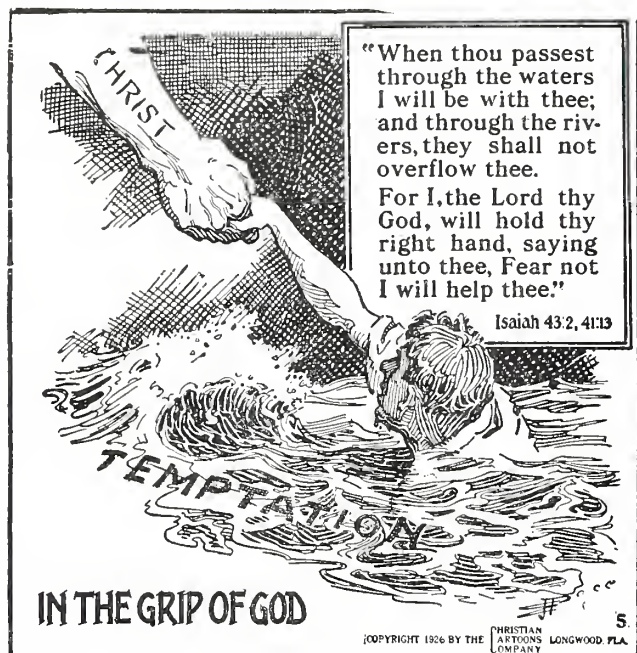
#### What Ailed a Pillow

Annie was saying her prayers. Nell trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white—golden

(Continued on page 23)



# Helps for Tempted and Tried



Dear Tempted and Tried Ones:

*What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear;  
What a privilege to carry,  
Everything to God in prayer.*

*Have we trials and temptations,  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.*

We are praising God this morning for this good old song.

We feel impressed to send out a little message at this New Year season to help you face the year 1939 with new courage and faith in this wonderful Friend of ours. He has been a friend through the past year and He will be through the coming year. "Fear not, I am with you. Oh, be not dismayed." Recently in a prayer meeting as it was Thanksgiving time we were expressing our thanks for different blessings. I told my friends that I was thankful that God gave me so many wonderful friends to pray for me during my long confinement with a broken hip, and that those prayers were answered. I am sure you will be glad to know that I am able now to be back in the office. I told these friends that I was sure they were thanking God because no such calamity had befallen them. Well, whatever happened during the old year is in the past. We cannot recall it and have it different now. We do not know nor understand just why many things happened but we do know that we can just put

all the mysterious happenings in the hands of this precious Friend and He will fix it up for us. We can leave the whys and the wherefores in His hands. But I hear you say, Sister Harrison, I

## THY GUIDING HAND

Verna Williams

Dear Father, from Thy throne above  
Wilt Thou stretch forth Thy hand of love:  
And in my being have full sway;  
Do drive the tempter's snares away?  
I've sinned, dear Father, o'er and o'er—  
Sometimes I think you've closed the door;  
And then the thought does come to me,  
Dear child, the Savior died for thee.

And now, dear Father, I ask Thee,  
Does Jesus' blood still cover me?  
May I still find a place of rest  
Upon the blessed Savior's breast?  
My soul is sad, I've sinned today.  
Old Satan almost had full sway,  
And yet out of the mist I see  
Thy loving hand still guiding me.

Now, Father, may I ever be  
A willing child who'll work for Thee;  
My life I want to give to Thee—  
O Jesus, intercede for me.  
Only the Savior's blood can cleanse  
My heart and make it pure again;  
Wilt Thou stretch forth Thy hand of Love  
And lead me to that home above?

—West Decatur, Pa.

made some terrible mistakes last year; I failed God in so many, many ways, what shall I do about it? Take it to this Friend and lay it at His feet and ask Him to help you to make of these mistakes and failures steppingstones to higher ground. And I hear you say again, Sister Harrison, did you make any mistakes along the path of the old year? Yes, many of them, but I'm looking out into the new year hoping and

praying for a clearer record the coming year. Who has not made mistakes in the year 1938? Who will not make some in the year 1939? I'm trusting God to help me not to make the same mistakes next year that I did last year. I want to profit by my experience last year, don't you?

I one time heard a sermon on a subject like this, "What would we be, if we could be, what at our best moments we would like to be?" I wonder what a marvelous life each of us would live. God sees our desires and knows our hearts and He judges us according to our motives. He knows that we are weak. He has told us to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation and He has also warned us that the spirit indeed is willing but the flesh is weak. We are glad that we have a precious Friend who is ever ready to help. He is able to keep us in the midst of temptation the coming year. He said, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape; that ye may be able to bear it."

Now, our object in writing this message to you who are tempted and tried at this season of the year, is to help you look up and take new courage. Our God is a God of love and understands you. Your friends may misunderstand you if you have made a mistake or if you have sinned and it may be they are not forgiving, but this Friend, Jesus, stands ready to forgive and blot out every stain of sin that you may have committed. Rise up and place your hand in His and let Him lead you out into the new year where victories await you. Lift thine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help. Let us ask this Friend to give us more faith this year, more courage to do the right thing, more love to win lost souls. More love for our brothers and sisters and less criticism, realizing that we do not understand all about them and their problems and remember that if we could just lift the curtain that hangs between us and them we would pity rather than blame. We should feel more like going and speaking words of comfort and love to them rather than criticize. O dear friends, we can find deliverance through this Friend, Jesus, this coming year.

*Some carry burdens whose weight has  
for years  
Crushed them with sorrows and blinded  
with tears.  
Yet one stands ready to help them just  
now,  
If they will humbly in penitence bow.  
Jesus is all this poor world needs today;  
(Continued on page 16)*



## Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

### God's Visits

"I have surely visited you, and seen that which is done to you," Exodus 3: 16.

Queen Victoria, when at her home in Scotland, often went out, unaccompanied, to visit the cottagers, and one day she found an old man, bedridden and alone. Not knowing Victoria, the old man explained that "all his folks were away hoping to get a glimpse of the queen." She said nothing to that, but sat with the old man a long time, chatting pleasantly, and then she read to him out of the Bible she loved. As she left she gave him twenty-five dollars, saying, "When your people come back, tell them that while they have been to see the Queen the Queen has been to see you."

In much the same way, when deserted by men, we are sure to be visited by God. "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." No one is so forgotten by his fellows as to be forgotten by his Creator. The need of Him is a pledge of Him. No neighbor is so neighborly as God.—*Christian Sun*.

### Does God Care?

The preacher was speaking on "The Untroubled Heart." His text was "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." There were a few, at least, in the congregation who were saying to themselves, "What does the preacher know of trouble? Has he ever gone through the agony of the heartbreak of love untrue? Has he ever known the bitterness of want that brings suffering to loved ones? Has he ever known the burden of crushing care? Don't talk to me about an 'untroubled heart.' That's pretty talk for those who have no trouble."

But, wait a minute! Who was it who said, "Let not your heart be troubled"? Was it not One who knew the agony of being misunderstood even by those closest to Him? who faced heart-breaking opposition from those from whom He had a right to expect co-operation? who wept over Jerusalem? who knew He was to be crucified on the cross?

Evidently the "untroubled heart" is not a pain-free heart. It is a heart that can sing as it aches. It can sing because it is sure God does care. It can sing because it knows God will do something about it in His own way and in His own time.—*Church School Magazine*.

### Picture Finished After Artist's Death

When, in the sixteenth century, Venice was suffering from plague, an old artist might have been seen working on a painting which he desired to place above his tomb. The old man was Titian, in his hundredth year, and he was engaged upon a *Pieta*. The sadness and terror of the time found expression on the canvas, and the artist's religious fervor was reproduced. The work, however, had to be finished by another, for the brush fell from the nerveless fingers of Titian ere he had completed the task. His successor wrote to the effect that "what Titian left unfinished Palma has with reverence completed, and dedicated the work to God." So it is with everything we attempt for the Lord. If we are taken, He will find other hands to carry on His good work. The worker may perish, but God's work goes on without interruption. Life is continuous. Things begun by one get finished by others.—*Selected*.

### Grains of White Sand Stopped the Throb of the Engine

The little grains of white sand were found in the heart of the engine of the boat when investigation was made because the launch-engine had stopped its throbbing. Those who were out on the water, enjoying the way the small boat was flying along even against a strong wind and in a heavy sea, were feeling it was alive almost as were they; then there came a change and they noticed that the beats of the engine were not regular. Soon the beats grew fainter and fainter. At the first hint of something not just right the engineer looked carefully at his engine and saw nothing amiss. But soon the launch would be on the terrible coral reef just beyond, unless the engine resumed its work; therefore the engineer and his helpers took the engine apart and at the center, where was a gauze screen through which benzine should pass, they found grains of white sand. Quickly the engine heart was cleaned and with no sand there and engine parts again put in place the throb of the engine began again, and on the boat flew as before. I cannot say just how the sand grains got into the engine heart, but I know that sands of evil often get into men's hearts by some fellowman's influence toward wrong. A Christian will study to avoid all influencing wrong of another; if he is the

one receiving "sand grains" he will clean them out from his heart.—Adapted from article by Frank Paton, in *Sunday School Times*.

### Such a Glad Surprise

Sister Abigail, the leading worker in the booklet, "Little Is Much," relates a recent confirmation of the grace romances given therein: Having some time to spend at the waiting room where I was taking a car, I gave out some tracts to the people around. I had just sat down when a fresh lot of people came in. So I got up to give out more tracts. My attention was drawn to one poor man whose face and hands were terribly disfigured. He wore large dark glasses. I hardly liked to go up to him for fear he would think it was curiosity on my part. Lifting my heart to God, who always gives wisdom in time of need, I went forward to him, and holding out a tract, said, "Will you take this?"

At once a glad smile passed over his disfigured face, as he held out what was left of his poor hand, and said, "That I will, I have so often wished to see you again." "Indeed," I said, "but I don't remember having met you before."

"No, I expect not," he said. "When you last saw me my face, and indeed my whole body was covered with cloths. But you remember coming to the Emergency Hospital at the time of the great explosion, then it was I saw you, and being afraid I could not recover, and dreading to die, I believed what you told me about the Savior, and I trusted Him, and He did save me. I did get well again after many months, and now I am so glad to see you and to tell you what the Lord has done for me."—*Life Line*.

### About Show

"Captain, captain, ain't yo' shame? A dollah watch wif a golden chain."

Thus goes an old negro rhyme. It may or may not be poetry, but it expresses a good, old, homely thought.

There are a lot of us just like the captain. As long as a golden chain flashes across the vest it doesn't seem to matter how cheap the watch at the end of it. In fact, I know a fellow, who in order to sport a handsome automobile, lives in a carpetless shack and sits on a soap box to eat his meager meals off a tin plate. A cheaper car would serve his purpose just as well, but, like the captain with the golden chain, display is the thing that counts with him.

A wise man knows that real value lies not in a showy chain, but rather in a dependable time-keeper. I have seen many an excellent watch at the end of a shoe string or a piece of rawhide.

Usually the most dependable and the most worth-while folks are the least pretentious.—George R. Emery, in *The Sunday School Banner*.



# The Inner Circle Page

## AN APPEAL TO YOUTH

They tell us that today with its responsibilities is the day of youth. I covet the young life for service to Christ and the Church of God.

Youth is a fascinating period. One has said, our veritable birth dates, not from the date of the calendar, but when something great and unexpected happens in life. I personally know hundreds of the young people of the Church of God, I believe in you, and in my judgment you are able to deal with some of the great difficulties found in modern life.

### YOUTH

There is a best time for everything and youth is the best time for most of them. It is said that five-sixth of all our religious choices are made before we are twenty-one.

The supreme duty and privilege of our young people is to complete the work of the Church of God which its founders began. Young people, you should be glad that you belong to a church, the Church of God, which believes the Bible out and out, in and in, from the first word of the first verse of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis down to the last word of the last verse of the last chapter of the Book of Revelation.

### I. EVANGELISM

The Christ of the Bible has commanded us to go and that command is exhausted only when we have reached the last man standing in the remotest corner of the earth.

Old Balboa, who first discovered the Pacific Ocean, stepped out into its briny waters and, planting there the Spanish flag, claimed that body of water, with all the lands it touched, for Ferdinand and Isabella, his king and queen. With equal confidence and courage, The Church of God must claim this world for our Lord and His Christ.

To that end we must continue to major in evangelism. Let our army of young people back the pastor in his every evangelistic effort.

### II. HOME MISSIONS

To make America Christian is a task that challenges the zeal of youth. Will the most visionary youth dare to dream of some glad tomorrow when American society, business and politics will be controlled by the Spirit of Christ!

One battle lost by the Protestants at White Mountain kept the Protestants out of Bohemia, the land of John Huss, for three hundred years. What youth would not have fought in that battle?

One of our state overseers has just declared his determination to place a Church of God in every town of his state.

John Knox was young when he fell on his face and cried, "Give me Scotland or I die." And God gave him Scotland and threw England in to boot.

### III. FOREIGN MISSIONS

I have faith that we can trust the young people of the Church of God to understand that foreign missions is an integral part of the object for which the Church exists. The idea of saving men for this world as well as saving them for the next world will appeal strongly to our youth.

Foreign missions will give the non-Christian world the secret of the mastery of the art of living.

The Bible is the Book that sends the missionary forth on his adventure in foreign fields. And as to where the gospel should be preached the Bible draws no geographical lines. It says "all the world."

If Christ tarries we should soon have General Assemblies in other nations as large as the General Assembly that recently met in Chattanooga.

There are communions that have as many members in the foreign field as they have at home. Let that be a challenge to the youth of the Church of God.

### EDUCATORS

The world doesn't think of our Church as educators. Some would term our movement the reign of Mediocracy. Should that status be long endured by the eager, inquiring, young minds of the Church of God?

The infallible test of life is growth. With that test the world will judge whether or not we are intellectually alive.

Education is intellectual life—the more abundant intellectual life, life with power to accomplish the impossible.

As we are being educated we will grow intellectually, socially, morally, spiritually.

The old adage is true, God and a fool can do as much as God and a wise man, but they have never done it. Young people work, pray and sacrifice for the schools of the Church of God.

### CHURCH ERECTION

Young people, encourage your pastor when he says, "New church." Our church is building new churches, larger

churches, better churches and in better locations. There is much in a location. One man in an aeroplane is equal to 2,000 on the ground. It's simply a question of location.

## ANSWER GOD'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY AND TO THE MISSION FIELD

You have but one life to invest and you should desire the greatest possible returns. You can scarcely overestimate the world's debt to the minister and to the missionary.

The world is in debt to the minister and the missionary because they represent and embody the great saving principle in the life of the world, and because they more than any other shall bring in that great day in which universal love shall be each man's law, and through them more than any other shall come that kingdom of God on earth which will be like the kingdom of God on high.

The ministry and the missionary enterprise is the most powerful, the purest, the most fruitful agency by which God is operating greatly upon the world.

John Knox, the preacher, saved Scotland. Ten years after David Livingstone, the missionary, Africa made more progress than she made in any other thousand years of her history.

Martin Luther, the preacher, Carlyle said, was greater than all emperors, popes, and potentates. Great in intellect, great in courage, great in affection and integrity. He declares that the moment in which Luther defied the wrath of the Diet of Worms was the greatest moment in the modern history of men.

The destinies of empires were changed that day into a new channel. Every nation under heaven stood or fell according to the attitude that it assumed toward Martin Luther.

### "Consider"

Luke 10:2

Some have gone forth far from loved ones and home,  
Leaving their all for His service alone;  
Counting the gain of this world only  
dross,  
Sharing other's burdens and carrying the  
cross.

Some have gone forth into darkness so  
dense,  
Darkness that crushes—a darkness intense;  
There in far lands where their Lord is  
not known,  
Gladly to work for His glory alone.

Some have gone forth with the story so  
old,  
Reaping a harvest more precious than  
gold;  
Are you too, faithfully doing your share,  
(Continued on page 24)



## From My Scrapbook

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

### My Creed of Faith

(THE APOSTLES' CREED)

By J. R. HARDING

I do believe, with heart and mind,  
In God the Father of mankind,  
Who both created Mother Earth,  
And gave the starry heavens their birth.

And I believe in Christ the Son,  
Incarnate Lord and Holy One.  
Begotten by the Spirit's aid,  
And mothered by a virgin maid;

That Pilate bruised His sacred head,  
And loosed Barabbas in His stead;  
That He was crucified, and dead—  
Was buried in a rocky bed;

That He arose from 'neath the shroud;  
That He ascended through a cloud;  
That now He dwells with God on high,  
Whence He shall judge us when we die.

And I believe with faith sincere  
That God the Spirit hovers near;  
That where the Christian Church is  
found  
Communing saints will there abound;

That God my sinful soul will save,  
Reclothe my spirit from the grave,  
To enter heaven's shining door,  
And dwell with Him forever more.

### Poem for The New Year

With sudden warmth my heart said,  
"Let us bring  
New hope and courage unto the coming  
year,  
And no despair and no unlovely thing."  
And so we labored earnestly to clear  
The hate and greed and pettiness away—  
The anger, perfidy, and prejudice.  
And brave and full of hope I turned to  
say,  
"Surely no one is so prepared as this."

But "Ah," my heart said, "let our faith  
be steady."  
And "Oh," my heart said, "let our love  
be deep,  
And let us be compassionate and ready  
To give of sustenance that we would  
keep."  
I said, "And now?" And my heart an-  
swered, "Still  
There is the Christ for following, if we  
will."—Sel.

### Pain

By Grace Noll Crowell

Pain stayed so long I said to him today,  
"I will not have you with me any more;"  
I stamped my foot and said, "Be on your  
way,"

And paused there, startled at the look  
he wore.

"I, who have been your friend," he said  
to me:

"I, who have been your teacher—All  
you know

Of understanding love, of sympathy  
And patience, I have taught you. Shall  
I go?"

He spoke the truth, this strange unwel-  
come guest;

I watched him leave, and knew that he  
was wise.

He left a heart grown tender in my  
breast,

He left a far, clear vision in my eyes.  
I dried my tears and lifted up a song—  
Even for one who's tortured me so long.

—\*—  
Sometime, when all life's lessons have  
been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have  
set,

The things which our weak judgments  
here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieve with  
lashes wet,

Will flash before us, out of life's dark  
night,

As stars shine most in deeper tints of  
blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans are  
right,

And how what seemed reproof was  
love most true.—Mary R. Smith.

### For the New Year

By James W. Foley

New thoughts, if old ones sear and scar,  
New dreams, where old ones withered  
lie,

New joys, where old ones vanished are,  
New hopes, should old ones droop and  
die,

New hearts that throb with warmth  
o' noon,

New songs that bring a sweeter tune,  
So may we know them—you and I.

New courage for the tasks to be,  
New lessons from the days gone by,

New faith, new love, new charity,  
New splendor in the blue of sky,

New deeds, and better than the old,  
New tales, by fairer fortune told,

So may we hear them—you and I.  
New days, when diligent we build  
New castles of enduring good,

New deeds by strength and purpose  
willed,

New helpfulness, new brotherhood,

New trust that bides and never ends,

New blessings showered on old friends,

New faith in heaven, new gratitude.

### Too Tired to Pray

By Jane Coffin

She thought, when night had finally  
ended day,

"Dear Lord, tonight I am too tired to  
pray,"

And wearily she closed her eyes in  
sleep,

Slipping far into the shadowed deep.

Up in Heaven the dear Lord heard and  
smiled.

"Today she soothed a little, crying child.  
She stopped her work to take old Ella

Kloop

A fragrant, warming bowl of her good  
soup.

Her house was orderly, her garden  
tended,

Her children fed, their clothes all clean  
and mended.

Her husband, home from work, found  
happiness

And quiet peace in her deep gentleness."

The dear Lord smiled again. "Too tired  
to pray?"

Her hands have offered prayers of love  
all day!"

### Nocturne

By Philip Jerome Cleveland

How many times nights grievous to be  
borne

Have been relieved by sudden bursts of  
song—

A few brave notes some bird flung from  
his wood,

Unconquerable where the shadows  
throng!

Close by the window, looking down the  
fields,

How often have I clutched that fragile  
trill

Of simple loveliness, heard scarce an  
hour

At midnight, when the tired world lay  
still!

Then have I thought of many things as  
vast

And wordless as the night. Is this my  
lot—

To sing a few small notes courageously  
As sparrows in deep woods? As like as  
not

There is no nobler destiny than this—  
To shatter fear and doubt, and round

the shore

Of human things fling all the joys I  
know,

God is, and life is good; to give no more  
Than this, and feel that I can read the

dark

With sure, brave music—any time I  
try—

For those who listen through the wind  
and rain,

Wistful and weary—yet none more so  
than I.



# A Year of Grace

Just an hour ago the back log had been shooting off dozens of gay colored sparks. Now it shed a sort of dull flame, and settled back among the ashes with something like a sigh.

"The fire's like the year," poetic Irene whispered dreamily. "It's dying."

"Yes, 'Miss Tennyson,'" Rodney, who was nothing if not practical, chirped up, "dying, dying, dying. What a cheerful thought!"

"We can always stir up the ashes and toss on a bit of wood and it's as good as ever," put in practical Mary Lou, suiting the deed to the words.

"Now," she cried, as the fire flared up again, "let's all make our wish for the new year. What do you wish it to bring you, Bill?"

Bill stirred a bit in his corner, his dark eyes on the flame as if he could see the coming months and their events in it.

"I wish it would bring me money," he said at last. "A lot of money. Nothing in the world takes the place of money. It does more than anything else."

"Now you, Rod."

"I want to win the Watson scholarship. That would bring me a year at Bainbridge and a year abroad. That's the best thing I'd wish for."

"Irene, what do you ask of the coming year? A library filled with poetry books?"

But, surprisingly, poetry books were not Irene's aim.

"I'd love to have a good time," she decided. "Lots of pretty clothes, a car of my own, parties, a summer at the beach, all those things."

"You mean you want what I asked for," Bill said. "Money would buy all your wishes; and Rod's too. Probably it would get yours, Mary Lou. But you haven't told yours, yet."

"Mine isn't so much," Mary Lou replied. "Maybe I should feel ashamed of not being more ambitious. But I hope the new year will be as much like the old as possible."

"You don't really?"

"Silly!"

"Why? It seems to me this has been a pretty stodgy old year."

"Darlings! Look back! It's been a wonderful year. We've had lovely weather, and we've all been well, we all get along nicely in school; we had a whole month at Star Lake, and Aunt Grace came to visit us—oh, we've had a marvelous time!"

And just as if it left on Mary Lou a blessed benediction, the old year quietly slipped away and the new one was

greeted with great noise—ringing of bells and the shrieking of whistles, the tooting of horns and general hilarity.

"May you all get your wish!" That was the greeting exchanged by the quartet. Mary Lou went to the kitchen and brought in four steaming cups of chocolate.

"To a year of grace," she cried, raising her cup to her lips.

"A year of grace!" the others echoed.

And so the new year began.

The young Federlys had little time to pay attention to it or to their wishes, which were soon forgotten in the maze of many happenings. During the rest of the holidays they were busy with coasting, skating and long hikes, alone or with their friends. Then they were back at school. Bill was trying to make the basketball team, Irene was deep in dramatics and Mary Lou practically busy and interested in the home economics course she loved. Rodney, of course, was plugging away at his lessons, as he put it. He had not forgotten his shining goal, the Bainbridge scholarship.

It was in March that Mr. Federly fell ill. Just a bad cold, it seemed at first, and then suddenly, quickly, terror was upon them. It was not just a bad cold. It was pneumonia. For days the house was very still. The crisis was upon them. None of the four young Federlys were ever to forget those terrible hours of waiting. At last there was an almost imperceptible change for the better. Then the long, slow recovery.

Early in April Graves called a family council.

"Your father must get away," he told them. "He needs to get where it is dry and warm—at once. If he doesn't go soon, I can't answer for the consequences."

"He'll go," Rodney promised, his lips set in a hard, white line.

"You must begin to get him ready, Mother," Bill said to his mother a few minutes later. "You'll go with him, of course."

Mrs. Federly's soft blue eyes filled with tears.

"Dear boys, how can we?" she asked. "You know that we have so little money. Doctor bills and the payment for the nurse have taken practically every cent of it."

"You must get ready, Mother; Bill and I will attend to that," Rodney said.

He called his brother and they went out together into the raw spring air. Rain was falling, and the atmosphere was one of the depression.

The brothers walked along in silence.

"What'll we do, Bill?" Rodney asked.

"I'm trying to think." Rodney was silent at this reply. He tried to think, too.

"Shall we ask some of the relatives?"

"No, boy. This is our fight. I think we can put it across."

"I'll tell you, Bill. Let's borrow the money! Maybe Mr. Henderson would lend it to us."

"And have dad come back saddled with debt?"

"No. I didn't mean that. Borrow it and then we'll pay it back. Get jobs, you know."

"I don't believe Mr. Henderson would let us have it. You have to give security for a loan, and what have we?"

"Our sterling characters, my boy."

"We'll try it. I'm desperate, Rod."

They tried it. In Mr. Henderson's tiny private office they told their story, haltingly enough, but bravely. Mr. Henderson read more in those white, lined faces than he liked to tell. He had the reputation of being a crusty old miser and hard to deal with, but the two Federly boys found him surprisingly gentle.

"I'll give you five hundred dollars," he said at last. "You can pay me back when you see fit." And he named a rate of interest that was surprisingly low.

"Going to work, are you?" he asked, as the grateful boys stammered their thanks. "What are you going to do?"

"We'll take what we can get."

"That's the spirit. One of you go to Waite and Thompson's. I hear they want a young man. The other try Frederickson's Realty. They want somebody to answer phones and keep prospects busy."

As soon as the door closed behind the boys crusty Mr. Henderson took down his telephone, and talked so persuasively that the boys obtained their positions with what seemed to them almost magical ease.

The next few days were busy ones. Their mother and father left for California, protesting at the children leaving school. Mrs. Federly almost wept at the thought of the scholarship. She had been so sure Rodney would win it!

But that was over—at least for the time being. Rodney and Bill left the house early in the morning for their jobs, and returned tired and hungry at night. Irene and Mary Lou kept on at school.

It was a dreamy Irene who surprised them all. One Saturday night, at the dinner table, she tossed a five-dollar bill to Bill, who was "cashier," as he called it, for the family.

"Add that to your board," she cried. "Where did you get it?" the others chorused.

Irene explained. She had organized a class among the children of the neighborhood.

(Continued on page 25)



# Father's & Mother's Page

## The Lesson Illustration

"Mother, you have forgotten my soul," said little Anna, three years old, as her mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. "But, mother, you have forgotten my soul!" "What do you mean, Anna?" "Why—

*'Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep;  
And if I die before I wake,  
I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take.'*

We have not said that." The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. How many mothers, busy hour after hour fashioning pretty garments and caring for the bodies of their little ones, forget their souls.—*Sunday at Home.*

## When You Call

By Jeannie E. Stewart

Do you ever stop to consider your manner of calling when you desire to summon your child from play?

Recently I took some thought of this matter and resolved to listen in on my neighbors and draw some conclusions in the matter. Mrs. N. usually goes to the door and bawls (there is no other name for it) as loudly as she can for Junior to "come here right now." From her tone one would suppose that Junior had been called numerous times before and Mother had lost all patience, when as a matter of fact she had done nothing of the kind.

Junior invariably came from his play in a resentful mood as if he had just been recently scolded. Could you wonder that he did? Yet his mother never even thought about how she called till we brought this subject up in Mothers' Club for discussion.

Mrs. S. calls "Emma!" in a drawling voice that seldom brings any response from Emma till she has repeated the call several times, each time with gathering exasperation that finally tells Emma that she had better not temporize any longer.

Mrs. C. calls each of her children with a special, musical trill. Each child knows his trill, but no one else except a few very intimate friends knows which child is being called. He appreciates this because it saves him embarrassment. Usually Mrs. C's children come the moment they are called, for they well know Mother really wants something or she would not call.

But Mrs. C. knows, too, that children often have very important (to them)

projects on hand that just have to be finished before they can leave. So it is understood by both mother and child that the first time she calls, if they can not well leave on the instant they may use their own judgment unless she calls again right away. This second call means

## To the Men of America

By Rose Trumbull

*You talk of your breed of cattle,  
And plan for a higher strain,  
You double the food of the pas-  
ture,  
You heap up the measure of  
grain;*

*You draw on the wits of the na-  
tion,  
To better the barn and the pen;  
But what are you doing, my  
brother  
To better the breed of men?*

*You boast of your Morgans and  
Herefords,  
Of the worth of a calf or a colt,  
And scoff at the scrub and the  
mongrel,  
As worthy a fool or a dolt;  
You mention the points of your  
roadster,  
With many a "wherefore" and  
"when,*

*But, ah, are you conning, my  
brothers,  
The worth of the children of  
men?*

*And what of your boy? Have you  
measured  
His needs for a growing year?  
Does your mark as his sire, in his  
features,  
Mean less than your brand on  
a steer?*

*Thorobred—that is your watch-  
word,  
For stable and pasture and pen;  
But what is your word for the  
homestead?*

*Answer, you breeders of men!*

she is in a hurry about something more important than anything they could possibly be doing. They respect her opinion on this and come at once, even though it may mean some sacrifice of their own plans.

The mother who is whimsical and unreasonable enough to never consider her child's pride or his convenience or

his wishes when she calls him away from play, deserves the sort of response she usually gets. It is embarrassing to the child to be "bawled" at before his playmates. It shames him to be compelled to quit a game when all the rest are inconvenienced thereby as well as he to respond to a call from Mother that may mean nothing important after he reaches her.

Have you thought about all this? Then do. Your child will love you all the better for this consideration.

## YOUR CHILD AND YOUR WORD

BY EVE WOODBURN LEARY

The other day I had a caller, a charming girl friend, and her four-year-old youngster, a handsome, dark-haired, brown-eyed boy. He was so thoroughly taken up with my little son's toys, that, when the time came for departure, he was loath to leave, and voiced his sentiments in loud, wailing protests. His mother, at her wits' end, finally said to quiet him:

"But, Billy, Uncle Leon is at the house waiting for you!"

The child stopped crying but was unconvinced; so she continued: "Yes, Billy, Uncle Leon is there, with a great, big box of candy for you!"

Then he went peaceably and she remarked, in a whisper to me, while she was putting on his hat and coat, that, of course, no one was there, but she simply had to get Billy started. Frankly, I was shocked. I would rather haul a child down the street, kicking and screaming every inch of the way, if necessary, than to have him walk quietly and peaceably beside me, on the strength of a lie.

What about the lie from the child's point of view? The mother who continually lies to a child, day after day, for the sake of exacting obedience, must in the course of time, forever forfeit that child's confidence and respect. It hardly seems worth it to me.

How many, many times mothers will say: "O! Jimmy, if you'll be a good boy and do as mother wishes I'll buy you some candy or ice cream!" They have no such intention, and as soon as the desired result is accomplished, they think nothing of casually remarking: "Some other day, dearie, mother hasn't time today," or "Wait until tomorrow, sweetheart, mother hasn't the money with her now," etc., etc., ad infinitum.

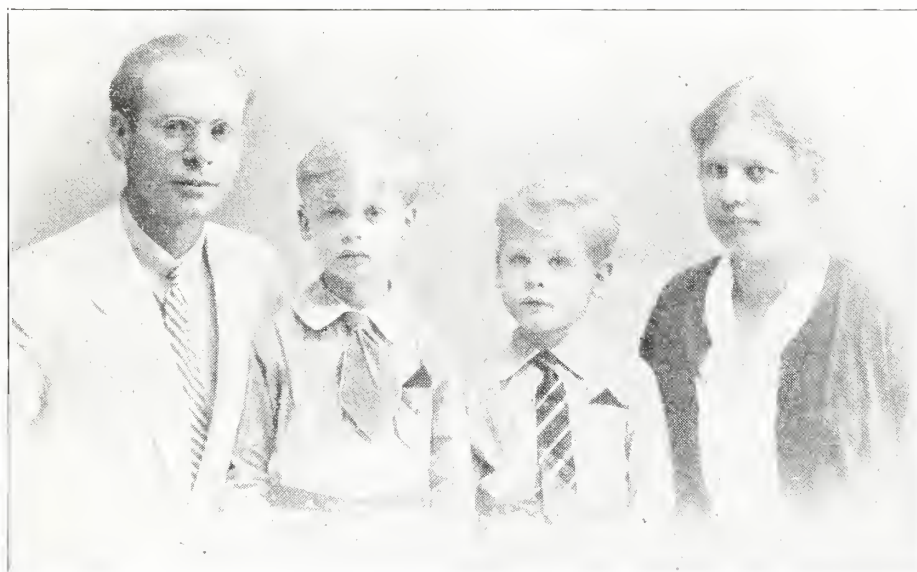
Prompt obedience is a great problem, I'll grant. I haven't solved it as yet, and I would be wholly incompetent to give others instructions as to its solution; but of one thing I am absolutely certain. Obedience, at the price of a lie, isn't worth the price.

All lies are not told the children for the sake of exacting obedience. There

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## Mission Page



*John P. Kluzit, wife and sons, Victor and John, Port-Au-Prince, Haiti*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have not forgotten my promise to write to you and from now on, shall attempt to write you regularly for the paper. Sister Kluzit and I have been thinking of you and will be happy to hear that you are well again. When I was writing a letter to Sister Downing of Miami, Florida, I found it was just what I would like to send to the Lighted Pathway, so that I have included quite a bit of what I wrote her, which proved of comfort to my own soul.

1 Kings 19:11, 13, "... And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice..... and said, What doest thou here, Elijah?" Verse 18, "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

Glory be to Jesus! How wonderful He is! He has chosen a STILL SMALL VOICE to speak to us! Though a tempest may be about us, waves of confusion all around us, winds that rent mountains, earthquakes that raze man's strongest forts, and fires that lick up water as if timber, Jesus speaks peace to our hearts in a STILL SMALL VOICE. What a blessed privilege to be able to

close our eyes in our greatest troubles and hear the voice of our Savior calmly point us to "things above" and with His hand upon our brow cause the fever of this world to pass away! The forces of this world occupy too much of our attention. As Christians we will find greater happiness in attending to the voice of our Lord—keeping close communion with Him. What troubles in this world can then shake the peace He gives us? With our affections fixed upon things above, we become more like Him, we will talk more like Him, we will seek continually an environment that will bring us still closer to Him.

If we look too much at the great majority of people about us, who are seeking the world, its giddy pace of pleasure—who are always seeking to be "distracted" from thoughts of time, and find a temporary "dope" in sensuality—we might really feel like Elijah when he said, "And only I am left." Statistics are given from a religious census that in the United States, only one out of every nine people attend church. But the more we seek the companionship of others with like vision of heavenly things, the more God will reveal that there are yet "left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

God is working with the hearts of the people all the time. All of a sudden, at the end of a service, a man or woman will respond to our invitation to accept Jesus and come gloriously through. At

Port-au-Prince Mission every Sunday evening there are two or three converts. Oh, the joy of reaping that comes over us then! Last Sunday afternoon, October 30, a man came to the front at the Mission at Petion-Ville. We prayed for him, as he sought Jesus. Afterwards he remained for the Tarry Service. Hearing a commotion at the door which we had left open, I went to investigate and found another man talking excitedly. I closed the door and as he did not want to remain inside the mission, I stayed outside with him to quiet him. We learned that he claimed we were "stealing" his friend. Oh, that we might snatch more from the enemy. But we explained that his friend was coming of his own desire to accept Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and gave him an invitation to come to the Lord also. However, finding that he was drunk and in a quarrelsome mood, we did not waste any further time with him. Pray for this particular man, as he has been a consistent persecutor of our Mission at Petion-Ville, and is constantly the instrument of the devil for spreading malicious stories of our work.

A week ago, a man came to have us pray that he might be delivered of the power of Satan. Praise God for His power to deliver! This man received Jesus as his personal Savior and is standing a true witness today. There are now about sixteen men and women who are ready to be baptized in water and be brought into the church at Petion-Ville, our newest mission. We need your prayers particularly for this place, as we are here surrounded by many superstitious people who are also faithful worshippers of the devil as well as constant attenders at the Catholic church. It used to be very common here for a person to "give" another person to Satan in exchange for a favor or gift. If a certain position was desired, the person asking the devil to help him, would promise to do anything asked of him. Sometimes in exchange he would be required to take the life of a given person, or after causing the death of the person, to cut out a vital organ from the body and offer it as a sacrifice to the devil. One man came to us to have a curse removed from him, in which he claimed a woman, who had a powerful satanic spirit, had promised to "give" him to the devil. We are so thankful that Jesus' blood covers us from spiritual harm as well as bodily danger. Our trust is in Him who never fails His own. Glory to His name forever!

Already our trip to the Assembly has become like a pleasant dream. As we are plunged into the pressing needs about us, it hardly seems possible that such a short time ago, we were back in the States with all the conveniences of "civiliza-

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# News from the Mission Field in S. India

Dear Sister Harrison:

We feel that the young people at home will be interested, not only in what we are doing here, but in the work of other young people in this field also; therefore, instead of sending you a letter ourselves this month, we have asked George Cook to write an article for the paper. He has kindly consented and we feel all of you will enjoy his article.

We wish you young people could meet George and hope that will be possible some day. If he could see, as we can, the hundreds of young people gathered in local Y. P. E.'s all over the United States, see you worshipping, working, and living for God, praying for His work everywhere, and know your interest in this work as we know it, it would be a great blessing and inspiration to him.

He is Brother Cook's oldest son, was born here in India, and has been to the United States only once, that when he was a small boy. With honors he has finished the available course of study here, which is equal to our High School course at home. He speaks, writes and reads French, and the three Indian dialects, Hindu, Tamil, and Malayalam. His command of the Malayalam tongue is so efficient that the natives say he talks just like one of them. In fact, his contact with these people is so personal, his understanding of them so complete that they say, "Oh, George, he is a fine chap. He is one of us." He loves these people among whom he has lived all his life, he likes their food and is quite accustomed and adjusted to their ways. He has received the Holy Ghost and feels God has a work for him right here. We certainly do not doubt this for he is well equipped and God has His hand upon him. His knowledge of India in general is quite extensive, so if any of you care to enquire about any phase of Indian life, we feel he would be glad to answer and will give you authoritative information. Don't forget if you write him to include words of encouragement and perhaps some facts about conditions there which may be foreign to him, since he has been out here all these years. Let him know you are praying for him and that your Y. P. E. is back of all Church of God young people on the field.

Church of God young people everywhere, until you can meet George Cook in person, may this brief introduction bind you together in a friendship which will never be broken. May you be a blessing to him and he a blessing to you. —Hoyle and Mildred Case, Chenganur, P. O., Travancore, South India.

## An Eight Hundred Eighty-Six Mile Trip in South India

BY GEORGE R. COOK

On August 23 my father and I set out in our fully loaded A-Model Ford for a long-delayed tour, in which we expected to visit each of our stations in the Tamil districts and encourage the believers. We left home at about 7:00 a. m. and by 11:00 o'clock were traveling through the mountains which divide Travancore state from the Madras Presidency. I had never been this way by car before so it was quite a new thing for me. The scenery along the way was just beautiful. After having wound this way and that for about twenty-five miles we suddenly came through a gap on the brow of a hill, and the sight which met my sight nearly took away my breath. There before me, about 3,000 feet or so below, spread the Tamil country about which I had so often heard. What a difference there was between it and Travancore. Here in Travancore it is hilly and green grass can be seen most everywhere, but down in the Tamil parts the land spreads out for mile upon mile without any undulation and so bare. The soil in Travancore is a kind of red color but in Pondy (as the Tamil parts are called colloquially), the soil is a kind of white sand which is so soft. While here in Travancore the car gets bespattered with mud, there in Pondy we had to contend with the awful dust nuisance.

About 2:00 p. m. we arrived at our first stopping place, Kilianipuram, eighty-seven miles from headquarters. (We had stopped along the way to visit the people of one of our out-stations.) Here in Kalianipuram we stayed in the home of our field evangelist, Mr. Benjamin. We had an upstairs building and the wind from the foot-hills was very refreshing. When it got dark I started to walk along the road in this little village. It is a quaint little place indeed. No shops! (Stores are called shops out here.) The people all live on what they grow in their own gardens and rice fields, and when they need cloth or such like, they go to the town which is about three miles away. It may be well to mention here that the people of Pondy have an all together different way of living to those of Travancore. In the latter country they live scattered here, there and everywhere. In Pondy they all get together and live in crowded little villages. You could almost compare these villages to oases in a desert. To get back to my point, while I was walking down the sole street in the village, I saw in the distance the lights of a car approaching. I was greatly surprised be-

cause it is not usual to see automobiles in such out-of-the-way places. When the car got close enough I saw that it was a little Baby Ford van with a large loud speaker built on its roof. It stopped in the middle of the village and the man inside started giving away a little packet with a small piece of colored paper. I found out that the packet contained samples of "beedis" (a native cigarette made of tobacco rolled up in a dry leaf). The people were attracted by gramophone records played through the loud speaker. I thought to myself that if God's children would go around in vans like this with a loud speaker and proclaim the Good News, wouldn't it be grand? Instead of "beedis," tracts could be given. If worldlings are willing to spend so much money and time for the sake of earthly gain, how much more should we do for heavenly gain?

In the middle of the village was a C. M. S. (Church of England) and a Roman Catholic church, and meetings were going on when I passed. I was glad I was not attending either of them for I am sure I would have been greatly bored. The Roman Catholic church, where Mass, or whatever you call it, was going on with a little lamp was too spooky for me. These churches are visited once a month by some special people to keep up interest.

After the services in the above churches were over, we started our own meeting which was pretty well attended. The people listened very attentively, but they find it rather hard to get used to the liveliness of our gatherings. In their churches they have to keep as quiet as mice.

Next afternoon we started out for Papanasam, or Vikramasingapuram as it is rightly called, about nine miles away, where we have a nice little assembly. This town is a large cotton mill center. Owing to the kindness of the manager we were taken all around and shown how the cotton was made into yarn. It surely was wonderful. "How clever man must be to have invented such complicated machinery," was my thought as we followed our guide around the mill. We were able to go up in a real "elevator," which I had never done since leaving U. S. A. There are two mills, one run by steam and the other by a large water-turbine.

We had meetings in this town Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. They were well attended and a number raised their hands for prayer, in answer to the altar call. I am sure the Lord must have worked on their hard hearts. On Thursday my father went to dedicate a little baby which was born to one of the

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# J. P. E. Programs

## OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" to Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y. P. E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

## BIBLE LESSON

PAULINE WEAVER

### Topic, "New Year Resolutions"

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

A person never gets so good until there is no need for improvement. As this new year comes in, there is a need for every young person in the Church of God Y. P. E. to decide, not only by making resolutions, but by carrying them out—to be better in every way than we were in the past. We need more and more to live true to God, to be a bright and shining light, to bring lost souls into the kingdom of God. May we purpose in our hearts, as Daniel, that we will this year, "not eat the king's meat" or associate with the world, but that we will become better Christians as the days go by.

#### RESOLVE TO PRAY MORE

Everyone realizes the necessity of prayer in living a Christian life, but few pray enough. 1 Thess. 5:17 commands us to "pray without ceasing." A good thing to do at the beginning of this year is to purpose in our hearts that as we go around performing our daily

tasks, we will pray more; as we wash dishes or work at our other daily tasks, we will momentarily praise the Lord for His goodness and ask Him to help us live more and more like Him.

#### RESOLVE TO READ THE BIBLE MORE

2 Tim. 2:15, "Study to shew thyself approved." It is impossible for us to live holy, consecrated lives without reading God's Word for it furnishes our soul food, just as our daily meals furnish our body food. Many times we resolve in our hearts that we will not miss a day in the coming year reading our Bible and then before January is over we have neglected to keep up our reading. It is possible for us to form a habit of reading our Bible daily, just as we do of brushing our teeth. We will become so interested and develop such a love for it, until we will sit up at night reading chapter after chapter, and we will find it has made us more spiritual, and we will be better able to cope with the world in telling them about our great salvation.

#### RESOLVE TO BE MORE DETERMINED

One of the greatest assets in living a Christian life is determination to hold out, or to make it through with God. No person, no matter what a good experience he receives, can hold out long for Jesus without a great deal of determination. We must be determined, regardless of trials, what people say or do or anything else which might happen, that we will live for the Lord. With this strong determination we can be assured that we will make it through and look back at the end of the year, not sorrowful because of things we've done, but happy because we've lived a better life.

#### CONCLUSION

There are so many things that we could resolve to do, but if we will establish these three resolutions in our heart and live up to them, when next year comes in, we will be able to look back and see that we have become more patient, kinder, truer to God and a better all-round Christian and church member.

Suggestion for closing meeting: Have each member come to the altar and ask God to help them to live a better life in the coming year, and to do more for Him.

NOTE: After special speakers have discussed these three sub-topics open the meeting for general discussion on New Year testimonies. At the close of meeting have a consecration service.

## BIBLE LESSON

By J. Wm. LITZ

### Topic, "The Second Coming of Christ"

Scripture Lesson: 1 Thess. 4:13-18.

Text, verse 16: "For the Lord him-

self shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first." We see here that He is coming back for those who are alive and also those who died in Him. Thank God, this is for young as well as old. The people He will look for are as follows:

#### HE WILL LOOK FOR A PURIFIED PEOPLE

1 John 3:2, 3.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

We see here that we must be as white as snow and washed in the blood of the Lamb. We must also be as pure as He is pure. People say, how can we be as pure as He is pure? By yielding our hearts and lives to Him before it is too late. Thank God that we can be pure.

#### HE WILL LOOK FOR A FAITHFUL PEOPLE

Mal. 4:2.

"But unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings; and ye shall go forth, and grow up as calves of the stall."

In Rev. 22:7-13 we find that, "blessed is he that keepeth these sayings of the prophecy of this book." And John saw these things come to pass, and he fell upon his knees and worshipped the Lord. Because all that are filthy will be filthy still, and all who are righteous be righteous still, but all who are holy will be holy still. He is going to come quickly as a thief in the night.

Psa. 100:3. "We are His people and the sheep in His pasture." So let us be faithful.

#### HE WILL LOOK FOR A WATCHFUL PEOPLE

Rev. 16:15.

Here we see He comes as a thief in the night, so we must be watchful that we are prepared for this great second coming of Christ which will soon take place.

Luke 12:37 says "blessed are those whom He shall find watching when He comes."

#### HE WILL LOOK FOR A REVIVAL FULL OF DIVINE LOVE

2 Tim. 3:13.

We must be full of divine love if we are ready when He comes. Matt. 24:12, 13, "Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold. But he that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

Y. P. E. PROGRAM

### Topic, "The Lighted Pathway"

Scripture Lesson: To be chosen.



We are asking you to make one of your Y. P. E. services a Lighted Pathway service, and make your whole program from the material found in its pages. Choose your own scripture. Let the different ones discuss the article, poem, or page that has brought them the greatest blessing. You can make this a very interesting and inspiring program.

We are using this lesson as number three so you may have plenty of time to read the paper and talk intelligently about it. We hope this will lead you to join our Reading Circle. Begin to plan this meeting at least one week ahead of the time it is to be held.

Dear Sister Harrison:

May God's richest blessing rest upon you. I am here in Ft. Wayne for just a short time but I wanted to tell you what an excellent idea I think it is to have the Lighted Pathway program for the third Bible lesson each month. I don't know whether anyone has mentioned it yet or not but I'm sure that the young people all over the country find it just as interesting as the Y. P. E. here. And I noticed that each one in talking of his favorite topic, mentioned first of all "The Editor's Page" and how they always look forward to reading the message that Sister Harrison sends to them and how they always feel encouraged after reading it. They all took an interest and each one memorized a scripture verse containing the word "Light" and we are looking forward to the third lesson next month. —Your sister and helper in this great work, Mary E. Brooks.

#### BIBLE LESSON

#### Topic, "Serving the Lord"

BY PAUL STOVER

Scripture Lesson, Joshua 24:15.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

If people would stop long enough to consider their soul's salvation, I believe there would be more people who would change their way of living in a week's time, than in any previous year. People, it isn't hard to serve the Lord. It is a pleasure and a privilege that you and I cannot afford to carelessly neglect. It makes no difference how hard the struggle may seem at times. *The Reward for our Service*, when we get over on the other shore, will be worth it all.

#### OUR SACRIFICE

The sacrifice that God requires of us is to present our entire bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God. In order for us to do this, we must put everything on the altar for God. Sometimes it means giving up our friends (or people that we think are our friends). We are to sacrifice anything and everything that may hinder us in service for

God. Someone may say, "I can't give up this or that," but friend, our little sacrifices are small in comparison with what Jesus gave for us. Put your trust in the Lord. He will help you to make the sacrifices that are necessary in order to serve Him in the beauty of holiness.

#### OUR FREEDOM

Jesus tells us in St. John's Gospel that we shall know the truth, and that the truth shall make us free. No doubt someone will want to know what we are free from. We are free from sin and all of its bondage. Another place in St. John's gospel, Jesus tells us that if the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed. If you will only let Jesus apply the blood that was spilled on the cross to your soul and wash away every sin-stained spot, then you will begin to experience the blessings that come through serving the Lord.

#### OUR TRIALS

In serving the Lord, we find that sometimes severe trials come our way. Then comes the time when we must let our light shine for the Lord. When someone talks about us and says harsh things to us, we must not "fly off the handle" but we must manifest a Christ-like spirit at all times. When the hardest of trials come and it seems that you can't overcome them, just trust the Lord, and He will lead you on to victory. It is then your fellowman will be made to realize the fact that truly you are serving the Lord.

#### OUR JOY

There is no greater joy in anything on earth than in serving the Lord. St. Peter describes it as "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Some people go to the shows, dance halls, and all kinds of worldly amusements, trying to find joy, but the true joy isn't found at places of that kind. Let me introduce you to Jesus, the divine Son of God, who is able and will give you this true joy. The world knows nothing about this true joy, because we that have this true joy are not of the world even as Jesus, the Giver of our joy, is not of this world. Our joy is not in earthly things, but is in serving the Lord.

#### OUR REWARD

Our joy is not of this world, and neither is our reward. Rev. 22:12, "And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Christian, stop and think, Am I doing all that I can do for God? Young people, *God requires our best*. The reward is for the ones that endure to the end; the reward is not for every one that just makes the start. God help us that when we get to chilly Jordan, we can say, as the Apostle Paul said in his letter to Timothy, "I have fought a good fight,

I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." This glorious Crown of Righteousness and eternal Life is the final reward for serving the Lord.

#### A New Year's Service

By The Editor

Here are suggestions for this service. You may vary it to suit your Y. P. E. The meeting starts out with the platform arranged to represent a sitting room with light upon the table, etc. Someone representing the Y. P. E. is sitting in the rocking chair. This person might have a ribbon about her, labeled "Young People's Endeavor" in large letters so that every one may read.

In totters Old Year dressed in a long robe and with a long, white beard upon his face to represent Father Time. He has a cane in his hand.

Y. P. E. speaks—"Good evening, Father Time, I wonder what I have accomplished during the past year? There seems to be so much to be done and I have done so little. I wonder if I really have done anything worth while?"

Old Year speaks—"Indeed you have. I must call in your servants and let them speak and you will see that your life has not been spent in vain."

He then calls in the President who will make a talk on the work of the past year. He will give a report of the work as a whole. Then the chairman of the Good Cheer Committee, the Friendly Committee, and the Social Committee are each called to represent their part of the work. This should, of course, be done in as interesting way as possible, and should give information that will indicate that something worth while has been accomplished. Of course, if very little has been done the confession of failure may be valuable to make those present resolve to do more in the coming year.

After all reports have been made, Old Year goes tottering out and then in comes New Year. He has on a long white robe. He should be someone with rosy cheeks and very spirited. Along with him he brings the following characters dressed in appropriate costumes: Spirit of Missions (dressed in some foreign costume), Spirituality (dressed in white), Loyalty (dressed in blue), Co-operation (dressed in pink).

Y. P. E. greets New Year—Good morning, New Year. We welcome you. New Year then makes a little speech in a very spirited way, somewhat as follows:

*"In the past was toil and pain,  
We wish not to return again;  
On through the past Time us has led,*



*We cannot turn, the past is dead.  
And there is hope of greater things  
Than looking back now ever brings.  
Therefore in time that is before,  
Strive on and on—look back no more;  
Achieve above things that were last,  
Let NOW excel the fading past."*

"How are you to make this year better than the past one has been? We can make the next year better by all doing our bit—putting our shoulders to the wheel—concentrating our energies on the worth-while things. When Christian, in Pilgrim's Progress, started on the road toward heaven, he took a friend with him, and he would have taken all his family along but they would not go. We must try to take our fellow pilgrims on the way with us to the Celestial City. We must get all the young people in this neighborhood interested in the Y. P. E. I want to introduce to you some of my friends whom I have brought along with me, and I hope that you will keep them with you all the year. If you do, our year will be crowned with success."

Then New Year introduces each of his accompanying friends in turn. The Spirit of Missions will make a little talk on the worth-whileness of missions, and tell what she will accomplish for the Y. P. E. if she is permitted to abide in their midst. The others all speak, each in turn, and tell how their presence in the Y. P. E. will promote its welfare.

New Year speaks again—"I hope my coming to you has not frightened you. Many are frightened by the new, the uncertain, the unknown and the unseen. Our God has said all through His Word 'Fear not.' He is still saying it today. If we will get in tune with His gentle voice we will hear it just now. Fear not the universe, for God is over all. Fear not hardship, no better way has been found to separate the gold from the dross. Fear not sorrow, trouble, disease or death, our Master conquered them and He gives power to meet them bravely. Fear not the burden that awaits your shoulders, lift it, carry it, trust God for strength. Fear not trials that others may build the highway. God's grace is sufficient for the new year." (Here New Year conducts a testimony meeting.)

New Year speaks again—"We are wondering if each one of you would not like to give us a new year thought or tell us what your resolution is for the New Year." (Some time is then given for others to speak.)

Note: Soul winning is our aim for this New Year and many interesting articles in this issue of the Lighted Pathway will be good for your meeting. If this is a watch night service you will need plenty to keep you going till you see the old year out. Have plenty of special music and you might have short

talks on subjects like these:

Making, Breaking and Keeping Resolutions.

The Value of Defeats

The Danger of Success

Looking Backward

Looking Forward

I Press Toward the Mark.

Mix into your meeting plenty of prayer and special songs and spend the last thirty minutes in a consecration service at the altar of prayer. Let God find you on your knees when the bells ring the New Year in. Have an intermission about 9:30 or 10:00 o'clock and spend this time in friendly mixing. Now I do not mean for Nellie Jones and Sadie Smith or some certain cliques to get off and spend their time in idle, selfish conversation, but spend it speaking to strangers and making them feel that you are their friend. Introduce strangers to your friends. This will end the old year right and bring new members into your Y. P. E. the coming year.

### Helps For Tempted and Tried

(Continued from page 6)

*Blindly they strive, for sin darkens their way.*

*Oh, to draw back the dim curtains of night,*

*One glimpse of Jesus and all will be bright.*

*All that I want is in Jesus,*

*He satisfies, joy He supplies;*

*Life would be worthless without Him,*

*All things in Jesus I find.*

—Editor.

### A Trip in South India

(Continued from page 13)

members of the Church here. We were given coffee, bananas and a kind of rock candy. On Friday there was a baptismal service when nine followed the Lord in water baptism. My father did the baptizing in a little canal as the river was too far off.

On Saturday morning we once more packed up and left for Rajapalayam, sixty-seven miles away. Rajapalayam is the center for a number of our out-stations in the Ramnad district. We have to stay in the travellers' Bungalow in this town and go around to the villages. Here at Rajapalayam I had my first experience of real dust. I went in to town in the car to get some provisions, and the dust was flying around so badly that I could hardly breathe. I had to hold my handkerchief over my nose to keep the dust out. Then too, the dirt and filth was simply horrible.

On Sunday morning we started off for Mangudi, one of our out-stations about ten miles from Rajapalayam. We had to go through fields the last two or three miles of the trip, and I thought

it was a good thing that Henry Ford made all his old cars solidly. No car but a Ford would have stood up to the way over which we took our A-Model Ford in low gear. We had a meeting underneath some shady trees from ten o'clock till twelve thirty. (The Church of God building there is just under construction.) After dinner we all met again at 3:00 p. m. for another meeting. After this was over we went to the ground set apart for the church and my father laid the cornerstone. During the lunch interval a brother from Nakkani, another out-station about four miles from Mangudi by short cut across the fields, asked my father to go back to Rajapalayam via the above mentioned village, in order to see the believers and give them a few words of encouragement. This brother said that the road leading to this village was quite passable for a car. (He must have thought that a car was something like a cart.) I had my doubts at the time, but gave in in the end since he seemed so emphatic about it. However, at 5:00 p. m. we started out on the trip, one which I never again wish to repeat. I have never felt so tired in my life as I felt when we got home that night about 7:00 p. m. The trip which turned out by the speedometer to be eight miles was most nerve racking. While proceeding through the narrow, rocky, village roads, the kids kept jumping onto the luggage carrier to take rides. In many places we had to cut down banks in order that the crank case should not scrape. In other places we had to go crossways over high banks which were so pointed at the top as to make it impossible to cross at right angles. Somehow or other the Lord took us over this terrible road and the believers in Nakkani were very pleased to see us.

We left there just as it was getting dark and before we had proceeded very far I found that the right front wheel was riding very heavily, as if it had no springs. I stopped the car and sure enough, the shock absorber had gotten twisted downwards and would not allow the spring to have any action. I had to lie down in the dust and disconnect the whole shock absorber assembly for fear of something getting broken. (It would have been all right to have left it had the road been a paved highway!) However, the Lord knows how to protect His children and He surely did keep the car together.

Read more of Brother George's experiences next month.

(Continued)

The persons who air their troubles among the weak members of their assembly have poor judgment and many times a poor experience; none are benefited and the cause is weakened.



# Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to tell you that I am a Lighted Pathway reader and believe it to be the best paper I have ever read. I can hardly wait for the next one and the Editor's Message in the July issue was very inspiring to me.

Sister Harrison, I realize that I haven't been given up to Jesus entirely and this evening I am in great need of a special touch from my Father divine. Please pray for me.

May God ever bless you in your great work for the Master.—Mrs. Lula Hurst, Live Oak, Fla. —\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to enroll as a Gideon of the Lighted Pathway. It is indeed the best paper of its kind I have ever read. I am very anxious to get started to selling these wonderful papers.

I am president of the Y. P. E. in the the Church of God here and we have a wonderful group of young people.—Mrs. L. W. Sisk. —\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a reader of the Lighted Pathway. I cannot express to you how much I enjoy reading it. The lessons are so encouraging.

I am an old woman, but I cannot manage to miss one paper. I read them from cover to cover.

"Courage" was a wonderful lesson and also "The Crossroads." I think the Lighted Pathway should be a blessing to all who read it, as it certainly has been a blessing to me.

May God bless you, Sister Harrison.—Betsy Foster, Jamaica, B. W. I. —\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

For some time I've been reading the Lighted Pathway and think it is fine. The story, "That's Courage," is the best in my opinion. I was reading it a few nights ago when my heart was broken and tears flowed. It brought memories to me fresh.

I love the poor. I love courage. That is my mission to cheer and comfort the weary. I have seen the beautiful hopes of my life vanish after I had done my best, but there is a mission yet for me, carrying sunshine into the gloomy heart, if my own heart shall be broken to the grave.—Yours in Christ, Emmett Sharp. —\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

I trust you are feeling much better by now and that you're able to be up and about. We missed you so much at

the Assembly this year. The young folks all seemed to be so lonesome without you there.

Since I'm writing you this letter I believe I'll take time to tell you something about our Y. P. E. here in the state of Pennsylvania.

I'm district president of the Y. P. E. on the Williamsburg district and have never found more loyal and courageous young people than we have on our district. I worked with them last assembly year also and the longer I work with them the more I love and appreciate them. I believe we have on our district as much musical talent as any one district can display and best of all these young people are willing to use their talent for the upbuilding of God's cause.

In each of our rallies during the last year we had such a wonderful time. Everyone was right at his post of duty and as for loyalty to the Y. P. E. and co-operation, we could ask for no better than we're receiving on the Williamsburg district.

We get the Lighted Pathway here and it surely is helpful. We appreciate the Lighted Pathway more and more all the time. And as for me I expect to be a greater booster for the Lighted Pathway this assembly year than I have ever been before.

In our district we have six churches and during this year we plan to have a district rally once a month, giving us two rallies for each church. We would certainly like for you to visit us sometime.

Pray much for us and our work. May God wonderfully bless and strengthen you is our prayer.—Sister C. H. Shaw, Williamsburg, Pa. —\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is the first time I have written to you and the Lighted Pathway but I thank God for this wonderful paper and all its readers. Really I have gained great experience by reading its different pages and it helps me on in living this everyday life for Jesus.

Our Y. P. E. is growing fine. I am the president and we are having good meetings. New members are joining.

May God bless you in your work. Please pray for our people that they will be more fired up.—Lucita Hall, Kew Turks Island, B. W. I. —\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a child of God with a greater determination to work for Jesus. I am fourteen years of age and my heart and mind is in the work for God. I am as-

sistant secretary of the Y. P. E. and I am a full time member.

The Y. P. E. is loved by saved and unsaved and in the time of meetings the little house is full and some on the outside. It is good from the beginning to the end. We always close with our song, "At the Battle's Front." God bless you, Sister Harrison. — Marie Hall, Kew Turks Island, B. W. I. —\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

This beautiful morning finds me saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost and doing my best for the Church of God and the Y. P. E.

I think it is time for us all to be wide awake and encourage the young people through these evil days as there are so many things to draw them from God. Many are going out to meet God unprepared. Oh, God is merciful so let us get behind the Y. P. E. with our prayers and help every way possible.

Come on, West Virginia, let's reach the goal this year and get the Y. P. E. national banner. I sell a roll of Lighted Pathways each month. We wouldn't feel we were a hundred per cent if we didn't use them in our services. They are a great help and mean a blessing to every one who reads them. I am working for new Gideons. I have one who will begin next month and expect to win more.

We are also forming a reading circle. It will be in later. My aim is to do my best through the faithful work of our state superintendent for our Sunday School and Y. P. E. We won the national Sunday School banner, so let's go over the top for the Y. P. E. national banner this year. We are fully able if we will all try.

We thank God for our state superintendent of Y. P. E. We all love him and believe he is a man of God. If we will stand by him with our prayers, we can go over the top for this worthy cause. Let us join hand in hand, Y. P. E. and church, and reach the goal in Jesus' sweet name.

Pray for me to do more and work harder than ever before. I see the great need of pulling together. Time is short and death is sure.—Mrs. Van Brown-ing, Christian, W. Va. —\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

I truly count this a great privilege to write to you and the Lighted Pathway. Last January we started having services in a log cabin, 20x20, sand floor and planks for seats, with only a few saints of God.

About three months later we built a new church 30x40 and have it completed and paid for, which is the Plain-view Church of God, four miles west of Tecumseh.

Our state overseer, Brother George  
(Continued on page 23)



## Contributions by Young Writers

### A Call to the Youth

When Paul was writing Timothy,  
He said, "Let no man despise thy  
youth,  
Be thou an example to others,  
Study to shew thyself approved."

Young people, list' to the voice  
That calls you, "Come take up the  
cross,  
Lift high the blood-stained banner  
To wanderers in sin's darkness lost.

"Go tell the world about Jesus,  
Go now without further delay;  
The fields are ready to harvest,  
Hasten while it is yet day."

This world is seeking for pleasure,  
Sin's lights are glittering bright;  
Ensnaring souls in their glitter,  
Dragging them down in the night.

Come, consecrate your life fully  
To Him who has sent the call;  
No matter how great the sacrifice,  
It can't compare with "His All."

He left heaven's bright glory,  
Left His place as the Son of God;  
Came down to this earth to redeem us,  
To Calvary for us He trod.

He was wounded for our transgressions,  
In agony "It is finished," He cried;  
But He rose from the grave victorious,  
And ascended to the Father's right  
side.

There He ever lives to make interces-  
sion  
For the souls lost in sin;  
And He's calling for you—each one,  
To make you "fishers of men."

—Mary E. Brooks, Jonesboro, Ind.

### The Young Folks' Meeting

We have started a young folks' meet-  
ing,  
They come from far and near;  
To hear what we have to say  
About our Savior dear.

We tell them of a Savior  
Who can satisfy the soul;  
Who can keep us from temptations,  
Even when we have grown old.

We sing and pray and testify  
What God has done for us;  
We never want to spurn the love  
Of One we all can trust.

Everybody is so friendly,  
We just have to go;  
Will you not seek the Savior?  
He will save your soul, we know.

And when you have found Him,

You will love Him I know;  
For you will find there is not one  
Who can love you so.

—Hazel C. Wright, Millville, N. J.

### If Jesus Rules and Reigns

If Jesus rules and reigns,  
What need have you to fear?  
What joy it is to love and serve  
And know that He is near.

He'll never leave nor forsake you,  
Your soul could want no more;  
He knows the trials you will meet,  
He trod the way before.

Then give to Him your heart today,  
There is no better time;  
And say to Him, who died for you,  
"Thy will, O Lord, not mine."

—Thelma Mullikin, Easton, Md.

### Fighting the Ranks of Sin

Our Y. P. E. has gathered  
Again this Friday night;  
We're ready now for battle,  
For God we mean to fight.  
We'll be glad to have you join us  
Against the ranks of sin,  
We hope you all feel welcome,  
Please come back again,  
And join us in the battle  
To try to conquer sin.

Let's put our shoulders to the wheel  
And work with hand and heart;  
Then God will count us worthy  
If we just do our part.  
It may only be a little  
That each of us can do,  
To make the burden lighter  
And help our brother too.  
But let's join hands together,  
Be our labor great or small;  
And help to win the battle  
For our Master, Lord of all.

—Composed by Viola Cassady, Davis,  
W. Va.

### Our Comforter

When you see the sun is sinking  
In the golden sunny west,  
And the beautiful flowers blooming,  
In all their glory dressed,  
If these things should seem to mock  
you,

Just because your heart is blue,  
Call on Jesus ever near you,  
He will gladly comfort you.

Don't begrudge the world its sunlight,  
Don't begrudge the flowers their  
dew;  
If in Jesus you are trusting,

His great love will brighten you.  
Never brood about your losses,  
Whether riches, friends or foe,  
Just remember if you lose them  
Jesus meant to have it so.

—Miss Ottha Mae Brock, Wheelright, Ky.

### The Wayward Child

O wayward boy!  
O wayward girl!  
The shades of night are falling,  
And Jesus, who gave His life for all,  
Is for you so tenderly calling.

Oh, why not accept this Savior today,  
There's danger ahead in this sinful world,  
And from your sins all turn away?

O wayward boy!  
O wayward girl!

From heaven this Almighty Savior came,  
That we may be lifted from sin and  
shame;

Take warning today and give Him your  
heart

And never, oh never, from Him depart!

—Ruby Lee Smith, Woodruff, S. C.

### A Prayer For the Y. P. E.

Lord, speak to me that I may know  
How to help the Endeavor grow  
In grace and knowledge, Lord, of Thee;  
Led by Thy Spirit, may we see  
Just what within Thy Word will fit  
The Y. P. E., and grant that it  
Be taught to those within, that they  
Will love it better every day.

Lord, help, I pray, that we shall work  
In services, and none will shirk.  
Lord speak to us, that we may hear,  
So unmistakably and clear,  
The word of truth thou hast for all  
Who willingly accept the call.  
And may the pages of this Book  
Gird all the globe, each niche and nook!

Grant that each page of Christian prose  
Shall reach and lift lost girls and boys,  
And e'en that those who read this poem  
May come to Thee, no more to roam,  
And find in Christ a changeless friend  
Who'll guide them to life's journey's end.

—Mrs. Rosa L. Doss, E. Bernstadt, Ky.

### Mission Page

(Continued from page 12)

tion." But we are very glad, neverthe-  
less, to be back on the battlefield in  
the thick of the fight against sin. The  
Lord grows more precious to us each  
day as we see Him guide the battle. "It  
is not my will, O God, but Thine to  
direct and mine to obey." A song that  
has been sounding on my lips lately each  
day and ringing in my heart, and that  
has been bringing me closer to Him, is  
"I surrender all, all to Him, my blessed  
Savior, I surrender all."—John P. Kluzit.



# Bible Training School

Conducted by George Ayers and Ivan Stone

## New Bible Training School

Truly it would be most difficult for me to find words to express my appreciation of the new home of the Church of God Bible Training School. I arrived in the little city of Sevierville, Tenn. on the fourth day of September and was favorably impressed and certainly pleased with the school site.

With a leaping heart my eyes rested upon the spacious campus covered with grass, the commodious dormitories, and the beautiful administration building nestled in the midst of majestic mountains that proclaim the handiwork of a loving and Almighty God. As I revelled in the beauties of the scene I felt a deep sense of appreciation and reverence to God which none could understand except those who have enjoyed the spiritual blessings of past terms in this school. Looking on the scene bathed in the warmth of the early morning sun, we allowed our minds to review the history of the school and surely it was not difficult to see the hand of God leading from that small beginning to this with which we have been blessed today. To us, who attended school at Cleveland and know how the boys had to suffer due to inadequate conditions that existed, the dormitories are ideal. It's grand indeed to be blessed with the conveniences that we have at our new home. Each room houses two students, affording spacious accommodations and privacy. The buildings are well modernized with a steam heating system, electric lights, and the like which makes it convenient and comfortable during the winter months. This sufficiency of equipment adds greatly to the future of the school for it provides better facilities for a great number of students.

It was said by some and thought by more, no doubt, that Bible School would not be the same in its new location and with its modern buildings. However, the presence and power of God that was felt during the first chapel service refuted this statement. A number of the church officials, ex-students, and others who have shown extensive interest in the school were with us, complimenting upon the new location of the school and expressing their appreciation for it. It was a time of thanksgiving for all.

As God was with us in the beginning, so His presence continues. When the power falls, whether it be in classroom, chapel hall, or dormitory, scheduled activities stop in perfect submission to the will of God.

We think this is the best school of its kind in the world. The faculty and students put God first in everything. By those who have experienced life amidst the evils of public schools the Spirit-filled teachers are highly appreciated. They are as a mother and father to the students who need help. The highest type of young men and women are attending this school; young people that have their heart and life in the Lord's work, the type that possess the pioneer spirit that is essential in all Christian work.

I'm sure that Church of God people everywhere are very proud of this school. Truly it is an asset to the Church that has been realized as a result of the fervency with which its benefactors have labored in its interests.—George Ayers, B. T. S. student.

## For His Glory

(Continued from page 3)

anna home at a reasonable hour. Then they were off. Louanna, although she could not rid herself of the unhappy memory of mother's eyes, was radiant. To her the hall was a fairyland.

But when the music struck up, and Delbert dutifully came to ask her for the first dance, she found herself saying, "O Delbert, let's not dance! Let's watch and sit out on the stairs."

"Suits me," Delbert responded. "I didn't think you would dance. In fact, I was almost afraid you wouldn't come," he added with a close look into her eyes.

Again that guilty twinge struck Louanna.

"I wanted to, so dreadfully bad, because you asked me," she confided. He smiled appreciatively, as he piloted her across the long room. They found a group of other young people who were not dancing, and soon such a merry laughing crowd surrounded them that several couples left the dance floor and joined their group. They started some old time games, and before long they were having a jolly time.

In a pause in the music someone called out, "Let's have a song! Where is Louanna? Come on, Louanna, and sing for us!"

As she turned toward the piano, Amy passed her. In a low, mocking tone she said, "Sing us a hymn, Louanna; that's all you know."

Suddenly Louanna knew what she would do. She felt much as she imagined Peter felt in the hall of judgment after he had denied his Lord. She, too, had denied Him by her acts and her rebel-

lious thoughts. She seemed to see His eyes upon her, and across the room Delbert's gaze met hers. There was a fixed look in his eyes as though he said, "Now what will you do?" He, too, had heard Amy's rude remark.

"Sing, sing," the cry went on.

Louanna sat at the piano, ran her fingers over the keys, then suddenly turned and said, "Some of you know that after I have finished school I am going into Christian work, and I can't tell you how glad I am. Amy has suggested that I sing a hymn, and really I think I shall do just that." In a moment her voice rang out, clear and strong:

*"Leaving all to follow Jesus,  
Turning from the world away;  
Stepping out upon the promise:  
All I have is His today."*

*"Taking up the cross for Jesus,  
Glad for Him to suffer shame;  
All my gain I count but losses  
For the glory of His name."*

A hush fell on the room as she sang. When she finished, there was a long, quiet moment, then after a few remarks of "Lovely, Louanna," "Your voice is beautiful," the music struck up and the fun went on, but in a distinctly quieter vein.

Louanna felt the drop in spirits that comes to one who has faced temptation, won, and felt that he has needlessly made himself a trifle ridiculous.

She ate her supper with Delbert and a laughing crowd, but she felt detached, and was glad to be on the way home.

Suddenly she realized that Delbert was speaking and her thoughts came back with a jerk.

"O Louanna, you'll never know what your stand meant to me tonight. I've been fighting such a battle. I've always wanted to be a minister. Mother says she gave me to God and the ministry before I was born. But lately I've felt as if I couldn't go through with it. It has seemed sometimes that I was the only boy in school who was trying to keep clean and to live right. I've felt as if every one looked down on me and thought me queer."

"I know," interjected Louanna softly as she remembered her own struggle.

"Then," went on Delbert, "you came to our school; you always seemed happy, seemed to be having such a good time, yet you were different, and some way made me see that the doubtful things so many of the others do are not necessary to happiness."

"And how near I came to falling!" she thought.

"But the battle seemed too hard; I had decided today to give it all up and to drift with the crowd. Then you sat

(Continued on page 25)



# A Wonderful New Year for You

BY FRANK H. CHELEY In "The Boys' World"

New Year's Day is always thought of as a day of new and mighty resolutions. As a matter of fact, every morning should be a New Year's Day so far as your resolution to-begin-fresh-in-order-to-do-better is concerned. Every day is a fresh start.

A wonderful quotation from the Sanscrit brings this idea forcefully to you: "Look well to *this* day! For it is life—the very life of life. In its brief course lie all the verities and realities of existence, the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty. For Yesterday is but a dream and Tomorrow is yet a vision. Today well lived makes Yesterday a dream of happiness, and every Tomorrow a vision of hope. Look well, therefore, to this day. Such is the salutation of the dawn."

Thus today is a big day for big people, and it will be a little, inconsequential day for little people. Your size inside determines so many things for you!

By common consent New Year's Day is a kind of annual "sweeping out" day.

Business houses everywhere check up and check over both the extent and the quality of their stock as well as the condition of the plant. Shelves are cleaned and reorganized and the shopworn and obsolete accumulations are swept out and the valuable possessions are inventoried. If all business did not go through this thorough annual checkup, it would soon be too cluttered up to survive in everyday competition. Exactly the same thing is true of lives. People outgrow ideas and need to sweep them out. They change their points of view on many things, and need to "discontinue" certain lines. They accumulate a lot of petty opinions that get terribly shopworn and almost funny. They need to sweep them out to make room for new and better, fresh and crisp and attractive ideas. Thus you see you may have a more than ordinary use for a New Year's Day after all. It should be your annual sweep out and clean up day whether you make any great revolutionary resolutions or not.

Another thing that good business has learned to do about January first of each year is to draw up a balance sheet and that is another fine idea. In one carefully compiled column is listed all the equipment, available capital, goodwill, and so forth. On the other side the liabilities are listed: accounts payable, bad debts, and so forth; then from an honest study of these plain facts which cannot be escaped, conclusions may be drawn with certainty as to the exact condition of the concern. Is it progress-

ing and looking up; is its future bright; is it a going, growing business and if not, why not? Where is the exact trouble? Perhaps it has too much overhead, or perhaps the advertising has not been well done, or more than likely the business has too many little "leaks" due to carelessness, poor management, poor judgment. No real business enterprise could possibly get along without making up an annual balance sheet; neither can a going, growing individual. Thus, here is another good use for New Year's Day. Put down the facts! Make a balance sheet.

How about health and personal habits? How about use of time and how about education and number of friends, and amount of service rendered? How about personal debts and definite plans for the future? Put them all down in two columns of New Year's Day and see what the status of "Yourself, Incorporated" is.

Which way are you headed? Are the elements of successful, useful living in your present set-up, or are you just frittering away a life and taking a chance that somehow, sometime it will come out all right?

Oh, you do not need to be gloomy and introspective and self-accusing about your personal check-up at all! Nine chances to ten the assets will far outweigh the liabilities. You will probably feel a new self-confidence and have a greater ambition to do something and be something, and you will be able to say to the liabilities, "See here, you fellows, you have been around here long enough. We're going to operate this growing-up business without you. Here's your hat, what's your hurry?" You see that sort of New Year's resolution is practical and sensible, in fact absolutely necessary to successful living.

Here is a final step to making your balance sheet really effective: resolutions never keep themselves, they must be kept. The reason New Year's resolutions have fallen into more or less disrepute is because they have too often been merely sentimental day dreams. They are supported by the "wish" bone when what they really need is backbone.

You know perfectly well from personal experience that a difficult thing is to back up around a curve. Some people often just take a chance and go on hoping a better time will come. Only recently two young people were in a little modern coupe away up high in the Rockies on a narrow road and butted right up against a blind canyon wall. They were scared. They could not go another foot, and they were afraid to

back up.

"Why didn't you turn around back in that open space?" they were asked.

"Didn't even see it," declared the driver. "We were so busy having a good time we weren't paying any attention to the road. We just supposed if we kept on we'd eventually get some place."

Just a half day was needed to help that young driver back out of his trouble. If he had looked at his map (his balance sheet) a few seconds, he would have seen that he was on an abandoned road that ended in a box canyon.

Your resolutions are only your blue prints. You should not mistake them for the finished building. Much digging and long hours of real labor are necessary before the resolution takes form. No resolution is worth while or worthy of you until you have actually practiced it. Nobody ever learns to swim wishing he could; he must get into the water and go to work. Nobody is ever a great athlete by wishing he was an All-American star.

Edison wished he had an electric light bulb. Such lights would make work in his laboratory much easier and the whole world brighter. He resolved to perfect a light. He practiced with two hundred and sixty-seven different filaments before he found one that would not turn out in a few seconds. He was one man who worked mightily at his resolutions. He desired results sufficiently to pay the full price.

Recently one high school boy was heard to say to another with a big sigh, "I wonder what this next year will do for me?" That boy had the cart before the horse. The big, burning question is, "What will you do to the new year?" You see, that is up to you.

The biggest chance for growth and splendid personal achievement in the New Year will not be outside of you, but right inside where only you can get hold of it. Every one of you will have three hundred and sixty-five "opportunities" to make it the best year of your lives.

Here is a great little bit of verse to cut and paste in the corner of your mirror. As you shave or otherwise get "good looking" through these coming three hundred and sixty-five "opportunities," just say this little verse over out loud, starting with the New Year, and see what happens to you.

*I've shut the door on Yesterday,*

*Its sorrows and mistakes;  
I've locked within its gloomy walls  
Past failures and heartaches;*

*And now I throw the key away  
To seek another room,*

*And furnish it with hope and smiles  
And every springtime bloom.*

*No thought shall enter this abode  
That has a hint of pain,*

(Continued on page 25)



# Reading Circle



## The Lesson Poem

I supposed I knew my Bible,  
Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,  
Now a bit of John or Matthew,  
Now a snatch of Genesis;  
Certain chapters of Isaiah,  
Certain Psalms, the twenty-third,  
Twelfth of Romans, first of Proverbs—  
Yes, I thought I knew the Word!  
But I found that thorough reading  
Was a different thing to do,  
And the way was unfamiliar  
When I read the Bible through.

You who like to play at Bible,  
Dip and dabble, here and there,  
Just before you kneel, weary,  
And yawn through a hurried prayer,  
You who treat the Crown of Writings  
As you treat no other book—  
Just a paragraph disjointed,  
Just a crude, impatient look—  
Try a worthier procedure,  
Try a broad and steady view:  
You will kneel in very rapture,  
When you read the Bible through.

—Amos R. Wells.

## Read the Bible Through Next Year

We are suggesting to our Reading Circle members that they read the Bible through this year. Here are January readings:

Morning	Evening
January 1 Gen. 1-2	John 1
January 2 Gen. 3-4	Matt. 1
January 3 Gen. 5-6	Matt. 2
January 4 Gen. 7-8	Matt. 3
January 5 Gen. 9-10	Matt. 4
January 6 Gen. 11-12	Matt. 5
January 7 Gen. 13-14	Matt. 6
January 8 Gen. 15-16	Matt. 7
January 9 Gen. 17-18	Matt. 8
January 10 Gen. 19-20	Matt. 9
January 11 Gen. 21-22	Matt. 10
January 12 Gen. 23-24	Matt. 11
January 13 Gen. 25-26	Matt. 12
January 14 Gen. 27-28	Matt. 13
January 15 Gen. 29-30	Matt. 14
January 16 Gen. 31-32	Matt. 15
January 17 Gen. 33-34	Matt. 16
January 18 Gen. 35-36	Matt. 17
January 19 Gen. 37-38	Matt. 18
January 20 Gen. 39-40	Matt. 19
January 21 Gen. 41-42	Matt. 20
January 22 Gen. 43-44	Matt. 21
January 23 Gen. 45-46	Matt. 22
January 24 Gen. 47-48	Matt. 23
January 25 Gen. 29-50	Matt. 24
January 26 Ex. 1-2	Matt. 25

January 27 Ex. 3-4	Matt. 26
January 28 Ex. 5-6	Matt. 27
January 29 Ex. 7-8	Matt. 28
January 30 Ex. 9-10	Mark 1
January 31 Ex. 11-12	Mark 2

## Your Bible

Are you using it? "Reading the New Testament through" with the rest of the church should be the happy task of every young person. Then when you have read it through commit some chapters to memory. They will stay with you all through life.

Below are some suggestions:  
Peace and Promise Chapter, John 14.  
New Birth Chapter, John 3.  
Victory Chapter, Romans 8.  
The Beautiful Chapter, Matthew 5.  
Lost and Found Chapter, Luke 15.  
Pentecost Chapter, Acts 2.  
Charity and Love Chapter, 1 Corinthians 13.  
Heaven Chapter, Revelation 21.  
Resurrection Chapter, 1 Cor. 15.  
Faith Chapter, Hebrews 11.  
Work Chapter, James 2.  
Judgment Chapter, John 15.  
Consecration Chapter, Romans 12.  
The Bottomless Chapter, Eph. 3.  
Crucifixion Chapter, John 19.  
Ascension Chapter, Acts 1.

—Baptist Observer.

We are publishing below a part of a letter from Eva Mae (Whittington) LaFevre whom many of you know. We publish this to induce others to make a habit of reading the Lighted Pathway. This is why we are working so hard to increase the number of our Reading Circle members.

Come on boys and girls, join our reading circle. Let us be on our way to encircle the globe.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I know you'll be surprised to hear from me but I have been feeling for some time that I wanted to write to you, so here it comes.

I think what has made me feel so close to you is because about four months ago I began to read the Lighted Pathway regularly. I must say it is the most spiritual, helpful paper I have ever read. I didn't know what I was missing by not reading it until now but

you can be sure that I'll be a regular reader from now on.

Every page of the paper is a help and I cry and the Lord just blesses my soul while I am reading its pages. The little poems and stories are so sweet and heart touching and you can feel the presence of God as you read.

I am praying for God to help you to continue this great work. I know you pray much for the Lighted Pathway and all of us young people and I'm going to pray for you.—Mrs. Eva Mae LaFevre.

## Our Reading Circle

Hurrah for our Reading Circle! We have made some progress toward our trip around the world. Now we are going to tell you each month which state has made the most miles this year. North Carolina is ahead at this time. Come on, young people, and join our circle. It will be a blessing to you.

To become a member you promise to read the Lighted Pathway from cover to cover.

## Books for The Month

"Girls Stories of Great Women,"  
"Boys Stories of Great Men."

These books are splendid to inspire your boys and girls to great lives. They will make splendid Christmas gifts. Order from Church of God Publishing House. Price \$1.00.

## New Reading Circle Members

From Charleston, W. Va.: Fred Means, Martha Hill, Mary Hill, Anna George, Iola Means, Anna Landes, Gladys Huffman, Edith Means, Richard Knight, Will Appleby, Prudence Appleby, Beulah Kidd, Charles Mallory, Marcella Means, Rhoda Kidd, Margaret Means, Macel Pierce, John Means, Garrison, W. Va.: Mrs. K. E. Cobb.

Erwin, N. C.: Nenia Honeycutt.  
Cleveland, Tenn.: Mabel Peterson, Lillie Mitchel, Evelyn Griffith, Lona Mae Murphy, Vivia Adams, Cecil Norris, Lois Snyder, Hazel Carroll, Beulah Edwards, Mary Lee Bell, Elsie Kile, Leslie Simmons, Max Atkins, Tommy Simmons.

Wauchula, Fla.: Roy Lee, Sister Mae Lee, Sister Lois Pearson, Pauline Burnett, Mrs. Henry Sapp, Marshal Cook, Lois Cook, Martha Vernon, Viola Licht, Edna Burnett.

Detroit, Mich.: Lela Harrell, Earnest Yates, Elizabeth Stanley, Sophie Michalek, Evelyn Fair, Sam Stanley, Pauline Allen, Mary Lou Gilbreath, Sister Alonzo, Opal Chaffee, Mae Corey, Stephen M. Loftis.

Mobeetie, Texas: J. L. Kuykendall.  
Charlotte, N. C.: Dorothy Williams, Lucy Padgett, Margaret Lawing, Walter Helms, Hattie Helms, Mrs. Paul Stallings, Ruth Henson, Mrs. S. D. Martin, Reppiemae Buckalew, Bettie Hampton, Lucy Helms, Jack Walker, Darby Jones, J. T. Crosby, Ella Wallis, Bula McDaniels, Mrs. T. J. Looney, T. J. Looney, Ruby Norwood, Mrs. H. L. McDaniels, Ivy Hagans, Cleo Williams, Glen Brown, Jack Hagans, Lois Hagans, Mable McDaniels, Macy McDaniels, Lucy Brown, Glen Pain, Floyd Norwood, Melvin McDaniels, Geo. W. Brown, Jessie Nix, S. D. Martin.

Davis, W. Va.: Mary Popish, Goldie Huffman, Leona Helwick, Cathern Rexrode, Virginia Rexrode, Mrs. Leavy Cosuer, Mrs. Mary Helwick, Arveda Cassidy, Mrs. Viola Cassidy.

Elizabethton, Tenn.: Mrs. Vergie Smith, Miss Myrtle Merritt.

Stone Coal, W. Va.: Lucille Brewer, Louise Litten, John Chafin.  
Brewerstertown, Tenn.: Mrs. Pollie Berry, Mrs. Ida Garrett, Mrs. Ethel York, Mrs. J. B. York, Mrs. C. R. Ford, Mrs. Gladys Berry, Violet Brewster, Frank Coughram, Willmeno Coughram, Al-



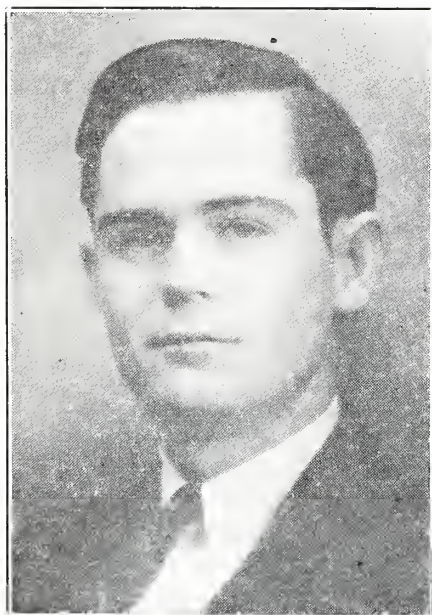
ma Ford, Geneva Brewster, Katherine Codel, Vida Brewster, Lacey Ford.

Aiken, S. C.: A Cobb, Tellman Corley, Louise Corley, Myrtle Corley, Florence Brogdon, Douie-ree Ydun, Ruby Lenerett, Lewis Lenerett, Mary Clay, Annie Barker, Sallie Mae Dyar, Ansil Dyar, Darling Sanders, Lillian Sanders, Eleanor Mathews, Florence Aiken, Minnie Walker, Lillie Smith, Mamie J. Osbon, Florence Griffin, E. N. Griffin, Polly Nappill, Annie Mae Teems, George Teems, Pearl Bagley, C. W. Hood, Mrs. C. W. Hood, C. Cowthorn.

Eldorado, Md.: Floyd A. Boger, Mrs. Elizabeth Boger, Anna Mae Boger, Mrs. Lola Brinsfield, Melba McKevely, Thomas McKevely, George McKevely.

Rhodell, W. Va.: Orlie McKinney, Rosie Johns, Beulah Johns, George Evans, Erskine Wilson, Grace Johns, Sister Winston, Leila Lewis, Edith Little, Ollena Moreland, Brother Cox, Oather Blankenship, Bert Johns, Lou Moreland.

## Our Picture Gallery



ROBERT J. JOHNSON

State Sunday School and Y. P. E.  
President of South Carolina



MISS BEAULAH OSBON  
Aiken, S. C.

Here is one of our faithful workers. She has been on the job for the Lighted Pathway for years. For months she has been selling 84 papers each month and always pays on time. Her Y. P. E. gets

the \$5.00 cash prize for the month of November. Above is the picture of a group of children she has organized in her home town. Beulah is a crippled girl and walks with crutches. Let's give her a cheer. God bless you, Beulah. —Editor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a few lines to let you hear from our Y. P. E. The Lord is blessing us. We have good attendance at every service. Our attendance averages around seventy and seventy-five.

I am sending you a list of names from our Y. P. E. who are joining the Reading Circle. I have been a member for a number of years and I am proud of it. The Lighted Pathway is such a blessing to me. I wish it came every week instead of every month. I have been encouraged many times by reading the Lighted Pathway when the devil would be pressing hard upon me.

May God's richest blessings ever rest upon the Lighted Pathway and you, its Editor.—Beulah Osbon, Aiken, S. C.

James Hicks, Gideon at Hartwell, Ga., and his Y. P. E., are the happy winners of the \$5.00 prize for selling the most Lighted Pathways in the month of December. These folks must be wide awake.—Editor.

Mrs. Donnie Timms (Mildred Johnson), Anderson, S. C., is a splendid Gideon. She sold the second largest number of papers for the month of December. Come on, Mildred, next month you may win.—Editor.

### State Y. P. E. Superintendents

Robert Johnson, South Carolina  
Leonard Newton, Illinois  
D. C. Barnes, Georgia  
S. L. Cooper, Kentucky  
Max L. Atkins, Tennessee  
Linwood Slay, Alabama  
Roy Douglas, Mississippi  
Mack Hatcher, Louisiana  
Paul Poteat, Washington, D. C., Maryland, Delaware, and part of Virginia  
Helen Rosson, Michigan  
Paul Stallings, North Carolina  
Elmer Boyd, California  
C. H. Sharp, Oklahoma  
Mrs. W. E. Arnold, Arkansas  
Wm. Stanfield, Florida  
W. H. Ward, Virginia  
Adrian Kirby, Ohio  
T. F. Blackwell, West Virginia  
Besse E. Jackson, Indiana  
Edgar Graves, Arizona

### State Y. P. E. Banners

Someone has requested that we publish the name of the Y. P. E. in each state which wins the banner. We will be glad to do this. Anyone desiring this information please get it to us by the 10th of the month.—Editor.

### Louisiana on the Map

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name and may His richest blessings be on you as you undertake such a needful task with the young people.

Indeed your messages are interesting, inspiring and encouraging each month

in the Lighted Pathway.

The state overseer of Louisiana asked me about coming out here and acting as state superintendent of Sunday Schools and Y. P. E. I came and surely the dear Lord has blessed us. We have already about nine new Y. P. E's in the state since the Assembly and many other good prospects.

Pray much for us.—Mack Hatcher, Monroe, La.

### Lignite's Young Peoples' Contest

The Lignite, N. Dak. young people are really going places. There is real interest, enthusiasm and Christian fellowship as the "Ambassadors" compete against the "Crusaders."

Perhaps you would like to try this same plan, so here are the rules:

1. Each member answers the roll call with a scripture verse.

2. The members are the original ones chosen at the beginning of the contest and those who choose to join. An amendment was made that church members must join after they have been visitors three times.

3. Each week points are awarded as follows:

Least members absent .....	2
Least verses missed .....	1
Least verses misquoted .....	1
Largest attendance .....	3
Most visitors .....	3
New members .....	3
Most Bibles .....	2
Most offering .....	2
Complete program .....	5
Best deportment .....	4
Most questions answered .....	4

4. Questions are asked on chapters that have previously been assigned.

5. The questions are asked to one row at a time alternating between "Crusaders" and "Ambassadors." — Crystal Pounder, Y. P. E. president.

Dear Sister Harrison:

It was our pleasure on Nov. 20, 1938 to have the first Y. P. E. and Sunday School rally of this year on the Somerset district at Acosta, Pa.

Services opened at ten o'clock with song and prayer, followed by a talk from our state president, Brother Dave Lykens. The message was encouraging to all who heard it. After this our state overseer, Brother T. S. Payne, spoke. Then we adjourned for lunch which was furnished by the L. W. W. B. of Acosta church.

The afternoon service was given over to the reporting of each church on the district. As each church gave its report and rendered its program, God's smile was upon them. There were times the whole church seemed charged with the power of glory. It seemed every one was at his best.

Come on, Somerset district, and let us rise and shine this year. Let us make



our theme song, "Onward Christian Soldiers," a reality as well as a song. We are expecting some more such like rallies in the near future.—Brother Eddie Tipton, Acosta, Pa.

### Exchange Page

(Continued from page 17)

Bloomington, set the church in order with eighteen members. We have about sixty now, praise the Lord. We have also had a good revival. There were eleven saved the first night and many more were saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost.

We also have a good Y. P. E. God has certainly blessed us with wonderful young people. We now have sixty-eight members. They are all eager and willing to work in the Y. P. E.

We are also blessed with a good choir of singers.

Brother Claud Sharp, our state superintendent of Y. P. E. and Sunday School, is really a blessing to us.

We are also glad to acknowledge our dear Sister Harrison and the wonderful work she is doing through the Lighted Pathway.—Ann Sullivan, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

—\*—

### The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

his expected martyrdom. He waits long enough to test our faith but not a moment behind the extreme hour of need.

Dear ones, the desire of my heart this morning is that this may be a year of great blessing on the field for our young people. Your General Overseer, your Publishing Committee and all concerned in putting out the Lighted Pathway and directing the young people's work, are trying our very best to be guided by His hand and our only aim is to help your state presidents, district presidents, Y. P. E. presidents and all workers in the Y. P. E., in the great problems which lie before us in this great work of ours. Souls are at stake, young people are at the crossroads waiting for us to show them the way.

Since I began writing this message a young man, seemingly at the crossroads, came in asking for advice for the future. We told him as best we could how we felt about his problem but after all we had to leave him in the hands of the Lord for He alone can make it clear. We can advise but we can go only so far. Let this be our prayer this New Year:

*"Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand."*

### What Ailed a Pillow

(Continued from page 5)

curls and snowy gown by the bed's

side.

"Now, Annie, watch!" "Annie, just see!" "Oh, Annie, do look!" she said over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayer and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be put out in just so many minutes. Presently Nell took to floundering, punching and "Oh, dearing." Then she lay quiet awhile, only to begin with renewed energy.

"What's the matter?" asked Annie, at length.

"My pillow!" — tossing, thumping, kneading. "It's as flat as a board and as hard as a stone; I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There's no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse, then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it's true; but she was determined never afterward to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must have been what ailed it," she whispered, soon after getting into bed again. "It's all right now!"

I think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn; there are no prayers in them. Nell's remedy was the best, the only one. Prayer made the pillow soft, and she sank to rest as under a sheltering wing. —*Early Deews.*

—\*—

Correct arrangement from Children's Page:

Jesus	Elizabeth
David	Martha
Peter	Lazarus
James	Philip
Mary	Lydda
Andrew	Simon

—\*—

### How Tommy Helped

*Gertrude McIntosh*

Tommy hurried along the street. It was such a lovely, bright day that he couldn't help skipping now and then, and, when he did, the strong March wind that came whistling around the corner, seemed to carry him along even faster.

"Why, it's almost like flying," thought Tommy, "I wonder if the birds feel like this."

Tommy was on his way home from the grocery store where he had gone to get sugar for Mother. He was in a hurry because he and Jack and Bill were going to look for pussy willows in the deep valley behind Jack's house, and he didn't want to keep the boys waiting.

"Here you are, Mother," he called as he hurried into the kitchen. "Now may I go to call for Jack?"

"Oh, Tommy, I'm so sorry!" said

Mother. "Father just phoned to ask me to come down town at once. Baby Joan will be left alone if we both go. Would you mind very much if I asked you to stay with her?"

"Aw, Mother," said Tommy, "but the pussy willows! And we were going to see if any of the birds had come back from the South to live in our bird house in the old elm!"

"Very well, Tommy," said Mother, "I shall have to tell Father that I cannot come."

Tommy hung his head. He thought of the soft, silvery pussy willows and of his old friend, Jenny Wren, who had lived all the summer before in the little house he and Jack and Bill had built for her. He walked over to the window and stood scuffing his shoe on the carpet. Then he turned around and saw Mother's anxious face, and behind her Baby Joan playing with her blocks.

"Of course, I'll stay," he said quickly to Mother, "I can go with the boys next Saturday. Look! Joan can pick up her blocks in one hand now!"

With a smile Tommy ran over to the baby and started building houses of the blocks for her. Mother put on her hat and coat and started off to meet Father.

"But, Joanie," said Tommy, "you push them over just as soon as I get them piled up. Here, I shall make a big one for you."

"Ooh," cried Baby Joan as she knocked the bottom block and the whole big pile came tumbling down around her. She laughed and crowed and Tommy thought that he had never seen a dearer little sister. She was much nicer than pussy willows and even cuter than little Jenny Wren.

"You build one for me, Joan," said Tommy, and laughed to see the baby fingers trying to put one block on top of another.

First thing Tommy knew, Father and Mother were coming in the front door.

"Hello, children," called Father. "Treat tonight! Ice cream for supper for Joan, the lady of the house, and for Tommy, her faithful helper."

"Hurray!" cried Tommy jumping up and down with glee.

"Hoo-ray," cried Baby Joan, and Tommy turned and smiled at her.—*Olive Plants.*

—\*—

### Have You Been to Jesus?

I was made very happy a while ago. A little niece, a child about three years of age, and her sister were passing through Chicago. The child was one of the handsomest little things I ever saw, but she was one of the ugliest little things when she got angry. She had a temper that it seemed almost impossible to break.

My mother took her into a room one



day, and told her that Jesus could help her. This seemed to impress her very powerfully, for afterwards, when I was playing with the little one in the room, and she was beginning to show her temper, I said, "Oh, I guess Nannie's mad, something's the matter!"

She said, "I think I will go and p'ay." She meant she would go and pray.

She went into her room, and fell on her knees. "O Jesus," said she, "won't you take all the naughty out of Nannie's heart, and make Nannie a good little girl, for Jesus' sake?" she asked in faith, and came out smiling through her tears.

"Uncle Harry," said she, "it's all gone;" and threw her arms round my neck and kissed me, one of the happiest little girls I ever saw.—*The Wonderful World*.

### —\*— Your Child and Your Word

(Continued from page 11)

is this sort of falsehood, for example:

"Tomorrow, Mary dear, you and mother will go to the playground!"

Well, little Mary all the rest of the day thinks about going to the playground, and wonders if tomorrow will ever come. When night comes, she dreams of playgrounds. Next morning her first question is: "We'll go to the playground today won't we mother?" to which the mother blithely replies:

"Yes, today is the day."

Then along about eleven o'clock Gladys telephones that she is getting up a table of bridge, and Betty just must come over for the afternoon, and Betty says she'll be delighted, that she hadn't planned anything "special" anyway, and what time shall she come?

All the time she is chattering a blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl is leaning against her chair, watching anxiously, and when, at last she puts the receiver on the hook, the child falters tearfully:

"But m-mother, the p-playground."

"Oh, my dear, that will keep until tomorrow! You be a good girl and stay with Katie this afternoon, and tomorrow we'll visit the playground."

Perhaps they go tomorrow and perhaps they don't. If anything more interesting turns up in the meantime, the child is again "put off," or if the mother happens to have been up late the night before, and consequently is tired out, the child is "put off." Indeed, for any slight excuse or pretense the little one is disappointed.

I really think that many things are more interesting than spending an afternoon on a hard bench at a playground, watching a merry mob of youngsters slide down chutes, swing and jump and whirl. But if a mother has promised her time to a child for a certain afternoon, whether it be for a visit to a play-

ground, zoo, or park, she should make her word good, unless, perhaps, sickness or weather should prevent; and when she promises she ought to mention the possibility of either of these two things interfering with the carrying out of her plans.

For no pleasure, however great, is great enough to be taken at the sacrifice of your word to your child. Be scrupulously careful what you promise, but after you have once promised, "make good."

And there is another form of lying; but it hardly seems that in this enlightened day anyone can be wicked or ignorant enough to practice it. I mean this:

"Now, Willie, you hush and go right to sleep, or a big bear will come upstairs and eat you up."

I'll have to admit that such a statement would, without doubt, produce the desired results, but the wickedness of it, the shame of it! Willie, doubtless, would hush and wait in a blind, cold fear for the bear to pounce upon his bed and devour him, until at last, nervously exhausted, he must drop off to sleep. Ah! far better that Willie should howl half the night if need be than find repose after this fashion. I am sure that parents who frighten their children into obedience by means of such atrocious lies are not conscious of the enormity of their offense or they would for ever desist.

It is not always easy to keep your word to a child, no matter how anxious you may be to do so. Not long ago I was out shopping with my four-year-old, when he spied a toy which he asked for. I was chatting away with one of my girl friends, and glanced hurriedly at the toy, resuming my conversation.

"Mother, please, please buy it for me," tugging away at my skirt.

Again I glanced at the toy, mentally decided that it was inexpensive, and he might as well have it, as long as it appealed so strongly to him.

"Will you, please, mother?" he persisted.

"Yes, yes, in a minute."

After my friend left, I turned and priced the desired article. It was just exactly five times as much as I had mentally estimated it would be. I'll admit that for a minute I hesitated, but only for a minute. I had given my word. The child's heart was set on that one plaything, and I would "make good." I would have purchased that toy had it been ten times my original estimate, and had I been compelled to forego the pleasure of a new hat or blouse to do so; but since then I haven't been making my promises in quite such a **rush**.

If parents would only realize that keeping their word to children is infinitely more important even than keep-

ing their word to grown-ups, we would have better, truer men and women. For to destroy a child's trust and confidence in you is eventually to destroy his trust and confidence in the world at large! What more wicked, more dreadful seed could be planted in the heart of a child than suspicion and distrust?

Many parents are thoughtlessly, not maliciously, insincere. If they would only resolve, in their dealings with children, to be just as honest, just as anxious to establish their "word as good as their bond," as they are in dealing with the grown-ups, and always, when once they have given their word, "make good," a bond of sympathy and understanding would be forged between parents and children that in after years all the pressure and persuasion in the world could not bend or break.—*Gospel Trumpet of Australia*.

### The "Pull" Heavenward

"I once saw," said the Rev. C. Simeon, "the ascend of a balloon. It was bound to the earth by eight cords. As the process went on the filling with gas, it seemed struggling to get free, and striving to break the bonds which kept it down. At length one string was cut. Immediately the part at liberty was lifted from the earth. The second and third were loosened, and the others. When the last cord was snapped asunder, the balloon rose majestically toward heaven, showing thereby its high destination and evincing the object for which it struggled to get free.

"There," said Mr. Simeon, "is a picture of the mind I would possess—a mind whose affections are in heaven; a mind filled with the Spirit, and in proportion as it is filled, demonstrating its character by its ardent, aspiring, and earnest longings after its heavenly inheritance. Thus, as the cords are cut which bind the soul to earth, it will rise in heart and affection to the region where it so greatly desires to be."—*Sunday School Illustrator*.

### —\*— "Consider"

(Continued from page 8)

Helping together by gifts and by prayer?  
Some have gone forth—but so many remain,

Safely at home—other honors to gain;  
Millions of lost ones who never have heard,

Few—oh so few, to go forth with His Word.—*Grace Troy*.

"No man can be a Christian who does not sincerely desire holiness and constantly aim at it. No man can be a friend of God who can acquiesce in a state of sin, and who is satisfied when he is not holy, as God is holy."—*Chas. G. Finney*.



**A Wonderful New Year For You**

(Continued from Page 20)

*And every malice and distrust  
Shall never therein reign;  
I've shut the door on Yesterday  
And thrown the key away—  
Tomorrow holds no doubt for me  
Since I have found Today.*

—Anonymous.

**A Year of Grace**

(Continued from page 10)

borhood. They studied dramatic reading and were to work on a little program they were to put on out-of-doors later in the season.

"That's marvelous," exulted Mary Lou. "You're all doing something but me. I feel like a slacker."

"Slacker!" the others exclaimed indignantly. "Why, Mary Lou, you keep the house going! You cook, make beds, and everything!"

But Mary Lou wasn't satisfied with that. She knew she could do nothing more for the time being, for every hour was occupied with school work and her duties at home. Her mind was set ahead to the days when school would be out, and she planned for them.

She made the boys spade up a great bed in the backyard.

"Going to raise flowers?" they asked.

"Not flowers," she grinned. "If I can't make money, maybe I can save some." And she planted neat rows of lettuce, radishes, peas, beans and other vegetables that were to add interest to the family meals as well as to cut down the food bills.

When school was over there was no talk of vacation or beach. Irene was busy with her class, giving private lessons and caring for young children during many of the afternoons. And Mary Lou had her own private enterprise. She was earning money at last!

Her brothers and sisters teased her about her income, but they admitted it was a good one. Mary Lou was boarding the husbands who had to remain in the neighborhood while their families sought the cooler air at mountain or seaside. The men were delighted to have the filling, delicious meals in the familiar Federly home.

The year slipped away. In the autumn encouraging reports came from California. The debt was all paid, and the boys were sending money regularly to their parents.

"I had a raise today," Rodney sang out one evening as he skipped up the steps. "And I feel as good about it—as if I'd won a scholarship."

The months passed quickly. In spite of the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Federly could not be with them, Christmas was not an unhappy day. There was the cheerful word that Mr. Federly was

much better, that he had a part time position, that he would probably be able to come home with the milder weather in the spring. Irene had several of her pupils in for a jolly Christmas frolic, and the day passed quickly and happily. And then New Year's eve! Again they sat around the snapping applewood fire, conversing lazily.

"Nice to sit up late," said Bill. "I'm going to sleep until eight in the morning, girls. Don't waken me."

"As if we would! We mean to sleep ourselves."

"Great way to start the new year!"

"Good new year! Wonder what it will bring?"

"Dad and mother! Isn't that enough?"

"The last year has been a busy one. But not too bad."

"Not too bad." All were agreed on that.

"Quite different than we had hoped," Irene recalled. "You wanted money, Bill; Rodney wanted the scholarship; I wanted a good time; and Mary Lou—what did you want, Mary Lou?"

"She wanted—I remember," Rod broke in. "She got her wish. A year of grace."

Mary Lou smiled.

"It has been a year of grace," she said. "We have kept together, and have been busy and useful. No one can ask much more than that. Please God we'll have many more such years of grace."

And the others echoed her plea.—*Lutheran Young Folks.*

**For His Glory**

(Continued from page 19)

down there, Louanna, and sang that song, and I knew I could not go back on my Lord."

He paused, and Louanna felt a glad rush of joy. It paid to be true, oh, how it paid! That night she sat long in her window, gazing up at the stars. The moon shone down with a yellow glow, and in its beam she saw many things—happy college days, joyous visits home, and then the years of giving of her talent to help win others for Christ.

"Oh, it pays," she whispered happily, "to be true—"

Months later the principal of the Wade High School was talking to Miss Lane about the class that was graduated that spring.

"I was surprised," he said, "at the results of our 'poll' as to what the members of the graduating class intend to do. They had seemed as careless and frivolous as any class, more so than some, but out of the one hundred fifty members three boys are preparing for the ministry, several girls are going into Christian work, and that lovely Louanna is training for evangelistic work as a singer. Even Amy Allen, that frivolous piece of thistledown, has entered

the Children's Hospital as a probationer. It all goes to show," he added, "that the rising generation is not so bad after all."—*Georgia Moore Eberling.*

**The Weak Battery**

It takes more strength to shine than it does to sound. That is what an amateur electrician found out sometime ago. An exchange says that he rigged up an electric light for his room and found after a little that it flickered and faded. A friend examined his plant and told him that it would never again run a light but it might run a call bell. He declared that the battery was not strong enough to make a light, but was still able to make a noise.

And that is what is the matter with some of our church members. They are not strong enough spiritually to make a light, but they are strong enough otherwise to make a noise! And the noise they make is so disquieting that they actually disturb the peace of Zion.

—*Hight C. Moore.*

**Trying to Explain the Watermelon**

I was eating a piece of watermelon some years ago and was struck with its beauty. I took some of the seeds and dried them and weighed them; I found that it would require some 5,000 seeds to weigh a pound; and then I applied mathematics to the forty-pound melon. One of these seeds, put into the ground, when warmed by the sun and moistened by the rain, takes off its coat and goes to work; it gathers from somewhere 200,000 times its own weight, and forcing this raw material through a tiny stem, constructs a watermelon.

It ornaments the outside with a covering of green; inside the green it puts a layer of white, and within the white a core of red, and all through the red it scatters seeds, each one capable of continuing the work of reproduction.

What architect drew the plan? Where does that little seed get its tremendous strength? Where does it find its coloring matter? How does it build a watermelon?

Until you can explain a watermelon, do not be too sure that you can limit the ability of the Almighty or say just what He would do or how He could do it. Everything that lives, in like manner, mocks by its mystery, beauty, and power the proud intellect of presumptuous man.—*W. J. Bryan.*

**Interesting Information**

Perhaps our readers would like to know that our circulation has increased five thousand since the Assembly. We have put out a large number this month to meet the growing demand. Please work hard and do not leave them on our hands. Remember when you are distributing these papers you are working for God.—*Editor.*



### One Test of Consecration

When Richard Cecil wished to teach his little daughter the meaning of consecration and faith, he took her on his knee in his library one day and asked her if she loved him well enough to give up a little necklace of glass beads which she greatly prized. She looked up with tears in her face, and sobbed, "Yes, Papa." "Well," said he, "you take them off and throw them into the grate." With heaving bosom and hesitating steps, she made the great renunciation and then flew back to his arms and sobbed herself to rest, while he patted the little golden head and gently said, "Now papa knows you love him."

Nothing more was said for several days, but on her birthday her father called her to him, and opening a little casket, handed to her a chain of real pearls and asked her to put them on her neck as the gift of his love to her. She looked him full in the face and then a great light broke upon her countenance, and again throwing herself on his bosom, she cried, "Oh, Papa, forgive me; I did not understand, but now I do."

That is the consecration which God loves and loves to recompense. Our sacrifices are real investments that will bring us infinite returns in that day when He shall give us diadems for tears, cities for pounds, and ten thousand per cent compound interest on all we have laid down for His sake.—*Covenant Companion*.

### Twenty Thousand Circulation Goal Is Set For This Year

Just listen to this: Five dollars in cash will be given each month to the Y. P. E. selling the largest number of papers during the month. You must be selling 50 papers before entering the contest. You must send us the name of your Y. P. E. so that we will know that you have entered the contest. The pastor or clerk must stand good for papers. Please do not forget to send in your order before the 10th of the month for extra papers. The money for the papers must be in by the 10th of the following month after they are received in order to count in the contest.—*Editor*.

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers:

I am a child of God and a member of the Church of God. I have the work of distributing good literature to the people of our community and others. If anyone having old Lighted Pathways, with good backs on them, would send them to me, I am sure the Lord will bless you for doing so.

Pray for me that I will ever do His will and keep up the work that God has laid on my heart.—Herman Clark, Jr., 38 Peachtree St., Woodruff, S. C.

### A Wonderful Christmas Present For Boys and Girls

A nice new Bible, Old and New Testaments. 5x7x 1 1/4 inches thick, Red-Letter Testament. This is one of the best for the price I have ever seen. We give the Lighted Pathway for one year and Bible for \$2.00. Christmas orders filled promptly.

### "The Unbroken Circle"

Dear Sister Harrison:

Recently our Y. P. E. of Lynch, Ky. presented "The Unbroken Circle." In the last scene a white covered box served as a casket and was covered with beautiful flowers. So realistic was the scene that our audience felt the sadness of a real funeral—as was evidenced by many weeping. I'm sure that, if properly and effectively presented, "The Unbroken Circle" will prove a blessing to any and all Y. P. E.'s everywhere. Suppose you try it!—Willie T. Welch, Cumberland, Ky.

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

We have another short play also, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," which you could use in your programs. Price 10c. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and do nothing for it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—*Editor*.

### Silver Linings

How about selling one hundred "Silver Linings" and make \$15.00 for your church? They sell at 25c each. You keep \$15.00 and send \$10.00 to me. Send money in advance or give good security.—*Editor*.

### Notice

Our bound Lighted Pathways are waiting for you at the Publishing House. You had better order now and get these nice books for your Christmas presents. Price \$1.00.—*Editor*.

### New Gideons

Johnie Ramsey, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.  
John H. Christman, Billings, Mont.  
Miriam Ball, Odum, Ga.  
Miss Flora Kennedy, Shelby, N. C.  
Mrs. Sarah Wrathford, East Rainelle, W. Va.  
Audrey Gallaway, Covington, La.  
M. C. Lee, Cullman, Ala.  
Miss Edith Brame, Prichard, Ala.  
Sybil Skelton, Indianola, Miss.  
Mrs. Dora Rawls, Okemah, Okla.  
Carrie Roebuck, Greenville, Miss.  
Alvin H. Thompson, Gettysburg, S. Dak.  
Miss Lavina Box, Portland, Me.  
H. R. Prince, Chester, S. C.

Ethel Baisden, Lundale, W. Va.  
Mrs. Frank Decker, Gray, Pa.  
Luttrell Ledford, Trumann, Ark.  
W. L. Newman, Morganton, Ga.  
J. M. Powell, East Tallassee, Ala.  
Virgie Lewis, Asheboro, N. C.  
Thomas Hagler, Whitmans, W. Va.  
Madeline Sweat, Lake City, Fla.  
Alma Newsome, Gibson, Ga.  
Sophia Broyles, La Follette, Tenn.  
Maril Jarrell, Delton, Va.  
B. H. Hatcher, Cheraw, S. C.  
Mrs. Calvin Rogers, Anadarko, Okla.  
Donnie Harkins, Blairsville, Ga.  
Nellie Porter, Archibald, La.  
Albert L. Dewoody, Santa Ana, Calif.  
Eugene McPeak, Belgrade, Mont.  
Alma Ruth Toothman, Carlsbad, N. Mex.  
Ruby Hoffman, Charleston, W. Va.  
Willie Mae Simmons, Anniston, Ala.  
Alma Dent, Bastian, Va.  
Mrs. T. S. Verble, Memphis, Tenn.  
Nell O'Dell, Johnson City, Tenn.  
L. E. Hiles, Garfield, Ga.  
Joe Cannon, Mangham, La.  
Mrs. Dorothy Boswell, Wilson, N. C.  
Harry Hamesley, Jacksonville, Ala.  
Mrs. J. A. Hipps, Cobbtown, Ga.  
Exie Aycock, Rocky Ford, Ga.  
Mrs. M. P. Matthews, Lyons, Ga.  
Minnie Love Smith, Lawrenceville, Ga.  
Earl W. Lewis, Morehead City, N. C.  
Mrs. Margaret Williams, Baldwin Park, Calif.  
Marguerite Anderson, Largo, Fla.  
Pauline Roberts, Seaford, Del.  
Lois Best, Milan, Ga.  
J. M. Tomberlin, Surrency, Ga.  
Mrs. Carl Weeks, Douglas, Ga.  
Annette Towler, Lake Alfred, Fla.  
Luther Deering, Cloudland, Ga.  
Martha E. Pettitt, Windsor, Ont., Canada.  
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Etta Bailey, Exeter, Me.  
Mitchell A. Greene, Washington, D. C.  
A. J. Thompson, Hazlehurst, Ga.  
Mrs. W. E. Peters, Orlando, Fla.  
Lizzie Herndon, Hazlehurst, Ga.  
Sylvia Baney, Maryville, Tenn.  
Beulah Mae Christy, Mt. Vernon, Ill.  
Mrs. W. W. Forehand, Coconut Grove, Fla.  
Valeen Thomas, Baxley, Ga.  
Mammie Carter, Baxley, Ga.  
Roy Begly, Blue Diamond, Ky.  
Maude Towns, Towns, Ga.  
James H. Clark, Johnston City, Ill.  
Church of God Young People, Lignite, N. Dak.  
Bertha Wright, W. Frankfort, Ill.  
Lula Mae Whitlow, Peoria, Ill.  
Beatrice Dodson, Lemmon, S. Dak.  
Mrs. Ollie Hill, Chattanooga, Ga.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who are going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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# Glints of Knowledge

*The Christian Century* has deputized its managing editor, Dr. Paul Hutchinson, to present during 1939 studies of at least seven modern cults.

They confess that the Protestant churches are not holding the poor folk while the new sects are growing rapidly in both city and country, that many ministers are preaching to empty pews while the halls and tabernacles of the extravagant cults can hardly hold the crowds.

The Editor is to explain the why? What draws the crowds to the new cults? What kind of men and women are attracted? What do the cults offer them? What do the converts claim they obtain? What about the relations of these cults to the churches? What about their prospects for the future?

At the head of these cults they name the Holy Rollers and they ask the question, Did you know that there are parts of America—and not in the "Bible Belt" either—where the number of Holy Roller churches has multiplied thirty times in a generation?

To the Editor of that most liberal of all liberal papers may we give this one helpful glint of knowledge, that the converts to the Church of God have been born again, have the witness of the Spirit, have been sanctified, which is the cleansing of the vessel, and have been baptized by the Holy Ghost. That they live a life wholly separated from the world, they meet all financial obligations, refrain from industrial strife, live free from the frivolities of the world, and as individuals they dare to be venturesome in exploring the distant length and breadth and height and depth of the wonderland of prayer.

## India's Millions

India's population is estimated at 300,000,000. One-fifth of these are untouchables. Several millions of the latter have recently requested Christian instruction and ninety per cent of the present membership of the Christian churches comes from this class.

As for the excuse that Japan is fighting to save China from Russian Communism, the fact is that Japanese aggressions began before Communism gained control in Russia and before it became a factor in China. The present hostilities were launched at a time when Communism in China was being sternly repressed. Chiang Kai-shek opposes Communism as strongly as any one in Japan. If he now accepts Communist support, it is because Japanese

aggression has forced him to enroll every one who is willing to help him in defending the country.—*The Church Peace Union.*

## The Great Smoky Mountain National Park

Total number of visitors who came to the Park during the year was 694,634. Of this number 363,418 were from "foreign" states and countries and only 331,216 came from Tennessee and North Carolina.

The South spends \$12,800,000 a year on school bus transportation, and plans are being considered to expand that service.

On the second Sunday of September the pastor, Dr. J. Frank Norris, welcomed 1,000 new members in the Temple Baptist church of Detroit, Michigan.

The site of the Empire State Building was part of a farm on which there were fights between British soldiers and American colonists in September, 1776. It was in 1827 that the land passed into possession of the Astor family. William B. Astor, a son of John Jacob Astor, bought the farm for \$20,500. It was sold 102 years later at the rate of \$8,000,000 an acre.

## Lookout Mountain

Because the Church of God has met in General Assembly so many times in Chattanooga the following is of special interest to us:

Lookout Mountain, at Chattanooga, Tenn., one hundred miles long, rising 1,400 feet above the Tennessee River and 2,400 feet above sea level at its palisaded northern projection, has unusual historic interest and provides an outlook from its northern crest rarely equalled, if ever, in the United States. Thousands of visitors annually reach the top of the mountain and view the majestic scene beyond and below. No battle was fought amid the clouds on its summit, but the northern slopes were carried by federal troops during a misty morning in November, 1863. The mountain now is part of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park. A memorial museum and observatory is to be erected during the coming year on the northern point of the mountain in honor of Adolph S. Ochs, who in his lifetime did so much to create the Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain Park. The memorial will include exhibits of many phases of Tennessee's products, traditions, history, and culture.

It has been determined to hold the 1940 convention of the World's Sunday

School Association in Durban, South Africa. The invitation was extended by the South African National Sunday School Association.—*The United Presbyterian.*

Canadian Laws provide for the reading of the Bible in all schools.—*The Gospel Minister.*

Eight presidents of the United States were born British subjects. They were: George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, William H. Harrison and Andrew Jackson.—*The Friend.*

The social board recently reported that probably about 20,800 persons received public assistance in the United States.

This estimate included those who received aid from federal, state and local governments through social security programs, work relief and general relief, the national youth administration, the civilian conservation corps and the farm security administration.

Here's how to pronounce the names of key figures and places in the Czechoslovak dispute:

Suedeten—Soo-day-ten, with accent on the second syllable.

Eduard Benes, President of Czechoslovakia—Ayd-vart Ben-esh.

Milan Hodza, Premier of Czechoslovakia—Mee-lan Hod-zha.

Konrad Henlein, Leader of the Sudetan German Party—Kohn-rat Hen-line.

Ernst Kundt, Sudeten German Member of Parliament—Arnst Koont.

Prague, capital of Czechoslovakia—Prahg.

The French Catholic government in the Canadian province of Quebec is so busy seeking out Communism that it takes to itself the power to search private homes without a warrant and confiscate whatever literature its officers deem improper. The latest is the prohibition of the Baptist Bible Society to circulate its edition of the Scriptures. In Sinclair Lewis' book, "It Can't Happen Here," we have Americans who object to Fascism in the United States fleeing to Canada. But they had better stay out of Quebec.

The Bible is a library, whose writing ran through sixteen hundred years. It is the work of some thirty-five inspired men. It deals primarily with sin and salvation. But for these two matters, it need never have been written. It tells us all we know of the early history of our race.



# The Dying Year

HENRY J. ZELLEY

Upon a bed of withered leaves there lay  
A dying year, so soon to pass away.  
Snow-patches lay around on every side;  
'Twas cold and cheerless when the Old Year died!

The earth was frozen hard, and cold,  
The sadness of that hour could not be told;  
But soon a light appeared, and in that light  
Was seen, by all, a wondrous sight.

The glen was all alive with spirits fair,  
Walking on earth, and flying in the air.  
And as they crowded round that dying bed,  
The Old Year looked, and smiled, and said:

"I am a Prince of Time, as you may see,  
Who served the Father of Eternity.  
These are His hoppy messengers Divine,  
Who served Him well, and they are mine!"

Four seasons came, arrayed in garments bright;  
Twelve months appeared with gems aglow with light;  
The weeks came next with rainbows girded round,  
With clasps of olive branches they were bound.

The days then came with suns upon their head;  
The nights wore stars, like those that shine o'erhead;  
The hours, minutes, seconds, too, that day,  
Bore clocks, to tell that time will pass away!

The Old Year said, "From here I soon must go,  
But long the record of your deeds to know.  
Tell me just what for man you've done;  
What have you given to him, since life begun?"

Then all drew near, in concert made reply,  
The chorus swelling as each group drew nigh—  
No grander chorus since the world began,  
"God's gracious benefits we've brought to man."

God's benefits, for spirit, body, soul,  
To save from sin and guilt, and make us whole.  
God's benefits, to help us here below,  
And endless life in Heaven to bestow!

God's benefits; like sand beside the sea,  
Or like the stars, they come each day to me.  
God's benefits, that come with morning light,  
God's benefits, that brighten every night!

What shall I render unto God today  
For benefits untold, along life's way?  
Teach me, O God, my gratitude to show,  
Till all mankind Thy wondrous grace shall know!

I'll take the cup, salvation's cup, again,  
And all its precious contents gladly drain;  
I'll daily pay my vows, and sing Thy praise,  
And serve Thee truly all my passing days!



# LIGHTED PATHWAY

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

VOL. 10

FEBRUARY, 1939

No. 2

## Gossip Town

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town  
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,  
Where old Dame Rumor with rustling gown  
Is going the livelong day?  
It isn't far to Gossip Town  
For people who want to go.  
The Idleness Train will take you down  
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless Road is a popular route,  
And most folks start that way,  
But it's steep downgrade; if you don't look out  
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.  
You glide through the valley of Vicious Folk  
And into the tunnel of Hate,  
Then, crossing the Add-To Bridge, you walk  
Right through the city gate.

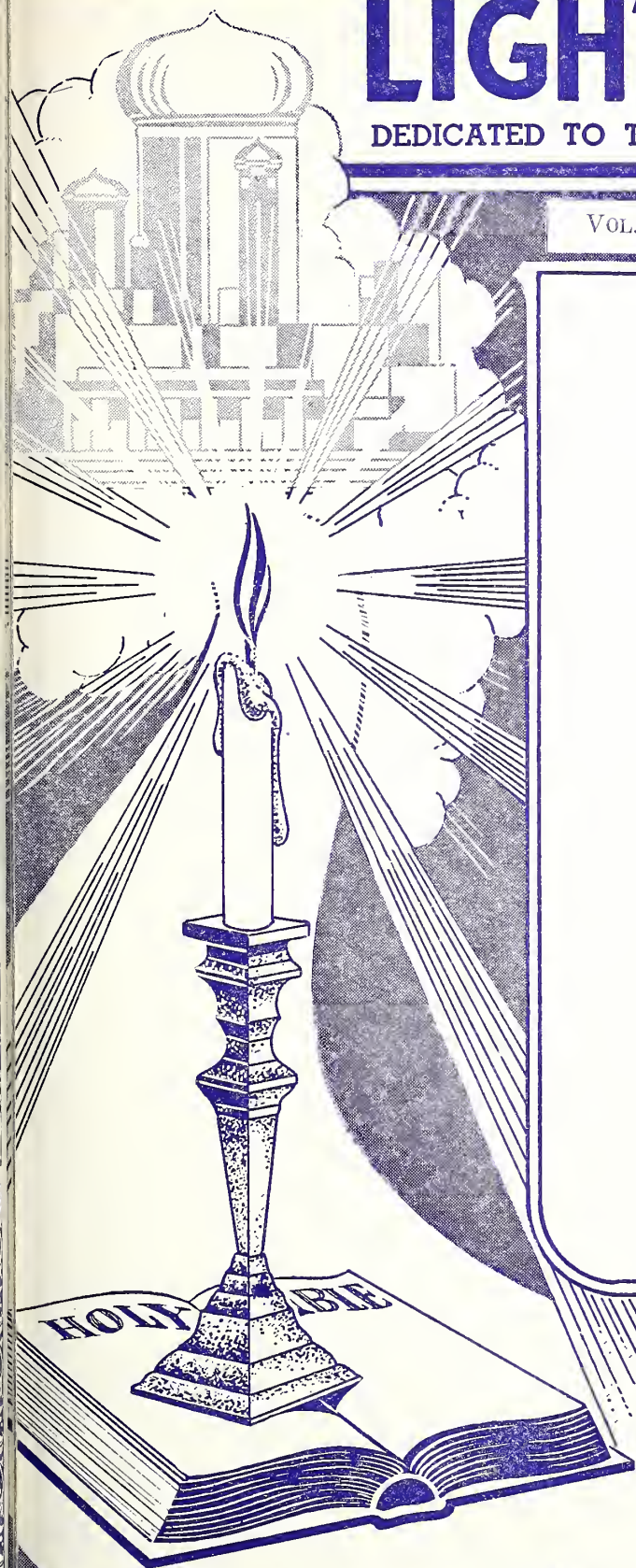
The principle street is called They Say,  
And I've Heard is the public well,  
And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay  
Are laden with Don't You Tell.  
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park,  
You're never quite safe while there,  
For its owner is Madame Suspicious Remark,  
Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the park is Slanderers' Row,  
'Twas there that Good Name died,  
Pierced by a dart from Jealousy's bow,  
In the hands of Envious Pride.  
From Gossip Town Peace long since fled,  
But Trouble, Grief, and Woe  
And Sorrow and Care you'll meet instead,  
If you ever chance to go.

—Selected.

"Thy word is a lamp  
unto my feet and a  
light unto my path."

Psalm 119:105



sus,  
e Light  
the world."





# The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Every month our paper is reaching out to thousands of unsaved boys and girls. We hope and pray that many who are unsaved will join our reading circle and that they will not stay unsaved long.



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

As we were praying this morning for our own children, we were asking God to help each of them to always put God first in their lives. As we were praying for them we caught a new vi-

sion of our adopted boys and girls on the field and we want to talk with you along the line of thought that you find in the poem on this page. This poem has been almost a part of my life ever since I have been engaged in young people's work. We want you to read it over and over again and catch the meaning of each verse. The Master is come, and calleth for thee. What have you been telling Him? Have you been putting Him off from time to time? Oh, my friends, could I say something to you in this message to cause you to see that multitudes of souls will be lost, that you might have been an instrument in God's hands in saving! Your influence is going out all the time, either for good or for bad. You may be almost perfect morally, but if you have not lined up with Christ and His church someone will say, Oh well, John Jones is just as good as any one and he does not even profess to be a Christian. Just to look at him you would never know which side he was on. He behaves in the house of God and is good and clean morally. Yes, your influence is going out and they do not realize that you are just as far from the kingdom as the boy and girl who are open sinners. You have not accepted Christ and had the blood applied to your soul and without this you are just as far from salvation as the other class. I am sure you have heard God's call many times. Have you been putting Him off in this manner from time to time? You may after awhile give your heart to Jesus Christ and be saved, but what about the multitudes who have gone down because of your failure? You will look back and think about the times when you said, No, give me just a little while longer to engage in worldly pleasure and then I will. But before you know it your youth has slipped away and the best part

of your life is gone. Ah, how sad it will be when you wake up to realize that you have failed God. Opportunity has been knocking at your heart's door but you have disregarded it and it can never return. Another one may come but what will you do about it? Will you keep on and on and on resisting the voice of God through the whisperings of the Holy Spirit whose mission it is to convict and draw you heavenward? Then there are many of our boys and girls who have been saved and are in the Church who have not entirely yielded to the Master. Their consecration is not complete. I believe that this kind is the most miserable people in the world. They are not ready to say yes to God when He calls

## A LESSON OF SERVICE

In the cool of the glad spring morning  
The Master came to me;  
"My seed of truth must be planted,  
Will you help in the work?" asked He.  
And I answered, "Wait but a little,  
The day is so fair—so fair;  
When the mornings are less enchanting,  
In Thy fields I will do my share."

At the dawn of a summer morning  
I heard the Master say,  
"My truth must be watched and tended;  
Will you work in my field today?"  
But I said, "The days are so dreamy,  
And summer has just begun;  
I will do my part in Thy labor  
When the glory of June is done."

In the dew of an autumn morning,  
The Master came once more;  
"My harvest is white," He whispered,  
"And reapers are needed sore."  
"But this autumn joy," I pleaded,  
"I must quaff off, ere it wane;  
Just a few more draughts of sunshine,  
And I'll help Thee garner thy grain."

In the chill of a winter morning,  
The Master came to me;  
The ice-bound river was silent,  
And snow lay white on the lea.  
"O Master, I now am ready  
To work in Thy fields," I said;  
But the Master smiled in pity  
And sadly shook His head.

"The harvest is over," He answered,  
And winter comes apace;  
But some wheat lies all ungarnered,  
Because of your vacant place;  
You have spent the year in pleasure,  
I have pleaded all in vain;  
But what of your own remorse,  
And what of the wasted grain?"

—Edith Porteus Thayer.

to service. We find so much of this in our Y.P.E. A leader does his best to prepare a program that will be inspirational and helpful to the people. He goes out to find his helpers and they all make excuses. Some will declare they cannot take part in public. Of course you can take part if you'll sincerely ask God to help you and do your part. God can do nothing with a fearful heart. I well remember when I was asked to teach my first adult Bible class. I had always worked with children and it seemed that I just could not do it. I didn't refuse, but I went home and began to cry. God began to bless my soul and I knew I was to teach them. God did bless that class. I had seven women to begin with and in a few months I had seventy-five in my class. They became so interested that I had a weekly Bible class and we met once a week to study the Bible and although it happened to be a Methodist church, there were seven in that class seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost when I left in ten months' time.

Why was I used of God in this work? Because I felt my own weakness and had to look to God for strength. This is the secret. So if you boys and girls will just look up, when you are asked to do something that seems impossible, you will find that your weakness will turn to His strength. Oh, how my soul is burning with that heavenly fire as I write to you, realizing what God could do through our young people if they would let Him use them.

D. L. Moody yielded himself to God when he was young and said he would be one who would give God a chance to see what He could do through one boy who would be wholly yielded to Him. Oh, what a discouraging outlook. He was so backward in his ways that when he was hired in a store he was given the place in the rear of the store to sell brogan shoes to the farmers. He was even refused membership in one of the large churches. He asked for a Sunday School class and was refused and they offered him a few benches to build up his own class. Oh my, what a class he built! God began to use him because he had turned over his life to Him and perhaps no man has left a greater record in soul saving than he did.

Boys and girls, I hope as you read this you can feel the same thrill that I am feeling as I write and that the tears will flow from your eyes as they are from my own, and that you will cease to put God off but will yield your all to Him and say, "Here, Lord, goes all. Take me and use me and we will see what God can do

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# The Girl Who Found Herself

BY C. H. JACK LINN

(Used by permission of the author)

## Helen Opened the Wrong Door

Let me tell you the story. It thrills my heart. It will thrill yours, I am sure. It seems too good to be true. No one would ever have believed such a change could have been wrought in Helen Golden. A society girl—a belle—spoiled, petted, made-over, sensitive and yet charming—the only child of fond and rich parents—but she was changed, transformed, recreated, and in a moment of time, it would appear.

Of course, I cannot tell you the story unless I first acquaint you with the palatial home in which Helen lived, the wealth and philanthropy of her father, and the cherished ambitions of her mother. Also, I must tell you about the society functions if I can, and of the big aristocratic church, the old-fashioned camp-meeting, and the little mission hall. Nor could the story be complete without a knowledge of Robert West, or "Bob," for he takes a very important part. God bless dear "Bob!"

In a typical southern city, somewhere between New York and New Orleans, there dwell many splendid and fine old families. Among those proud families who can trace back to "blue-blood" stock is that of the Goldenes. No history is complete unless it contains the names and exploits of Helen's great-great-grandfather. Helen's father inherited all of this, besides much money and business ability. He was the head of a great manufacturing concern, and possessed the finest house on Sunset Hill, where he lived with his wife and daughter.

And Helen Golden, pretty and attractive, was endowed with those necessary things which make for charm and grace and personality. Easily, without competition, she was the leading young lady of this quaint southern city. No society event was replete without her. The society page of a local newspaper without mention of her name, or a cut of her new gown, new hat, new car, new horse or dog surely would be lacking. And she was a favorite in her own set, without these ugly things of jealousy and envy in the issue.

She was twenty. Admirers in the way of eligible young men were legion. The best young men, worth-while youths, from the best of families; young men who were rich and young men who were cultured and educated, they were.

But Helen Golden never knew how empty her life was until the Sunday morning at the close of church service, when she by accident opened the wrong door of the many rooms about the great

church building, and found herself in a class-meeting.

How can I tell you about it? It was a beautiful Sabbath. The luxurious church was well filled, the exclusive choir had rendered its "specials" with credit, and Helen's solo was unusually beautiful. The sermon of Dr. Bloomingdale, the minister of the church, was splendid and well received. The only apparent discord which marred the beauty and symmetry of the entire service was when Bob West cried out "Amen!" and "Glory!" while Dr. Bloomingdale was preaching.

When the benediction had been pronounced, Mrs. Golden, costily attired and bejewelled, awaited Helen in the vestibule.

"You must hurry, dear," she smiled. "You know we are to have the Benedicts to dinner."

"Yes, mother," Helen agreed. "I shall not tarry, but you and Dad go right on, for Tom has promised to take me home in his new coupe."

"All right," and her mother hurried through the great oak doors, down the stairs to the street, and into the waiting limousine.

"Just a moment, Tom," from Helen, as Tom Wilson came to her side. "I must go upstairs a minute. Louise Timpins promised to leave a parcel for me in one of the rooms that are used for Sunday School. You had better get your car started and I will be down by the time you have driven to the door."

Helen had not meant to be dishonest either to her mother or Tom Wilson; she had intended to return immediately. But a little incident insignificant in itself but vastly important to her future, intervened, or shall I say, act of Providence. *She opened the wrong door!* Before she realized where she was, she found herself in the midst of a class-meeting of earnest young folk, led by Bob West. There had been a lot of talk about this meeting which was held each Sunday after church, especially since "Bob" had been to the camp-meeting and "professed religion." Helen remembered how only that morning she had heard her mother say to her father, "It is all right to have religion, but they are taking it too far, if the reports I hear are true."

Of course, it was most unusual to have a class-meeting, especially in this large church. But Bob West had heard at the camp-meeting where he attended that when one received "fire" upon his soul, the fire would spread. Thus, the

class-meeting was held each Sunday, even though some protested and the editor of the Church Bulletin would not print the announcement.

And now Helen was herself in that much discussed class-meeting. They were very kind to her and begged her to remain, and before she could answer or get away, Bob had said, "We will all kneel in prayer." And the whole group of young people knelt by their chairs, and Helen found herself in the same position.

What a prayer! Helen had never heard anything like it. It was different than the minister's, and Bob was no preacher. Helen listened. Some of the other young folk said "Amen" and "Glory to Jesus!" It was all so new and yet so refreshing and inviting to this society girl. Bob seemed to be talking to some one right at his side, and he thanked this Person with such fervor, and was so grateful for what He had done for him. And yet Bob West, Helen remembered, was just a poor young man who lived with his mother and worked each day for wages. But was he not rich now, and so happy and glad and free? She could not understand.

Something gripped at the heart of the girl who had opened the wrong door. What was it? A strange, mysterious something flooded her very being. She never knew before how poor she was—and yet she had everything, pertaining to wealth and position.

Bob was crying and once he shouted out loud. But it was no offense to Helen. She rather enjoyed it. It was so sincere and natural, and when he finally said "Amen" and they arose to their feet, she saw him wipe the tears from his eyes, as did many others.

"We will sing one more song," Bob announced, "and then we shall have the testimonies. No. 25, please."

The organist touched the keys and the many voices joined most heartily in the beloved words:

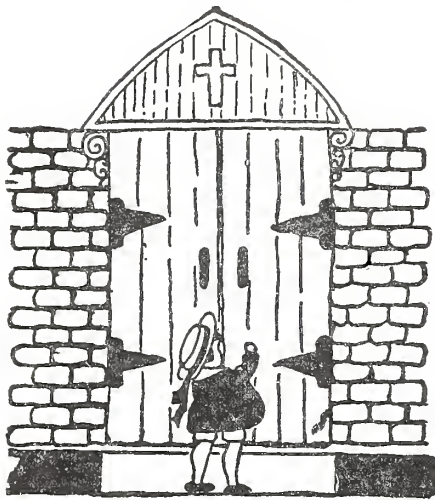
*"Oh happy day that fixed my choice,  
On Thee, my Savior and my God."*

What the sweet words meant to those happy-faced, Christian young people could be clearly read on their faces. How they sang! It was glorious! Voices were not trained, but they sang with the understanding. They felt it, enjoyed it,—it was a part of them. Helen, although a trained singer, thought she had never heard such beautiful music. What did it all mean? What was this spell over her? Why had she come into this room? Why did she not go out? She had no time to think and answer the question of her own mind, for the things she saw and the words she heard were too fascinating now. A strange power held her.

What would Tom Wilson think as  
(Continued on page 23)



# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

NOTE: If you have some good outlines or suggestions for our Children's Lessons page, we would appreciate your sending them in. We believe you would enjoy having a part in this work. Our lessons should be brief and to the point. Leaders of children's work should always study and pray for guidance and help from the Lord as it is one of the most important departments of the Lord's work. The seed you are sowing in the hearts of the boys and girls are precious seed and need the Spirit's power to make them grow.—Editor.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 1 "Jesus Took Our Place"

On the ledge of the roof of a chapel in Germany is a carved stone lamb. This is how it came there. Years ago, where the lamb now stands, a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, sitting in a basket fastened by a rope. Suddenly the rope which held the basket gave way and he fell down, down from the great height to the ground below! Everyone who saw the dreadful accident expected that the man would be killed, for the ground was covered with sharp stones. But he rose from the ground, quite unhurt. A poor lamb had strayed up to the side of the chapel, in search of the sweet, young grass among the stones, and he fell on the soft body of the lamb. It saved his life, for he escaped, with the mere fright and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by the heavy fall upon it. Out of gratitude the man had the stone lamb carved and set up as a memento of his escape from fearful death and what he owed to the lamb. Is not this a beautiful story? Does it not

remind you of how we are redeemed with "the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish"? Read 1 Peter 1:18, 19.

Jack was a naughty boy and abused his cousin, Susie, in many ways. When he would hurt her he would say, "I don't care." Susie was a gentle little girl, and one day he threw her ball into the fire, pulled her hair, and hurt her arm so much that it bled. He was shut up in a dark room and was given prisoner's fare, bread and water. He kept saying, "I don't care." After staying there for three days with only bread and water as food he still kept saying, "I don't care."

Then Susie said, "Mother, may not I go and be shut up while Jack comes out to see how pleasant it is? There is no sun there nor anything." Her mother told her that she might. She went up to Jack's door and said, "I asked mother if I might come and take your place, Jack, while you go out and see how pleasant it is; it is so dismal and lonely here." Jack looked at her and said, "How foolish you are," and he walked slowly out. Susie was locked in. At dinner time Jack took the bread and water up to Susie. After dark he said, "Must Susie stay there all night if I don't?" "Yes," said Mrs. Stone. Tears started in Jack's eyes. He ran upstairs and darted into the dark chamber and said, "Susie, you are the best girl I ever knew. I will never treat you so again. I am sorry, I am. I will be a good boy, I will. Susie, what makes you so good to me?" He threw his arms around her neck and cried as if his heart would break. It made a good boy out of him to know that Susie had taken his place of punishment. Jesus took our place.—*Bible Morning Glories.*

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 2

By Flora E. Trim  
"Deliver Us From Evil"  
Matt. 6:13

Dear children, we are living in a day of evil and perilous times are upon us. We need a place of refuge from danger and troubles of every kind. Troublesome times are upon us. Our only safety is under the precious blood of Jesus.

We want to be delivered from evil, or the evil one, who is Satan, going around as a "roaring lion" seeking whom he may devour or coming as an "angel of light." O children, pray, live good, keep close to Jesus. You need Him so much. Here are a few verses to memorize: Ps. 25:20; 43:1; 59:1-5; 71:4; 119:134; 143:9.

"OUR FATHER"—Matt. 6:9a

1. What a good father does for his chil-

dren:

Feeds, John 6:32.

Clothes, Isa. 61:10.

Sympathizes with, Ps. 103:13.

Corrects, Heb. 12:6.

Loves, 1 John 3:1.

Gives gifts, Jas. 1:17; 3:16.

2. What children should give to their fathers:

Love, Matt. 22:37.

Obedience, 1 John 4:3.

Service, Luke 2:49; Matt. 21:28.

Honor, Ps. 51:8; Matt. 5:16.

3. What our heavenly Father promises His children: Gal. 4:7; John 14:2, 3; Rom. 8:32.

4. Who are God's children? John 1:12; Gal. 3:26.

5. What are all the rest? Matt. 13:38.

6. If you are not God's child, will you give up sin and the world, and give Him your heart and life, that He may make you His child?

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 3

"Some Boys Who Talked With God"

Lesson: Gen. 18:20-33; 1 Sam. 16:23; Dan. 1:8; 2:17-19; 6:10; Mark 1:35; 6:46; Luke 2:49; 6:12; 9:28-35.

### GOD'S MESSAGE TO YOU

Text: "The Lord will hear when I call unto Him." Ps. 4:3b.

There was a handsome young boy who lived in Bethlehem. He loved the hills and rivers, trees and flowers. He liked to watch the growing grain; he liked to watch the harvesters and listen to their songs. But most of all he loved his sheep.

He would talk with God. Perhaps he would say, "Heavenly Father, you are like a good shepherd. You take care of us just as a shepherd takes care of his sheep. I thank you for taking care of me." Who was this boy who talked to God?

There was another handsome boy who lived in Jerusalem. But one day he was carried away and made a slave in a far-off land called Babylon. There the people worshipped idols, but this boy had always worshipped God and prayed to Him each day. He talked to God about what he should do and what he should eat. He would not eat the things that he thought God did not wish him to eat. Who was this boy?

There was another happy boy who lived in Nazareth. He too, loved the hills and rivers, trees and flowers, and sheep. Perhaps as he looked at them, he said, "All these are yours, Heavenly Father. You love them and I love them." When he grew to be a man he loved to talk to God. When he was happy he talked to Him; when he was sad he talked to Him; and when he was troubled, God called him, "My Son." Do

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## ❁ Children's Story Page ❁

### REAL TROUBLES

A lady went to visit a children's hospital and was surprised to see how smiling and cheerful they all were.

"That is because they all have real troubles," said the nurse, "and not imaginary ones, and little everyday vexations, like the rest of us."

Was she right? The lady still felt puzzled, and spoke to a boy who sat happily at a table, looking at a big book full of pictures, his crutches leaning against his crooked knee.

"It's hard for you, poor boy," she began; but he cut her short with a sharp look and a nonchalant "Humph! There's lots of sitting down things to have fun about if you can't run and jump like other fellows!"—*Selected.*

### GOLDEN KEYS

"Everybody likes Ned," said Bob. "It must be nice to have people feel that way about you."

"Do you know why everybody likes him?" asked Roland.

"Well, no, not exactly. Do you?"

"Yes," said Roland. "It's because of his golden keys."

"His golden keys? I never saw him have any golden keys. What do you mean?"

"He has a whole bunch of golden keys which unlock people's hearts and let him walk right in," explained Roland. "And he keeps them on a wonderful key-ring."

"Oh, do tell me more about them!" exclaimed Bob.

"One of his golden keys is, 'Good morning.' He uses it to start the day right. When he wants something, or is asking a favor, he uses the golden key, 'If you please.' When anything is done for him, he uses the 'Thank you' key. Even a fine boy like Ned sometimes makes mistakes, but again he has a key to help him; it is called 'Excuse me.' He always closes the day with the golden key of 'Good night.'"

"And how about his wonderful key-ring?" asked Bob.

"It is called 'Kindness,' and it binds all the golden keys together."

"How wonderful it would be if all of us had golden keys like Ned," said Bob very thoughtfully.

"And how fine it is that all of us who want these golden keys can have them," added Roland.—*Our Young Covenanters.*

Some of the best lessons we ever learn come from our mistakes and failures.—*Edwards.*

### PAUL'S LAMB

ESTHER P. BONHAM

"Mother, Fred Smith has a pet lamb he is raising on a bottle. I don't see why I can't have one," complained Paul Norris, flinging himself, schoolbooks and all onto the living room couch.

"Buddy, you tell Mother every day about Fred Smith's lamb," teased Sister Nell.

"You would tell her too, if you wanted a lamb as much as I do," Paul answered, blinking back the tears. "Fred thinks his lamb will win a prize at the fair next October. Mine probably would win second if his wins first. Or it might win first."

"Your father is calling you, dear," said Mrs. Norris.

Paul leaped to his feet. "Perhaps he means to give me a lamb now!" he exclaimed, darting out of the living room as quietly as he could.

"Son," Mr. Norris greeted, putting on his best coat, "there is a crippled lamb in the west pasture you may have for your own if you will bring him in tonight. Business matters in town prevent my looking after it. It is one of the twins and is too lame to follow its mother."

"In the west pasture?" Paul gasped. Fred's lamb, too, had been lame when Fred got it. But the west pasture was fully a quarter of a mile from home, and the sun not more than an hour high!

"It is under the big oak," his father replied, opening the door.

Paul watched him leave. Then crept back into the living room, dropped down on the couch and picked up his reader.

"I'm not going away over there alone," he said secretly to himself as he turned the pages. "And Nell is too young to go with me. It is too far and too late to go the way the road goes. I'd have to go through the berry patch, and if anything did get after me I couldn't run through those briars."

Presently he laid aside his reader and picked up his arithmetic. He tried a sum in addition, but the answer would not come out right. Then he tried one in subtraction. It was worse than the first!

"Oh, dear, I can't study!" he exclaimed, throwing his book and tablet down. "I can't think of anything except a lamb. Mother, will the Lord care if I leave out one Daddy said is in the west pasture?"

"It will be hungry and cold. His great

loving heart is touched when one of His creatures suffers," Mother answered.

"Would He know, if I don't bring it in?" Paul sighed.

"He knows all things, dear, even the things we think," Mrs. Norris replied.

"But He couldn't keep bears from catching me in a briar patch, could He?" Paul wanted to know.

"Didn't He send an angel to shut the mouths of lions when wicked men threw Daniel into the den?" Mrs. Norris asked.

For several minutes Paul was silent. Then he rose, left the room and found his little wagon. He would take it with him to the edge of the berry patch. If nothing did get after him, he would find the lamb, crawl under the pasture fence with it, then carry it down the narrow path through the briars and put it into the wagon.

He went by the sheep barn to see if they had come in. They had. They always came in early now. A wolf chased them one night when they stayed out late. Paul looked to see if the little lamb was with them. It wasn't. He thought of the wolf. What if it had already found the lamb! For a moment he hesitated, his shoulders sagging, his head drooped. Then he straightened; he couldn't go to bed in a good warm bed and leave the helpless lamb out. He'd see if the wolf had already found it. The little wagon creaked and rattled along behind him as he hurried through the field.

The sun was disappearing behind the tree tops when he reached the berry patch. The briars on each side of the path were higher than his head, but he went right on.

He was all ready to crawl under the pasture fence when an old owl near by called, "Who! who!"

"None of your business," Paul answered. "I'm looking for a lamb for the Lord. He wouldn't let it stay out in the dark and suffer. Not if a wolf has already eaten it up."

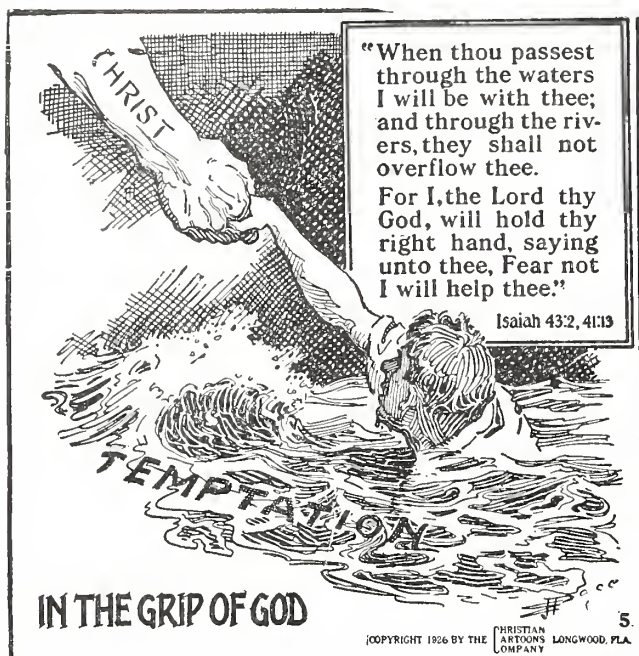
Abruptly he stopped to listen. There it was again—a faint bleat. The little lamb had heard his voice and was trying to come to meet him.

Paul lay down on his stomach, slid under the fence and ran to it. "You poor little thing," he exclaimed, gathering it into his arms. "I'm glad I didn't leave you out here to be eaten up by a wolf. Why, I guess my coming to take you in pleased the Lord. He didn't let a thing bother me as I came through those briars. Now I'm not afraid to go back through them, and you're mine, besides."

Sure enough, Paul reached home safely and found Mother and Nell warming milk with which to feed the cold, hungry lamb.—*Junior Friend.*



# Helps for Tempted and Tried



## THE CHALLENGE OF JEHOVAH

BELLE STAPLES

"I know, my child, that sorrows press,  
I know thy inmost deep distress;  
When others thoughtlessly pass by,  
I understand, and hear thy cry;  
But listen! listen! now to me,  
For I've a message just for thee,  
'I am the Lord, that is my name,'  
From everlasting, still the same.

"Away back in the cycles vast—  
The untold ages of the past,  
'Before the morning stars did sing,  
Or man had form, or bird had wing;  
Before the mountains were brought  
forth,'

Or ever I had formed the earth,  
I dwelt in uncreated light,  
And ruled in majesty and might.

"The heavens My glory to declare,  
The starry hosts My imprint bear;  
I call by name those orbs of light  
That glow and sparkle in the night;  
My handiwork from day to day,  
The earth, the sky, the sea display;  
Now listen! I will challenge thee,  
Is there anything too hard for me?

"Up in the high and holy place,  
I dwell in love, and light, and grace.  
But with the humble, contrite heart,  
With him I also have a part;  
'Tis My delight to answer prayer,  
Roll now on Me thine every care;  
Again My child I challenge thee,  
'Is there any thing too hard for Me?'

"I know thy inwrought deep desire

To honor me and spread the fire;  
I know how Satan doth oppose,  
And 'every stormy blast that blows,'  
I know the rugged pathway, lone;  
The heavy burden for thine own;  
I know and care and feel and see;  
'Is there anything too hard for Me?'

"Commit to Me thine every care,  
Thy deepest sorrows, let me bear;  
Now lean thy head on Me and rest,  
Just as a little child caressed;  
My boundless grace thou soon shall prove,  
And know that with unchanging love  
I will protect and succor thee,  
And there is naught too hard for Me."

## LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED

God's Word tells us to "let not our heart be troubled." Troubles we will have and can expect as long as we are in this world, but nevertheless, we are not to let our heart be troubled because of them. How easy it is for us, sometimes, however, to let our heart be troubled!

Many and various are the things the enemy would bring to the child of God to cause the heart to be troubled. It may begin with only a small thing and we bend our back just a little bit, but as we go on our way, the enemy takes advantage of that little bend in our back and will bring one thing after another to load on our back and before we are fully aware of it we are carrying so many burdens that we can hardly straighten up.

What is the trouble? We have allowed the enemy of our soul to load us down

with one burden after another. We do not realize it at the time, but we do know that something is wrong. We do not have the same power with God that we did have and we do not realize Him as near as before and cannot talk with Him and have that same sweet fellowship that we previously enjoyed. What are we going to do about it? Are we going to keep on allowing him to load us down with burdens and cares that we have no right to carry at all? according to God's Word—He tells us to "Cast every care upon Him, for He careth for you"—or, are we going to just refuse to "let" our hearts be troubled?

Oh, how we need to keep real close to the Lord to have Him keep us from caring. Sometimes we may feel a little burdened and instead of refusing, right then and there, to let our heart be troubled, we think of it and think of it till at last the enemy has many burdens on our back that press and press until we almost feel like throwing up our feeble arms in despair, and then we get weak-kneed and we begin to wobble on the Promises of God and then begin to question God's dealings with us. But whose fault is it? Has God changed? Has His love toward us changed? What is the cause of it?

How are you standing? Are you standing a little stooped-over, ready for the enemy to put his load on your back? If you stand erect the enemy cannot put a burden on your back, but this may not look right to you and that may not look right to you. Yes, a thousand things may not look right to you, but does it give you any right to let the devil load you down with burdens and cares until you do not know what to do?

It is in the little things that we need to watch, and if he cannot get the best of us in the little things he will not make so much headway in the bigger things. But if we allow him to put one thing on our back he will not stop at that but will keep on and on until we just feel that there is no use. However, God says: "Let not your heart be troubled." It is up to us. God will and does give us the power to resist right in the start when he comes with his pack of burdens. Even if we feel that we cannot, we can by His help, or God's Word would not be true; but it is true, thank God, and He will enable each one to "Let not your heart be troubled."  
—A. E. Mills.

## GIVING PRAISE

MABEL GLENN HALDEMAN

There are many ways to praise the Lord. He is much more worthy of praise than all the people in all the world can give Him. But He is pleased if we give Him as much praise as we can.

We can praise the Lord with our lips,  
(Continued on page 19)



## Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

### MORE TO FOLLOW

"And of his fulness have all we received." Rowland Hill received 100 pounds to send to an extremely poor minister. Thinking it was too much to send him all at once, he sent him five pounds in a letter with simply these words, "And more to follow." So it continued twenty times, the good man being more and more astounded at each letter. Now every blessing that comes from God is sent in just such an envelope with the selfsame message, "And more to follow." "I forgive your sins, but there is more to follow." "I justify you in the righteousness of Christ, but there is more to follow." "I adopt you into my family, but there is more to follow." "I educate you for heaven, but there is more to follow. And when you land in the world to come there shall still be more to follow."—Condensed by C. H. Spurgeon, in *"Biblical Illustrator,"* by Joseph S. Excell. Sent by Mrs. A. Signore, Westfield, N. J.

### A ONE-EYED RELIGION

A rich miser was afflicted with cataracts on both eyes. He applied to an eminent surgeon to remove them, and after examination was told that it could be done. "But, what will it cost?" was his anxious question. "One hundred dollars for each eye," was the answer. And the miser thought of his money and then thought of his blindness, and said, "I will have one eye restored; that will be enough to enable me to count my money, and I can save the expense of having the other operated on."

"O Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wonderful things out of Thy law!" cries the true Christian. But the half-and-half Christian wants only one eye opened. He likes to have the minister preach conversion, because he has become converted himself and believes in it; but he does not like to have him preach consecration, for that implies laying himself and all his wealth on God's altar, and he is not ready for that. He deliberately chooses a one-eyed religion.—A. J. Gordon.

### THE FULNESS OF THE SPIRIT

Rambling along the rock-bound coast of Maine I have observed, when the tide was out, little pools of water in the crevices of the rocks. These pools were filled with small fish. So long as the tide was out, the little groups of fish were separated from one another, with no pos-

sibility of fellowship. But when the tide came in, it overran the pools, liberating the fish and lifting them up into an expanse of water where there were no barriers. The pools inevitably meant stagnation and death. Our churches today need the inflowing tide of the Holy Spirit.—J. W. Ham, in *Good News for All Men*.

### THE RIGHT WAY TO THINK ABOUT MONEY

A little girl who had never before seen a half dollar was to have an operation on her throat. She could take nothing to deaden her pain, so the surgeon gave her a half dollar and told her to look at it carefully, then when he began to hurt her to hold it as tight in her hand as she could, and remember what she saw, and when the operation was over she could spend it just as she pleased.

When the operation was over the doctor said, "You are a brave little girl. Tell me what you thought while I was hurting you." "I thought of the words," she said. "What words do you mean?" asked the physician. "The words at the top," she said. "In God We Trust." It is the first half dollar I ever saw and I did not know they were there, but it is lovely to have them there so that those who have half dollars can think about them all the time."

The little girl had the right idea about money. It is not a thing to be hoarded away, but something to be used as an aid in helping to make the world better, to relieve distress, to build and maintain schools of various kinds, to keep churches going, and to send the Gospel to lands where God is not known.

Those who hoard it have not yet learned to trust God upon whom they must depend for all things. There are those who think money can buy all things, but they are fooled; the things they need most they cannot buy with money. We must still pray to God to give us our daily bread and trust Him to give us life and love and provide for all our needs in this life and in the world to come. When money is so used it is a blessing, otherwise it becomes a curse.—*The Friend*.

### WHEN MINORITIES WON

During the one hundred and twenty years that Noah spent in building the ark, he was very much in the minority. But he won.

When Joseph was sold into Egypt by his brethren, he was in a decided minor-

ity. But he won.

When Moses appeared before Pharaoh and demanded the freedom of the Israelites, he, too, was very much in the minority. But he won.

When Joshua crumbled the walls of Jericho, with the blasts from a handful of rams' horns, he was in the minority. But he won.

When Gideon and his 300 followers, with their broken pitchers and smoky lamps put the Midianite hosts to flight they were an insignificant minority. But they won.

When Elijah brought down fire from heaven, and put the prophets of Baal to shame he was in a notable minority. But he won.

When Samson crushed the temple and destroyed his enemies, he was very much in the minority. But he won.

When David, ridiculed and laughed at by his brothers, went out to meet the giant, Goliath, in size he was in a decided minority. But he won.

When Jesus Christ was crucified by the Roman soldiers, He was conspicuous minority. But he won.

When Luther nailed his theses on the door of the cathedral, he was a lonesome minority. But he won.—*Temperance Scrap Book*.

### CHURCH MEMBER BEATITUDES

Blessed is he who will not strain at a drizzle and swallow a downpour.

Blessed is he who tries a little harder when all around say, "It can't be done."

Blessed is he whose program contains prayer meeting night.

Blessed is he who serves faithfully on a committee.

Blessed is the church official who is not pessimistic.

Blessed is he who loves his church before his business.

Blessed is he who can walk as fast to a religious service as to town.

Blessed is he who invites people to church and comes along himself.

Blessed are those who never gossip about the faults of the church but work to make it better.—*Religious Telescope*.

### WHICH BOAT ARE YOU IN?

There are three kinds of people in all organizations, and ours is no exception—which may be but new labels for that, which has been here from the beginning.

There are the rowboat people, the sailboat people, and the steamboat people.

The rowboat people always need to be pushed or shoved along.

The sailboat people move along when a favorable wind is blowing.

The steamboat people move along continuously, through calm or storm. They are the masters of themselves and their surroundings.—*Religious Telescope*.



# The Inner Circle Page

## THE CHRISTIAN'S INVENTORY

By Alda Burt Rankin McLendon

Scripture: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves." 2 Cor. 13:5.

It is profitable for the Christian to take an inventory in spiritual matters occasionally in order to determine his relationship to God and man. As we are starting out in this new year it seems there could be no better time to heed the admonition given us in this scripture. So many times good resolutions are made at the beginning of the new year and to our great sorrow we come to its close seeing them lie shattered at our feet. Not that good resolutions are to be despised but rather they should be cherished. The failure however, lies in the fact that we make them and try to carry them out in our own strength. Through God alone can we succeed, and as we place our trust fully in Him we can say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." We want to consider a few thoughts that may bring joy to our hearts during the new year.

*We Should Examine Our Consecration.*—In Romans 12:1 we have this scripture, "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Someone may say, That is requiring too much, but God says it is our reasonable service. God never requires more of us than He gives grace to perform. The reason for so many failures at this point in the Christian life rests in the fact that we get our eyes on self and think we cannot do it and soon find we are growing cold, spiritually. It is certainly true we cannot heed this scripture in our own strength, for Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing" and along with it "My grace is sufficient for thee." So trusting God's grace we can have our consecration so complete in Him that the will of God will be sweet to us and bring fullness of joy as we trust Him.

*We Should Examine Our Conduct.*—One of the most important places to examine our conduct is in the home. In the home we are more likely to be our true self while on the outside we may restrain ourselves for fear of what people may say or do. We should ask ourselves the question, "Am I living such

a life in my home that my loved ones can have confidence in me?" We should strive each day to live such a life and then what a blessing we can be in our homes!

Our social life or what we are in public should also cause us great concern. When we are thrown in contact with the world, do we act like the world or can the world see Jesus in us? We are admonished in Ephesians 5:11, "To have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness but rather reprove them." This does not necessarily mean we must reprove them with our lips but far better that we should live such a life before them that our life itself will reprove them. People are reading our lives daily so let us examine ourselves to see if we are living so they can see Christ



### Fit Me For Thy Service Lord

Oh, make me, Lord, so much like Thee,  
My life controlled by power Divine,  
That I a shining light may be  
From which Thy grace may ever shine;

And by Thy Spirit led each day  
To use my lips, my hands, my feet;  
Some souls I'd bless, some heart I'd cheer,  
And shed around a fragrance sweet.

Oh, shake me, Lord, lest I become  
Like those that go down to the pit;  
Oh, wake me up and make me, Lord,  
A vessel for Thy service fit—  
Lest sleep o'ertake me on the way  
While precious moments swiftly fly;  
And in enchanted grounds I stay,  
While souls around me droop and die.

Oh, break me, Lord, lest I become  
Too hard Thy service to perform,  
While souls around me vainly seek  
Some shelter from sin's awful storm;  
And I, Thy servant, out of touch  
With Thee, no help to them can give;  
Oh, break me till with grace I plead  
With struggling souls to "Look and live."

Oh, take me, Lord, up where Thou art,  
For this I watch and wait and pray;  
To be beside Thy loving heart,  
Throughout eternity's long day;  
To pillow on Thy loving breast,  
Thy gentlest whisper, Lord, to hear;  
My bliss, my Lord, to be so near,  
My soul's eternal joy and rest.

—W. Robertson.

in us at all times.

*We Should Examine Our Influence.*—Did you ever stop to consider the great importance of influence? We are not only having an influence over people while we are living but our influence lives on after our body is laid beneath the sod and not only that but will live on throughout eternity. How careful then we should be about the influence we are having!

We should be careful not to overlook the little things, for the things which we may consider of small value may prove to be of great value. It may be just a smile, a kind word, or look, or some kind deed that may be needed to cheer some discouraged one. It might be these very things would be the turning point in some life. Just suppose that unkind word or deed we might let slip in an unguarded moment should also bring shipwreck to some weary soul! So we see the things which we so often consider of little value may either make or mar a life. Are we careful about our attendance at Sunday School, church, and prayer meeting? It may be the very time we fail to go that someone is depending upon us for help and encouragement. We are told in Hebrews 10:25 to "not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching."

We must also be careful concerning the things we allow in our lives. It may be our faith is stronger and we can do things others who are weak in the faith may be unable to do and we must be careful not to offend one of the little ones. Paul says, "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh." If we form the habit of careful living we will be saved from many snares that may hurt our influence. Let us strive to always have the right kind of influence that we will be filled with joy at the thought that our influence will live on throughout eternity.

*We Should Examine Our Attitude.*—The correct intellectual faith coupled with a wrong attitude of heart is very dangerous, for even though we have faith so that we could remove mountains and have not charity, we are nothing, 1 Cor. 13:2. A sincere heart belief is manifested by a spirit of love. Our love for Christ must be supreme in our lives. As the love of Christ fills our heart we will be able to love the brethren and our enemies also as we are admonished in God's Word to love them. Some may say, "Yes, I can love the good but I can't love my enemies." It is not human nature for us to love our enemies but when the love of Christ dwells in our heart we can really love our enemies and this is one of the true

(Continued on page 24)



# From My Scrapbook

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

## MY NEIGHBOR'S ROSES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN GRUBER

(1861-1915)

The roses red upon my neighbor's vine  
Are owned by him, but they are also mine.  
His the cost and his the labor, too.  
But mine, as well as his the joy, their lov-  
liness to view.  
They bloom for me and are for me as fair  
As for the man who gives them all his  
care.  
Thus I am rich, because a good man grew  
A rose-clad vine for all his neighbors'  
view.  
I know from this that others plant for  
me,  
And what they own, my joy may also be.  
So why be selfish, when so much that's  
fine  
Is grown for you upon your neighbor's  
vine?

## THE NEIGHBOR'S REPLY

GERALD EBERMAN

Your neighbor, sir, whose roses you ad-  
mire,  
Is glad indeed to know that they inspire  
Within your breast a feeling quite as fine  
As felt by him who owns and tends that  
vine.  
That those fair flowers should give my  
neighbors joy,  
But swells my own, and draws therefrom  
alloy  
Which would lessen its full worth, did I  
not know  
That other's pleasure in the flowers I  
grow.  
Friend, from my neighbors and this vine  
I've learned  
That sharing pleasure means a profit  
turned.  
And he who shares the joy in what he's  
grown  
Spreads joy abroad and doubles all his  
own.

## FORGET IT

JOHN L. MAYNARD

Has a friend or a neighbor been strangely  
unkind,  
And you're aching to make him regret  
it?  
Don't give him in anger a piece of your  
mind—  
Just hold your tongue and "forget it."  
Are your motives impugned when you  
stand for the right?  
It will anger you sore, if you let it.  
Don't roar like a lion that's spoiling to  
fight—  
Consider the source, and "forget it."

Is work never ceasing? The way bleak  
with toil?

Does discouragement seem to beset it?  
They ne'er can o'ercome who from labor  
recoil—

Keep your eye on the goal, and "forget  
it."

Has luck been against you in ventures  
you've made?

Has fortune frowned grim when you've  
met it?

Don't give way to senseless, unseemly  
tirade—

Keep pegging away, and "forget it."

Does the honor you sought your rival  
adorn?

Just wind up your hope and reset it;  
There are honors untaken and glories un-  
born—

So turn loose your grouch, and "forget  
it."

## QUEST

DOROTHY TYRREL

I sought the face of Jesus  
In every crowded street,  
I scanned each hurrying person  
A certain face to greet—  
I thought, "The search is fruitless,  
And yet the quest is sweet!"

I watched the toiling faces  
Of factory men at work,  
I saw their souls reflected  
Through factory smoke and murk;  
I saw grim prison faces  
Where strange emotions lurk.

I sought the face of Jesus  
In every child at play—  
I watched for Him in women  
At market time each day;  
I scanned the sad-eyed faces  
Along a silent way.

I found the smile of Jesus  
Upon a neighbor's face—  
And in my mother's living  
I found His tender grace.  
Within the sickroom portal  
I saw His secret place.

I saw the eyes of Jesus  
Within a motley throng,  
I found the heart of Jesus  
In a friendly heart and strong;  
And heard the voice of Jesus  
Within a singer's song!

—From Boston Transcript.

## IF WE UNDERSTOOD

ALICE E. SHERWOOD

We never know another's heartache,  
We cannot fully comprehend

The weight of woe our brother carries,  
His night that seems to have no end.

I wonder, would we judge so harshly  
If we could look into his heart?  
What words of cheer might we not utter,  
That faith and courage would impart.

The help and comfort it would give him,  
What strength anew if he could find  
One friend who really paused to listen,  
Oh let us learn to just be kind!

## Strength

LOUIS E. THAYER

He seemed to be a feeble lad  
And, yet, he used the strength he had.  
He said, "I can't lift what I should!"  
But gravely lifted what he could.  
Feeble he was but every eye  
Could see he had the strength to try.

Years passed and he stood on the peak,  
Which few men reach, though all men  
seek.

The prize which giants failed to touch  
Had come to rest within his clutch.  
Where strong men had their strength  
abused,  
The little strength he had was *used*.

Strength of muscle or strength of brain,  
In the struggle will prove in vain,  
For those who lack that strength of will  
Which drives one up life's steepest hill.  
Reward comes not to boy or man  
Unless he lifts the best he can.

## My Brother

BY SUSAN RAPALIE READ

Who is my brother, Lord, whom I must  
help this day?  
Will he a stranger be, or one I know?  
Where shall I seek and find him in life's  
crowded way?  
How know his need as we pass to and  
fro?

Open my eyes, dear Lord, that I may  
rightly see  
And understand. Help me to hear Thy  
call,  
Touch me, as I touch him who calls and  
waits for me,  
And give me strength to help him,  
lest he fall.

Master, Thou knowest my brother in this  
hour,  
And all his need. If he be far away,  
Use then my gifts within Thy hand, and  
give them power  
To answer full the one for whom I  
pray.

"Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide."



# The Narrow Path

MARGIE HITTE *Germantown, Ohio*

It was rather late when Lawrence finished his chores that evening. It seemed he had been in a daze the whole afternoon. He was usually so gay and cheerful; Sally couldn't imagine just what was wrong.

They lived in a little white cottage trimmed in red, about a mile and a half from a little town called Williamsdale.

Lawrence worked at a paper mill in town but got home early enough to milk the cow and assist Sally in the other chores, such as caring for the chickens, working in the garden and other little odds and ends that go with life in the country.

Lawrence and Sally enjoyed country life immensely and were extremely happy. That's why Sally couldn't understand why her husband was acting so queer this evening. She tried to think of what had been said this morning before he went to work and she remembered he hadn't had much to say that morning either. She thought maybe she had said something to hurt him; but she knew Lawrence was not the sort to act that way over such trifles. She was at her wits' end.

At supper he stared into space. When asked a question he answered and that was all. No comment whatever, no matter how hard Sally tried to start a conversation.

Little did she realize the Lord was dealing with Lawrence, and that he was really under conviction.

Sally had been brought up in a Christian home. Her mother had taught her the way of holiness but somehow since mother had died she strayed from the path her dying mother told her to follow. She had thought of it lots of times, but since she knew Lawrence had been taught a different faith, she was just a little backward about naming the subject of going to church.

After dishes were done, Sally went into the living room where Lawrence was sitting on the divan reading the evening paper.

The October evenings were getting rather chilly and a little fire burning in the grate added to the coziness of their little home. Sally seated herself on a footstool close to the fire. She sat there watching the little flames dance about, still worrying about her husband. Everything was so still and quiet; not a sound except for a crackle of the fire now and then, or the rattle of paper as Lawrence turned the pages of his newspaper.

"Here he is. This is he, Sally. It's the same man, I'm sure it is," he almost shouted, breaking the silence.

Sally jumped as though something had grabbed her; she couldn't imagine what had happened. "Let me see, dear, what is it?"

"It's all right," Lawrence exclaimed, "Sally, let's go tomorrow night, please do, tell me yes; I know you will though, you little sweet darling, you'll always do anything I ask you to. Sometimes I think you're too good to me. Aw, come on now, won't you go with me?"

"Go where, Lawrence? I don't know what you're talking about," Sally replied.

"To church, to hear this Rev. Blaine. He's the man I saw in my dream. Here's his picture; I know it's the same man." Lawrence spoke with enthusiasm in his voice. He seemed to be so excited.

"Dream? Why I never heard anything about a dream."

To Sally her husband was rattling off in riddles. Nothing he said seemed to make sense. "Lawrence, dear, please explain to me what you're talking about. I don't understand."

"That's right, I never told you, did I? Well, it's this way, honey. Last night I had the queerest dream, and it's bothered me all day. I saw your mother as she was dying. A bright light of some kind was shining in her face, so bright that I couldn't tell what she looked like, except that she was looking upward and had the sweetest smile on her face I have ever seen in my whole life. You were kneeling by her bed and she was talking to you, she was telling of a path to follow so you could meet her. And then I saw a road that was as straight as an arrow, it had some rough places in it and there were just a few people trudging along on the way. Ever so often there was a wide smooth road that would turn off and all these would turn and go back down the hill, just a little ways from the straight path.

"And then, honey, I saw you and me, hand in hand, on one of these broad roads. Now and then you would look over toward the straight path, then up at me and keep going on down the hill.

"These broad roads were full of people and just before a rough place in the narrow path there was a broad road that would turn off and sometimes there were workmen on the broad roads working to make the road smoother and to look more beautiful.

"But then I saw on over the hill, and I got a glimpse of a lake of fire, way down at the bottom of the hill, and I heard somebody say, 'That's where all the people on these broad roads are going.' Then I saw a man preaching in a

little church house. His hair was tinged with gray and a few wrinkles were appearing on his humble face that was now beginning to look tired and worn from the many years he had labored, carrying a burden for the lost, and I heard him say as he was closing his sermon, 'Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.'

"Then I awoke."

Sally was in tears by now. "Certainly, dear, we'll go to church tomorrow night. There's no place I'd rather go than to church."

The next evening found Sally and Lawrence sitting in a little church and the sign outside the door said, "Church of God, Everybody Welcome."

Sally felt a sort of contentment to be once more seated in the little church where her mother had brought her when she was a child. It seemed she could still see her mother shouting up and down the aisles and praising God.

The saints came back and greeted them with a hearty welcome. Most of them recognized Sally and wanted to know where she had been all these years.

Lawrence looked rather surprised, and the first moment alone Sally said, "You didn't know I once came here to church, did you dear, and that mother was a member here when she died?"

"No, Sally, I didn't. Why didn't you tell me?" replied Lawrence.

"Well, I was just afraid you wouldn't like it. I intended to tell you but I just kept putting it off," Sally answered.

"I don't guess I would have liked it before I had that dream," he said, shamefully.

Just then a man carrying a brief case entered the door, shaking hands with everybody, with such heartfelt praises as, "God bless you," or "How are you, brother?" He spoke in a low, soft voice, greeting everyone with a peaceful smile.

He finally came to Lawrence and Sally. Lawrence looked up into his face and his heart nearly stood still within him. Trembling, he reached his hand to the Rev. Blaine. He was the very man he had seen in his dream and now as he came face to face with him, it seemed as though he was seeing a spiritual angel.

Services soon began, the saints lifted their voices to God in song. To Lawrence it seemed as if he was hearing an angelic chorus, ringing out the heavenly anthems.

"Isn't it wonderful, Sally? They seem to be so extremely happy," he whispered.

"They are happy, dear, so very, very happy." She looked up at Lawrence and

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# Father's & Mother's Page

## THE COVENANT OF RUTH

NELLIE L. HARRINGTON

"Is that Joe, I wonder?" and little Mrs. Joseph Stratton raised herself on tiptoe to look out of the high window toward the garage. "M-mh," as she saw the car coming to a standstill, and she hastily poured the boiling water over the tea and quickly cut off the gas burners. She could dish up the food, get salads from the refrigerator, and place everything on the table by the time Joe had washed his hands. She had gotten this evening-dinner business down to a fine science, she thought. Not a minute wasted; all hot dishes were piping hot, and the cold ones were ice-cold!

But this evening there was a miscalculation. You know—"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and leave us nought but grief and pain for promised joy." And the first wrong thing was that Joe came dashing into the kitchen all too soon. Utterly regardless of hot-pan holders he caught his wife in his arms and whirled her giddily about, meanwhile laughing joyously.

"Joe! Joe! Stop!" she protested. "Stop this minute! Are you crazy?" and she wondered if he really were.

"Yep! Delirious with joy!" he assured her as he released her. "I've got it, Bee! I've got it!"

"Got what?" and the mystified Beatrice looked at his hands. There was nothing at all in them. "Smallpox?" she questioned derisively.

"I'll say not. I got my promotion, thank you."

"Promotion! O Joe! I don't wonder you're excited. I didn't know there was any prospect. Why didn't you tell me?" accusingly.

"I couldn't bear to disappoint you if it failed. I knew there were some vacancies higher up, and that, logically, I was in line for advancement. But there are other men, older, so I wasn't sure that I'd really get it. But—see before you the 'efficient expert of the branch manager's office!'" and he bowed low.

"Piffle!" she laughed and made a playful pass at him. He promptly caught the fingers and carried them to his lips.

Soberly he said, "Do you know, Bee, I feel that I owe this to you. You and Junior have made such a happy home for me here. You've managed to live within the income I've earned and it hasn't always been so easy, so I haven't had the home worries that a lot of fellows have. Roy Carpenter's wife has gotten

into that bridge club, and besides neglecting her home it really takes quite a slice out of his weekly pay check to satisfy her gambling debts."

"Cigarettes and cocktails go along with cards in that crowd, too," added Bee. "I'm so glad I stayed by the church and the Sunday School. The church societies provide enough contacts for me."

"I'm sure glad, too," he agreed emphatically, but his eye swept the tastefully furnished room speculatively. "How soon do you think you can be ready to move?"

"Move?" startled.

"Yes, sure. The branch offices are up at Centerville. The manager's staff must live there."

"But we can't move," she objected weakly. The idea seemed to have taken her breath as well as her power of thought.

"Why not?" smilingly. "Are we nailed down? Or stuck fast with somebody's glue?" facetiously.

"Joseph Stratton! How can you make a joke out of it. I'm deadly serious. I never have lived anywhere but in Richland and I'm not going to begin now," definitely.

"What's that?" and his smile faded. A look of incredulity grew in his eyes. "Surely, I misunderstood you." He was trying to be patient.

"You understood all right," she flashed. "I'd have you understand that slave days are over. You didn't get me to drag about wherever your fancy takes you. I am here in Richland, and here I intend to stay. Go, if you want to, but definitely count me out."

"Be careful what you're saying, Bee," he warned ominously.

"I know exactly what I'm saying," she countered swiftly. "And I mean just this: if you go from Richland you go without me—and without Junior!"

"Here, here! You can't do that to me. Junior is mine!"

"He is mine!" and the little mother's eyes blazed the indignation she felt.

What the outcome might have been, there is no way of knowing, for just at that instant they heard the front door open and Bee's mother, Mrs. Oliver, called gaily, "Yoo-hoo! Yoo-hoo! Haven't you children finished supper yet?" and the steps came kitchenward.

"Wow!" said Joe under his breath. Two women at once were too many for him. Seizing his hat and overcoat which he had tossed carelessly over a chair, he dashed out of the door as his mother-

in-law came through the dining room.

Bee watched him climb into the waiting car and back swiftly to the street without even glancing about for traffic. Unheeding her mother, Bee watched the auto barely escape a heavy truck on one side and a swift touring car on the other before Joe straightened it out and disappeared in the dusk of the evening.

"Oh, if he had been killed I'd have been to blame," she said over and over while the tears ran down her cheeks.

Mrs. Oliver had been trying in vain to get a word of explanation. Now she caught the young woman by the arm. "What is the meaning of all this, Beatrice?" she demanded sternly. "Where is Joe? Why are you crying? And supper hasn't been touched!"

"Supper!" with loathing. "I don't care if I never eat again. Oh, I know I've sent him to his death! Mother, mother! I feel like a murderer! I do! I do!" she wailed.

Mrs. Oliver took the hysterical girl in her arms and looked around for some clue to the mystery. In the three years of their married life this was the first time she had evidences of a scene. She supposed they did not always agree. Two people could not live together that long and not have some differences of opinion—unless one was a rubber-stamp sort of a person. She knew that neither Joe nor Bee were in that class.

She had tried to tell them that quarrels often grew out of inconsiderate speech and had urged them to count ten before replying to a remark that had hurt. One of them must surely have missed the count this time.

Presently Bee lifted her head from her mother's shoulder. The tears had been a relief. "I feel better now," she said, but there was a sobbing catch in her breath.

"Now, daughter, if you will tell me what happened—" Mrs. Oliver began.

"Oh, mother, it was the most dreadful thing," and the tears came afresh. "Joe was going to make me move away from Richland!"

"Well," with a puzzled frown, "where is the enormity of that?"

"Why don't you see?" Bee's eyes opened wide. "I've never lived anywhere else. My home has always been here. My friends are here. I have never been away for more than a day or two at a time and then was I glad to get back. I simply could not live anywhere else," tragically.

"Well, of all the tempests in a teapot that I ever heard of this is the limit," declared Mrs. Oliver, shaking her head and trying hard to keep from smiling.

Bee was hurt at her mother's attitude. She tossed her head defiantly. "It isn't

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## Mission Page

### AN EIGHT HUNDRED EIGHTY-SIX MILE TRIP IN SOUTH INDIA

BY GEORGE R. COOK

(Continued from last issue)

On Monday morning we started out for Madura, fifty-four miles away, where we have a temporary Church of God building. Madura is the second largest city in the Madras presidency and is a great place for festivals. I saw on Mr. and Mrs. Case's trunk, labels with pictures of a temple in Madura and bearing the words, "Madura, the CITY of FESTIVALS." I believe that these were pasted on by the shipping company in England. If you approach Madura by train during the night, you can see a large electric sign with the words, "VISIT MADURA, THE TEMPLE CITY." There is one very large temple in the heart of the city. This temple has four large towers or "gopurams" on which are carved most exquisite figures, depicting scenes taken from Hindu religious books. In the middle of the temple is a large tank where only high caste people are allowed to bathe.

The meetings in Madura were not very well-attended the first two or three days and it was rather discouraging, but the devil always fights the hardest when the victory is in view, and praise the Lord, He won through. The meetings on Saturday and Sunday were real good and my father spoke under the anointing of the Spirit about the spiritual needs of church members in these latter days. On Monday night, at a kind of farewell meeting, four women gave their hearts to the Lord and another woman who was backslidden came back to the Lord. These five women will be ready for baptism when my father goes again to Madura in November, D. V. On Sunday evening, one man, a painter in a large motor firm, was baptized in water in a large irrigation tank. Then on Monday evening another man was baptized in the river which flows past the Church of God building. We had to let my father down a kind of revetment, which was built at a sharp angle, by a rope. We got a man to dig away the sand enough for one man to stand in up to the waist, as the river was too shallow.

We had to get the car repaired in our Ford Motor Company in Madura, owing to the condition it was in from the terrible roads and also from the treatment it had received on the way from Nakkaneri to Mangudi, as mentioned

before. I was surprised to see the modern machinery they had in the Ford place here, although it is run by Indians. They have a fine large painting apparatus. What I noticed especially was that practically all the machinery and tools had on them "Made in the U. S. A." They used tools which I had only seen in pictures of the Montgomery Ward catalogue, and it was quite a surprise to me.

I packed everything up on Monday night so we could get an early start for Trichinopoly, the next largest town to Madura and eighty miles north of the latter place. We left at five a. m. so that we could get over most of the road before the sun got hot, and reached Trichinopoly at about 8:45 after one of the best journeys I had experienced since we started the Tamil tour. The scenery was so beautiful along part of the way. At one place we had to wait for about ten minutes to let a loaded bullock cart, which had got stuck in the river through which the road led, get out of the way. Owing to the heavy rain the day before, there was a lot of mud and the bullocks could not pull. The men all tried their hardest to get the cart out, but I think they yelled more than they pushed. After a lot of fuss they managed to help it out. As we passed through without any fuss in second gear I could not help but remark how things have changed lately. Only a few years ago my father had to travel around in bullock carts and risk his life in crossing rivers in them but nowadays civilization has given us automobiles in which we can quickly travel from station to station and thus be able to do more work.

In Trichinopoly we had pretty good meetings which were very well attended by Indians and Anglo-Indians, most of them employees of the South India Railway which has its headquarters in Golden Rock, three miles from Trichinopoly town. We were kindly allowed to hold our meetings in one of the classrooms of the Railway school and the people listened very attentively. An Indian gentleman loaned us his baby organ and I played. The Anglo-Indians are great ones for music and I was only sorry that we could not have had more singing. Next time we go I hope to take our own baby organ and song books. The people here are much engrossed in their

own churches and it is very hard for them to come out even after they see the light. One tall gentleman came up to my father after a meeting and looking down on him, said with much feeling, "I only wish I had known about your meetings earlier." Although there were no visible results, we pray that some seed at least will come forth out of this hard ground and bear fruit.

While in Trichy (as it is called for short) I was privileged to have my first sight of an aeroplane while it was on the ground; in fact, I was able to see two. There is regular daily air mail service from Trichy to Madras, a hop of 200 miles, and also a weekly one to Colombo, Ceylon, about 250 miles away. Both the pilots I saw were Indians. Hearing that the aerodrome was just a little distance away, I started out on Wednesday morning to make it a visit, hoping to time myself to reach there at the time of the arrival of the mail plane at 11:30 a. m. Just as I got to the gate of the field, I heard a roar in the air and looking up, I was thrilled to see a large bird-like thing circling round and round and then slowly descending and finally waddling along the field like a duck. The officials kindly allowed me to go and look them over. (One aeroplane had just arrived before I came.) They were small, six cylindered, aluminum-colored machines with red trimmings and had both been made in the U. S. A. One of the officers told me that the company which has the mail contract, runs eighteen such planes and that during the two years that they have been running they have never had an accident.

We left Trichy on Sunday evening and came to Madura to hold a meeting that night. We were very pleased to find all the believers in quite a revived state and the service turned out to be very blessed. Early next morning we set out for Rajapalayam from where we had planned to once more visit Nakkaneri and hold meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday evening. The people of Nakkaneri were highly pleased at our coming and seemed to enjoy the meetings. My father had to talk very simple to them because most of them are quite illiterate. I had an awful time in looking after the car since the kids of the village all turned out to see the wonderful "motor" which made so much noise in their quiet village. They very rarely see cars, so were very curious. On our way back from the meeting place at ten p. m., or so, we had to pass through the narrow road of a little village. Imagine our surprise at finding the whole road littered with people fast asleep here, there and everywhere. We had a time to get especially one man up. I noticed that one man was sleeping on a good camp

(Continued on page 15)



# Letter from Missionaries in Africa

November 28, 1938

Dear Coworker:

*"I am the God of all flesh, is there anything too hard for me?"*

The time that has passed since May 14 (the date of our last letter) has been very busy for us. One day crowds on so close after another that it seems that it was only yesterday that we arrived in Angola. We never have a moment hang heavy on our hands.

God has been with us and continued His blessed leading. At times we look upon what the Lord has done for us and stand amazed in fear, for things that appeared "too hard" to us at one time have turned out to prove the wonders of God's power and provision. Many times the step that seemed the natural one to take would have proved disastrous. Daily we find it pays to wait on the Lord. You will be glad to learn that we have made wonderful progress in language study in answer to your prayers. Truly it is only the help of the Lord. We still have much to learn to be able to reach these people in their language.

In June we came over 300 miles inland to a conference of all the mission societies in Angola where the problems of this field are discussed. We count it a great privilege to have been there and gained so great knowledge of this field in such a short time, also to have met so many workers of other societies. It is precious to have fellowship with them in a land of such spiritual darkness. After the conference we were able to make arrangements to remain on in Chilessso to study Portuguese there with a native of Portugal, also a Christian. This was a blessed time as his wife was also a Christian and they both enjoyed talking about the Lord and hearing us witness of His power, especially did the message of healing interest them. This couple could not speak English so our witnessing had to be in Portuguese.

From Chilessso we made a trip into Quivala district where we may later begin our station. On this trip things looked very discouraging, even "blue". The trip cost a good sum of money and yet we were unable to see the official whom we had made the trip to see. Nor were we permitted to visit any villages. As we returned to Chilessso we felt that we must be very poor missionaries. "But the God of all flesh" was working. Later we found the Lord had worked it out so we might meet the superior of the above official who was very friendly.

After about a month and a half in

Chilessso, our teacher, crowded with other duties, was unable to devote his time to us any more. There again the Lord provided and we came to Chitau after an invitation extended to us by these dear friends here. Here in Chitau there was a house that had been unoccupied for about ten years. As we visited this Station, we would look at this old house of mud and think to ourselves, "Oh, if only we could engage this house to live in while looking out a site for our station." At the same time the Bodalys were thinking, "How nice it would be if these folks would only repair that old house and stay here until they open their own station." We prayed about it and when we mentioned the matter to Mr. Bodaly, we thanked the Lord for this confirmation of His leadings.

We sent word to a near-by village asking for workers and the next Monday about 9 o'clock we saw Mr. Bodaly coming with a big smile. There was a native with him that had come for work. One could tell that he had never had much contact with white people. He was dressed in a piece of yellow and black striped cloth about him and a newer piece of unbleached cloth as a kind of overcape. At his waist was a leather belt and attached to it was a small knife in a rawhide scabbard; on his shoulder he carried a native axe. His hair was long for a native, about three inches, and stood on end every hair, the smile on his face indicated that he was not really such a wild man, although he really looked it. I spoke to him with words Mr. Bodaly had given me the night before in the native language, "What is your name?" "Bembua," said he. "That means 'peace,'" said Mr. Bodaly. I took another look at this wild man and thought, "Fellow, you may think you came here because you want work but really it is because the Lord sent you." He was not a Christian. Other men were arriving now and here is the roll I wrote that morning: Chitokoto—Boiling Hot; Bule—Teapot; Nivete—Jackknife; Kandundu—A local evil spirit; Vitunu—A Hole. Later an old man came to make mats for ceiling the house. His name was Zapato—Shoe. As none of them were Christians we felt a responsibility in leading them to the Lord. We were not permitted, as yet, to go into the villages but the Lord sent heathen men to us for work so at nights I would take a Bible in their language to their camp and read to them. None of them could read. When I finished reading all was done because I could not speak a sentence of my own in their language. We earnestly prayed for the Lord to deal with their hearts.

We had to make one more trip to Lobito before we could be finally settled in Chitau, and was gone about four weeks. On our return one of the first things Mr. Bodaly mentioned was: "Bembua—'Peace' found the Lord the other night!" How glad we were to see a beginning of answer to prayer. A day or so later Bembua and I were on an errand alone when he spoke to me: "Ah, Nala!" and continued, but the rest was beyond me. I listened. The words meant nothing but I knew in my heart that he was telling of his conversion. He finished. I could not afford to say I did not understand, so I asked him a question in Portuguese which he did not understand. His answer was yes. So for lack of anything else to say, I answered, "That is good, Chiwa." Later I had him repeat the testimony to a Christian who understood Portuguese and was interested in him and found my guess had been right. Praise the Lord for this soul.

While you are gathered with friends and loved ones during this holiday season we would like to ask that you pray for our parents who cannot have this privilege this year. And not for ours only but also the parents of our Brother and Sister Hoyle Case who went to India this year as our missionaries. Besides these there are many other precious mothers and fathers who have willingly said "Yes" to the Lord, "Here is my child. I love him (or her) dearly but YOU loved him too. He is yours for service. I cannot be selfish, dear Lord Jesus." Yes, I know it was not easy for them to say "Yes," but the Lord will see and reward them for their sacrifice of love.

We trust this letter will reach you in time to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year filled with the blessings of the Lord.—We remain yours in His service, Mr. and Mrs. Edmond E. Stark.

c/o J. E. Bodaly  
Andulo, Angola  
Portuguese, West Africa  
Via Antwerp & Lobito

## Silver Linings

How about selling one hundred "Silver Linings" and make \$15.00 for your church? They sell at 25c each. You keep \$15.00 and send \$10.00 to me. Send money in advance or give good security.—Editor.

## Bound Lighted Pathways

Our bound Lighted Pathways are waiting for you at the Publishing House. These books will be valuable to you in years to come for your Y. P. E. work. Order from the Lighted Pathway, Cleveland, Tenn. Price \$1.00.—Editor.



## J. P. E. Programs

### OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a J. P. E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

### BIBLE LESSON

By Esther Holland

Subject, "Courage"

Thoughts for the Leader:

Many of us made resolutions the first of the year with good intentions. Many reconsecrated their lives anew to the Master and to His service, and that is good, and God blessed them and they began to work with higher ambitions and more zeal than ever before. But there was another looking on when those resolutions were made, and his work is to destroy that which is good and to discourage even the strongest worker in the Master's service. Our lesson tonight is to remind us of the same great love and power of God to help us keep our vows unto Him.

*Courage To Go Forward*

Joshua 1:5-7

Moses had died and God had appointed Joshua to take his place and go over and possess the land of Canaan beyond the Jordan and divide it among the tribes according to God's commandment to Moses. The task must have seemed great to Joshua; but even so,

God knows the hearts of all men, their weakness and fears, and He tells Joshua here that there is no need to fear for God Himself will be with him as He was with Moses. Perhaps the task that lies before you is just as great to you as was Joshua's to him. If so, take this scripture and make a personal application. It gives God great joy to lift up His children and if you are discouraged, remember that you, too, are going toward a goal and your goal is that which God has set for you and He knows you can reach it by His help. He had promised to give Canaan to the Israelites, and as He commanded Joshua to be of good courage and to go in and possess the land, so you and I are to go forward and accomplish that which we have vowed unto Him. Let not your courage be overcome with fears. With God in our hearts there is no need to fear, so be strong and of a good courage, God will never forsake you.

*Courage to the Sick*

Matt. 9:2-3

Oftentimes when we feel that we have surrendered our all to God and are ready to obey His bidding, disease seizes our bodies and we become discouraged. But in this scripture we have the words of Jesus Himself, "Be of good cheer." This is the admonition which we can receive and if we accept it, it will bring comfort and renew our faith, and when faith is strengthened half the battle is won and we feel so much better and begin to look at the remainder of this passage. "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Let us begin to stir ourselves that we may grasp the faith for the healing of our bodies. Jesus is the same and if so, He surely can heal, for this is a part of salvation, and if we have full salvation, we have the healing of our bodies. Jesus purchased healing with or included it in salvation. The man in this scripture arose, took up his bed and went home. Sometimes I feel that there are spiritual diseases that attack us also. Doubt is very prevalent among believers and will just eat on our beings until our faith will be so small it will take a long time to find it, if we are not careful. But Jesus is the healer of that also, so let's go to Him with all our troubles.

*Courage to Those Who Are Persecuted*  
Acts 23:11

Paul, the one who had seen the great light on the Damascus road, and had received that light into his soul, had witnessed for Jesus for ten years amid persecutions and trials that would have overcome the most of us. And now he was facing a tempest which seemed to be the end for all on board the ship. Paul had been arrested in Jerusalem and was on his way to Rome for trial. But God has not forgotten him nor his per-

secutions, and now in the midst of the stormy sea, He sent a heavenly messenger with a message of courage to His child, Paul. Perhaps we have imagined Paul as being a fearless man, one who never knew a danger from a physical standpoint. But here we find that he had enough of the human side to need courage, and God, who watches over His children, sent the much-needed courage at the right time. There are still messages from heaven recorded in the precious Word of God meant especially for you at this hour. We need to be courageous in time of persecution for through these are we made perfect like unto the great Shepherd of our souls.

*Courage on the Tempestuous Sea of Life*

Matt. 14:27

The disciples were quite distressed for the storm was raging and it seemed that the boat would sink any minute. Then to increase their terror they saw something they supposed to be a spirit out on the water and it seemed to be drawing nearer to them. And nearer it came until they began to scream for fear. Then the gentle voice of Jesus came clearly through the storm and in reassuring tones, "Be not afraid, it is I." Yes, Jesus is not afraid of the storms, and more than that, He can still them as we find in the next verse. You may not be on the sea of Galilee, but you are on the sea of life, and there are clouds of doubts, unbelief and unrest constantly overshadowing your barque. But remember when the winds of temptation and trial come, Jesus is there too. He will whisper a "peace be still," to your fearful soul if you will look up and see Him. Stop a moment and listen. Can't you hear His sweet voice in the midst of the roar? Then trust Him and the clouds will disappear and the storms will pass by.

*Closing Thoughts*

Whatever may have come your way, or however dark may be your path, or heavy your trials, remember that His grace is sufficient for thee.

—\*—  
BIBLE LESSON

Exelma Holley

Subject, "God's Ability"

Thoughts for the Leader:

Too many times we, as the children of God, limit His power as the children of Israel did. Ps. 78:41.

It is because of lack of faith that we doubt His promises. But we want to be fully persuaded, as Paul was, when he stated, "There is no power but of God: The powers that be are ordained of God."

When our faith takes hold of God's promises, then we will have the things we have prayed for. Our hopes will be a reality. Our visions and dreams would come to pass, and we could lengthen our



borders and widen our stake, taking more of the territory of the enemy for God, and He promised in Joshua 1:3, "Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that I have given unto you." So let us step out on His promises, believing His ability.

#### *Able To Deliver*

Dan. 3:17; Heb. 7:25

God is not only able to deliver us from the hands of people but from the clutches of the devil. Jesus said, "If the Son, therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," John 8:36. And we can be made free from sin. Rom. 6:22, "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." That brings complete deliverance to the soul, and a happy ending.

#### *Able To Keep*

2 Tim. 1:12

He is able to keep us from sin, and to keep us from falling. Jude 24. We ought not to be afraid to yield to one who will keep us so secure. He will not leave us in the hands of the enemy. We won't be left to fight our battles alone. And no man is able to pluck us from His hand.

#### *Able To Heal*

Matt. 4:23

You who are depending on God for your healing, aren't you glad that you found out one day that Jesus is a physician who does not fail? and that you learned that there is balm in Gilead? He not only is able to heal all manner of sickness and diseases, but He does heal them. And you who are suffering in different ways, step out on this promise by faith and let Him heal you, thus proving His Word and power to the world. Remember, it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. Psalms 118:9.

#### *Able To Do*

Eph. 3:20; 2 Cor. 9:8.

Reader, think of this, He is able to do what you have been asking Him to do. Things that are impossible with man are not with God. For with God nothing shall be impossible. Luke 1:37.

He is able to make all grace abound toward you, to supply all your needs according to His riches in glory. Phil. 4:19. To give you victory over every trial, for His grace is sufficient for thee. To strengthen, help in time of need, to encourage, forgive, and take us home to heaven. And He is even able to do more, yes exceeding, abundantly, than we can think or ask of Him.

These promises are unto you. So let us believe He is able.

Song: "He is Able to Deliver Thee."

#### Y. P. E. PROGRAM

Subject, "The Lighted Pathway"

Scripture lesson: To be chosen.

We are asking you to make one of your Y. P. E. services a Lighted Pathway service, and make your whole program from the material found in its pages. Choose your own scripture. Let the different ones discuss the article, poem, or page that has brought them the greatest blessing. You can make this a very interesting and inspiring program.

We are using this lesson as number three so you may have plenty of time to read the paper and talk intelligently about it. We hope this will lead you to join our Reading Circle. Plan this meeting at least one week ahead of the time it is to be held.

#### A Search in Vain

Verlene McCoy

Characters: Fifteen or twenty people, ranging from small children to grown-ups.

Angels—(costumes): White robes and wings, robes can be made of sheets draped around body.

The searcher—Girl about 18 or 20 years of age.

(Costume) White robe and wings.

Lost man—Young man 20 or 25 yrs., very dudish-looking, with hat and cane.

Angel gatekeepers — Two girls or women.

(Costumes)—White robes and wings.

Music—Two songs:

"I Dreamed I Searched Heaven for You" and "Standing Outside."

Scene I. (Angels are standing all over platform—cardboard fence across platform. Two angels stand at gate.)

"I Dreamed I Searched Heaven For You" is sung behind curtain very slowly and is pantomimed by angel searcher—walking up to other angels, while they shake their heads, giving the effect of answering her that they have not seen the one she is searching for. During last verse she stands and faces the darkened congregation with her hand on her forehead as song says, "I knew that somewhere in darkness." She then takes her place with other angels.

"Standing Outside," is immediately started. Lost man comes up aisle with hat on, walking very proudly—stops at gate. Gatekeepers shake their heads—he offers them his pocketbook, hat, cane, and coat but they refuse to admit him. He throws hat, etc. to floor, wrings his hands, turns around and walks like he is in misery until song is finished and curtain pulled.

Altar call.

#### MISSION PAGE

(Continued from page 12)

cot. Who knows where he got it out there miles from anywhere. I forgot to say that on our way to the meeting at six o'clock we found the same man who did not care to get up, having his bath

in the middle of the road. Out here in India they don't use tubs but just pour the water over themselves after rubbing soap all over.

After returning from the meeting in Nakkanerri on Wednesday night I packed the car in readiness for the trip home next morning. We started out at 3:45 a. m. and at the beginning of the journey I was quite provoked because of the bullock carts which simply infested the roads. You, who are used to driving without hardly a break along beautifully paved highways, want to come out here and drive along one of the roads in the Tamil districts for about five miles and I am sure you will have had enough of it. Each bullock cart driver seems to have a different idea of what side of the road he should be on when he meets a car. The best thing is to keep your hand on the horn button and squeeze through where you can, whether it be the wrong or the right side of the road. Out here we don't need cars which can go over forty-five miles an hour. On an average all we can do is twenty-five and sometimes maybe thirty here in Travancore where the roads are not quite so bad.

All along the way home from Rajapalayam the car was missing badly, a thing which it never had done on the trip before this. God surely kept it together the whole way. I cleaned out the gasoline line and the engine is running just like new again. Praise the Lord for a car which can stand up to severe strain. For missionary work we need cars which can pull like mules and at the same time be a little comfortable to ride in. We found out in our 886 mile trip, which covered a period of over three weeks, that there is nothing better in this line than a A Model Ford.

Just after we arrived home at 8:45 a. m. the rain just poured down. In the Tamil parts the land was so parched but here in Travancore there was rain in abundance.

In conclusion, I would just like to say that during the whole trip we found that workers are needed everywhere. The cry of the people is, "Come over and help us." They know there is something more for them besides worship of idols but they need teaching. Christians are beginning to see that just church membership is insufficient, but they need "Philips" and "Pauls" to teach them the right way. "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest." Oh, let us pray earnestly that the Lord will raise up workers for this vast field of open doors. Although you cannot come over here, you can do your share of the missionary work by "holding the ropes"

(Continued on page 26)



## Contributions by Young Writers

### What Shall I Do With Christ?

Text: Matt. 27:19-26

Friends, you and I have to pass judgment on Christ sooner or later. What will your answer be, guilty or not guilty? Or are you going to be a coward, as was Pontius Pilate? I am sure most of you will pass honest judgment on Christ, but be sure you know Christ before you pass judgment on Him.

We read in Matt. 27:19, "When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." That was a warning to Pontius Pilate but he was like many people, he would not pay any attention to her. Pilate found no fault in Christ, but the priests and elders seemed to have found fault with Him and persuaded the people to put Him to death and save Barabbas, which they did.

But again we read in the 24th verse of the same chapter of Matthew, "When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person." But, my friends, it takes more than just plain water to wash your hands of the blood of Jesus Christ. You can not wash your hands of the blood of Christ.

The people were given their choice, Christ or Barabbas, but they made a very foolish mistake and chose Barabbas. Why? Because they let someone else tell them what to do with Christ. Are you going to let someone else tell you what to do with your Christ? If you do you are just as bad off as the one who told you what to do with Christ.

Pontius Pilate was a coward. Are you too, going to be a coward and lose your soul also?

Where do we go from here? Unless we accept Christ, we are bound for eternal punishment.

What must I do with Christ? Accept Him today and be saved. God's time to accept Christ is now. What shall I do with Christ? — *Paul E. Sells, Meade, Maryland.*

### Jesus Knows

Jesus knows our every trial,  
Yes, He knows our every care;  
He knows our every burden,  
When they are hard to bear.

Jesus knows when we are tempted,  
He knows when the clouds hang low,  
He knows our every sorrow,  
He knows when we need Him most.

Jesus knows when our hearts are heavy,  
He knows when we are depressed.  
Yes! He knows when we are weary,  
He knows our every task.

Jesus knows when we are troubled,  
He knows when we are sad,  
He knows when the tempter's raging  
And longs to make our hearts glad.

Jesus knows when we are lonely,  
He knows when we are blue,  
He knows when we are forsaken,  
He knows when our friends are few.

Jesus knows our darkest hour,  
He knows our brightest day,  
He will never leave nor forsake us,  
But go with us all the way.

Jesus knows when we are fighting  
For God, truth, and right;  
And we'll never lose a battle  
If we'll keep Him in our sight.

Jesus knows when we are failing  
To do His sweet and holy will,  
And longs to bring us closer to Him,  
That we might be God's children still.

Jesus knows what is before us,  
He knows just the next test,  
If we'll only let Him lead us  
He'll prepare for us the best.

—Willie Mae Carroll, Lindale, Ga.

### He Changeth Not

Is the Bible antiquated,  
Are its precepts changed today?  
Did the law of Medes and Persians  
Fade, and finally pass away?  
Has the "straight and narrow" widened?

Should we heed what modernists say,  
And revise the "Old Edition"  
Till there is no "price" to pay?

Should we live just like the sinner  
In complete conformity,  
Cater to a social status,  
Be "accepted" socially?  
Should they have to find the church book

Look for names of you and me,  
That they might know if we're Christians,  
Is that Christianity?

Can we always be ambiguous,  
Just drift aimlessly while here,  
And be eulogized to heaven  
By eloquence at our bier?  
Will our church membership save us?

That is all we have, we fear;  
Are we qualified for glory,  
Just because our record's clear?  
Long ago Christ cleansed the Temple,

Bade the money-changers flee,  
But today it takes a soup sale  
To promote church charity.  
Are the preachers compromising  
Lest their salary lessened be?  
Does bazaar, dance, show and bridge-club

Change the plan of Calvary?

The church member and the sinner!  
There's no difference we can see.  
Do you think a God of justice  
Will set the church member free,  
Send the sinner to perdition  
Throughout all eternity,  
Just to propagate church records?  
Did Christ die for you and me?

No, my friend, the Old Book standeth  
Just the very same today,  
Not one jot, nor e'en a tittle,  
Will by God's hand pass away.  
Men may warp it with their theories,  
They may have a lot to say;  
But they'll face the age-old standards  
On the White Throne Judgment Day!

He said "Come out from among them,  
Be ye separate unto Me.  
Only then will I receive you,  
Only then My child you'll be."  
You cannot serve God and mammon,  
Bow to popularity.  
The path remains as 'twas charted  
By the shores of Galilee.

—By M. Warren.

### Do Not Criticize

Before you criticize someone  
For a misdeed he may have done,  
Think first of the temptation he had to bear,  
And breathe his name in a word of prayer.

Consider next the motive back of the deed,  
His heart may have been pure indeed.  
So cunningly he was caught in Satan's snare  
That he fell in the devil's trap unaware.

Where he is weak you may be strong,  
Then why not help the weak one along?  
You cannot know the agony of soul's despair  
Until you are caught in the devil's snare.

If the same temptation had come to you,  
You might have done as he did too;  
So for the unfortunate let's have a care,  
Don't criticize, just breathe his name in prayer.

—Mrs. M. J. Fairchild, Monroe, La.

### It Isn't Your Church

If you want it to be the kind of a church  
Like the kind of a church you like,



You don't slip your clothes in a grip  
 And go on a long, long hike.  
 You'll only find what you left behind  
 For there's nothing really new;  
 It's a knock at yourself when you  
 Knock your church . . . . .  
 It isn't your church—it's you.

Good churches are not made by men  
 afraid,  
 Lest somebody else get ahead;  
 If everybody works and nobody shirks,  
 You can raise a church from the  
 dead.  
 And if while you make your personal  
 stake  
 Your neighbor can make his too;  
 Your church will be what you want it  
 to be—  
 It isn't your church—it's you.

—Thomas Stewart, Hamilton, Ohio.

### Glad Tidings

Once I wandered as a sinner  
 Through this world of sin and strife,  
 Until the loving Savior found me,  
 Led me to the way of life.

Placed His loving arms around me,  
 Then my burdens rolled away,  
 Told me of a way that's narrow  
 But it leads to endless day.

And if I follow in His footsteps,  
 Of His love to others tell,  
 Then some day for me He's coming  
 And with Him I'll ever dwell.

And as I travel down life's pathway  
 A shining light I want to be,  
 Leading wandering ones to Jesus  
 Who died on the cross to make us free.

I'm so glad I found this Savior,  
 He's so wonderful to me;  
 He's a friend in time of trouble  
 He's a friend in time of need.

And so, dear friends, if you are weary  
 And your way seems dark and long,  
 Just call upon this friend called Jesus  
 And in your heart He'll put a song.

—Doris Horney, Grasonville, Md.

### The Relation of the Endeavor to the Church

Ruth Ayers, Rock Hill, S. C.

Our young people must be made to feel that they are worth something in the church. Many times when a young person is saved he doesn't know just what to do or where to go. Let us encourage him. If he sings or plays, you can use him and if he is a good speaker, he will probably make a good leader and leaders are in a great demand.

Many times we speak to young people about being saved, and maybe without thinking seriously, they don't think, Well, this may be my last chance, or maybe they hadn't thought so much

about being interested in the wonderful benefits Christian living will bring after death as death seems so far away to the growing mind, even though it is very near sometimes. But let's put it this way, What Christian living does for us in earthly happiness and satisfaction in doing for others.

Tell them that we need them so much, we need some one that can sing as they do, or play as they do, or, we need you because of your sweet voice. Come on and line up with us. Get salvation, don't waste your talent, and I'm persuaded to believe the urge to do big things, to feel that we are trusting them and depending on them for things will put them to thinking and start them right and great men and women are the results.

We truly find in our church there is no age limit placed because we have a place for everybody and everyone in its appointed place.

There's our Junior Y. P. E. Even the children can feel that they are in on things. Sometimes we find that they aren't as hard to work with as the larger girls and boys. Mind out! you seniors, small ones are eager to do quick, to catch on and are yielded clay in the Potter's hand.

Also our seniors are wonderful. Our Church just needs the vim and enthusiasm of our young people. Their wonderful voices, clean and strong; their clean, wholesome lives lived in the community speaks well for the Church and helps lead in others. They feel that there is something to a young person who will lay down the things of the world and take up the cross.

Let's go out into the byways and hedges and compel them to come in. In the name of Him who sent us, invite them to the good times you have at your church. Tell them of the programs, the music, the wonderful sermons preached there, the band and songs, but don't forget to tell them of Jesus.

Have good, interesting, clean literature, something for every age and talent and a burden for lost souls on your heart, having first fasted and prayed, believing God, and He will give you souls for your hire.

Isn't the Church the most important institution of our lives and aren't our young people the men and women of tomorrow? The two are so closely interwoven with love and unity, co-operating all for one purpose—that of soul saving—until you can hardly define one department without telling something about the other. That's the way Jesus would have it, I'm sure, filled with so much love until others will say, "Truly it is of God." Thank God.

### MY RESOLUTION

VIOLA DEFINO

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," Prov. 3:6.

Father Time has claimed another year. Many of us are making or have already made resolutions for the ensuing year.

What is a resolution? According to Webster a resolution is a fixed determination.

It had always been my custom to make a New Year's Resolution, even though, I do admit I did not always keep them.

Several years ago on a New Year's eve I began to wonder, What resolution will I make for the next year? My mind was a blank. There were many good habits that I could have resolved to perform and many bad ones that I could have done away with, but my string of thoughts would not do me justice. There was no one thing on which my mind would settle.

It was nearly midnight. Must I bid the old year adieu and welcome the New Year without a resolution? Suddenly, a loneliness seemed to envelop me. I was restless. It seemed that I could have cried my life away. What must I do? An answer came—pray.

I went to my bedroom and there talked to my heavenly Father. I knew that Jesus was with me and standing near by was interceding the Father for me. As I knelt in prayer, words would not come forth; all that I could say was, "Lord, I want to be like Jesus. Have your way with me." Then I remembered the scripture verse that a friend had quoted to me some time previous. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Immediately I said, "This I shall make my New Year's resolution."

Analyzing the contents of the verse we quote it thus, "Whatever you do or say or wherever you go, take Jesus as your guide and He will not lead you astray." Oh, praise be unto our God who doeth all things well!

But, did you always abide by that resolution? With much regret and sorrow I confess, I did not. Perhaps yesterday I failed to seek His guidance in my undertakings and stumbled. Shall I cast my resolution aside, saying, "What's the use of a resolution? I've failed to keep it. I'll cast it into the sea of forgetfulness and go on my way." No, today is a New Year's day in my heart. With greater determination, I say, "Lord, by Thy help and mercy I renew my resolution. Renew Thou my strength, encourage my soul and lead me o'er the rugged road that I may be found among the faithful few."

Young folks, fellow Christians, do you not think it wise to make Proverbs 3:5 our New Year's resolution?

It is true that when following the  
 (Continued on page 20)



## Exchange Page

Dear Readers:

Here is a letter from a young man in prison. We are withholding his name for some of these days we expect him to be out working for the Lord. You will read in the letter what the Lighted Pathway has meant to him.

We have six or seven hundred copies of the January issue on hand and would you not like to put these issues in prisons and jails at the reduced price of 5c each? If you would like to help in this great work we would appreciate it.

Anyone who desires to write to this young man please do so and send it in care of the Lighted Pathway, Cleveland, Tennessee and we will forward your letter on to him.—*Editor*.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to thank you for your splendid magazine, The Lighted Pathway. The Editorial in the January issue was the most encouraging piece I have ever read. I do not get to read your magazine very often. My sister sent me the January issue for Christmas and I really enjoyed reading it. I believe the Lighted Pathway represents a group of the best people there is. In your Editorials you said you would help the one in prison.

I am just a young man but I did wrong two years ago and have been in prison ever since. I am trying to do better now and want to live an honest, useful life when I am released, but it is awfully discouraging at times.

If some of your readers care to send a word of encouragement to me, I will be very grateful, and will be glad to read any Christian literature that is sent to me.

Best wishes to everyone and please pray for me.—*A Friend*.

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is to let you know we have a Y. P. E. at New Summit Church of God at Bauxite, Rt. 1. We have around sixty enrolled and several more attend. There are only ten Christians, but we hope to see more saved. Pray for us.—*Alfred E. Williams, Bauxite, Ark.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have never written to you before but I want you to know that I appreciate the Lighted Pathway. Words can never express how much encouragement it is to me.

I am twenty years of age and have spent about three years serving the Lord, but I am sorry I didn't start serving God when I was real small because it

has been the happiest days of my life.

Since I learned about the Lighted Pathway I have never wanted to be without one. I have to stay here by myself most every day but thank God, I don't feel alone because God is with me. Praise His dear name! He means all this world to me. I can sit and read the Lighted Pathway and sometimes it brings joy and at times it causes me to be so burdened for lost souls until I have to fall on my knees and cry and pray for God to save them. I have loved ones out in sin and I want you all to pray for God to talk to their hearts and save their souls before it is too late. I want you to pray a special prayer for my sisters who are sick. Pray for me that I will ever be willing to obey God and do just what He would have me do. I just want to be a light to lost souls and live a life that will cause sinners to see the need of serving a true and living God.—*Pauline Carroll, Cairo, Ga.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I haven't seen but a few letters from California, so I thought I would add a word of praise for our Lord for the way He is working. Only a few months ago we organized a Y. P. E. Now we have doubled in attendance and some of the young people have accepted the Lord.

We use the Lighted Pathway and like it so well until we have ordered more so all the young people can have one. After reading the Lighted Pathway we are greatly encouraged to press on and win souls for the Lord.

We ask the prayers of all Y. P. E. members that we will really be a light for the Lord.

May God bless you, Sister Harrison, in your great work.—*Dortha Epps, Baldwin Park, Calif.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

We appreciate the Lighted Pathway very much. We use it in our Y. P. E. and I read it from cover to cover. I especially enjoy the page, "Contributions by Young Writers."

Sister Harrison, I wish it were possible to give a small space in the Lighted Pathway for the state Y. P. E. superintendent to give the name of the church that receives the state banner each month, for if we do not receive the banner ourselves, we do not know where it goes. When we do not receive it nor hear of it, it seems like our interest for gaining it is soon gone. Won't you make

this possible? I believe every one would enjoy and appreciate this feature of the paper.

I hope you will soon be able to work again. I was disappointed at the Assembly when you were not able to attend. May God speed your recovery and help you to help us.—*Mrs. Opal Deering, Hubball, W. Va.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name. I praise God for victory in my soul right now. I am saved, sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost and added to the Church of God.

I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for about five years and I think it is the best religious paper I have ever read. I like to get my Lighted Pathway and get off by myself and read it through. It has certainly been a blessing to my soul. Sometimes the way seems dark, but He has promised never to leave nor forsake us.

I am Sunday School superintendent and Y. P. E. secretary and treasurer. We have a good church here and a good Sunday School and Y. P. E. Pray that God will bless our work and keep us in His will.

I want to stay humble and see lost souls saved. My heart bleeds for that person who is down and out and thinks he hasn't a friend. Sinner, come to Jesus. He will be your friend. Jesus died on the cross to save you, come to Him before it is too late. We have a nice building here. It was dedicated on November 20 by Brother E. P. Paulk. Brother Frank Smith is our pastor. We have about forty members but are expecting more later.

Pray for my wife who is unsaved.—*R. D. Green, Woodruff, S. C.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Will you please send us one roll of the Lighted Pathway for the month of December and one roll each succeeding month unless we notify you to send more or less?

We are sorry that we haven't had this little paper for our Y. P. E. before now, but our organization has only been recently reorganized and we decided to include this in our program.

I have looked forward to the time that we could include it in the Y. P. E. reading matter since I read the first one several months ago; for I know that they will prove a wonderful help and inspiration to me as well as other young people, for with its many suggestions, helps and testimonies from other young people it will greatly encourage us to continue in this battle for Christ and be a good soldier for Him.

I surely love Jesus this morning and do thank and praise Him for ever sav-

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# Bible Training School

Conducted by George Ayers and Ivan Stone

## Clay in the Potter's Hands

Text, Isa. 64:8, "*But now, O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand.*" As we picture the potter when preparing a vessel that he is going to present at the great exposition, he works faithfully trying to make this vessel a perfect one. He molds and shapes the vessel. Undoubtedly he has spent days, weeks and months of tedious labor trying to make this vessel beautiful that it might excel all others when presented at the great exposition. When the vessel is almost completed to his great regret he notices a small blemish on it. Knowing the vessel must be perfect when presented, he must break the vessel and reshape it again. Back in the garden of Eden, God made man from the dust of the earth and breathed into him the breath of life and man become a living soul. Man's disobedience to God has caused him to be broken; if man had obeyed God, his vessel would never have been marred by sin.

The prophet Jeremiah tells us in Jer. 18:3-4, "Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it." It seemed good to the potter to break this vessel that had been carefully designed and reshape it again. Likewise our lives must be broken and reshaped. In Isa. 53:10 we are told, "Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him." Many times our lives seemingly are bruised, but surely God has a purpose in all things; it is necessary for the perfection and making of better vessels for the Master's use.

Crushing brings a lasting fragrance. The most expensive perfume in the world is called, "Attar of Roses." It is made from the crushing of the roses. The crushing of roses and cedars perfume the air with a pleasant odor. Perhaps your life at times has been sorely pressed, but let us remember it is the pleasure of the Lord. Then look, it is always to our advantage and good. As we think of the little flower, the daisy, out on the hillside, it is very beautiful indeed; but someone has come by, not noticing the small flower, and stepped on it and trampled it to the ground. By and by the dew comes, and the rain falls and the little flower is standing upright again. Seemingly at times our lives are broken, bruised and crushed. But, thank the Lord, we can draw nigh unto God

and He will shower a blessing upon us from the glory world that will give us great inspiration and zeal to go forth and be more than conquerors for our Master.

We find in Acts 9:15 the account of the great Apostle Paul's life. At one time he was a great persecutor of the Christian faith, but God put a spirit of humility and submission within his life. He was broken and reshaped. The Lord said that he was a chosen vessel unto Him. The lives of many of the Bible characters that we study about today were broken and reshaped that they might be vessels of honor in His service.

Mother and father must always see that their children's stubbornness is conquered and their self-will broken when they are young. Likewise, God must break the rebellious spirit of His children in order to humble them, so they will be as clay in the Potter's hands.

Paul in his exhortation to the young minister, Timothy, said: "If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work." After the potter completes his vessel he begins to polish and garnish it, trying to make it appear beautiful. God does likewise with His children. After our lives are bathed in the sunlight of God's love and we have that great peace, joy and a lasting satisfaction within our lives, then we are coming (so to speak) to the round of the ladder where we can be a vessel fit for the Master's use.

There is a testing time in every life, there is suffering that comes into every life. It is going to make all the difference between a real touch of God in our lives and the lives that are superficial and more or less useless.

Young folks everywhere, let us assume that we, this New Year, are handing our lives over into the Master's hands and be as clay in the Potter's hands. If you will allow God to lead your life, He will lead you in the right channel and make your life prosperous and happy in your service for Him. On New Year's eve as the students assembled and prayed the old year out and the new year in, great inspiration seized their hearts and gave them greater zeal and courage to be soul winners for Jesus and accomplish great things for the Lord this year. What are you going to do for the Lord this year? Solve the problem today by fully surrendering your life to the Lord, and be as clay in the Potter's

hands — Eleanor R. Diffenderfer of Pennsylvania, B. T. S. student.

## Giving Praise

(Continued from page 6)

with our hands, with our feet, and most of all with our lives. We either live in a way that brings praise to His wonderful name, or we live to put shame upon it.

The Psalmist says, "I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving," Ps. 69:30. Even thanksgiving itself brings praise to the Lord's name. That is why Satan tries so hard to make the Lord's children unthankful and dissatisfied.

We use our hands to do kind and loving deeds for people for the Lord's sake, which is the same as doing them for Him directly. We use them to help a poor, needy soul to get along through a busy street, or to carry a heavy or large basket. We use them to help Father or Mother in the house or in the garden, or to do anything that will be a help to them. All this will bring praise to the name of the Lord, if we do it for His sake and for His glory.

We use our feet to run errands for folks. The errands may be very common and ordinary ones. But if we run them for the Lord's sake we are running them for Him. We can run errands for the Lord alone, also. He may tell us sometimes to go and tell some poor sick man or woman, or some boy or girl about His great love for them, that in this way they might be saved from their sins. There are so very many things we can do with our feet for the Lord Jesus.

Then most of all, we can praise Him with our lives. There are many ways to praise Him with our lives, too. When we believe He will do for us what He says—that is one way in which to praise Him with our lives. When we smile and are happy, no matter what comes into our lives, that is a beautiful way to bring praise to His name in our lives. Then people will believe that He is just as kind and wonderful as we claim Him to be. Showing joy and happiness in our lives may bring some souls to Him, that He may save them from their sins.

When we obey the Lord Jesus in everything He tells us to do—that is almost, if not altogether, the very best way to bring praise to His name in our lives. The Prophet Samuel said to King Saul, when he disobeyed the Lord, "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice," 1 Sam. 15:22. But there is a sacrifice which the Lord wants, and that is praise, as we are told in the Book of Hebrews. It says, "Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name."

If we keep praising the Lord every day,



we shall not have so many temptations to grumble or to be unthankful for. When praise is in our hearts there is no room for anything displeasing to the Lord Jesus, who did so much for us, and who is so worthy of our praise.

—*The Gospel Herald.*

### The Covenant of Ruth

(Continued from page 11)

funny to me," she said through tight lips.

"Listen, Bee, drop the tragedy queen air. It isn't becoming. You are too plump. It makes you look like one of those pouter pigeons they have over at the park."

"Mother!" in sharp disgust.

"Yes, I know, but you must come off from that pedestal on which you have perched yourself. Now I want to ask you a question. When you married Joe did you tell him that the contract was only for so long as he stayed in Richland?"

"Of course not. I never thought he'd want to go anywhere else, and—I guess I didn't think a thing about it," she confessed.

"That last is the actual truth, I imagine. The covenant of Ruth, 'whither thou goest I will go,' is the one to which every wife subscribes, my dear."

"But slave days are over!" objected Bee, remembering her argument to Joe.

"Nonsense!" declared her mother. "Who said anything about slaves. Marriage is a partnership, with each party having a definite share in maintaining the home. It's Joe's business to furnish the house, and yours to make it into a home. Your part of the contract doesn't specify whether the house shall have two rooms or twenty, nor whether it is to be located in Richland, or Timbuctoo! Where does Joe want to go?"

"To Centerville. He's promoted to the district manager's office," admitted Bee.

"Beatrice Stratton! And you raised all of this fuss over that! I declare! I almost wish you were a little girl again so I could give you a good spanking! You deserve it," scathingly. "I thought you were grown up and a real Christian, but it looks like there is a great big trait of selfish carnality down there in your heart. Don't you think of Joe? And what a promotion will mean to him? It is hard on a man to drudge along in the same routine always. He needs added responsibility, and if he has it he will need a good home more than ever. Beatrice, dear, ask the Lord to forgive you for this and when Joe comes back don't wait for him to make the first move. You go ahead and ask his forgiveness. You may not always be in the wrong in your differences of opinion but this time you haven't an inch of ground to stand

on—not an inch of common sense or decency, or law, or—"

"Please, please, mamma," begged the girl, "don't say any more. I see it now. I've been getting smaller and smaller in my own estimation. Pretty soon I'll be able to crawl under your thimble!" meekly.

"Not with all that *avoiirdupois*! Not under my thimble, you won't."

"Do you suppose Joe will come back?" anxiously.

"Of course he will," but she added sotto voce, "Unless he lands in the hospital." No need to worry her with that remark.

But the same thought was in Bee's mind just the same. "I never saw him drive so recklessly as he did when he went out of this driveway," she said after a moment.

"Come, Bee, and eat your supper," urged her mother.

"Eat! It would choke me!" declared the girl. "I was so happy when I was cooking it. And to think that my feelings could change so fast, it scares me, mother. Can't I trust myself any better than that?" fearfully.

"You absolutely can not. Don't you know the verse, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall'? You did not take heed and see what happened? Did you count ten?"

Bee shook her head. "I never thought about it. I guess Joe did. He was slower about answering until I goaded him on. Then he spoke up fast enough. If you hadn't come just as you did there's no telling what might have happened. The stage was all set for tragedy," mournfully. Then curiously, "Why did you come anyway?"

"I guess the Lord sent me, but I thought I was coming over for that new pattern for Junior's spring suits. I found a few remnants this afternoon that will be fine when the spring opens. I decided to get the pattern and make them up so they will be ready. Where are they?"

"In the cabinet in the sewing room."

The two women went in together and were deep in a discussion of materials when they heard the kitchen door softly open.

"There. I'll take this and slip out of the front door," said Mrs. Oliver quickly. "Now be sure to take the first step. Say right out, 'I'm sorry.' Go on," and she hurried away.

Bee paused an instant before opening that door. She must have divine help and wisdom or again she might say the wrong thing.

Noiselessly the door swung back. There stood her husband with his hands on the work table and such a look of hopeless misery on his face! It cut her to the heart. To think that she had caused such an expression as that on the

face of any human being, much less the one she had promised to "love, honor and cherish."

"Oh, my dear," she cried contritely, "please, Joe, please forgive me. I'm so sorry, I am, I am," and swiftly she crossed to him with outstretched hands.

He took them hungrily. Slowly the misery faded. "Do you mean it, Bee?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Oh, I do, Joe, I do. I will go wherever your work takes you. I will be a real partner. Don't desert me again. Not ever. Oh, if you hadn't come back I could not have lived," and her voice choked.

"Bee," he said unsteadily, "I came back to tell you that I prize my home more than the promotion. If you say so, I'll refuse and we can stay on here in Richland."

She shook her head. "No, dear, I won't say it. Mother has made me see what a slacker I was, and now I don't think I could stay in Richland unless you had orders to remain here. I've taken the covenant of Ruth, 'Whither thou goest, I will go.' She found blessing, and so will I."

"Bless your dear heart," he murmured against her hair.

"Now let's eat this belated dinner," she said. "I know it's spoiled, but a part of it is eatable."

Neither one knew exactly what the food was and cared less. They both knew that the precious fellowship of their united lives which had come so closely to being wrecked was once more restored. And both firmly resolved hereafter to "take heed," and to depend on the Lord and not lean to their own understanding.—*Sunday School Banner.*

### My Resolution

(Continued from page 17)

Guiding Star our desires are not always granted and things are not always done our way. We do not understand why our God allowed us to walk to the second bridge to cross the river when we could have crossed the first bridge, which was only one-tenth the distance, but neither did we know that half way across the first bridge was a loose board which would have given way, causing us to be plunged beneath the cold, swiftly moving waters with death standing near by, ready to devour its victim.

Indeed, it is a battle within ourselves to have to rely on an unseen Friend, especially in a crucial moment when our hearts are yearning, almost sobbing, for that which we think best, but what peace is ours when we can say:

Though the path is all unknown,  
Though the day is very drear,  
Jesus is my Leader;  
What have I to fear?

(Continued on page 22)



# Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle:

I don't know how you feel about it but I feel encouraged about our Reading Circle. It is growing, and when our young people begin to read they will become established and inspired for greater service. I was reading a book, "Evangelism of Youth" by Albert H. Gage, the other night and I got such a vision of the needs of our young people that I said to my husband, "If I should die before morning please tell Brother Latimer to place this book in the Publishing House for the benefit of our workers with young people." So the Publishing House is going to sell this book. Please, pastors and workers, send to the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn., for this book, price \$1.00. Buy it and pass it on to others until your whole church has read it. Now we do not expect you to work just like this pastor did but we believe you will get some ideas that will be workable in your church. At least you will be inspired to greater service for your young people. If you are reading some good books write and tell us about it. Perhaps it will help others.

Other good books: "At the Crossroads." Price \$1.00. Those who did not read this through the Lighted Pathway should not fail to get one. If you have read it, it will be a good book to pass around among your friends.

"In the Twinkling of An Eye" by Sydney Watson is an imaginary picture of the days before the coming of the Lord written in story form. This will give a good scriptural knowledge of the Lord's second coming. Price \$1.25.

"The Mark of the Beast," by Sydney Watson is a companion book of "In the Twinkling of An Eye." It takes up the story after the Lord's second coming and pictures the awful condition of the great tribulation. They should be in your church library and your people encouraged to read them, to give them a knowledge of the Bible teachings on the second coming and the great tribulation. Price \$1.25.

Order from the Church of God Publishing House. Start a library in your church.

Every Church of God should own, "The History of the Church of God," by E. L. Simmons. It is beautifully bound and would be an ornament to your library. It gives the pictures of the

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## Read the Bible Through This Year

We are suggesting to our Reading Circle members that they read the Bible through this year. Here are February readings:

Morning	Evening
1 Ex. 13-14	Mark 3
2 Ex. 15-16	Mark 4
3 Ex. 17-18	Mark 5
4 Ex. 19-20	Mark 6
5 Ex. 21-22	Mark 7
6 Ex. 23-24	Mark 8
7 Ex. 25-26	Mark 9
8 Ex. 27-28	Mark 10
9 Ex. 29-30	Mark 11
10 Ex. 31-32	Mark 12
11 Ex. 33-34	Mark 13
12 Ex. 35-36	Mark 14
13 Ex. 37-38	Mark 15
14 Ex. 39-40	Mark 16
15 Lev. 1-2	Luke 1 to v. 38
16 Lev. 3-4	Luke 1 v. 39 to ch. 2
17 Lev. 5-6	Luke 3
18 Lev. 7-8	Luke 4
19 Lev. 9-10	Luke 5
20 Lev. 11-12	Luke 6
21 Lev. 13	Luke 7
22 Lev. 14	Luke 8
23 Lev. 15-16	Luke 9
24 Lev. 17-18	Luke 10
25 Lev. 19-20	Luke 11
26 Lev. 21-22	Luke 12
27 Lev. 23-24	Luke 13
28 Lev. 25-26	Luke 14

## Our Reading Circle

Hurrah for our Reading Circle! We have made some progress toward our trip around the world. Now we are going to tell you each month which state has made the most miles this year. North Carolina is still in the lead. Come on, young people, and join our circle. It will be a blessing to you.

To become a member you promise to read the Lighted Pathway from cover to cover.

## Reading Circle Members

Long Beach, Calif.: Donald Sperry, Geneva Boyd, Elmer Boyd, Susan Sperry, Howard Davis, Helen Davis, June Rowe, Clyde Rowe, Betty Landenberger.

Valdese, N. C.: Mae Williams, Mae Stephens, Annie Laurie Smith, Ruth Page, Dolly Williams, Jessie Berry, Lucile Stallings.

Hayesville, N. C.: Etna Garrett, Jessie Long, Betty Kilby, Knead Kilby, Sam Morgan, Mollie Kilby.

Pulaski, Va.: Jenny Dobbins, Sister Bishop, Leona Kidd, W. T. Marefield, Ruby Robertson, Blacksburg, S. C.: Miss Dorothy Luella Cooper, Mrs. Irene McAbee, Mrs. Ruth Childers, Mrs. Mamie Harper, Mrs. Annie Stones, Mrs. Ella Mae White, Marvin White, Charles Bell, Willie Carroll, Mrs. Dolly Warren, Mrs. Gertrude Coster, W. O. Boheler.

Hamilton, Ohio: Carl J. Hughes, Mary Ellen Hughes, Edna Weaver, Dale Pennington, David Isaacs, Hazel Isaacs, Dean Sowder, Hattie Sowder, Sophie Pennington, Hermon Pennington, Lee Wyatt, Dona Wyatt, Chester Wyatt, Ellen De Pew, John Slagel, Mary Ellen Turner, Polly Turner, Josephine Miller, Joy Deuchle, Helen Slagel, Dorothy Eaton, Lee Mullins, Hazel Mullins, William Miller, Eula Childs.

Cambridge, Md.: Albert Travers, James Bradshaw, Helen Short, June Elzey, Marie Burton, Mildred Cordon, Margaret Lewis, Mildred Elzey, John Short.

Carrollton, Ga.: Bill Rawlin.

Selma, N. C.: Ethel Core, Mrs. Francis Grice, Annie McCray, Mrs. Luther Creech, Mrs. Pearl Strickland, Mrs. Woodrow W. Carter, Erwin Hamilton, Mrs. E. M. Griffith, Woodrow Carter, Thelton Turnage, H. B. Carter.

Elvins, Mo.: Miss Marie Blackwell, Miss Juanita Smith, Miss Ruby Smith, Mrs. Ralph Smith.

Blue Diamond, Ky.: Marie Dooley, Pauline Youter, Eldon Davis, Grover White, Ancy Boker, Homer Davis, Bill Davis, Stewart White, Tom Stidham, Harlan Young, Maggie Boker, Clyde Hamilton, Thelma Hamilton, Ermadene Hamilton, Lorene Davis, W. G. Dooley, Roy Begley, Jim Estes, Bessie Estes, Helen Begley, Kenneth Blythe, Kathleen Combs, Sarah Jane Graham, Jessie Rogers, Buck Collins, Charlie Davis, Cora Begley.

Austinville, Va.: Miss Flora Grimes.

Eckman, W. Va.: Virginia Parks, Billie Bowman, Elvia Miles, Freda Lambert, Ida Vaughn, Edith Parks.

Charleston, W. Va.: Ella Campbell, Florence Hoffman, Gertie Hoffman, Rhoda Hudson, Fred Lambert, Joseph Spurlock, Nola Maynard, Otis Maynard, Helen Kidd, Lydia Means, Ray Mallory.

Warrenton, N. C.: Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs. M. Word, Brother Laster, Emma Moon, C. C. Duscoe, Mrs. Ella Vaughan, Mrs. Annie Conor, Carl Burdick, Mrs. Mary Wortham.

Amarillo, Texas: Edna Stephenson.

Middlesboro, Ky.: Dit Yoakum, Tilman Bussell, Nath Turner, Nannie Heck, Geo. Lewis, Oylee Wilder, Sister Noe, Mable Noe, Hester Turner, Mary Lynch, Sam Holcomb, C. W. Everly.

Cloudland, Ga.: Will Deering, Lelah Deering, Venia Magnusson, King Magnusson, Dewey Martin, Minnie Martin, L. E. Galloway, Lena Galloway, Dallace Roberson, Viola Roberson, Roberta Galloway, Luther Deering.

Menlo, Ga.: Melvin Deering, Jud Cavin, Roe Lee Langston, John Chappler, Ted Vaughan, Mrs. Ted Vaughan, Edna Vaughan, Clyde Hughes, Florence Deering, Bess Cavin, Mrs. Walt Langston, Lula Chappler, Robert Parker, Bertha Vaughan, Jessie Vaughan, Myrtle Hughes.

Somersett, Ky.: S. L. Cooper, Edith Sadler, Louise Sadler, Lois Sadler, Mae Brumley, Arabelle Brumley, Marie Turpin, Flossie Turpin, Grace Stephens, Wandalee Stephens, Curtis Stephens, Marie Hughes, Ed Denham, Edna Mounce, Mary Betty Sadler, Beulah Green, Emma Brown, Marie Loy, Georgia Harres, Helen Duncan, Freeman Thompson, Jonell Colyer, Doris Lee Green, Martha Mullinax, Othniel Brenson, Archie Hughes, Russell Hughes, Shurley Mullinax, Lydia Beasley, M. B. Stephens.

Twila, Ky.: Miss Ida Brock, Mrs. Irene Morgan, Mrs. Beatrice Howard.

Elizabethton, Tenn.: Mrs. Mollie Vaughan, Covington, Ky.: Ethel Holman, Georgetta Thacker, Hazel Tucker, Opal Johnson, Johnnie Johnson, Lake Campbell, J. T. Holman.

Brewstertown, Tenn.: Homer Needum, C. R. Ford, Frona Berry, Ollie Mondy, Anna Brewster, Cecil York.

Huntington, W. Va.: Dink Adkins, Vernon Ratcliff, Walter Young, Miss Helen Sutor, Dan Statton, Mrs. Hubert Poynter, Mrs. Joan Hardwick, M. M. Mortenson, Mrs. M. M. Mortenson, Mrs. Delphus Poynter, Mrs. Ruth Chapman, Herman Blore, Mrs. Lonnie Poynter, Miss Evelyn Stickler, Marguerite Clark, Mrs. Everett Poynter, Jack Kessick, Mr. Gray, Mrs. A. R. Poynter, Mrs. Sarah Goodrich, Alice Goodrich, Dorothy Stickler, Irene Poynter, Edna Stickler, Hobert Adkins, Delbert Adkins, Wilhelmina Bicker, Thelma McComus, Mrs.



Elsie Taylor, Nathan Elliott.  
Cleveland, Tenn.: Nellie Ballinger, John Black,  
J. S. Barnard, Melvin Stevenson, Willie Arrowood,  
Audrey Ballinger, Charlie Hicks, Mrs. J. S. Barnard.  
Mabscott, W. Va.: Cora Ivaldi, Sarah Farley,  
Gertrude Coleman, Levinida Boughman, R. E. Coleman,  
Ruth Hicks, Carl Eskins, Junior Farley, Violet Farley, James Boughman.

## Our Picture Gallery



MELVIN O. SMITH, Eldorado, Ill.  
*District Y. P. E. and Sunday  
School Superintendent*

Glad to have the pictures of our young people on the field. We have some of the best in the world.—Editor.

### State Y. P. E. Superintendents

Robert Johnson, South Carolina  
Leonard Newton, Illinois  
D. C. Barnes, Georgia  
S. L. Cooper, Kentucky  
Max L. Atkins, Tennessee  
Linwood Slay, Alabama  
Roy Douglas, Mississippi  
Mack Hatcher, Louisiana  
Paul Poteat, Washington, D. C., Maryland,  
Delaware, and part of Virginia  
Helen Rosson, Michigan  
Paul Stallings, North Carolina  
Elmer Boyd, California  
C. H. Sharp, Oklahoma  
A. J. Murray, Arkansas  
Wm. Stanfield, Florida  
W. H. Ward, Virginia  
Adrian Kirby, Ohio  
T. F. Blackwell, West Virginia  
Besse E. Jackson, Indiana  
Edgar Graves, Arizona  
J. C. Thompson, Texas

### IT IS WORTH REMEMBERING

That you cannot whitewash yourself by  
blackening others.  
That success comes in cans—failure in  
can'ts.  
That a day of worry is more exhausting  
than a week of work.  
That a sign on the door of opportunity  
reads—PUSH.  
That cheerfulness is what greases the axles  
of the world.  
That a dead fish floats down stream; a  
live one goes up.

—The Mountain Presbyterian.

### Children's Bible Lesson

(Continued from page 4)

you know who this boy was?

### LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY

"Father, we thank Thee for the night,  
And for the pleasant morning light,  
For rest and food and loving care,  
And all that makes the day so fair.

"Help us to do the things we should,  
To be to others kind and good,  
In all we do in work or play,

### Attention

All Y. P. E. officials everywhere:  
Please count and keep record of  
all honorary members attending  
your meetings. Local secretaries  
will report same to your state  
superintendent who may furnish  
the information to the general of-  
ficials.

Inasmuch as the Y. P. E. is an  
organization for the young people,  
we have arranged the contest es-  
pecially favoring the young peo-  
ple. I am sure no one will take ex-  
ception to this. Nevertheless, we  
want it strictly understood that  
we appreciate so very much all of  
our people attending these services  
and want you everyone to help in  
every way you can to make the  
Y. P. E. meetings the greatest  
blessings to our precious younger  
people.

Our young people everywhere  
need the counsel, prayers, advice  
and hearty co-operation of our  
older people, therefore, we invite  
you to the meetings and ask the  
Y. P. E. officials to see that a spe-  
cial count is made of our hono-  
rary members in attendance.

I certainly appreciate the co-  
operation being shown by the vari-  
ous state superintendents and the  
local churches in helping us to put  
into service more thoroughly a  
systematic reporting system. This  
is our first year to undertake this  
work in such proportion and we  
most earnestly solicit your co-op-  
eration in every way, and I high-  
ly appreciate any suggestion you  
have to offer toward helping us  
with this work. We are certainly  
ready to help you in every way we  
can in solving any of your  
problems and wish for everyone  
of you the greatest year in all of  
your work. We wish you and all  
the Sunday School officials the  
greatest year thus far in all your  
history.—Yours in His service, J.  
H. Walker.

To grow more loving every day."

### FINDING REST

Stand—walk, Jer. 6:16.

Run—become a servant, Isa. 40:31.

Wear a yoke—bear burdens, learn les-  
sons, Matt. 11:28-30.

Suffer, 2 Cor. 12:7-10.

Why it is we find rest in doing these  
things?

God is with us, Ex. 33:14.

We are laborers together with Him, 1  
Cor. 3:9.

He strengthens us, Isa. 41:10.

Supports us, Deut. 33:27.

We may cast our care on Him. 1 Pet.  
5:7.

(Memorize above scriptures)

### CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 4

#### Subject, "The Two Sides"

Let the foundation of this lesson be  
some part of the journeying of Paul and  
Barnabas—the two first missionaries—  
for instance, through Iconium and Lys-  
tra. Acts 14:1-20. Enclose in a large  
square three little squares in different  
colors, to represent Iconium, Derbe and  
Lystra. Tell what the missionaries did  
at Iconium. Draw out, incidentally that  
the people there were divided; "part  
held with the Jews, and part with the  
apostles;" and if you can do so with-  
out diverting the attention too much  
from the missionary thought of the les-  
son, make a moment's practical applica-  
tion by drawing a white line through  
the little square representing the city,  
and proceeding something as follows:  
"Do you know, I think that this is the  
way it is among children—and right in  
this class. There is a line drawn here.  
Part of my class love and obey Jesus  
and part do not. We can not see the  
line, but God can. Sometimes we can  
tell by the way children act which side  
of the line they are on, but God does  
not have to wait for their acts. He  
knows all about it right now. He knows  
the heart at all times."

What are some actions that make you  
know which side you are on? Give six  
different things you will do if you are  
on the Lord's side. Now give six differ-  
ent things you will do if you are on  
Satan's side. After you have made this  
test make a talk to the unsaved boys  
and girls and if possible lead them to  
Christ.

### My Resolution

(Continued from page 20.)

My prayer is, "God in heaven, help us  
to seek Thy divine approval upon our  
undertakings during the year of nineteen  
hundred thirty-nine that we might be  
better soldiers, very attentive, ready to  
fire at Thy command."

May God's richest blessings rest upon  
one and all and may the New Year add  
another star to your crown.



### The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

through my yielded life." When the old worldly habits are gone and souls are being born into the kingdom through your efforts, you'll look back and say, Why didn't I do it sooner?

### The Girl Who Found Herself

(Continued from page 3)

he waited for her? What was in her mother's mind? Helen was conscious of all this, and yet she could not, would not, leave. Her soul was strangely thrilled.

Tom had started his car and now waited directly in front of the church. When Helen failed to appear, he grew anxious and soon jumped from his car and went in search of her. He darted up the steps of the church now deserted, and ran into this room and that, but found no trace of Helen.

Of course, he heard the singing of the "crazy" crowd in the class-meeting room, but he knew there would be little hope of finding Helen there.

Yea, who would look for the charming Helen Golden in a class-meeting room, where they got down on their knees to pray and where they sang old-fashioned hymns and gave testimonies and told what Jesus had done for them. And yet—stranger things had happened.

"She's tricked me," hissed Tom, in his futile attempt to locate Helen, and he drove away alone, hot with anger and bitter with disappointment.

### AN OLD-FASHIONED TESTIMONIAL MEETING

If I could only tell you about this gracious testimony meeting! I want you to see it and hear it as it was—this glorious time when it seemed that heaven and earth met in that class-meeting room.

Bob West was in charge of the meeting; that is, he was the human leader. This was the anniversary of his conversion. It was just one year ago since he was saved. It was all planned and arranged that he should tell something of his experience, for the folk who had a similar experience loved to hear it repeated.

How happy and peaceful he looked as he stood before that small but interested company of young people. He was rather large and athletic in stature, and his face was beaming as it emitted the glory and unction that was in his heart. Bob was handsome naturally, but now he was more than handsome, as the glory of the Holy Spirit lighted his countenance.

"I feel like a millionaire," he was saying, half laughing and half crying. "My heart is so full and I have so much to tell that I hardly know where to be-

gin. Oh, glory!"

And many others joined in with Bob in his demonstration, as they shouted "Glory to God," over and over again.

Helen sat there, her face fixed upon Bob West. She did not feel especially out of place, nor did she want to leave the room. She was anxious to hear him tell his experience, for she could see without a shadow of doubt that he truly was possessed of something that bordered on the miraculous. She strained her ears to catch every word, and at times wished the others were quieter so she would not miss even a word.

"Well, you know I went to the camp-meeting. It was just a year ago today. I am one year old today, spiritually speaking. And by the grace of God, I can tell you I am a healthy one-year-old baby, too. There has been lots of talk about that camp-meeting, and I never lose an opportunity to tell about it and what God did for me there. It was kind of you to want this anniversary service.

"When I made up my mind to go, I was a bit suspicious, for I had heard that strange things happen in camp-meetings, and I wanted to be careful so that I would not be classed with those people. I professed to be a Christian, you know, and I was a worker in the church, and apparently I was satisfied.

"I found the camp-meeting out in the country about ten miles from a railroad. I thought it was a strange place for a meeting, and wondered if anybody would come away out there. To my surprise when I arrived, I found the grounds literally covered with small tents, and hundreds of people on the grounds.

"I cannot explain it to you, but from the moment I put my feet upon that ground I felt I was in a sacred place, and that the very earth itself was hallowed with His presence. The people were so happy and kind and courteous, and made me feel that I was welcome, and before I knew it all my suspicions and doubts about camp-meetings disappeared, and I grew anxious for the services. I heard prayer issuing from some of the tents, and an occasional 'Hallelujah' and 'Praise the Lord' penetrated the air. But this did not disturb me in the least. Truth is, I wished that I could say it myself."

Bob stopped for a moment, as the tears of joy trickled down his face, and others that listened wiped their eyes. Even Helen felt a film in her eyes and a peculiar sensation in her heart.

"Well, the meeting began. It started at seven, right after supper. A testimony meeting was the first part, together with the songs, and oh, what witnessing there was to the power of Jesus, and how those people sang. Really, they literally sang from the bottom of their feet to the tops of their heads. But

I could not sing. It seemed as though I were stunned—I sat there in silence as I gazed and I strained my ears to hear every syllable.

"Then the preacher began to preach. He had none of the formalities that we are so accustomed to seeing, but simply took his text and launched into his sermon. 'My text is in the third chapter of the Gospel of John,' he began. 'Ye must be born again.' I can almost remember his very words. 'If there are any texts on the gates of heaven, the one I am using tonight will be there. No one can possibly get through to the golden streets of that celestial city unless they have been born again. Too many people today have tried to get in some other way, and therefore they know not the joy of salvation, nor are they able to spiritually discern. They are working to be saved while their lives have not been transformed by the power of God. They have no ringing testimony, no glorious transformation—they are not new creatures in Christ Jesus; old things have not passed away and all things become new. They are trying to please God in the flesh, when God says that it is impossible to do so. 'Flesh is flesh and Spirit is Spirit, the Lord has told us, and flesh can never by any human process be anything but flesh. It may be educated flesh, proud, haughty, refined, rich and cultured—but flesh is flesh. Ye must be born again.'

"I do not remember much more of the sermon," Bob continued. "But I felt something grip my heart and a voice seemed to say, 'You have not been born again. You have not the joy of salvation.' And I had to answer to that All-knowing Mind, 'That is true.'

"The preacher went on, and God evidently blessed him in a wonderful way, for there was shouting and praising from every corner, and when the preacher had finished, he gave an invitation to all those who had not truly been born again to come to the altar.

"I saw many arise from different parts of the wooden tabernacle, and go weeping to the altar (which was made of long planks placed on stakes which had been driven in the ground, and straw strewn over the ground all about). I could not move, nor sing, nor speak. Conviction had seized my heart. I wanted that experience, but I sat motionless. Directly the preacher asked all those who knew beyond a doubt that they were twice-born creatures—that is, they knew they were born again as well, if not better, than they knew their own names, or knew that the light was shining from the lamps,—to arise to their feet as a testimony to the power of God to save. What a strange proposition, I thought. I had never heard such a thing. Could anybody stand? And, to my surprise, hundreds all about stood,



some shouting 'Yes, glory to God!' while others simply cried with joy.

"Of course, I could not stand. I would not lie. I would not blaspheme God. I knew I had never had the experience of which he spoke. I was not born again. As I sat there, conflicting emotions battling for supremacy, a fatherly hand was placed upon my shoulder and one of the sweetest voices I ever heard spoke softly in my ear, as I felt a hot tear fall upon my head, 'Won't you let me lead you to the altar and help you pray through to God?' the blessed man asked. And hardly before I knew what I was doing, I was racing down the straw-covered aisle to fall at that planked altar.

"Voices of prayer from hundreds, it seemed, were all about me. I could hardly hear my own voice, as I began to cry to God to let me be born again. I wanted that experience. I needed it. I must have it. I was in earnest and so were the people, and so was the Lord—praise His matchless name.

"I told God I would surrender all. I would give up everything. I would withhold nothing. I told Him that if He would give me that experience so that I could know it in my heart better than I knew my name was Bob West, I would tell it every place I had opportunity. I told Him I would endeavor to lead others into the glorious experience. I prayed, and I wept, and the people prayed and cried and shouted, and the dear brother who had whispered in my ear kept repeating, 'He's coming; He's coming; He's coming. Keep right on; keep right on. Pray through. Strike the bottom and you'll strike fire.'

"Well, I must have struck bottom, for I struck fire. Something came into my heart and took my burden away, and I jumped to my feet and screamed, 'Glory to God! I've been born again!' I grasped the precious old man who had been my guide and hugged him until I knew his breath was mostly gone. Oh, hallelujah, friends, I still have the experience this morning. It is sweeter and better, and I love Jesus more than ever, and mean by the grace of God to go through with Him."

And Bob fell into his chair, as "amens" and "glories" broke forth in the classroom.

What a scene it was for Helen Golden. She wished that Bob had not stopped, but had continued, and told more. Could such a thing be possible? Could one truly have God in one's heart and know it positively? Would the God of the universe witness to one's heart that the new birth had occurred? She marvelled and wondered and pondered.

Bob said he felt like a millionaire, and Helen was a child of a millionaire,

yet at that moment she knew she was very, very poor. She was in spiritual poverty, empty, unhappy, lost and burdened. "O God," she spoke from the depth of her heart. "O Jesus."

Someone began to sing and others joined in until the room rang with song praise—

*"Sweeter as the years go by,  
Sweeter as the years go by;  
Richer, fuller, deeper,  
Jesus' love is sweeter,  
Sweeter as the years go by."*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### The Christian's Inventory

(Continued from page 8)

marks of a Christian. In Matthew 5 Christ says that if we love only those who love us, that the publicans do that much and not only tells us to love our enemies, but to bless those who curse us, and do good to those that hate us and pray for them which despitefully use us, and persecute us. As we examine our attitudes, do they measure up to Christ's teaching?

*The Examination Is An Individual Responsibility.*—In the scripture at the beginning of our lesson we were told to examine ourselves and this is an individual responsibility. Someone else cannot do it for us but only as we do it in the light of the Scriptures will we be able to make such an inventory of our lives. It would be an awful thing to go through life being deceived by really thinking we were a child of God when we were not and find out too late to make the needed preparations. Therefore, we are admonished to "examine ourselves whether we be in the faith." Is our life really in conformity with Christ or are we depending on church membership or on some other way to get us to heaven? Jesus says, "I am the way," and He said if any tried to get in any other way they were thieves and robbers. So let us be sure of our salvation that we be in Christ and then it is that we become new creatures, old things are passed away, and behold all things become new, 2 Cor. 5: 17.

As we make this examination let us ask God to help us that we do it in the right way, for some may become discouraged as they are made to realize their failures while others may be tempted to be exalted over the things they have been able to accomplish.

*The Result of an Honest and Intelligent Inventory.*—Such an inventory as we have been considering should enable us to be a better Christian this year than we have been in the past. It should cause us to take hold of faith in such a way that wherein we have failed during the past year we may be able to succeed in the year 1939, and in so doing may be able to come to its close with

a conqueror's tread. For some, this year may be the very beginning of the real life, for only as we have Christ enthroned in our lives do we really live; and for some, it may be the completion of the Christian life as they are called from this world and say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

God grant that whether we live to see the completion of another year or be called from this earth before it shall come to a close that we shall have so lived that God shall be glorified for "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." John 15:8.

Let this poem by W. Robertson, found in the center of page 8 be our prayer at the beginning of this new year.

### The Narrow Path

(Continued from page 10)

saw he was enjoying it deeply.

When they prayed, Sally thought she could hear her mother as she once prayed, that God would bless in the service and save souls.

Soon Rev. Blaine began his message. He took his text in Matt. 7:13, 14 and began to read, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way."

Lawrence looked at Sally—he was trembling.

Rev. Blaine preached a short sermon under the power of the Holy Ghost. An altar call was given and Lawrence and Sally found their way to an altar of prayer through a stream of tears.

They found Christ as their personal Savior and in a few nights they were shouting the praises of God and speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

Their home was now even much happier than it had been before, for Jesus was dwelling with them. They were now loyal members of the Church of God, doing what they could to advance His kingdom.

Two years passed and one evening they were in their living room as usual, the atmosphere and stillness much the same as it was the evening Lawrence found Rev. Blaine's picture in the paper telling of the revival at the little Church of God. Except tonight their thoughts were quite different. Lawrence was reading the Bible. He lifted his eyes to Sally and with tears streaming down his face he said, "Dear, I've got to go. There are so many souls on the broad road. The harvest is ripe but the laborers are few. I have prayed and prayed that God would have His way. I hate to leave our little home and these quiet, peaceful evenings around the fire, but He says 'Go' and what else can I do?"

Sally was crying too, as she spoke, "I



knew it, dear, I felt your call, too, but I wanted you to be persuaded in your own mind. I felt like it wouldn't be long until you would step out on the battlefield to win souls for God. After all, what good will things of this life do us at the end of the way; or what of the poor souls that are going down to everlasting destruction? We must work for God. What if Rev. Blaine had never stepped out for God, where would we have been? I wonder if we wouldn't still have been traveling on down the hill on the broad road."

That night they went to sleep happier than they'd been since the night they were saved, because they had decided to cut loose from everything of the world and preach the gospel of Jesus to a dying world.

The years passed on. The Lord rewarded them wonderfully for their labor. Souls were being saved in every revival. Sometimes a hard trial would come and things would look a little dark, but then they would remember the rough places in the narrow path that Lawrence had seen in his dream. And they then would take hold of new courage and pray that God would keep them on the narrow path, that they wouldn't wander to the side and get on one of the broad roads.

One day just after they had closed a successful revival, Lawrence was taken seriously ill. Sally and the other good saints prayed and the Lord blessed but no victory came over the illness.

Sally solemnly resigned herself to the will of God and said, "Lord, Thy will be done." She felt much better.

Days passed, and her companion grew steadily worse. Finally, one day, he motioned for Sally to come closer. She knelt by his bed and he feebly kissed her, and now, Sally could see that same light in his face, that she saw in her mother's face when, as a child, she knelt by her bed, the same way as she was now kneeling beside Lawrence.

She knew her husband was slipping away from her.

He whispered softly, "Darling, I'm so happy. I can see Jesus ready to welcome me home and it seems I can hear Him say, 'Well done, my good and faithful servant, Enter ye into the joys of the Lord.' I'll be waiting for you, dear, I know you'll be there, just keep right on traveling the straight and narrow way, turning neither to the left nor to the right for fear you be overtaken by temptation, but keep your eyes on Jesus and you'll make it through."

And with these words he looked upward and praised the Lord. The light was still shining in his face and seemed to keep getting brighter. In a moment he smiled and Sally knew her Lawrence had gone to be with Jesus.

She then realized that once more she

was left alone but as the thought ran through her mind she heard a low, sweet voice saying, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

With praises to God she raised to her feet with new courage to go on, but not alone—for Jesus was with her.

### Exchange Page

(Continued from page 18)

ing me from a world of sin. As I see the turmoil of life about me and the signs of His appearing again to catch away His waiting children, it makes me more determined to press this battle on for Him and let my life be a testimony for His wonderful love and mercy. I also thank Him for healing me when I was sick and truly want to do more for Him each day.

We have a wonderful band of young people here at Santa Ana Gardens and we are growing all the time. Some have been saved only recently and we are striving to do our part to help build a new church here for we surely need it. Pray for us that we will always be in the center of God's divine will and be ready to do what He would have us do.—*Albert L. Dewoody, Santa Ana, Cal.*

—\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

I praise the Lord because we can say we have a Y. P. E. in Shrewsbury, W. Va. Although I have never written to the Lighted Pathway it gives me the greatest of pleasure to write at this time. We only have a few members in our Y. P. E. but we are fully trusting the Lord who knows all things, and who is able to bring lost and wandering souls to the fold.

The Lighted Pathway surely is a blessing to us all. I can hardly wait until it is time for each issue to come in. Sometimes I can read this paper and shed bitter tears but at other times there is a great joy flooding my soul. I think it is one of the best religious papers I have ever read.—*Beulah Lane, Shrewsbury, W. Va.*

—\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' precious name. I praise the Lord for a willing worker like you and a paper like the Lighted Pathway. It's a wonderful paper for saint and sinner. When I read it it's food to my soul, praise the Lord.

I am a group captain in our Y. P. E. at Hope Mill, N. C. and I really enjoy doing even little things for God.

Sister Harrison, pray and request prayer for our Y. P. E. and me too. Oh! I do want the Holy Ghost.

I would like to correspond with any one who wishes to write.—*Miss Bernice Tompkins, Lakedale, N. C.*

—\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

I feel so encouraged about our Y. P.

E. that I just must write you.

We organized the second Sunday in September, 1937, with thirteen members and have forty-six enrolled now. When we organized there were only two Christians and now about twenty of our members are saved. The ones who are not saved are just as willing to take part and help with the programs as the Christians.

Brother Charlie Cook is our Y. P. E. president and Sister Kathleen Cook and Sister Lois Poff are our group captains. We are certainly proud of them and their splendid work.

On November 12 Brother C. H. Sharp and wife visited us. Brother Sharp is our state Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent. He certainly has his heart in the work and God is blessing him. We were greatly helped and encouraged by his visit. Let me say to every Y. P. E. member in the state of Oklahoma, we should willingly make every sacrifice possible to help him stay on the field, for he is a blessing to every Y. P. E. he visits.

We enjoy the Lighted Pathway for the wonderful programs that we find in it and could hardly get along without it. We thank God for your help, Sister Harrison, for you are a blessing to the young people. Keep praying for us and for our Y. P. E. at Moren Chapel.—*Flora M. Anthony, Ft. Gibson, Okla.*

—\*—

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been a reader of the Lighted Pathway since the August issue of 1938. I still have the copy of this paper and each one since is a little sweeter than the one before. I anxiously look forward from one month to another when I receive the paper. I first turn through its pages, glance at each item and author, then turn back to our Editor's message and read it as a letter direct to me, and many times I find myself wishing I could be so near you that I could put my arms about you and say, "Mother Harrison, you are precious indeed."

Our Y. P. E. is moving along nicely, working with the power from God. We, as officers, agreed to keep up the Endeavor by sticking to our post just as the Lord enabled us. Our Y. P. E. is very young and we have many unsaved ones and some not sanctified or filled with the Holy Ghost, but we are crying to the Lord daily for the uplifting of our Y. P. E. Please pray for us.

The most interesting story I have read is "At the Crossroads." It brings tears to my eyes and also teaches many lessons. The beginning was very good but the ending unspeakable. I am trusting that we will have many stories as good as it.

I am thanking God monthly for the Editor's message. It has brought me to



the place where I am not afraid to die.

Our Y. P. E. superintendent is dear Elder Higiens from Higiens Land who is also our pastor. We are very thankful for him.

I am filled with the Holy Ghost and can also say:

*"I have given up all for Jesus,  
This vain world is naught to me;  
All its pleasures are forgotten  
In remembering Calvary.  
Though my friends despise, forsake me,  
And on me the world looks cold,  
I've a friend that will stand by me  
When the pearly gates unfold.*

### Mission Page

(Continued from page 15)

over there in the homeland. The Lord's coming is surely nigh at hand and we must each do our part, whatever it may be, to rescue as many souls as possible from that awful doom. May God give us a greater vision of lost souls is my earnest prayer. Amen.

NOTE: Young people, I am sure Brother George and his sister, Blossom, would be glad to have a nice letter from some of you. How about letting them know you appreciate them?—Editor.

### Attention Y. P. E. Workers

A few complaints are coming in that at some places they do not observe the rules for the National Contest. I am quite sure that this is not intentional and must be an oversight on the part of the leaders. Please let us stick closely to our contest rules so that when the banner is awarded at our next Assembly we will have a good clear conscience that we won honestly. It may seem a small thing but any stepping aside from the right is big in God's sight. Please refer to your December number of the Lighted Pathway, page 25, for your contest information.—Editor.

### "The Unbroken Circle"

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

We have another short play also, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," which you could use in your programs. Price 10c. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and do nothing for your meetings and depend on God doing it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—Editor.

### Twenty Thousand Circulation Goal Is Set For This Year

Just listen to this: Five dollars in cash will be given each month to the Y. P. E. selling the largest number of papers during the month. You must be selling 50 papers before entering the contest. You must send us the name of your Y. P. E. so that we will know that you have entered the contest. The pastor or clerk must stand good for papers. Please do not forget to send in your order before the 10th of the month for extra papers. The money for the papers must be in by the 10th of the following month after they are received in order to count in the contest.—Editor.

### Prize For January

Brother James Hicks of Hartwell, Ga. is the happy winner of the five dollars for January. Come on Y. P. E. workers, don't let Brother Hicks get the prize every month. You will have to work hard if you win it.—Editor.

### New Gideons

Mrs. Archie Franklin, Holbrook, Ky.  
Bee Day, Whitesburg, Ky.  
J. T. Kirkland, Starke, Fla.  
Clyde Whittaker, Richmond, Ky.  
Newton Ward, Danville, Va.  
J. T. Allen, Winokur, Ga.  
J. P. Caray, Brunswick, Ga.  
Lewis Alderman, Ft. Pierce, Fla.  
Pearlene Bradley, Meadville, Miss.  
Clara Fordham, Salina, Okla.  
Clifton Fugate, Vicco, Ky.  
James Kitchen, Birmingham, Ala.  
Miss Naomi Johnston, Slaton, Texas.  
Miss Pansy Clairday, Nettleton, Ark.  
Mildred Reed, Pratt City, Ala.  
Lang Weese, Moorefield, W. Va.  
D. C. Cochran, Smyrna, S. C.  
W. E. Dowdy, Montgomery, Ala.  
Miss Kate Earls, Cedar Bluff, Va.  
Marjorie Wright, Jasper, Ala.  
J. C. Hatter, Bessemer, Ala.  
Ruth Gill, Sarepta, Miss.  
Mrs. Emmet Westbrook, Sumiton, Ala.  
Mildred Glaze, Lane, Okla.  
Edd Scott, Thornton, Ky.  
Edith Lawson, Millstone, Ky.  
Mrs. A. M. Wasson, Moorhead, Miss.  
Selma Blake, Albermarle, N. C.  
John Smith, Carbon, Ind.  
Miss Doris Collier, Seminole, Okla.  
Miss Betty Simonton, Seminole, Okla.  
Miss Lena Brewer, Toccoa, Ga.  
Edith Lawson, Millstone, Ky.  
Granville Doyle Duggins, El Centro, Calif.  
Miss Evelyn Willex, Blairsville, Ga.  
Mary Steele, Pensacola, Fla.  
Elizabeth McDaniell, Dillon, S. C.  
Irene Kerce, Lakeland, Fla.  
Della B. Gribble, Ridgely, Tenn.

J. E. Edwards, Valley Creek, Tenn.  
Mrs. Monroe Bailey, Isola, Miss.  
Margaret Joe Poe, Latexo, Texas.  
Jimmie Lou McClure, Harrisburg, Pa.  
Mrs. Sadie Fletcher, Warfield, Ky.  
Lois Winters, Logan, W. Va.  
Robert L. Sherrill, Tennille, Ga.  
C. T. Curtsinger, Ada, Okla.  
Marjorie Olson, Minot, N. Dak.  
Ethel Lewis, Gadsden, Ala.  
Virginia A'Im, Lewistown, Mont.  
Frances Crosby, Valdosta, Ga.  
Ada Hunter, Haylow, Ga.  
Luna Bell Brinson, Thomasville, Ga.  
J. W. Yearta, Iron City, Ga.  
G. E. Poole, Brunswick, Ga.  
Willie Daniels, Bristol, Ga.  
Ruby Reaves, Marietta, S. C.  
Wayne Kellum, McCool, Miss.  
Rachel Thompson, Man, W. Va.  
Mrs. Gertrude Armstrong, Lexington, Ky.  
Margaret Goodrich, Lexington, Ky.  
Elmer Cash, Lexington, Ky.  
Mrs. Carl L. Ray, Eupora, Miss.  
Mrs. Earl Hamman, Kinston, N. C.  
Mrs. Lawrence Lowe, Shawneetown, Ill.  
Mrs. Ruby Harris, Rockmart, Ga.  
Margaret Wales, Kentwood, La.  
Esther Whitmire, Carlisle, Pa.  
E. J. Walton, Brilliant, Ala.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who are going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

Our stock on heaven's market is below par when our hearts are not humble.

### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor  
Cleveland, Tennessee

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# Glints of Knowledge



This news from Russia should be a tonic to our listless, easy-going Christianity:

In the last six months of 1937, some 15,000 petitions were sent in to the GPU (Secret Police) for permission to found religious parishes. Since for every one such petition twenty signatures are required, 300,000 men in Soviet Russia have had the courage in this way to confess Christ in spite of all persecutions.

A mid-western sociologist has just compiled the statistics which show America spent in bets on horse races exactly the amount spent on the public school system of the nation.

In New York a gambling house was found to be operated by relief checks. In fact, a person could not get in that gambling den except by showing a relief check at the door.

Chicago alone spends \$250,000,000 annually for commercial amusements—movies, dance halls, etc. Think of the food, clothing, and other lines of business which would be helped if the money could be so used.

## New Ideals of Youth

This is No. 1 of 50 of theses contained in Official Guide for schooling Hitler Youth in Austria. Here is a short selection:

Christianity is Communism.

Christianity puts Negroes and Whites on the same footing.

The New Testament is a Jewish twist of four evangelists.

The Church regularly employs force and terrorism.

The Bible is a sequel to the Talmud.

Christianity has corrupted Germans by teaching them things like adultery and theft which they never knew before.

Christianity is a Jewish substitute made by Jews, Central Office, Rome.

Jesus is a Jew.

How did Christ die? (Whining at the Cross.) And how Planetta? (Shouting "Heil Hitler!") (Planetta was sentenced to death for the murder of Dollfus.—*Editor*)

The ten commandments express the lowest instincts of mankind.

The Catholic Church opposes the national ambitions of the German people.

No one wants any new churches. We build stadiums.

The new Eternal City is Nuremberg. Rome is doomed.

Fifteen thousand Austrian "Hitler boys" are being instructed on those lines long approved of and tried in Germany.—*GINNA in Time & Tide, London.*

## Chiang Kai-shek Not Through Yet

Despite the claims of the victors that the war is over, the Generalissimo declares that he will fight on. Inside word comes that the will of the Chinese people, especially the young men, is to resist to the last ditch. Even in sections "conquered" long ago the Japanese control but a small part of the territory—just a few miles either side of the railway lines—and the guerrilla bands of embattled farmers are causing the conquerors plenty of trouble. The Japanese are troubled more than they care to admit. One of their expeditions against these bands of raiders suffered a loss of 2,000 men, but this was never given any publicity in the press. But how the Chinese can continue to resist without fresh supplies is a question: with all seaports closed, where can they get munition?

Of the 600,000 Jews in Germany, 120,000 have left the country since 1933. There are two million persons in Germany having only slight strains of Jewish blood, who are branded as non-Aryan, and are placed under the same ban as those having the pure strain of Jewish blood. There are 1,400 Jewish communities, and of these, 276 are entirely dependent upon relief. Twenty-five thousand of the Jews banished from Germany have fled to France. Of this number more than 800 were one time professors in various universities of Germany.

A. Bernard Leckie of the Federal Bureau of Investigation states that crime increased 6.2 per cent during the last seven months with a murder every thirty-nine minutes.

It has been officially reported to a committee of the House of Representatives investigating unpatriotic movements that we have among us a half million German-Americans who favor the Nazi movement.

Members of this organization boast they intend never to become American citizens and scoff at American ideals and instructions of government. They hold military drill every Tuesday night. The goose-step is used. They say they are dissatisfied with the American form of government, which should be National Socialist instead, and under one leader, such as Hitler. Their entire loyalty is to Germany and they openly confess this.

Priscilla Murphy, 16-year-old school girl, flew alone over Boston, youngest girl flier in America. A thousand years ago, one fighting man could have de-

stroyed a thousand such girls. Now, one girl from an airplane might easily wipe out ten thousand men.

Our sun is nearly 95,000,000 miles away, and its diameter is 865,000 miles. The temperature at the center of the sun is 50,000,000 degrees.

See Aldebaran, so large that it would make fifty of our suns! Then turn to Vega, just above our heads at night, which star is able to contain one hundred suns like ours and leave room for more. Arcturus and little Deneb could easily hide away ten thousand suns the size of ours and have abundant room within its circumference for other worlds! Stop for a few hours and wonder!

## The Earth Beneath Us

I am informed from authentic geological resources that heat increases as we go down in the earth perpendicularly, one degree Fahrenheit every sixty feet; so, in this proportion we would only have to go down sixty miles into the depths of Old Mother Earth to strike a roaring red hot ocean of flame 6,000 miles in diameter and 26,000 miles in circumference, covered only by an envelope of dirt and rock sixty miles thick.

The commissioner of Education of the Soviet Republic said: We hate Christians. Even the best of them must be regarded as our worst enemies. They preach love to one's neighbor and pity, which is contrary to our principles. Christian love is a hindrance to the development of the revolution. Down with love for one's neighbor. What we want is hatred. We must know how to hate, for only at this price can we conquer the universe. We have done with the kings of the earth; let us now deal with the kings of the skies. All religions are poison. They intoxicate and deaden the mind, the will and the conscience. A fight to the death must be declared upon religion. Our task is to destroy all kinds of religion, all kinds of morality.

An average of five new comets are said to be discovered by astronomers every year.

The United Presbyterian church this year paid per capita \$22.42. They have only 185,065 members. They maintain 225 mission stations in foreign fields.

The United States alone has nineteen Methodist branches. Of these nineteen Methodist bodies nine are white and ten are negro. Of the 10,040,082 communicants 9,887,334 are in six churches and only 152,738 in the other thirteen.



## *He Lost His Way*

This life's a middlin' crooked trail, and after forty year'  
Of knocking around, I'm free to say the right ain't always clear.  
I've seen a lot of folks go wrong—git off the main high-road  
And fetch up in a swamp somewhere, almost before they knowed.

I don't pertend to be no jedge o' right and wrong in men;  
I ain't been perfect all my life and may not be again;  
And sometimes when I see a chap who seems plumb gone astray,  
I think perhaps he started right, but somehow lost his way.

I like to think the good in them by far outweighs the ill,  
The trail of life is middlin' hard, and lots uphill.  
There's places where there ain't no guides or signboards up, an' so  
It's partly guesswork and partly luck which way you chance to go.

I've seen the trails fork some myself, and when I had to choose,  
I wasn't sure when I struck out if it was win or lose.  
So when I see a man who looks as though he'd gone astray,  
I like to think he started right an' somehow lost his way.

I've seen a lot of 'em start out with grit and spunk to scale  
Th' hills that purple over there, an' somehow lose the trail.  
I've seen 'em stop and start again, not sure about the road;  
An' found 'em lost on some blind trail, a'most before they knowed.

I've seen 'em circlin', tired out, with every pathway blind,  
With cliffs before 'em, mountains high, and sloughs and swamps behind.  
I've seen 'em strainin' through th' dusk, when twilight's gettin' grey,  
A-lookin' for the main highway; poor chaps who've lost th' way.

It ain't so far from right to wrong, the trail ain't hard to lose,  
There's times I'd almost give me horse to know which one to choose.  
There ain't no signboards on the road to keep you on the track,  
Wrong's sometimes white as driven snow, and Right looks awful black.

I don't set up to be no jedge o' right nor wrong in men;  
I've lost the trail sometimes myself—I may get lost again.  
So if I see some chap who looks as though he'd gone astray,  
I want to shove my hand in his and help him on the way.

—Temperance Scrap Book.



The

# LIGHTED PATHWAY

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

VOL. 10

MARCH, 1939

No. 3

## Opportunity

By WALTER MALONE

(1866-1915)

They do me wrong who say I come no more,  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day;  
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and dead and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Tho' deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;  
I lend my arm to all who say "I can."  
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep  
But yet might rise and be again a man.

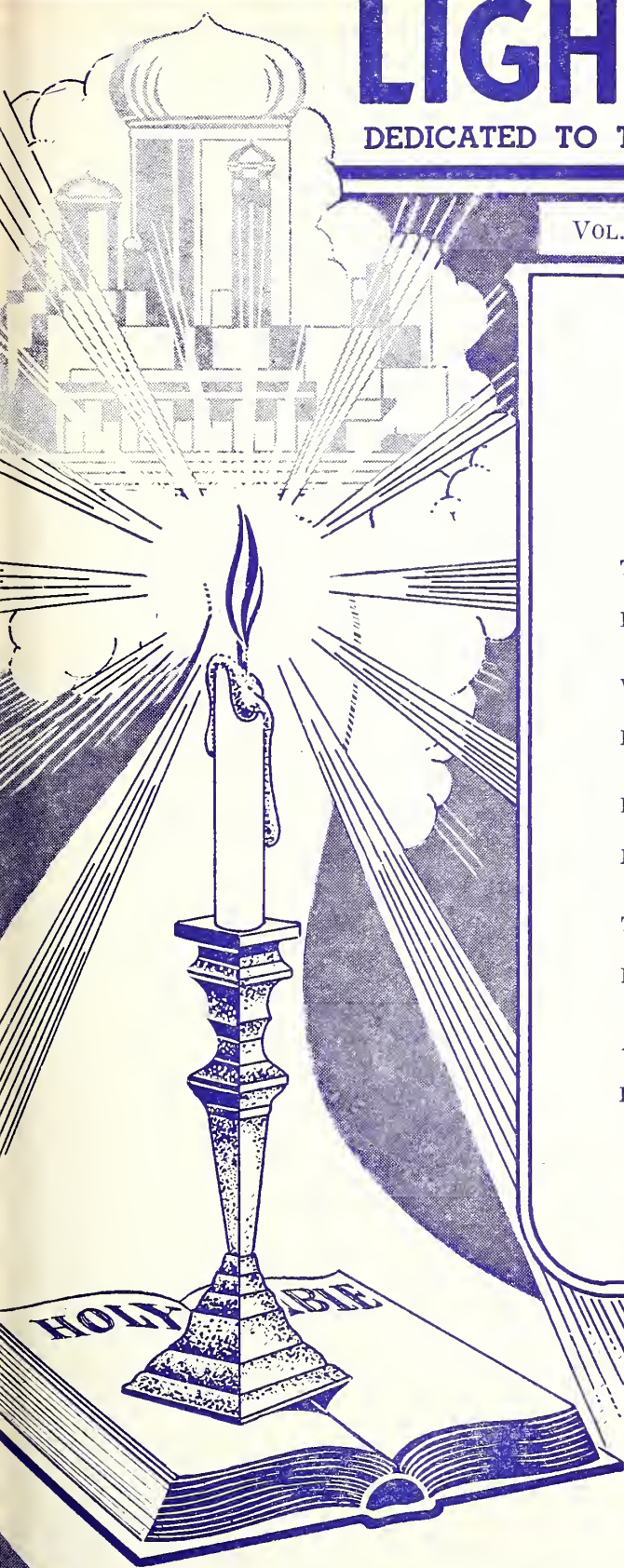
Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven!  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven!

—Watchman-Examiner.

"Thy word is a lamp  
unto my feet and a  
light unto my path."

Psalm 119:105

Jesus,  
the Light  
of the world."







# The Editor's Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

As we are well on our way on the new year we feel that we should think about something that will help us in our work for the Master throughout the year, for



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

I am sure that every real child of God is anxious to be a blessing during the year. The prayer that I pray each morning on awaking is, Lord, use me today and make me a blessing. Will you, during the new year pray this prayer with me? I do want to be a blessing, so we

are writing about some ways we can bless those about us. Prayer is the most wonderful thing in the world. But to pray and not put feet to our prayers is useless, for the Word of God tells us that faith without works is dead.

Some time ago the poem in the center of the page came to me as a real call to write this message. The Lord understands my love for poetry and so He speaks to me in this way many times. This poem is a question and should be answered by each individual. Here is our message to you:

The Church of God is an evangelistic church. We are glad it is. We would refuse to belong to a church that was not so. A church or a person which fails to have a passion for souls is dead, spiritually speaking, and has lost the vision of Christ's mission to this world. I am sure almost every Church of God has had a revival already this assembly year. The question we want to ask the readers of the Lighted Pathway is, Does your responsibility cease when the revival is over and when you have won a soul to Jesus? This is a serious question. You go back in the congregation and put your arm around that boy or girl and they go to the altar and pray through. Does responsibility cease then? It may be a young man or woman from the dance hall or some one from a gambling den. A young man or woman may come to your services from the higher walks of life. Conviction has seized them and they leave all to follow Christ. Is the battle won? No, the life of a Christian is one of constant warfare. When a soul is newly saved he comes up against experiences he has never faced before. Will he be able to stand alone or will he need you to help him? He has been deserted by his old friends. They have

left him since he took the way of the cross and he must go alone unless you become his friend.

We notice so often in our Y. P. E. that certain ones will clique together and forget those who are new in the way. I believe someone has said that many of our young people are afflicted with Clique-i-tis and I am sure it is true with some but not all. It is a dangerous disease and will kill any Y. P. E. unless it is cured at once.

Yes, our new converts need your help and encouragement. Without it they may fall and you will be responsible.

Christian workers, do you visit your new converts in their homes? This is very important. Perhaps their old friends

## LEST HE FALL

When you win a soul to Jesus  
Do you think your task is o'er?  
Do you think that since you've won him  
You need now do nothing more?

When you've won a soul to Jesus  
Do you figure yourself through?  
Do you stand by idly watching,  
Wond'ring what he's going to do?

When you've won a soul to Jesus  
Do you think you've done your best,  
If you say to him, "I've won you,  
Now you'll have to do the rest"?

When you've won a soul to Jesus  
Do you leave the rest to him?  
Do you think because you've saved him  
That you've taught him how to swim?

Just because he's won one battle  
Do you think his fighting's thru?  
No! There are battles in the offing  
And he still has need of you.

When you've won him, why not help him?  
He can't learn all in a day;  
Lead him on till he's established,  
And can help others in the way.

—Selected.

came to see them often. A whistle at the gate and John and Mary were off for the dance hall, the theatre or some other place of amusement to have what they call a good time. Now the whistle has ceased to be heard. John and Mary have given their lives to the Master, the old whistle is heard no more. They have that wonderful joy of the Lord in their souls, but they still have that God-given craving for association. Are you awake to the fact that God can use you in a wonderful way to hold and establish these young people by that friendly social touch you can give?

Paul in his missionary journeys spent his time in winning new recruits and establishing new churches, but you will notice that his epistles were not written to the unsaved but were written to those whom he had already won to Christ. Paul realized his responsibility in not only winning souls but in helping to hold or keep true those whom he had already won to Christ.

What we need these days in our Church is more attention to religious education. Our young people need more systematized Bible study. We need some good teachers as well as evangelists. According to Capper's Weekly, a questionnaire on contents of the Bible was sent to 18,434 high school students in the state of Virginia. Of this number, 16,000 were unable to name more than three prophets of the Old Testament; 12,000 could not name the four Gospels correctly, and 10,000 did not know as many as three of the disciples. Many of our own young might come far short if we would examine them along this line. We need more interest taken in developing the talents of our young people. We need Bible study classes, we need singing schools, expression classes right in our home churches. Everybody is not able to go to Bible School. Then why can we not arrange in our home churches to have what they need? There are always good music teachers who would like to hold singing schools for you. In your town there may be expression teachers who would be glad to have a class from your church, and with very little expense your young people could be given some training along the line of speaking and reading. Isn't it quite discouraging sometimes when you try to put on a play or have a program, that it is so often difficult to find people who are capable of taking the parts? You give out a poem to be read; it is beautiful and carries a helpful message but no one gets the message. The person you have given the poem to turns it into a song and the tune is not one that is soothing to the ear. Now we can help our boys and girls with just a little of our time and effort. In doing this we will, to a certain extent, satisfy that craving for association among our young people. They need a chance to know each other better, and if friendliness is held up before them and they are made to feel their responsibility along this line it will do much to hold and establish our newly saved boys and girls, and they'll be glad that they ever left the world and its frivolities to come into our midst.

Study your young people and see what  
(Continued on page 23)



# The Girl Who Found Herself

BY C. H. JACK LINN

(Used by permission of the author)

(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE)

## SYNOPSIS

Helen Golden, a rich society girl, by accident finds herself in a testimony meeting and is held spellbound by the testimony of a young man by the name of Bob West. Our story this month is a continuation of this testimony meeting.

One after another they were on their feet to testify. Everybody wanted to be first, not selfishly, but they were so full of praise to Him.

"Oh, I do thank God that He has saved me and cleansed my heart from sin," sobbed a young lady, whom Helen recognized as the girl who clerked in the variety store. "I was so dissatisfied with the old life of sin and worldliness. I thought I could not have a good time unless I was off to a party or dance, or show, but since I have found Jesus, He is my treasure and my pleasure. Oh, He keeps me each day and He supplies my every need, and He lets me witness for Him and win souls. I praise Jesus for what He has done for me."

Now a young man had the floor. "Jesus is real to me," he said. "You know when my mother died I was not a Christian. Brother Bob told me Jesus could comfort my heart and urged me to give myself to God and be born again. I had heard my old mother say that many times, and for days I began to hear her voice in prayer. I had paid little attention to it when she was alive, but after God had taken her I could hear those blessed words of prayer. Well, I could no longer hold out against His precious love, and I gave myself to Jesus, and truly He saved me and satisfies me. I hope to be a minister some day and tell the glad story of a satisfying Jesus to a lost world."

Another song began and all entered heartily into the singing, save Helen Golden:

*"Oh, this is like heaven to me,  
Oh, this is like heaven to me,  
I've crossed over Jordan  
To Canaan's fair land,  
Oh, this is like heaven to me!"*

"Oh, how they can sing it," the heart of Helen was crying. "Don't they know I am miserable. This is not like heaven to me."

Many were on their feet in testimony. I cannot record them all. But God was gloriously near and dear to these happy classmeeting folk.

A young married woman was testifying now: "Oh, if I could tell you how much He has done for me and my home. I did not know Him when I was mar-

ried. I cannot tell you all about it, but our home did not prove happy as we thought it would when we were married. Harry was not a Christian either. But when Bob and some of you dear friends came to our home and held that cottage prayer meeting, we began to think. That was the beginning. We knew we needed God, our home needed Him. Well, one night we knelt before Him, and really surrendered and prayed through. God came in and in mercy forgave our sins, and saved our souls. Since then we have been so happy, and everything works together for good. I think a home where Christ is honored and exalted is the nearest thing to heaven on earth. Truly, we are happy in Him. Pray for us that we may continue in this shining way."

Another song verse was in the air:

*"Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,  
Just to take Him at His Word;  
Just to rest upon His promise,  
Just to know, 'Thus saith the Lord.'  
"Jesus, Jesus, how I trust Him!  
How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!  
Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus!  
Oh, for grace to trust Him more."*

Bob was now on his feet. "Friends, we could continue for a long time, but we have our meeting in the mission this afternoon, you know, and we must come to a close. This truly has been a glorious class-meeting. It is a red-letter day in my calendar. I am glad and thankful that you wanted to celebrate my first anniversary in the Lord by letting me tell again my experience. Now, shall we all kneel in prayer?"

Down on their knees went the happy band, all save Helen Golden. Miserable was not the word to describe her heart's wretched condition. While they prayed, for many prayed at the same time, she tip-toed to the door, and went hurriedly down the stairs, and out into the street.

When the others arose from their knees she was gone. Bob looked for her in vain. They all knew Helen Golden, or at least they all knew who she was. They were glad she had been in their meeting. When Bob discovered her absence, he said softly and feelingly:

"Dear friends, Miss Golden was with us today, and she apparently seemed to be seriously thinking. She has gone out now. She must have gone as we prayed. Are we willing to deny ourselves our dinner, and remain here a while longer in prayer that God would arrest her,

convict her, and save her soul? We must be at the mission at 2:30. Let us pray now."

Once again they dropped to their knees before God, praying earnestly for the conversion of Helen Golden, the society girl, the millionaire's daughter.

"O God," sobbed Bob, in the closing prayer, "Won't you put Holy Ghost conviction upon her heart, and in spite of everything let her pray through to real victory? She will have much opposition and it will not be easy, but, dear Lord, you are abundantly able to overcome every difficulty and surmount every obstacle. Please, dear Jesus, save her until everybody will know she is a transformed creature in Christ Jesus."

There was much sobbing to be heard, as Bob concluded: "We ask this in Jesus' precious name and for His sake. Amen!" When they had arisen somebody had started another song, "Victory ahead, victory ahead, Through the blood of Jesus, victory ahead."

*Trusting in the Lord, I hear the Conqueror's tread,  
By faith I see the victory ahead!"*

When Helen reached the street, an auto had just driven up. Her mother jumped from the car, "There she is," she cried. "Why, Helen, where have you been, and why are you crying? We have been looking everywhere for you and telephoning. Tom Wilson said you broke your promise to him. What is the matter, and where have you been? You have us all worked up. I am so nervous now. Helen, where have you been and why are you crying?"

Helen simply answered: "I am all right, mother, I have been in the church. I am sorry I have made you uneasy. I shall explain and apologize to Tom. I am ready to go home now."

The chauffeur was instructed to drive to their palatial residence on Sunset Hill.

**A BALL, A CABARET, A THEATER,  
A MISSION—WHICH?**

Sunday at the Golden home had been a strange day. Even the fashionable Benedicts who had dined there sensed the fact of something peculiar in the very air. Mr. Golden could not understand, despite his unusual ability to "read between the lines." Mrs. Golden was miserable, and the Benedicts seemed greatly relieved when they had departed.

As for Helen, although she endeavored to appear pleasant and entertain in her wonted charming manner (a thing which had always made the Golden home a coveted place to visit), the casual observer could see that she was not herself. And when the tears would come unbidden to her eyes, an indescribable sensation would penetrate the atmos-

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# Children's Page



**OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.  
The Girls That Are Wanted**

The girls that are wanted are home girls,

Girls that are mother's right hand,  
That fathers and brothers can trust in,  
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,  
And pleasant when nobody sees;  
Kind and sweet to their own folk,  
Ready and anxious to please.

Girls that are wanted are wise girls,  
That know what to do and say;  
That drive with a smile or a soft word  
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are good girls,  
Good from the heart to the lips;  
Pure as the lily is white and pure  
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.

—Selected.

## How a Little Maid Let Her Light Shine

Some people think little girls cannot do much, but we read in 2 Kings 5 of a little slave girl who did a great work. This maid perhaps lived in a Christian home because she knew God. She was stolen away from her home in Israel by Syrian soldiers, and carried far from her mother and friends to be a slave. She must have been very sad and lonely. No doubt she shed many bitter tears, but God had a work for her to do and this was His plan.

Her master's name was Naaman. He was the captain of the army, brave and strong; but he fell ill of a disease called leprosy, which no doctor could cure. The little maid saw her mistress sad and weeping over his condition and was sor-

ry for him, and though she was all alone in a heathen land she had not forgotten about God and His prophets, and told her mistress that at home, in Israel, there was a prophet who could cure her master by God's power.

So Naaman set out in his chariot and came to the prophet's door. Elisha did not go out to meet him but sent word for him to go and wash in the River Jordan. At first he was very angry, but his servants persuaded him to do as he was told. After dipping in the water seven times he came forth healed. He returned to the home of Elisha praising God and said that he knew that there was no God in all the earth except in Israel.

When he returned home no doubt there was great rejoicing in that country. From that day to this all nations have honored the little maid who was true to her God.

## QUESTIONS

Who is the great captain we study in this lesson? Naaman. What was the matter with him? He was a leper. How came the little maid into Naaman's house? She was taken captive in Israel by Syrian soldiers. What did Elisha tell Naaman to do to be healed? He told him to wash seven times in the River Jordan. Was he healed? Yes, and after this worshipped God.

## Raising the Widow's Son

It is a common thing for people to die, but it is a great miracle to hear of someone being raised from the dead. We want to notice Luke 7:1-17.

Once Jesus and His disciples came to a village called Nain. As they came near to the gate of the city they met a funeral procession coming out. People are not carried to the grave in their coffins in the East, but they are laid on a bed called a bier. The body is wrapped round and round with long strips of linen.

The person who was now to be buried was a young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. This poor woman was weeping and all the people felt sad because she had lost her only son. Jesus saw her grief and pitied her. He said to her, "Weep not." Then he drew near and touched the bier, saying to the young man, "I say unto thee, arise." And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. Jesus gave him to his mother, who now saw that her son, who had been dead, was alive again. Instead of mourning the people began to rejoice.

Now children, you can imagine today

if someone in your town died and was raised to life what excitement it would cause. See how many characters in the Bible you can find who were raised from the dead.

## QUESTIONS

What was the matter with the widow's son? He was dead. What did Jesus do to him? He raised him from the dead. Name the two other characters raised from the dead. The daughter of Jairus, and Lazarus who had been dead three days.

## A Dancing Girl and What Was Given Her

We have been studying about a little Christian girl and the beautiful life she lived. Now we have a Bible lesson about a worldly girl. This poor little girl did not live in a Christian home but had a wicked mother. You should be very thankful and praise God if you have Christian parents.

Herod had married Herodias, the wife of his brother, Philip; and when John the Baptist had reproved him for this and other sins he cast him into prison.

A court festival was given in honor of the king's birthday. It was a great time of feasting and making merry. After supper the daughter of Herodias came in and danced for the company, and so charmed was the king by her grace that he promised with an oath that he would give her whatsoever she would ask, even to half of his kingdom, and prompted by her wicked mother she asked for the head of John the Baptist.

John was a cousin of Jesus and six months older. He lived in the wilderness. His dress was woven of camel's hair and he wore a leather girdle. His food was locust and wild honey. Jesus said of him that "no man was greater."

## QUESTIONS

What was the name of the little girl who asked for the head of John the Baptist? Salome. What was her mother's name? Herodias. Was she a good mother? No, she was a wicked woman. Why did she hate John the Baptist? Because he told her of her sins.

## The Serpents That Bit the People

This Bible lesson is about snakes. You don't like to hear about them, do you? especially little girls. The Israelites were in the wilderness and had become discouraged. They found fault with Moses, who was their leader, and said, "Have ye brought us up out of Egypt to die in the wilderness? for there is no bread, neither is there water; and our soul loatheth this light bread" (they did not like it).

This was not the first time they had found fault with Moses. God was angry with the people; He let the fiery snakes  
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# Children's Stories

"I don't see why we can't go," snapped Estherella crossly. "Why should we have to stay at home when Madge lives only a few blocks away?"

"Because," said Millicent gently, "in the first place it's Sunday, Estherella, and we ought to stay at home and be quiet and read our books; and in the second place, because Mother said so."

"Yes, that's just it," pouted Estherella. "Why did she say it? And what did she have to go away for, anyway, to stay all afternoon?"

"You know very well why," answered Millicent in her quiet voice. "Grandma's sick, and needs her. And you remember the last thing she said before she drove off—'I trust you, girls.'"

"Well," said Estherella, with an ugly look on her face, "she trusted me too soon; I'm going."

Millicent said anxiously, "O Estherella, don't!" But that young lady already had her raincoat and one rubber on; and soon the door slammed and she was hurrying off down the street holding her umbrella high above her head.

"Oh!" sighed Millicent, "I wish she wouldn't; but what can I do?"

Mother came home earlier than she expected to, for Grandma was better; and the first thing she said was, "Where is Estherella?"

"She went to see Madge, Mother," said Millicent. "I tried to stop her; but you know how she is when she makes up her mind to do anything."

"To see Madge!" cried Mother with a frightened look in her eyes.

"Yes, I know, it's too bad," nodded Millicent. "Why, when Madge first moved in, you told us to stay away from her, you know 'cause she says such bad words, and—"

"My dear," said Mother, excitedly, turning to Father, "we must do something at once! Madge's little brother has smallpox!"

They called the doctor quickly and asked him what to do. And then poor Estherella's troubles began. That very evening, they moved her into a little room far away from everyone else in the house, and left her there all alone. The next day Mother brought her breakfast, dinner and supper. Poor Millicent felt so lonely and so sorry for her sister; and Mother looked very sober, and said she hoped Estherella's punishment wouldn't be worse than this before she was through with it.

But it was—oh, ever so much worse! For the time came when Estherella lay tossing on her bed, burning up with fever, so sick that she did not even know the gentle nurse and the kind old doctor, who were the only ones allowed near her. Night after night she tossed

from side to side of her little white bed, and said queer, wild things; and the nurse cried softly, and the doctor shook his head; and Millicent, alone in her little room, sobbed herself to sleep. "Dear God," she would whisper, "don't punish her any more. Oh, please don't let her die!"

Mother was very pale and quiet these days. She often took Millicent in her arms and held her a long time without saying a word. Millicent would stroke her cheek and say, "Poor Mother!" because she did not know what else to say.

But even the most dreadful things must end; and after a long time—years it seemed to Millicent—Estherella was moved back into their own little room. How happy she was to have her sister back again! But the sick child lay very quiet, with her eyes closed, most of the time.

One day Millicent, watching the thin little white face, saw two tears roll down on the pillow.

"Don't cry, dear!" she said softly, stroking the shining hair.

Just then Aunt Esther and Aunt Ella—the two for whom the girl was named—came in. They brought flowers and fruit and a new book, and tried to act very bright and happy.

"Why the tears?" cried Auntie Esther gaily—she was hardly more than a girl herself.

"We must be happy today, little girl, because you'll soon be well again!"

"I'm so sorry I did it," sobbed Estherella, "but I've asked God to forgive me a thousand times. I think He did, but—but—"

"But what?" asked Aunt Ella gently.

"I asked Mother for the mirror this morning," sobbed the little girl, "and oh, the dreadful s-s-scars! And they'll last forever'n ever."

"Hush, dear!" said Aunt Ella, "we won't think of that—we're so glad to have our little girl back again."

Then Aunt Ella suddenly bent over and kissed her, her own eyes filled with tears. "Poor little lamb!" she said softly. "It's a hard lesson to learn, but the earlier learned, the better. We may ask Mother and God to forgive us—and they will, if we are truly sorry—that don't take away the scars!"—*Burning Bush*.

## Playing Sunday School

Not long since, in one of the schools of New York, a teacher found Mary, a German girl twelve years old, in tears.

"Why, what is the matter, Mary?"

Little Mary burst into tears again. As soon as she could answer, she said, "My little sister, Rosa, is dead."

"Why, I did not know you had a lit-

tle sister," said the teacher.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; she was a very little girl, only six years old."

"I hope she has gone to heaven," said the teacher.

"Oh, yes," said Mary; "we know she has."

"Mary, what makes you say that Rosa has gone to heaven?"

"O teacher, if you had seen her you would have thought so too."

"Why, what did she do?"

"Oh, the last day she lived, she sang just as long as her breath lasted."

"What did she sing?"

"It was, 'I Think When I Read that Sweet Story of Old,'" replied Mary; "and 'There Is a Happy Land.' And then she prayed in German for father and mother, and next she prayed for us all."

"What did little Rosa pray about?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, it was something about Jesus Christ; about His precious blood, about His righteousness."

"What Sunday School did little Rosa go to?" for the teacher knew she had never come there.

"Oh, she never went to any Sunday School."

"What day school, then, did she learn these little hymns in?"

"She never went to any day school, ma'am."

"Why, where did she learn these little hymns then?"

"Oh, the little girls who live upstairs in our house used to go to Sunday School, and they would come down into the back yard, and 'play' at Sunday School!"

Thus had little Rosa learned the truths which the Holy Spirit had blessed to her soul.—*Sunlight for the Young*.

## Changed

"Mother, may I help you this morning? I do not have to go to school for an hour yet."

Mother looked surprised and said, "Certainly, Jack, you can help a great deal; but you are generally in such a hurry to get off in the morning you have no time to help. I am sure I shall be very pleased to have you dry the dishes and sweep the front porch."

Jack helped, and as he did so he went about with a cheerful song; and more than that, he took time to give mother a good-bye kiss, and went off to school as fast as he could. He took time to say good-morning to people whom he met on his way; and strangest of all, he offered to carry some books for a little girl who was on her way to the same school.

You must be sure that the teachers were surprised at Jack's changed behavior. He was prompt and courteous and seemed to do everything to please them.

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# Helps for Tempted and Tried



## Fellowship Divine

By Eva Deake Landis

*Lord, I know that Thou art with me  
All along life's dreary road,  
For I feel Thy hand uphold me  
When I stumble on the road.*

*When the burden is the heaviest,  
Then I feel Thy hand uplift;  
When the pathway is the darkest,  
Then the clouds will show a rift.*

—The Wesleyan Methodist

## The Secret of Hope

*"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost," Rom. 15:13.*

What a radiant assembly of jewels! It would scarcely be possible to bring together into two short sentences a larger company of resplendent words—"God," "hope," "joy," "peace," "believing," "power," "Holy Ghost." A prayer which in almost one sentence encompasses these spacious benedictions must have issued from a very exultant spirit, and one deeply acquainted with "the unsearchable riches of Christ." If we rearrange the members of the text in vital and logical order, the two extreme limbs would appear to be these: "The God of Hope," and "That ye may abound in hope." The one expresses the creative ministry, the other expresses the created result. The text describes the making of optimists—the "God of Hope" fashioning the children of hope. The remainder

of the passage points out the gracious intermediaries by which the Divine purpose is accomplished.

The great creative force—"The God of Hope." There are some matches which can only be kindled on one kind of surface. We may rub them on an unsuitable surface through a very long day, and no spark be evoked. The fine effective flame of hope can only be kindled upon one surface. The human must come into contact with the Divine. Where else can the holy fire be kindled? A mother is in despair about her son. His face is set in the ways of vice and his imagination is being led captive by the devil. How shall I quicken the mother's hope, the hope which is so fruitful in loving devices? I will tell her that the fiercest fire burns itself out at last, but these worldly proverbs awaken no fervent response. The depression remains heavy and cold. The match does not strike. I must lead her to "the God of Hope." A brother is discouraged because of his moral and spiritual bondage. How shall I kindle this hope? I will point out to him the lofty ideal, and let the dazzling splendor of the supreme heights break upon his gaze. But the ideal only emphasizes and confirms his pessimism. I will then turn his eyes upon inferior men, and point out to him men who are more demoralized than himself. But the vision of the inferior is only creative of self-conceit. A fine efficient hope is not yet born. The match does not strike. I must lead him to "The God of Hope." It is in God that assurance is born, and

a fruitful optimism sustained. We must get our fire at the Divine altar.

The consequent optimism. "That ye may abound in hope." Surely this appears as quite an inevitable issue. If life is inspired by the presence of the Holy Ghost, quickened, braced, and taught by His power, and possessed of a temperament of joy and peace, it will "abound" in large and fructifying hope. I shall "abound in hope" concerning myself, that at length I shall stand before my God clothed in the white robes of a perfected life. I shall never regard him as "past praying for." I shall hope "all things" even when confronted with the stupendous power of majestic vice. "The day will dawn and darksome night be past." The "God of Hope," through the ministry of the Holy Spirit, and creation of a cheery and equable disposition will make me to "abound in hope."—From "Brooks by the Traveler's Way."

## The Final Design

Dr. J. Stuart Holden tells of a visit he once made to a factory in the north of England, where costly china was being made. The thing which interested him most was the painting on the finished product. "It had been through many different processes," he said, "and was taken to the studio for the artists to complete. I saw the pattern being put on in various colors, and noticed that a great deal of black was being put on. On asking why, I was told, 'It is black now, but it will be gold when it comes out of the fire.'"

Is not this just as in our lives? What is put on black we do not recognize as gold at the time; and the thing which is gilding our lives—or is intended to do so—is very often put on in darkness and blackness.—*Alliance Weekly.*

## Grace Is Sufficient

Christians may sometimes wonder why God allows certain things to come into their lives. All children of God have something to bear for the Lord, and the sooner they become resigned to His will and bear it joyfully, that very thing which seemed a stumblingblock before, will become a steppingstone in their lives instead.

We read of the Apostle Paul in the twelfth chapter of 2 Corinthians how he had a thorn in the flesh, and he besought the Lord three times that it might depart from him. Did God remove the thorn? No! He very tenderly said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Through Paul's bearing his sufferings and persecutions he became a greater blessing than he would have been if he had not borne them. So it is in the lives of Christians: there may be an obstacle in their pathway and they, like the Apostle, ask the Lord to remove it not

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# Prayer Page

## Burdened

"Oh! for a heart that is burdened,  
 Infused with a passion to pray;  
 Oh! for a striving within me,  
 Oh! for His power each day.  
 Oh! for a heart like my Savior,  
 Who, being in agony, prayed;  
 Such caring for others, Lord, give me,  
 On my heart let the burden be laid."  
 —Selected.

## If Two of You

Rev. Homer F. Yale

Jonathan said to his armorbearer, "There is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." And the two of them started a movement that led to the discomfiture of a whole army. Finney tells the story of a blacksmith who was so wrought up over conditions in his community that he locked the shop door and spent the afternoon in prayer. A great revival started the very next Sunday, and people dated their deep conviction of sin from the very hour the old man was praying in his shop.

When Finney was conducting a revival in a certain place, a young woman came from a neighboring town and asked him to go there and preach. "Her utterance was choked with deep feeling." Mr. Finney told her he did not see how he could go, but he looked up the place and found that it was a moral waste, cursed by a minister who had changed to infidelity. The young woman came the next Sunday, and "appeared greatly affected; too much so to converse, for she could not control her feeling." The evangelist consented to go the next Sunday p. m., and after his arrival at her home he heard her praying in a room above. He remained in the home overnight, and heard her praying and weeping nearly all night. She pleaded with him to come again, and "at the third service the Spirit of God was poured out on the congregation." A spirit of prayer came powerfully upon Mr. Finney, as it had upon this young woman. The spirit of prayer spread, and the revival that followed was so powerful that "nearly all the principal inhabitants of the town were gathered into the church, and the town was morally renovated." This great spiritual movement was started by the young woman's prayers.

But where can we find anyone interested enough to pray like that today? Finney was noted for his wonderful life of prayer, and for his dependence on the

leading of the Holy Spirit. Cannot we learn a lesson from him, who says, "I find myself better or worse as I pray more or less"? But do we care enough about others to pray for them in a way which will mean an intensity of desire for them to find God?

Jesus did not intimate that a great host is necessary, but "if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my father which is in heaven." And in the next verse He says that He is present where there are two or three come together in His name. But do we come in His name, with something of His intensity of passion, pleading with all our souls, all our lives, for the lost? A revival is sure to come, if we can get one or two enough in earnest. A student in the University of Rochester some years ago, the son of a minister, said he had always been able to tell when there was going to be a revival in the church, by looking at the knees of his father's trousers. Are we ministers in condition ourselves to start a genuine revival? Are we revealing to our people the power of the Spirit in our own lives?—*The Watchman-Examiner*.

## Too Busy

Too busy to read the Bible,  
 Too busy to wait and pray,  
 Too busy to speak out kindly  
 To someone by the way!  
 Too busy with care and struggle  
 To think of the life to come,  
 Too busy building mansions  
 To plan for the heavenly home.  
 Too busy to help a brother  
 Who faces the winter blast,  
 Too busy to share his burden  
 When self in the balance is cast?  
 Too busy for all that is holy  
 On earth beneath the sky,  
 Too busy to serve the Master,  
 But—not too busy to die!

—Selected.

## Prayer Saves Time

It is no loss of time to pray. Many think it is chiefly, or wholly, lost time. They are so full of business, they say, and assume that prayer will spoil their business. I tell you that your business will go all the better for much prayer. Are you studying? It is no loss of time to pray, as I know well by my own experience. If I am to preach, with only two hours of preparation, I give one hour to prayer.—C. G. Finney.

## Faithfulness In Prayer

On the important matter of faithfulness in prayer, Horace Bushnell says:

"No matter what your present feeling may be, no matter how great your want of feeling, no matter how indifferent you may be or how dark as regards all Christian subjects, set your times of prayer, not for a mere experiment, but as a fixed appointment, never to be discounted. Go to it in the cold to get heat. Go to it in the dark to wait and watch for the light. Go to it without inclination, pleading the promise of God's Spirit to give you inclination... God will be waiting on His part to open the gate for you; to greet, accept, and bid you everlasting welcome."

## The Prayer Before Gettysburg

General Daniel Sickles told a story illustrating the tenderness of President Lincoln's heart, as well as his faith in Providence and his beautiful optimism.

After Sickles had been wounded at Gettysburg, he was removed to Washington and the President called on him at the hospital. When the General described the battle and the awful slaughter, "Lincoln wept like a child."

"While two armies were converging," said Lincoln, "I went into my room and prayed as I never prayed before. I told God that if we were to win the battle, He must do it, for I had done all that I could. I went from my room with a great load lifted from my shoulders, and from that moment I never had a doubt as to the result. We shall hear good news from Grant, who has been pounding away at Vicksburg for so many months. I am in a prophetic mood today, Sickles, and I say that you will get well."

"The doctors do not say so."

"I don't care, Sickles; you will get well," persisted the President.

And that afternoon, General Sickles went on to say, a telegram was received from General Grant announcing the fall of Vicksburg. His own recovery soon followed.—*Kate S. Warner, in Christian Endeavor World*.

## Prayer

All things are possible to prayer. The infinite is at the command of the soul that can pray. Peace unspeakable, wisdom unsearchable, and power invincible, come to those who seek the heights. The soul loses its wrinkle and the mind its cares, fretfulness gives place to tranquility, and fever to calm; weakness becomes power and fear is swallowed up in love; the reproach of defeat is rolled away, and the cry of shame is turned into a song of victory, when we learn to pray. God calls us to the Holy Mount. It is a steep climb, but the air braces as we rise, and at the top of the road is mightier than the sword.—*Publisher Unknown*.



# The Inner Circle Page

## My Talent

Alice M. Rogers

He gave me a beautiful talent  
Which I quickly laid away  
Within the walls of an iron vault,  
Away from the light of day.  
For it seemed a thing so fragile,  
So exquisite and rare to see,  
This priceless and beautiful talent  
The Lord had given to me.

And when I had locked it securely,  
I took me to lands far away,  
Feeling the while as I journeyed,  
That I would return some day  
And bring forth from its vaulted cham-  
ber

My talent, so priceless and fair,  
That my friends might look on its  
splendor  
And marvel at its beauty so rare.

But my way was beset with sorrow;  
Dark was the path that I trod.  
It seemed that my life was a failure;  
My soul was without its God.  
And I drifted farther and farther  
Into the valley of fears;  
My heart was heavy with anguish,  
And my face oft' wet with tears.

Then I met a man in my travels  
Whose face shone with rapture divine.  
In his hand he carried a talent;  
The talent was like unto mine.  
Only larger, richer and grander,  
More exquisite in every way.  
When I asked if he'd just received it,  
He quietly answered, "Nay,

"It has been my boon companion  
For many and many a year;  
It has been a solace and comfort  
To many oppressed with fear.  
It has helped the poor and needy,  
And comforted those who were sad;  
It has healed the widow's heartache,  
And made her little ones glad.

"And through all the years I have used  
it,  
It has brighter and brighter grown,  
Until now it shines with a radiance  
That I should never have known,  
Unless I had done God's bidding  
When He gave this talent to me,  
And had carried it forth and used it  
That all of the world might see."

And then I thought of the talent bright  
Entrusted by God to me;  
And how it lay in the darkened vault  
Where no eye in the world could see  
Its beauty and feel its blessing.

I started for home that day,  
To bring forth my precious talent.  
But, lo, it had faded away.

—*The Young People's Journal.*

## Chiseling in the Marble of Cen- turies

Prepared by Basil W. Miller

One of the early Pharaohs had an architect build a massive monument to his memory. Stones weighing many tons were transported a great distance from the quarry to the site of the monument. Workmen by the hundreds labored for years to complete it. After all was finished as was customary the Pharaoh ordered the architect to engrave the king's name in the marble in a very conspicuous place. This was done. But centuries wore away, and finally it was discovered that the name of the ruler had been cut in cement, rather than in the marble, and when this outer coating had weathered the storms of several centuries, it fell off. Underneath chiseled in the marble was the name of the architect. He had chiseled his name in the marble of the monument! Wise was he in outwitting the king. Today, when we see this monument, it is the architect, the builder, the chiseler, of whom we think and not the Pharaoh.

Young man, young woman, literally chisel your name in the enduring marble of the ages! God's leaders have achieved more than merely living, and passing off the scene of life unheralded and unsung. They have chiseled away at the marble of their age, until successive generations see their name carved in the marble of time. Many seemingly left their names uncarved. But when the roll call of achievers was made, the future ages heard their response. Socrates drank the hemlock—today he is called the greatest thinker of antiquity! Joan of Arc was burned at the stake by her native country which she liberated—at present she is revered as one of the greatest patriots of all times. Luther barely escaped martyrdom—today his name stands as a beacon light of the ages of reformation. Wesley preached from the tombstone of his father's grave, for no pulpit was opened to him—today he is honored as the founder, the leader of the greatest revival of religion of all the centuries. The Puritan fathers braved the wilds of an uncharted sea, driven from native soil because of their religious beliefs—now they are honored as the noble sires of the grandest republic

of all time.

Columbus, sailing on and on, ever westward, was chained on the deck of his own vessel, finally in prison he was declared insane—we herald his glory the discoverer of America. Galileo was cast into prison because of his magnificent discoveries in the realms of science and his invention of the telescope—he is now honored wherever intelligent men abide. Cervantes was cast into prison because of his literary activities—now his "Don Quixote" is declared by some to be the greatest novel ever written. Dante was exiled and placed under death sentence because of his writing—Dante's name now stands among the list of the immortals of the pen.

Jesus Christ was hated by His fellow countrymen, despised by His kinsmen, crucified by the high priests of His religion—He is now worshipped as the Son of God, whose religion spans the seas and encompasses all nations and climes.

These conquerors of the ages wrought well, lived for the future, carved their names deeply in the marble of time; and when the outer coating of their ages had worn away, there stood their names chiseled in the enduring marble of the centuries. Weather may beat; ice may blast; rains and sleet and hail of passing times may wear away—but their names, their fames, their glory is undying, unending. They chiseled well at the marble God placed before them, and allowed friend and foes, the past and the present, to pass by unheeded. They labored and struggled, unmindful of present difficulties. They wrote, repolished, toiled by day, prayed by night. They consecrated their inner fire, their spiritual capacities, their mental vigor, to the achievement of the goal. Forgotten by the present generation—their fame with the coming ages was wrought out in the crucible of sacrifice.

Chisel your name in the marble of the ages, young man. Carve in some niche of the monuments of God a lasting tribute to your endurance. On some stone in the cathedral of God write the story of your fame. With brush of artist and tints mixed with consecrated effort, paint a lasting picture to grace the hall of fame of all time. On the sands of time leave a lasting footprint—through the fire of your inner vision, through the glory to your pen, through the nobility of your sacrifice, through the drops of bloody sweat trying to save humanity, through your undaunted courage in heralding the tidings of peace—on the sands of time walk with a conqueror's tread, march as a master of soul, mind and body, strive to win the goal of success through the power of God.

Fill your place wherever it be, small or great, unnoticed, or in the throng.  
(Continued on page 11)



# Father's & Mother's Page

## A Mother Prays

By Frances McKinnon Morton

*Dear God, forgive my sins of mother-  
hood,  
Times I thought more of self than my  
child's good,  
Sharp, basty words that cut their cruel  
way  
Across my child's bright happiness to-  
day;*

*The careless act whose trivial intent  
Gave to my child's sweet thought im-  
proper bent;  
The self-absorption and anxiety  
That quite ignored my children's need  
of me.*

*And when, dear Lord, you have forgiven  
all  
My thoughtless sins against my children  
small,  
Only You have power to take away  
The wrong impressions I have made to-  
day.*

*And now I pray, tomorrow help me live  
With fewer sins and errors to forgive  
So these sweet children, trusted to my  
care,  
Be blessed and benefited by my prayer.*

## Give Them Respectful Attention

A normal child is full of curiosity about everything in the world, and through his questions the parent has boundless opportunity to lay the foundations of a broad and practical education, if the child's questions, even in babyhood, are met with respect and answered with truth. However trivial or stupid the questions may seem to the busy or impatient adult, they are all-important to the child, and if he cannot count on sympathy and attention from his own family, he will have missed something which can never be made up to him. It is not necessary that all questions should be answered at once, nor fully. If the mother is busy or tired she can ask the child to come to her at another time when she has time to talk to him.

Here, as in every other aspect of child care, it is impossible to treat the child's question with rudeness, ridicule, or untruthfulness. A child is quick to detect deceit. When dishonest or fanciful replies are frequently given him, there may grow up in his mind a disrespect for the opinions of his parents and a suspicion of their motives, which will be fatal to the establishment of a complete harmony at a later stage of life.—*Alice Crowell Hoffman.*

## For Future Reference

My children ask so many questions in the course of the day—questions that I cannot answer offhand—that they have forced me to this expedient. I keep a pad of paper and a pencil handy, and jot down the questions as they come up during the day. Then at night, when the youngsters are in bed, I hunt up the answers in dictionary or encyclopedia.

When the children grow old enough, I expect to show them how to find the answers for themselves. Even now, when I can spare the time, I let them watch me consult the dictionary or other reference books. A picture of their mother really studying a book is not a bad memory for them to carry into their later years!

I find that I am gradually developing into a semiprofessional question-answerer; and the bits of knowledge I can thus give the children at the time their interest is aroused will, I feel sure, cling to them longer than would similar items that are handed out later, at definite times, in the school curriculum.—*Mary K. Best.*

## The Child, My Teacher

"When I decided to consider my child as my teacher I found a new way to advance her knowledge by a pleasant, easy way. When I hear folks say, 'Elaine has an unusual mind,'" went on this mother, "I only say that she has been allowed to use her mind, exercise it, find out what was back in her brain cells.

"When I began to let the child lead in her educational life we covered much ground easily. For instance she would come running to me with the thing that interested her for the moment and seemed big in her life. One time it might be a flower bud that she picked to show me. I would not scold even if it were the flower I wanted to see in its full bloom but rather I would explain that it was a bud that God had intended to make into a full-grown flower. Then I would show her a seed, telling her the story of its being planted and the rain and the sun and the air doing its work to help God. I would take her out to show her other buds like this one she had picked and I would make a thrilling story of how this bud would in a few days be a pretty flower. I would suggest we wait and see and surprise Daddy with the flower. Then would ensue frequent visits to the flower bed to see if the rain and the air and the sun had, with God, done this wonderful

thing. When it all happened it was not so hard to realize God's power because she could feel the warmth of the sun and see the rain wet the ground and feel the cool air on her face and it came as a matter of no mystery to her that God had been instrumental too in making the bud into a flower. In her faith and happiness I learned my lesson of believing too.

"As her little mind questioned I let my mind follow the question as far as it could go and even took pains to study simple questions clear to a logical end. I found the simple wonderings of a baby child can give us elders pause. Just as this child of mine showed an interest in things so did I further her knowledge of them. The process was going on all the time with me as the hearer, one who tried to feel sure of his answers, thus making me state my own opinions on many things I had never put into words.

"Tell Mother what you think," is one of my most frequent requests and all our children have learned that their voice is one we want to hear. From the baby idea up to the adolescent query is only such a short way that any mother will find the truthful, thoughtful answer to baby questions leads to a more secure life for the growing child and paves the way for clear thinking and thoughtful concern as the baby mind changes into the more mature one."—*Margaret Conn Rhoads.*

## Prayer Saves Time

What irony the phrase "quiet hour" must convey to many a busy and harassed mother! Yet in any life there is time for upreaching moments whose value is as hours. And one of the strangest things about these moments with God is that they do not rob us of working time; instead, it saves time to pray. Martin Luther was right when he told his wife, "I have more work than usual to do today. Therefore I must spend more time in prayer."

Again and again has it been proved how the day's work marches on with a tranquil, systematic efficiency on the busiest day begun with a few minutes of genuine, whole-hearted communion with God.

Never will there be a human-efficiency expert equal to God. God is never flustered and flurried; he always has time sufficient; he knows equally well how to arrange the details of the whole broad universe and of our little lives; best of all, He is willing to do it. Such things aren't beneath God's dignity at all. And oh, the calming touch of His wise, loving hand on our tangled threads of life! — From "*The Mother's Golden Now*" magazine.

The person who wants to be a good servant will never try to be a lord.



## The Girl Who Found Herself

(Continued from page 3)

phere of that large and beautiful mansion.

Her mother had inquired many times if she were ill, but each time Helen made reply that she was not. And once when Helen and her mother were alone, the latter, impetuous and sharp in unguarded moments, said hastily, "Your actions are scandalous. You will disgrace us. What must the Benedicts think!"

"I am sorry, mother," Helen smiled through her tears. "I will try to control myself."

But she failed. Even at the piano while she was singing, she broke into sobs and had to discontinue playing for a moment. She was thinking of how empty and void were those classical pieces in comparison with the heavenly music she had heard in the classroom that noon-hour.

Helen slept little that night. What a wretched creature she was. Her mattress, the finest which money could buy, was hard and rugged, while even the springs seemed to taunt her by saying, "You have everything, and yet you have nothing." She cried and even tried to pray, but it was a long, sleepless, weary, dreary night. What a burden was on her heart. In wild dreams she rehearsed that class-meeting. She remembered how she had opened the wrong door. She saw Bob, his face aglow, as he testified. The singing and testimonies, all this echoed and re-echoed through her mind. Oh, her tortured heart sorely needed the healing, soothing touch of Jesus.

Poor, poor rich girl. The Christ who promised to send the Holy Spirit, the Executive of the Godhead, was now doing His office work. Helen Golden was in the throes of deep and pungent conviction. Would she understand the meaning of her burden? Would she surrender? Would she pay the price for her happiness and peace and freedom? She well knew what it would cost her. Could she do it?

There was not much exchanging of words that next morning at the breakfast table. Nothing before of this nature had ever entered the Golden home. Minds were busy, but words did not come to the lips. Helen, the pride of that fond mother and father; yea, the idol of their hearts—was unhappy. What could be the matter?

Mr. Golden went to his office. But business was not uppermost in his mind. Mrs. Golden retired to her room. Helen spent the morning in the library, reading books on religious subjects as she had never read them before. The Bible seemed almost a new book to her.

One verse in the precious Book had

caught her attention. It impressed her mind and heart so much that without trying she had memorized it, until it was really a part of her very being. It was in Matthew, nineteenth chapter, and twenty-ninth verse:

*"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."*

Toward the middle of the afternoon, Helen had gone into the music room and was softly playing at the piano. Without thinking, her fingers would strike the keys which brought forth the music of the hymns that had been sung in the classroom. And once or twice, she was singing the songs, as her memory served to bring the words to her mind.

While here, her mother came in, and sat down beside her.

"Now, Helen, please tell me what is the matter?"

The time had come, as she had known it would. She must speak. She had intended to do so, although she knew her mother would be much displeased, if not angry.

"Well, mother, I can hardly tell you. Yesterday when I was looking for a parcel which Louise Timpins had left for me in one of the Sunday-school rooms, I, by mistake, opened the door which led into the room where Bob West and his band meet for their Sunday noonday class-meeting. I did not intend to go in, but before I knew it I had entered, seated myself, and was soon on my knees in prayer with them. I did not want to go in, but neither did I want to leave. And—"

"Oh, Helen —!" her mother gasped, as one that was seized with pain.

"But, mother, it was so wonderful. Bob must be a grand man. And the others! Oh, if you could have heard them sing and testify, and they were so happy. They are so rich and satisfied, and I found myself so poor—"

This was too much for Mrs. Golden. If a blow had struck her on the head, she could not have been more stunned. To hear her daughter confess with apparent gladness that she was attracted with that band of fanatics, especially Bob West, who had the audacity to disturb their church services by his "Amen's," was more than she could bear.

In a fit of passion, her eyes flashing daggers, she cried:

"You ingrate. You disobedient child. Speaking of being poor when we have lavished everything upon you. Made you the leader in society, and—." But she could not go on. Her anger and disappointment had overcome her.

The verse from God's Book which had fastened itself in Helen's memory now seemed to be alive with meaning. Oh,

what was going to happen?

Before Mrs. Golden could contain herself, the telephone bell rang, and directly the maid stood before Helen and informed her that she was wanted on the wire.

Mrs. Golden strained her ears to catch every word. Of course, she could only hear the conversation from Helen, but I give you both sides as it occurred.

"Hello," from Helen.

"Is that you, Miss Helen?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is Tom Wilson."

"Yes, Tom, I recognized your voice. Tom, I wanted to call you and tell you I was sorry for my actions yesterday. Indeed, I did not mean to disappoint you. I was unexpectedly detained in the church, and the conditions were such that I could not come and tell you."

"But I looked all over the church for you," Tom questioned. "I could not find you. I was in every room and nook and corner—"

"Except one," broke in Helen.

"I was in every room except where Bob West and his crowd had gathered. You weren't in there, were you?"

"Yes," Helen answered frankly. "I went in by mistake, but somehow I did not want to leave."

"Oh, that's where you were?" (But Tom Wilson did not seem to understand that Helen was glad she was in the class-meeting.) "Well, I'll forgive you if you promise me something," he laughed.

"What is it, Tom?"

"It's a surprise for you. Tomorrow night you know is the night of the big charity ball. They have asked me to lead the grand march, and I have the privilege of selecting my partner. I want you to go with me, Helen. Won't that be grand? Will you go?"

(Now this ball had been the talk of the city and society for weeks. It was the most fashionable function of the whole year. Great preparation had been in progress. Everybody that was anybody would be there even to some of the finest people from other cities. It had been gossip for days as to who would be asked to lead the grand march. And now Helen was asked. Why she herself had thought of this event many times, and was anxiously awaiting its arrival. But it was all so different now. She did not want to go. She had already made up her mind she would not be present. She knew this would be a disappointment to her mother, but that precious verse in the Bible was her comfort.)

"Indeed I thank you, Tom. You were kind to want me to go with you. I really appreciate it. But I must decline your invitation. I do not expect to attend the ball at all. I—!"

"Why, Miss Helen—. Surely, something is wrong. I insist that you go."

"No, Tom, I cannot go."



Tom was maddened, while Helen's mother in the music room, who had overheard enough to understand what Helen was doing, went into another rage.

Tom banged up the receiver, saying something about he believed Helen had really deceived him on Sunday and had purposely "ditched" him.

Poor Helen. And yet she was more calm than she believed she could ever have been.

"Please don't, mother. You do not realize what you are saying."

"Yes, I do!" screaming. "You are not only disgracing yourself, but your father and mother? What will people say? We, the blue stock of this whole country, and our daughter rejecting such men as Tom Wilson, one of the richest families, and refusing to lead the grand march at the charity ball. How can you, Helen? Oh, how can you do it? It is a shame, a disgrace—"

The telephone had rung again, and the maid was in the room. She stood a moment waiting for an opportunity to speak.

"There is another call on the phone for you, Miss Golden."

Helen did not want to answer, but it afforded her an opportunity to get away from her mother till she had subsided.

Her mother, now in fear and horror as to the outcome of Helen's foolishness, even went so far as to stand behind Helen while she talked.

"Hello."

"Is this you Miss Helen?"

"Yes."

"This is George Banderman. You remember, I told you we were trying to arrange for that New York Grand Opera Company to stop here for one night while en route to New Orleans. Well, we have succeeded, and they will be here on Wednesday night. It has been a costly affair, but we have the promise of the best people to attend and we have guaranteed the company a full house and an appreciative audience. Do you hear me, Miss Helen?"

"Yes, I can hear you."

"Well, the manager of the company, of course, knows you, since your glorious success at Atlantic City last year. I told them you would be in one of the boxes. I have the tickets, Miss Helen, and just wanted to tell you, I will call for you in plenty of time."

"But, George."

"Yes, what is it?"

"I—I—I—" Helen's mother stood behind her, having gone so far as to put her ear to the receiver with Helen, when she could not catch all the words. Helen felt her mother's hot breath on her shoulder, but was undaunted.

"What is it, Miss Helen?"

"Why—I—I—do not—believe—I—

can go with you."

"What? Can't go?"

"I am sorry, George. But some things have changed. I cannot go. Good-by." She placed the receiver on its hook.

The scene that followed can hardly be described. The screams of Helen's mother brought the maid and the chef to the room in wonderment.

"Oh, what have you done! What have you done! What have you done! Rejected a Banderman—a Banderman!"

Helen dismissed the maid and chef, offering no explanation.

"What will your father say? You are disgracing us! You are breaking my heart!"

"Please, mother, let me talk to you. I am sorry for your feelings. You have been good and kind to me. I have wanted for nothing. But my heart is hungry. It has been hungry for a long time. I crave something. The life which I have lived, filled with all the attraction of the world, has not satisfied. Yesterday when I was in that class-meeting something whispered and told me that those folks had something which I did not have. I saw my life, empty, useless, selfish. I long for something which will be worth while. Oh, mother do not say anything further. Please do not. I am more happy now, even though I am a sinful creature, than I ever was in my life. I—"

Somehow she looked in anticipation for a glorious change to be brought in her life. "Jesus, Jesus," sang a strange, sweet voice within her soul. How she longed to have that something. He alone could bring that peace and joy for which she longed.

"A sinful creature," cut in her mother. "A sinful creature! That's the thanks we get. Are you not a member of the leading church of this place? Does not Dr. Bloomingdale, our pastor, consider you one of his best workers? Do you not sing in the choir—why you are the leading soprano. Do we not pay liberally to the church? Isn't Dr. Bloomingdale satisfied? A sinful creature, indeed! That's some of the trash that Bob West and his crowd put into your head. Oh, why did they not stop him before? I knew no good could come from him. If they do not stop him and that class-meeting, we shall withdraw from that church."

"Oh, mother—mother—"

"Don't call me mother, you disobedient child."

(To be continued)

### Children's Page

(Continued from page 4)

which lived in the desert crawl among them and bite them. Their bite was poisonous, so that many of the people died. They confessed their sins and asked Moses to pray for them. God forgave them and told Moses to make a serpent

of brass, which looked like the fiery snakes, and set it up on a pole where all could see it. Then if any one was bitten and would come at once and look up at the brazen serpent, his bite would do no harm. This was a great miracle.

This is also a type of Jesus as He hung on the cross. Notice this verse. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." Read this story in Numbers 21:4-10.

### QUESTIONS

What did the Israelites do that displeased God? They found fault with Moses. How did God punish them? He sent fiery serpents among them to bite them. What happened when the serpents bit them? Many of them died. Did they confess their sins? Yes. How were they healed? By looking up at the brazen serpent. Is God displeased with grumbling and faultfinding today? Yes.

### Chiseling in the Marble of Centuries

(Continued from page 8)

Whether the world throws at thy feet its bouquets of fragrant flowers, lilies of the valley, roses of Sharon, or whether you be forced to pick your own bouquets—by faith in man, belief in God, through toil and struggle, painting and retouching, writing and repolishing, effort and labor, achieve some worthwhile goal, soar to the heights of service to humanity. Whether the world applauds thy feeble efforts, or praises thy unknown masterpieces, or crowns with garlands of victory thy successful brow—strive on. Sail on thru storm! Columbus taught the world its grandest lesson—sail on, and on, and on! Sail through wind and driving tempest! Sail through wave, leaping and dashing! Sail without a star in the sky to guide! Sail in spite of discouragement! CARVE THY NAME!

Some day the port will be reached! Some day the heights leading to success will be scaled! Some day the expanse of the sea of thy ambition will be sailed! Some day the golden strand of fame and achievement will re-echo with thy constant tread! Some day the tinsel of the present age will fall away, and there carved in the lasting marble of the centuries will stand out in clear, bold letters thy name!—From N. Y. P. S. Journal.

Anyone desiring a picture put in the paper should send cash with order. Send \$3.50 with order and if it costs more we will let you know. The cut will belong to you after it is used in the paper.



# Mission Page

## Excerpts

*From letters written by Mrs. Hoyle Case, missionary to India, to her father, Brother T. F. Blackwell*

Chengannur P. O.  
Travancore, S. India  
Nov. 22, 1938

Dearest Dad:

I intended to get you a letter in this week's mail, but failed, so I will begin now on this one in order to get it ready for sure for next week's mail. Wish we could write you every week personally, but I know you do not expect that, since the letters sent to Cleveland are to you also. However, you must remember that we surely do appreciate your good letters. They always bring us encouragement. I know you are bound to run close financially, so if you need the postage for something else, don't feel obligated to send a letter every week without missing. For some reason, we did not get a letter from mama this week; guess we will get two next time, due to a delay somewhere. I'm sorry you will miss getting a letter one week, for the week I was in the hospital when the baby was born no letter came to you by regular mail, just the air mail letter was sent.

We certainly are glad the Lord is blessing your work. Also glad the quilt is going over the top. We do not quite understand about it. Is there a contest on? Or do you get to keep the quilt for whatever amount you raise for B. T. S. here in India during the year? In other words, are you competing with anyone else? Is anyone else working to raise more than you do for it? Will the offerings come over here as they are sent in during the year, or will they be sent in a lump sum at the close of the year? You asked me to let you know how much we receive from West Virginia for this cause. No money is sent to us from Headquarters. Our allowance comes in the one check sent to the Cooks. The Cooks receive the full amount given from the mission fund for this field, and they give it out where it belongs, so I suppose we will have no way of knowing how much comes for the B. T. S. from your work, unless it is designated in the letter to the Cooks and they tell us.

Hoyle has just been in some special meetings in North Travancore, where we are to be stationed as soon as we get hold of the language and customs sufficiently to go to ourselves. We want to

start a Bible school in this district. Hope we can hit upon a plan to raise enough money for that purpose by the time we are ready to go there to stay. The Lord richly poured out His power in those special meetings last week. This week they are having workers' meeting in Chengannur, and next week the Tamil convention in Madura, the city of temples.

My Sunday School is still progressing nicely. Next Sunday will be the last until we return during next hot season. I have planned a little program, some pieces of poetry and some special songs, and I plan to give them some kind of a treat. I have taught them the chorus "Everybody Ought to Love Jesus," then the little song, "Singing in the Rain Before the Sun Shines." They learn readily, I hate to leave them, but trust the Lord will bless us again next hot season with even more in attendance. Attendance to this Sunday School is about fifteen children who speak English.

We surely appreciate the money you have sent. It came in the time of need all right, but I hope you did not have to suffer, or the family be deprived to send it to us.

I am trying to answer all the questions you have asked and answer any part of your letter which I have not answered so far, so this letter must undoubtedly seem like "stew"—a little bit of everything left over in it!

You asked if James, our cook, is a Christian. He is a Christian in name, but whether he has had a real change of heart or not, I'm not sure. You see, some of these Indians are born of parents who have come out of heathenism into Christianity; therefore, by birth they are not heathen, but Christians. This is one thing that makes it difficult to reach some of them. They say they are Christians, when they really have no definite experience of salvation. We do wish you would pray for James to be really filled with the Holy Ghost. He eats native food, not the food we eat. However, he has worked for some American missionaries ever since he was a little boy, so he likes our food, some of it at least, I have found out. By the way, every chance I get I nibble on native food, so that I can become accustomed to it little by little. Some of it is very good, if they just wouldn't put so much hot pepper and onions and garlic in it!

Poor Brother ——— in Germany. How we pray deliverance has come to him. Isn't it awful how Germany is

treating the Jews too? If anything is likely to bring war soon, I think this situation will, for a great part of the world seems concerned about this, especially since the U. S. has taken a bold attitude against the treatment.

Sister Cook informs me there are about eighty out-stations with about 4,000 members. I do not know about such statistics, I have to ask them about such things. The Minutes perhaps has a report of the work here. I suppose they sent in an annual report.

No, we cannot say the Indians come in large numbers. Of course, there are revivals at times in certain places when quite a number receive the Holy Ghost, five in one place I know of, and six or seven in another. I know of a missionary in North India who has labored in one place for twenty years and has only one conversion. Another missionary working near here for three years has twenty real conversions but none of them have received the Holy Ghost. I think the percentage of backsliding is not greater here than in the U. S., if it is as great.

Let me tell you what is very pitiful out here. At home we are not surprised to find church members of the denominational churches and even ministers of those churches who do not have a change of heart—Christian in name only, not truly at heart. But never did I expect to find such here. I thought all were either heathen or Christian. But quite the contrary! There are Mohammedans and Hindus who accept nothing of the Christian faith, pure heathen. But these denominational churches have sent out missionaries who have established works out here which are mere reflections of the churches at home, so that we find many Indians who say they are Christians but really only are members of some church and have not an experimental salvation. No doubt many of their parents or grandparents did step out of Hinduism and experience a heartfelt salvation; then when the children were born, they were born into Christian homes, not Hindu homes, therefore, they say they are Christians. No amount of arguing with such will avail anything, only true conviction from God makes them see their need. I am not speaking to discredit the work these denominations have done, for they have done much good. But even now some of the missionaries they send out seem not to have a real experience themselves. I am not judging. Just the other day Grace, the Indian woman who is helping me, was telling me the names of certain missionaries who go to the movies, or cinemas, as they are called here because that is what the British call them. Yes, the devil has brought the movies all the way to India! Thank

(Continued on page 16)



# What Is a Church Vacation Bible School?

BY ALBERT H. GAGE

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A Church Vacation School (or Daily Vacation Bible School as it is more often called) is a group of boys and girls meeting in a church or mission

the school and were eagerly anticipating the day's work and fun. As we approached the church we found a group of orderly boys and girls waiting on the church lawn. One of the teachers came out of the building and was at once surrounded. We could hear the boys and girls beg for a story. We learned that

lines of children, one of boys, the other of girls, arranged by departments in this order—Kindergarten, Primary, Juniors, Intermediates. As the pianist began to play, with two boys leading the procession, one with the Christian flag and the other with the Stars and Stripes, all marched to their assigned places. The kindergarten children directly to their own room, where a happy morning was spent under the direction of a trained superintendent, who loved and understood the ways of little people.

The three remaining departments marched to their respective rooms, where a worship program followed. The principal of the school, who in this case was the pastor, took charge of the Juniors (a school of fifty or less combine these three departments for worship). The principal, already in his place on the platform, waited until all were quiet. Then, with a smile, he said, "Good morning, boys and girls."

Eagerly they replied, "Good morning, Mr. Freeman."

"I was glad when they said unto me —" repeated the principal, to which the department replied in unison, "Let us go into the house of the Lord."

The pianist began to play very reverently that wonderful hymn of worship,  
*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee.*

As the children sang this song from memory, the spirit of the street changed to a spirit of reverence and worship.

The Shepherd Psalm was repeated reverently, and all joined in singing "Savior, Like a Shepherd, Lead Us."

As they came to the chorus of the second verse,

*"Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,*

*Hear thy children when they pray,"*

it seemed perfectly natural to bow the head and join with them in saying, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

After giving the signal to be seated, the pianist again interpreted the spirit of the moment, and began to play softly. All sang as a prayer,

*"How strong and sweet my Father's care,*

*That round about me like the air,*

*Is with me always everywhere;*

*He cares for me.*

*Oh, keep me ever in thy love,*

*Dear Father, watching from above,*

*And let me still Thy mercy prove,*

*And care for me."*

As the pianist played a few notes of the Star Spangled Banner, the school stood, and the lad with the Stars and Stripes stepped forward, waving the flag gently back and forth as the school sang

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each week day, except Saturday, for several weeks in the summer vacation period. The school opens at nine or nine-thirty in the morning and continues in session with a varied program for two or three hours.

The best way to find out the characteristics of a church vacation school is to visit one in session and learn firsthand the secrets of its great hold upon boys and girls.

We had heard that a good school was being conducted in a near-by church. We telephoned the pastor and made arrangements to visit the school next morning and observe the various things that were being taught and made.

We started early because we had been informed that this church believes that it is the best to follow the established school habits of the boys and girls and begin at nine o'clock. We wanted to see the way in which the teachers prepared for the day's activities as well as to see the daily program. Even though it was only eight-thirty, we passed several groups of happy children. As we caught snatches of their conversation, we learned that they were on their way to

it was quite the common thing for the children to come early for a story hour before the school began.

Going inside we found all the teachers present; they appeared rested and happy. Everything was in readiness; the room had been carefully ventilated; everything about the church was cool, clean, and worshipful. All craft materials needed for the day's work were arranged by departments and by classes. Every room and table and chair which would be used during the day was ready.

It was almost time to open the door. One thing more was needful; all gathered quietly for a word of prayer. The verse for the day was read by the leader. All prayed in silence, after which the principal asked the heavenly Father to bless and guide in all that should be said. It seemed as if there shone in the faces of these workers a new light and a greater power. They went out from the place of prayer to minister to boys and girls as if they were ministering to the Master Himself.

At exactly nine o'clock the door opened. We caught a glimpse of two



## J. P. E. Programs

### OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a J. P. E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

### BIBLE LESSON

George Pittman

#### Topic, "The Importance of Prayer"

Scripture lesson: James 1:26; 1 John 3:22.

#### Thoughts for the Leader

We need very much to be on the altar before the throne of God in these perilous times. We feel the absence of the power of God in our midst today. There should be a greater manifestation of the power of God and this power can be demonstrated readily enough if we take the matter to the throne of God through Jesus. We feel that the need of more prayer is prevalent throughout all the world, so we should seriously ponder the great possibilities of prayer and come to a new resolve to pray more than ever, and do so with more sincerity. And when we pray, do so with the sincere heartfelt expectation that our prayers and petitions are heard and granted. Let us have confidence in our Lord and then we can have a greater volume of power in our prayers.

#### Why We Should Pray

In 1 Peter 5:8 we read, "Be sober,

be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." Satan is a cunning and mighty power and he never tires, never stops, he is always plotting the downfall of the Christian and how to keep the sinner in his bondage of sin. And if the Christian man or woman, boy or girl, relaxes in prayer, Satan will surely ensnare him in the web of sin, and the network of the devil is very enticing at times, but prayer will put him hence. Praise God!

Another important need of constant, persistent, sleepless, overcoming prayer is that God appointed prayer as our means of coming to Him and obtaining our needs and receiving our blessings through our Lord Jesus. The secret of our lack in our experience in life, in our work, is our neglect of prayer. James 4:2 bears this out with force. Listen, "Ye have not, because ye ask not." This contains the secret of the poverty and powerlessness of the average Christian. We are admonished to pray without ceasing, so let us as young people, also elder people, pray more and trust in the Lord more and then we can really live a life of power in God. Your prayers may send down a great revival in the land, so pray.

#### When and Where We Pray

There is unquestionable evidence that all mighty men of God devoted much of their time and strength to prayer and apparently those men, whom God set forth as a pattern of what He expected Christians to be, regarded prayer as the most important part of their Christian experience. By reading the following scriptures we find that the Apostle Paul devoted very much of his time to prayer. Rom. 1:9; Col. 1:9; Eph. 1:15, 16; 1 Thess. 3:10; 2 Tim. 1:2. We also know, without doubt, that Paul was a man who had power with God. All power in God is given to us by constant, persistent, sleepless prayer.

Through Christ Jesus, we find a mighty, weighty lesson in Mark 1:35 of when and where we should pray. We find our dear Lord seeking seclusion that He might talk with the Father. Jesus devoted much of His earthly life to prayer. Luke 6:12 says, "And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." It is by prayers of our Lord Jesus that He saves us. Praying is the most important part of the present ministry of our risen Lord. Let us pray at home, on the street, at our work, in the church. Pray day and night. Pray for definite things and God will give definite answers to our prayers. Prayer of unity has much more power with God, so keep before the throne of Grace, and we can have great demonstrations of the power of God invested in us, the children of God, by Christ Je-

sus our risen Lord. So pray, pray, pray.

#### Prayer With Expectant Results

In reading Eph. 6:8 we realize the tremendous importance of prayer. We need constant, persistent, sleepless, overcoming prayer. We young people of this modern age could shake the foundations of Satan's enticing establishments through prayer in Christ Jesus. Let us pray in confidence as we are informed in 2 John 5:14 and then we can bring down the power of God and experience some real mountain top victories.

All things are for our comfort if they are of God and for the glorifying of God, so we have great storerooms of blessings for our asking. Remember John 14:13, 14 and be not in doubt for we have a Lord that cannot lie, so we should pray. Be ready to pray for the lost souls, at all times, taking them before the throne of God that we might be a soul winner in Jesus Christ. Let us work hard for the young people and have confidence that the Lord heareth us. When we come down on our knees before our God, honestly, earnestly and in heartfelt sincerity, then it is that we pour out the burden of our souls and feel that God is a reality.

When we leave ourselves in the background and let our dear Savior intercede for us then we will find the presence of God within our soul, giving us that feeling of joy, peace and consolation in the depths of our being, the glories will begin to churn and stir, and deep down inside of ourself we know Jesus has presented us to the Father and we are rejoicing in His glorious presence. So we who have this joy-felt salvation can really feel the importance of prayer and know the need of prayer throughout the world and we can feel the burden for a great revival in our midst. We go to our Lord in prayer with sincere expectation that our prayers are heard and the Father looks upon them with favor and approval.

### BIBLE LESSON

Juanita Benson

#### Topic, "How Works Talk"

#### Thoughts for Leader

Matt. 7:21. Here Jesus said, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

And so it is, we can profess ourselves to death, so to speak, but unless our lives have a manifestation of spiritual things it is vain and useless. I am persuaded to believe there will be many in the glory world with starry crowns who never preached a sermon from behind the pulpit, but rather that clean, pure life of love bespoke of the Christ that dwelled within, while on the other hand those that shouted their profession and



failed to come God's way will be found shuddering in the regions of the damned.

#### *How the Son of God Was Revealed*

Matt. 11:3-6. Here we find John the Baptist in prison and wishing for the certainty if Jesus was the Christ. He sent his disciples over to Jesus to obtain the assurance. What did Jesus say? "Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and shew John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me." In other words, just let my works tell you who I am. We notice on another occasion the Jews came to Him saying, "How long dost thou make us in doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." His calm reply was, "I told you, and ye believed not: the works that I did in my Father's name, they bear witness of me."

#### *How the Disciples of Christ Were Known*

The mere fact that they worked the works of Christ introduced them to the world as His disciples. Jesus said, "The works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father," John 14:12.

When we read over there in the third chapter of Acts of how Peter and John commanded the lame man to walk in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, we can't imagine anyone going around trying to find out whose followers they were.

#### *How God's Children Can Be Discerned Today*

The sixteenth chapter of Mark tells us the signs that follow believers. They shall take up serpents, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. Listen to that, "They shall recover!" most anyone could lay their hands on a sick person but where is the fact that they are living close enough to God to get a prayer through? Its manifestation lies in the recovery of the sick person. They who fail to have any signs that the world may see are only failures.

Jesus said, "I must work the works of him that sent me." Now let us notice there are various kinds of works, but except they are the true works of God they mean nothing, neither can they accomplish anything. For instance Jesus said many times during His earthly career "Woe be unto you Pharisees," yet they paid their tithes and even fasted twice a week, but instead of being honest and humble before God, they did these things to try to cover up their evil deeds, like people of today. These were their little parasols of profession. Instead of confessing and getting their sins under the

blood of Jesus, who is able to cleanse them so as to enable them to live a life that can say more than the English vocabulary, they go about trying to establish their own righteousness according to their own ideas and opinions, but they fail to listen as Isaiah proclaimed, such is but filthy rags in His sight.

#### *How We Will Be Rewarded*

Matt. 16:27, "For the son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." We might come before the judgment with all sorts of things to say about ourselves, but the question is, What do our works say? If it is a fact we visited the sick, gave water to the thirsty, went into the prisons, visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and kept ourselves unspotted from the world, that blessed reward promised us by Jesus is sure to await us, but if our works fail to speak up for us, all that could be done otherwise would be to our sad disappointment and loss.

#### **BIBLE LESSON**

Pauline Jackson

#### **Topic, "What Is Love?"**

Thirteen reasons why love never fails! John 4:8.

#### *Thoughts for the Leader*

"He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." Christ being our example we are suppose to walk in His footsteps, so great was His love for us. Therefore, we should have love enough to lay down our lives, if necessary. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Let us love one another for love is of God and everyone that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. 1 John 4:7. This scripture does not mean for us to only love our relatives and friends, our brothers and sisters in the Lord but it means for us to love everybody regardless of what they might do or say against us. Luke 6:27-35, "But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love

ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest: for he is kind unto the thankful and to the evil."

#### *Love Suffereth Long*

Love is kind. It helps bear the burdens and suffers the weakness of the children of God and the wickedness of the people of the world. Some people suffer long but are not very kind. But this love will give us the sweetest disposition and the most fervent and tender affection toward the one who turns a cold shoulder to us, or speaks unkind to us. We will show a sweet, tender spirit in every look and in every word.

#### *Love Envieth Not*

We will not have nor feel a spirit of envy or prejudice shut up in our hearts against someone. We won't have a feeling of jealousy when someone makes a better talk in the Y. P. E. and in services, or sings better than we. Neither will we rejoice when the more gifted person makes a failure. If we feel these things in our hearts, we are carnal-minded. The old man and his deeds are not crucified. We need another dip into the fountain.

#### *Love is Not Puffed Up*

We will never feel exalted nor important nor think we are something because of our success or position. We will never want to be praised nor noticed more than others, nor talk of our preaching, praying or special singing to draw attention. We will feel humble and not get exalted when we are preferred above others.

#### *Love Doth Not Behave Itself Unseemly*

Yes, we will always be careful not to grieve nor do anything that would tempt another. We will be careful not to, in any way, tempt those of the opposite sex. Our object is to seek the good of others. Keep ourselves pure.

#### *Love Seeketh Not Her Own*

There will be no selfishness of any kind. We will be just as willing to let someone who is in need have part of what we have to eat, also room to sleep, than to have the best for ourself. Are we practicing self-denial for others? Since I have been in the ministry the past sixteen years, I know what it really means. Are we seeking to make someone happy, even at our own expense? Are we going to help someone with our own means, though it be not appreciated nor returned?

#### *Love Thinketh No Evil*

This love will do away with all unlovely suspicions. We will never imagine someone has done wrong or mistreat them when we do not know. We will not easily believe what someone says of another, but pray and at least give it the second thought.

#### *Love is Not Provoked*

When we are in a hurry we will not



feel impatient at the slowness or ignorance of others. We will not feel touchy or sensitive when something is said about us, against our relatives, or our church organist, our Y. P. E. or Sunday School.

#### *Love Rejoiceth Not in Iniquity*

We will not have a feeling of satisfaction in hearing or speaking of the disagreement of others. We will not take pleasure in hearing or repeating the sins and faults of others.

#### *Love Rejoiceth in Truth*

We will rejoice at the salvation of souls and see the good things in others of other denominations, as well as in our own ranks. We will rejoice to see others, outside of our own ranks, who are serving the Lord.

#### *Love Beareth All Things*

We will bear the weakness, sins and mistakes of others. We will bear one another's burdens and not speak evil of someone because they did us wrong.

#### *Love Believeth All Things*

We will always think the best of anyone and have confidence in them, never say anything that would hurt them. We will be willing to put the most favorable construction on everything that may tend to build another's character.

#### *Love Hopeth All Things*

When we have been informed of faults and failures of others, we will always hope it isn't so bad after all. We will speak kind words and words of encouragement to restore them. We will always give them a chance to do better.

#### *Love Endureth All Things*

Love will endure hardness, trials, tests, troubles or sickness. We will endure, with patience, anything that might come our way.

### BIBLE LESSON

#### Topic, "Opportunities and How to Use Them"

Scripture: Neh. 4:6

#### *Leader's Thought*

We have many opportunities or chances to be a blessing to God. Do we realize these opportunities, or do we wait until they are gone before we open our eyes and see that they were opportunities? What are some of the opportunities we have and how may we use them for God?

#### *Each Day*

Much has been written about keeping the Sabbath holy, and thousands of laws have been passed to teach people to behave on the Lord's day. We should respect the Sabbath and gather and study God's Word together. But there is not a reason why we should be more honest or decent on Sunday than any other day. A "Sunday religion" will not stand the test. Jesus did good on Sunday and the other six days of the week also. A person who forgets on Monday, has not remembered well on Sunday.

Certainly we should do our part on Sunday or while at church, but we should let our lights shine even more brightly when away from church for the world is reading our lives. Does it point them to Jesus?

Each day is a gift, a gift worth more than gold, for it gives us an opportunity to help lift some poor, fallen person from sin—an opportunity to be a help to mankind.

#### *Money, How to Spend It*

Few young people have much money of their own to spend. But how would we spend our money? Would we spend it on the foolishness of the world, or would we spend it to please God?

First, a tenth of all we make belongs to the Lord. He has given us the knowledge and strength to do the work and we should give Him that which belongs to Him. Mal. 3:10 says if we bring our tithes unto the Lord, He will give us a blessing which our cup cannot contain.

When we have paid our tithes, we have only returned to the Lord His share. So we have given nothing. We should give in offerings for general expense, missions, orphanage, and wherever an offering might be needed.

The Bible teaches us to help those who are less fortunate than we are and we certainly should.

The way we spend the money we have is usually the way we would spend it if we had wealth.

#### *Service, Matt. 17:14-21*

This is the scripture where Christ heals the man's son, who is a lunatic, after the disciples had failed. The disciples had opportunity to be of service but failed because of unbelief.

In these perilous times we need the faith as a mustard seed, which will not mix with any of the "isms" and "cisms," but we really know that God is the same yesterday, today, and forever. Unless we have faith as a mustard seed, we cannot always grasp the opportunity for service, for our faith will waiver to modernisms of today. We have great opportunities for service but what will we do with them?

#### *Time: The Right Use of It*

We, as Christian young people, should consider how to spend our time in the way that is most pleasing to God. If we do not, we will look back in a few years and see that we spent our time to no profit and wish that we could recall the years so we might do something in the time we have wasted. We shall take the Bible as our guide in how to spend our time.

I—Get our thoughts right:

Our actions follow our minds as the tail follows the dog. So we should think the right things. Phil. 4:8, 9.

II—Study:

2 Tim. 2:15 tells us to, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a

workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." We need to study so we can answer correctly questions concerning our hope in God.

#### III—Sing and Rejoice:

If we rejoice in the Lord, the world will know we have an asset and hunger thereafter. Eph. 5:19.

#### IV—Preach the Word:

Each one is a preacher, although he may not stand behind the pulpit. He preaches by his testimony and by his daily walk. 2 Tim. 4:6 and Heb. 10:25.

#### V—Watch and Pray:

If we do not watch and pray, the devil will slip in. Then prayer is our conversation with God which helps us to know and love Him better. Matt. 25:13; 1 Cor. 16:13; 1 Thess. 5:17; Luke 18:1.

If we spend our time in this way, we need never fear. Although we may not win a wealthy home, we will win a mansion in the sky, which means everything.

### Changed

(Continued from page 5)

Mother was wondering if Jack's good behavior would last after he came home from school.

"Mother, if there is not anything I can do for you I will go out and play awhile." Jack had usually thrown down his books and gone out with scarcely a word, and mother smiled as she said: "No, Jack, there is nothing you can do just now."

Mother's heart was full of joy. "What can be the matter with Jack?" she thought. When father came home she told him.

"Let's ask the boy," said father. Jack was called, and father told him how happy mother had been because he seemed so changed.

"Well, father," he said manfully, "I'll tell you about it. Last Sunday after teacher had taught the lesson she talked to us a long time, and something seemed to say inside of me, 'Jack, you are not a good boy;' and I thought about it all day, and when I went to bed; and in the morning I asked God to help me. So He has made me a different boy. That is all, father."—*Publisher Unknown.*

### Excerpts

(Continued from page 12)

God it is only in the larger towns, and not yet in the small, scattered villages. By the example of such missionaries, the native church members smoke, continue wearing their jewels (nose, arms, fingers, toes) and go to the movies. Dr. and Mrs. Holsted, devout Baptist missionaries, do not go nor allow their children to go to the movie, and they are very severely criticized by other missionaries with whom they are working!

(Continued in next issue)



# Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings come to you and all associated with the young people's work from a way out in New Mexico. God has been blessing us here. We only have eight churches in the state. Six of the eight churches have Y. P. E's. Of the six Y. P. E's five have the Lighted Pathway coming to their church. God has wonderfully blessed us. Our work has grown. One new Y. P. E. has been established this year and a good outlook for one more soon. New interest is on, souls are getting saved. In our Y. P. E. which just closed a revival three members were saved. We may be small in number, but we surely know how to love the Lord. We have some of the best Christian young people in the world here in this state. Our goal for the year is to have a Y. P. E. in every church and the best young people's paper we know of, being the Lighted Pathway, in every church. Those who know the worth of prayer, pray much for us.—J. C. McClendon, state superintendent of Y. P. E., 215 N. W. 2nd St., Clayton, N. Mex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sending you a list for the Reading Circle. We surely enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway. God is blessing our young people here. A number have been saved, sanctified and several filled with the Holy Ghost in our revival that closed Christmas night. Brother T. Jones of Covington, Ky. conducted the revival. The Lord certainly blesses him. He was a great help to our young people. Before the revival there were only four or five young people who would help me with the topics on Y. P. E. night. But, thank God, now there are so many Christians that I can just use them the way I feel that I need them. Prayers have surely been answered.

Wish you could visit our Y. P. E. on Sunday night. The crowd is usually so large that we can hardly take care of them.

You might like to know the number of conversions in this wonderful revival. There were seventy-four saved, a number sanctified and twenty-seven filled with the Holy Ghost. Twenty-nine were baptized in water on Christmas day and thirty-nine have joined the church. 'Tis no wonder I'm so happy, is it? I'm sure you are rejoicing with me. Most all of the above number were young people who are members of our Y. P. E.

May God bless you in your work. I

enjoy reading your message to the young people each month. I have been helped in many ways.—Dorothy Dunn, Ravenna, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the precious name of Jesus. I count this a great privilege to write to you and the Lighted Pathway, for my first time. It has been upon my mind ever since coming home from the General Assembly, to write and let the whole world know how much I have enjoyed this little paper each month. It has proven a great blessing to me in such a way that I would not be without it.

The Editor's Message means so much to me, just like having a friendly talk with some dear one you have not seen for a long time. Those encouraging words tell us everywhere to press on a while longer for the Master. The message of January issue meant so much to me; many times we try to do things of ourselves instead of letting Christ pilot us.

The Tempted and Tried Page, oh! the blessings one can find there when we are so weary, tested and tried, that the time we can know God is still on the throne and does care for His dear children.

The Missionary Page has been so good, in fact, the entire paper from cover to cover means much more than words ever could express.

May the dear Lord ever bless you in this great work, Sister Harrison.

Remember me as a reader and booster for the Lighted Pathway.—Elsie Staley, Reading, Pa.

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers:

I praise the Lord for the way He has blessed in Georgetown, S. C. We came to this church the latter part of November and found a church with no windows nor doors and only one dear member.

We now have a grand Y. P. E. for a new place. There are twenty-five or thirty young boys and girls, and some who are unsaved take part. They seem so interested. Everyone who reads this please pray that God will get hold of their hearts and save them. Two have been sanctified and one filled with the Holy Ghost in our Y. P. E. The Y. P. E. has bought a piano for the church and is paying for it.

Some say that Georgetown is a hard place. It is, but the Word tells us that prayer will break up the stony heart,

and with your prayers and encouragement our Y. P. E. can rise and shine. It helps us to know that we are in the number of a great big band.—Mrs. A. J. Moore, Georgetown, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Your editorial message impressed me so deeply, I feel that I must write and acknowledge it. Floods of joy filled my soul as I read the promises which you quoted.

I feel that I can verify everything you said about divine guidance for God certainly has led my life in a way that is wonderful to me. Since I left college last June, the Lord has definitely guided my life. I have not had cause to doubt His love for me and have been conscious of His great protecting hand in all places and circumstances.

I am happy to tell you that I am not the only one who enjoys reading "The Lighted Pathway," for old and young alike tell me that its pages are an inspiration to them. We are planning a reading circle and I will send in the list later with yearly subscriptions. I realize, to a greater extent than ever before, what a blessing this paper is to the young people and I mean to promote it in every way possible.

Sister Harrison, I am enjoying my school work here immensely and as I stand before my classes, I thank the dear Lord for the opportunity of helping these young people to a Christ who satisfies every longing of their hearts. May I always present Him as the most wonderful personage with whom they could acquaint themselves. These students truly fulfill that scripture about "They who do hunger and thirst after righteousness." They are as studious and earnest as any young people I have ever met.

I would also like to say that the Lemmon church is one of the most spiritual churches I have ever attended. The meetings are a continuous source of blessing and inspiration to me.

Pray earnestly that God will continue to keep His hand on my life and will help me to be the light that I should be to the world. — Beatrice Dodson, Lemmon, S. Dak.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name. I feel impressed to write you this afternoon, just to sound a note of praise for the Lord. Our Y. P. E. here is doing fine. Everyone seems to be doing his best in the services, and enjoying it too. The older folks just fall in line with us and do their best, we surely appreciate this, because without their co-operation we could do nothing.

Everyone here seems to enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway, without it I don't know what we would do. It is certainly



a great paper and is doing a great work.

May God richly bless you and help you in this great work. We ask the prayers of everyone that we may do our best for God and that more young people will realize the need of God.—Miss Helen Begley, Blue Diamond, Ky.

— — —  
Dear Sister Harrison:

It has been sometime since I've written to the Lighted Pathway, but nevertheless while I've been silent toward writing to the paper, I'm still on the battlefield working for Jesus and His cause. Truly God has been with me, meaning that He keeps me every day by His power.

Sister Harrison, I take pleasure at this time to thank you and God for your faithfulness toward the young people of the Church of God. Surely your reward will be great in the kingdom to come. I've been a reader of the Lighted Pathway for four years and I find in every issue something which feeds my soul. Truly God is in the arrangements, praise the Lord. I wish I could explain how I feel at this time, but I cannot, space will not permit my doing so.

We have here at McVeigh Church of God one of the best Y. P. E's in the state of Kentucky. One reason is that we have one of the best choirs in Kentucky. We have just had a five weeks' singing school conducted by Cecil Bridges, a B. T. S. student of Texas. Praise God for Brother Bridges. We need more like him in the church. Sister Harrison, pray for our Y. P. E. here at McVeigh, hold us up before the Lord that God may get honor and glory out of our lives and services.—John Adair, Pinsonfork, Ky.

Note: In our Editor's Message we have advocated the training of our young people in singing schools, expression classes and in many other ways. The letter above will prove to you that this is what we need. Call on Brother Bridges and all these other good singers and let them help you.

— — —  
Dear Sister Harrison:

As I have been a Christian just about three months I would like to have a few words published for me. A few weeks ago several of our young people were asked to write on the subject, "Why I Am a Christian." Several of our members said they would like for me to send my copy in to the Lighted Pathway. This is my first time to write, so overlook any mistakes that you may see.

#### WHY I AM A CHRISTIAN

I thank the Lord right now that I always had a desire to sometime be a Christian and work for the Lord. From a child up I was interested in going to Sunday School and church services. I had rather been in company with Christian people than ones of the

world, although I had some good, worldly friends. This scripture comes to my mind, "O God, thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared thy wondrous works." I thank the Lord for a praying mother who tried to do the best she could to keep me from partaking of things of the world. I really thank the Lord for sparing my life till I had repented of all my sins. I truly praise Him because I know many times my life could have been snuffed out, but the Lord was gracious and not ready for me to go.

I say right here that my getting to go to the great Assembly, which was my first time, put a greater determination than ever in my heart to want to do the Lord's will. My, how I wished that I was a Christian the night of the Assembly when the young people had charge of the service! How I could have enjoyed the sweet presence of the Lord if I had had His love in my heart. I recall this scripture, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." I know in these evil days that it is a great pleasure for a young person to be able to serve the Lord. I have passed through many revivals, but when our revival started with Brother Puckett as the evangelist, it seemed the Lord dealt with me more than ever before. I went through the meeting till the last night when the Lord wonderfully saved me. I have many trials and temptations, but even at my daily work I can look to Him and He is always ready to hear and help. Many things are said that are very discouraging, but I think of this scripture, "Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf." I always did believe in the Church of God and her teachings. It was a great blessing to me to be baptized in water and added to the great Church of God. I desire your prayers that I may always stand true and faithful for my Lord.—Miss Onalee Reid, 308 Bushy Ave., Lancaster, Ohio.

— — —  
Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been confined to a wheel chair for fifty-six years. I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway and will subscribe for it as soon as possible.—Mrs. Lorethe Hudson, Cromwell, Ky.

NOTE: I wonder if our sister would not enjoy a post card shower or a good letter from you. If you appreciate your health and all the good blessings of life, write a good, encouraging letter to this our Lighted Pathway friend and help to cheer her lonely hours.

— — —  
Dear Sister Harrison:

I am enclosing one dollar for one

year's subscription to the Lighted Pathway for the coming year.

I am an old lady past eighty years old, and a constant reader of the paper. I feel that I can't get along without it.—Mrs. Sylvia Johnson, 1944 Minnesota Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

NOTE: Here is another friend we should remember with a post card shower. God bless our aged sister; we are glad to have you in our Lighted Pathway family.

— — —  
Dear Sister Harrison:

While reading the Lighted Pathway I receive some real soul food, some good glints of knowledge. I noted tonight how fast the Reading Circle was covering the globe. A great thought came in my heart. We see on every hand nations preparing for a great conflict. It looks to me as if this great nation of ours, which God has so greatly blessed with liberty and wealth above all nations, is forgetting who made it possible for this land to be their happy home. They seem to forget how God stood by our fathers of the past when they, in the name of the most high God and by His help, established a nation where all men could be free to serve their Maker at liberty, pray, sing and preach as they wished, where their bright-eyed boys and girls could be brought up in liberty to serve the God of Daniel, not to spend Sunday in a park, but in service of the Lord. They, so to speak, joined hands and hearts and counted nothing too dear—they succeeded.

We know that the Bible must be fulfilled, but let's think for a moment how fast the dark clouds are gathering over our land. I can almost see the lightning flash, the thunders lumbering, coming closer, closer. Can our president control this oncoming storm? No, no! Can our other rulers? No, no! Well, who can? Let us, as Christian people, begin to pray and get others to join us as the Reading Circle, till the blood-washed around the globe have joined in the cry, "O Father, have mercy upon our nation. O God, do let mothers' boys see the oncoming destruction and flee unto the Rock where they will be safe under your mighty wing." Oh, let us cry aloud and without giving Him rest until He answers with power.

One night while praying in a cottage prayer meeting the Lord revealed to me if His children would stand together He would let a white flag float over them. Please help me pray for our nation, for the young people that they may flee to the Rock which is Christ Jesus.—With love for all people, Emmett Sharp, Rt. 1, Box 11, Woodlawn, Va.

— — —  
The service of God is the only business that offers a gain for every loss.



# Bible Training School

Conducted by George Ayers and Ivan Stone

## Intercession

In Romans 8:26 we find these words, "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." From this verse we would like to look at the word, "intercession," for a little while. What is the meaning of the word, "intercession"? Going to the dictionary we find the definition of intercession to be an act of interceding or interposition between parties at variance, with a view to reconciliation; prayer in favor of another.

Looking back to the time when the children of Israel were wandering in the wilderness, we learn that Moses interceded for the children of Israel. While God had Moses on the mountain, giving him the commandments and instructions, the children of Israel drifted away from God, making for themselves the golden calf to worship; thus, disobeying the law of Christ. In Exodus 32:10 we find that the wrath of God was turned upon the Israelites and He thought to destroy or consume them, but Moses besought the Lord and asked Him to think about what the Egyptians would say about their God of Israel. Then he mentioned God's promise to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, till the Lord repented of the evil which He had sought to do unto His people. Thus, through the intercession of Moses, the Israelites were saved from destruction.

While we were yet in sin Jesus came to this old sinful world, wept in the garden, bore the burden of our sins, died on the cross, there spilling His life's blood that you and I might obtain eternal life. Jesus Christ became our one great intercessor, the one mediator between God and man.

To those of us who have Christ abiding in our hearts it is our duty to do something for the Lord. We can never repay that debt of love we owe our Lord and Master. It seems there is so little we are able to do for Him who loves us dearly, yet as we look around about us we see sin on every side, loved ones, neighbors, friends, going on in sin. Will that sinner take time to seek God? We can almost hear your answer, No, he hasn't time to think about God. The one in sin won't take time to pray. He doesn't want to know God; he doesn't have time for religion; he isn't concerned about his future resting place. Let that take care of itself. A

sinner doesn't want to pray and often times doesn't know how to pray. Then who will intercede for that soul?

If we but recount the events before we were saved, I believe that one and all would remember somewhere, a time, when mother, father or some loved one spent time in prayer, asking God to save us before it was too late and today we enjoy salvation because of that intercessory prayer that went up to God in our behalf. So we must have that burden for lost souls and intercede for them if we want to see others enjoy salvation, praying that God's Spirit will strive with their hearts and make them feel the need of a Savior.

Are you and I intercessors for others? Oh, that I might be hid away with the Lord, that I might be a real intercessor for lost souls! That I might feel a greater burden for lost souls!—Eileen Leatherberry, B. T. S.

## Youth of Today

1 Tim. 4:12, "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity."

In this world today there are two classes of young people. One consists of the type of young people who are living like the world and live to please themselves. But the other class consists of those who have been born again through Jesus Christ and are living to please the heavenly Father. Which class are you in? Young Christians, who have served both the adversary and the Savior, I believe you can say that your life is much happier since you began serving the Lord.

Many times we may think that just because we are young we cannot do much or we cannot be a blessing to lost humanity. But most every time it is that young Christian who has consecrated himself to the Lord and has found His favor, who has won some soul for Jesus. Youth of today, let us stay on our knees until we can see the face of Jesus; let us hold on to those prayer bells of heaven until we have found His divine will and have heard His sweet voice. If this task is accomplished, then I'm sure we will be a blessing and inspiration to those who are not acquainted with our Savior. How happy, shouting happy we feel when we see some soul saved from this old world of sin!

Let us keep in mind the standard or goal that is set before each of us. Let

us not despise our youth, but endeavor with all our hearts to be an example to others. To be an example of Jesus Christ we must be believers of His Word; our conversation must be holy and acceptable in His sight; we must help those who are in need, or speak encouraging words to cheer and brighten their pathway. Christ's Holy Spirit must abide within our hearts, we should obtain the life of a faithful servant and live that life of purity every day.

To those who live a Christian, consecrated life and have been an example of Jesus Christ, there is a reward awaiting that overcomer. Not a reward that will perish away in time to come, but one that will endure forever and ever. Everlasting joy and eternal life will be ours throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. Why shouldn't we want to serve a Savior like that who has given us such a promise? Let us each one step forward and lift up Jesus that we may obtain that which is laid up in heaven for us.

Yes, there will be trials and temptations along this straight and narrow way; there will be dark clouds that will hang low and heavy crosses to be borne. But we must remember that the way of the cross is the way which leads us safely "Home." An overcomer in this life will be the one to live and rejoice forever in the great beyond.

It has been said that the young people of today are not as spiritual as they were years ago. But how can this be said when so many young people are really being called of God to go out and labor for Him? Many are feeling the call to foreign missionary work. If our faith is so great as this is, in Jesus, that we will step out by His help, surely our spirituality will grow greater each day.

Our fathers and mothers are depending on us to keep the Church moving on. They have paved the way for us, therefore, we must take their place. We, the young people of today, will become the Church of tomorrow. We are preparing ourselves now so as to be able to fill our place to the best of our ability.

Even though our adversary, the devil, may tempt us to lower the standard of true holiness, we can say as Nehemiah of old, "We are doing a great work, and cannot come down."—Darlene Williams, B. T. S. student.

## First Y. P. E. Organized in India

Sister Mildred Case has recently organized the first Y. P. E. in India. She says they are very enthusiastic in their work. Let us pray for them. She says perhaps they will win the banner, and then she said, No, that would be impossible because they were not able to buy the Lighted Pathway.



# Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle Members:

We are very much encouraged with our Reading Circle progress. You will find on this page how many each state has increased this month. I am so very sorry that we will have to discontinue publishing the names of our Reading Circle. This month when you read what a large number we have you will understand, I am sure. It makes my heart rejoice when I know that so many are reading the paper from cover to cover. Someone said recently, that I should not be so hard on them as to ask them to read every word. I said, "Well, what do I put it in the paper for? If I should agree for you to omit something, it might be the very thing I wanted you to know. So, come on, let's get in the habit of reading. After you have finished reading the paper, it will make you hungry to read other good literature. Somehow, I think it will give you a distaste for cheap literature. Then I believe that God will speak to your heart and lead you on closer to Him if you will read the whole of this paper.

We recently had a good letter from Stanley Prescott of Memphis, Tenn. As I do not have room to publish it this month, I must tell you this. This young man says, "I am starting me a library." Now that pleases me to know about it. I wonder how many of you could do likewise. Let me suggest how to begin a library.

First, you should have a good Bible, one that you are proud of. We have them down here at the Publishing House all the way from \$2.00 to \$18.00.

Second, you should have a Cruden's Concordance—\$2.00.

Third, a Dummelow one volume commentary—\$2.50.

Fourth, Smith's Bible Dictionary—\$1.50.

Now here you are with the beginning of your library. Then you should have "The History of the Church of God" by E. L. Simmons to acquaint yourself with your Church and to know how to talk intelligently about it. Price \$3.00.

The Hero Missionary Series—price per set \$9.00. This set consists of 12 books, each of them being a biography of some great soul-winner. They are made of long-wearing, grained fabrikoid bindings, gold-leaf titles, air-brushed upper edges, tinted-end sheets, improved illustrations, newly reprinted on nice

ivory white paper.

Young people will aspire to a nobler life of service as they follow the white flag of Christianity around the world. Competent writers tell of the trials, victories, and accomplishments in the lives of these long-to-be remembered leaders. These books are sent to you in a gold-kraft covered case.

Every pastor and Y. P. E. worker should have "Evangelism of Youth" by Albert H. Gage. This book will give you plenty of good thoughts for your work. It will inspire you.—Price \$1.00.

NOTE: If you want to start a library you may choose your books and send one-fourth cash with order and have six months to pay the balance. References will be required.



We are suggesting to our Reading Circle members that they read the Bible through this year. Here are the March readings:

Morning	Evening
1 Lev. 27; Num. 1-2	Luke 15-16
2 Num. 3-4	Luke 17
3 Num. 5-6	Luke 18
4 Num. 7-8	Luke 19
5 Num. 9-10	Luke 20
6 Num. 11-12	Luke 21
7 Num. 13-14	Luke 22 to v. 38
8 Num. 15-16	Luke 22 (v. 39)
9 Num. 17-18	Luke 23
10 Num. 19-20	Luke 24
11 Num. 21-22	John 2
12 Num. 23-24	John 3
13 Num. 25-26	John 4
14 Num. 27-28	John 5
15 Num. 29-30	John 6
16 Num. 31-32	John 7
17 Num. 33-34	John 8
18 Num. 35-36	John 9
19 Deut. 1-2	John 10
20 Deut. 3-4	John 11
21 Deut. 5-6	John 12
22 Deut. 7-8	John 13
23 Deut. 9-10	John 14
24 Deut. 11-12	John 15
25 Deut. 13-14	John 16
26 Deut. 15-16	John 17
27 Deut. 17-18	John 18
28 Deut. 19-20	John 19

29 Deut. 21-22	John 20
30 Deut. 23-24	John 21
31 Deut. 25-26	Acts 1

## State Reading Circle Members for The Month

Georgia	1,325
Kentucky	218
Florida	77
North Carolina	68
Michigan	14
West Virginia	24
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	14
Alabama	24
Texas	9
Indiana	11
Virginia	15
Oklahoma	8

## Lighted Pathway Rating

This month we are publishing the number of papers sold since the Assembly. We will give your rating each month throughout the year. Remember the smallest state may win the banner, because the banner will be given on a percentage basis. So come on, everybody, and do your best. All Y. P. E. presidents listen: Go to work in your local Y. P. E's and don't wait for your state superintendent to visit you. It will take a long time for him to get around to all of you.

Alabama	2,406
Arkansas	605
California	185
Colorado	19
Delaware	29
Foreign	714
Florida	4,673
Georgia	7,634
Idaho	42
Iowa	86
Illinois	1,046
Indiana	286
Kansas	193
Kentucky	2,213
Louisiana	424
Massachusetts	114
Maine	28
Maryland	757
Michigan	708
Minnesota	1
Mississippi	1,019
Missouri	380
Montana	352
New Mexico	426
Nebraska	1
New Jersey	84
New York	1
North Carolina	4,131
North Dakota	103
Oklahoma	466
Ohio	1,431
Oregon	142
Pennsylvania	2,574
South Carolina	7,543
South Dakota	132
Tennessee	4,734

(Continued on page 23)



# From My Scrapbook

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

## A Day's Walk

I pray each morning that I be not blind  
To the Christ who moves that day among  
my kind;

I dare not turn a hungry man away,  
Lest I be leaving Him unfed today;

I dare not slight some tattered, un-  
clothed one,  
Lest I should fail to warm and clothe  
God's Son;

I can not pass one languishing in bed,  
Lest it be Jesus lying there instead;

Each weary burden-bearer in the road  
Shall have my help, for it might be His  
load;

And every lonely stranger that I see,  
I must greet kindly for it may be He.

I shall walk softly on the road today,  
I could meet Christ down every traveled  
way.

—Grace Noll Crowell

## God's Key

Is there some problem in your life to  
solve,  
Some passage seeming full of mystery?  
God knows, who brings the hidden things  
to light,  
He keeps the Key.

Is there some door closed by the Father's  
hand  
Which widely opened you had hoped to  
see?  
Trust God and wait—for when He shuts  
the door  
He keeps the Key.

Have patience with your God, your pa-  
tient God,  
All wise, all knowing, not long tarries  
He,  
And of all the doors of all thy future  
life  
He keeps the Key.

Wonderful comfort, sweet and blessed  
rest,  
To know of every door He keeps the  
key,  
That He at last when just He sees 'tis  
best

Will give it thee.—Sel.

## Tracing the Rainbow

By Mary Tash Lloyd

The summer clouds must sometimes  
clash,  
South winds impel the cooling rain;

The sun-dried soil must be refreshed  
And tempered for the ripening grain.

The grazing herd finds tender grass,  
The fruits grow sweet on vine and tree;  
How wonderful God's handiwork,  
How beautiful His thought can be.

He plans for all things great and small;  
Your need and mine He will supply;  
We love to sing His constancy  
And trace His rainbow in the sky.

## Give Me Thy Strength

Give me Thy strength for my day, Lord,  
That, wheresoe'er I go,  
There shall no danger daunt me,  
And I shall fear no foe;  
So shall no task o'ercome me,  
So shall no trial fret;  
So shall I find no burden  
Greater than I can bear,  
So shall no grief o'erwhelm me,  
So shall no waves o'erflow—  
Give me Thy strength for my day, Lord,  
Cover my weakness so.

—Annie Johnson Flint

## I Have a Friend

I have a friend whose stillness rests me  
so,  
His heart must know  
How closely we together, silent, grow.

I have a friend whose brilliancy inspires  
And rarely tires  
When we two warm our spirits at his  
fires.

.....

I have a friend whose discipline I need.  
We have agreed  
That neither from this schooling shall  
be freed.

I have so many friends—each one ful-  
fills  
Just what God wills,  
For He through them His best in me ful-  
fills.

And so, twice fortunate am I to find  
Friends great and kind;  
Each one himself, yet part of God's great  
mind.

—Vlyna Johnston

## He Knows the Way I Take

By Mrs. Edgar F. Johnston

He knows the way I take, He tries  
My life like fire. Then sweet surprise  
His love hath planned,  
He brings me forth, when tried, as gold,

And every care comes, I am told,  
At His command.

All sorrows that long years have brought,  
All careless blunders others wrought  
That cause me grief,  
All disappointments, all despair,  
Are His appointments and His care.  
He brings relief.

Not part but all my life He knows,  
Not one but every care He chose  
In tender love.  
My heart would treasure one glad  
thought,  
This humble life that Christ has bought  
Must shine above!

—S. S. Times

## Food For Thought

In gloomy tones we need not cry:  
"How many things there are to buy!"  
Here is the thought for you and me—  
The best of things in life are free:  
The air, the sunshine, and the sea,  
All gladness, beauty—these are free.  
Our faithful friendships, sympathy.  
The joy of living—these are free.  
The budding blossom, stalwart tree,  
God's open country—these are free.  
The more we look, the more we see  
How many precious things are free.  
The heart will find more than the eye,  
Of things we do not have to buy;  
Yes, think how very rich are we,  
When all the best of things are free.

—Anonymous.

## Tomorrow

Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow;  
Leave things of the future to fate;  
What's the use to anticipate sorrow?  
Life's troubles come never too late.  
If to hope overmuch be an error,  
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;  
And how often have hearts been in ter-  
ror  
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain  
thee;  
Permit not suspicion and care  
With invisible bonds to enchain thee,  
But bear what God gives thee to bear.  
By His Spirit supported and gladdened,  
Be ne'er by foreboding deterred;  
But think how oft hearts have been sad-  
dened  
By fears of what never occurred!

Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow;  
Short and dark as our life may appear,  
We may make it still darker by sorrow,  
Still shorter by folly and fear.  
Half our troubles are half our invention,  
And often from blessings conferred,  
Have we shrunk in the wild apprehen-  
sion  
Of evils that never occurred!

—Charlie Swain.



## The Bible Way

## Contributions by Young Writers

## Treasures

Matt. 6:19-21.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," v. 19. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

We are inclined to provide for the future. Of course, it is right to do so if we do it wisely. What an awful thing it is for a man to lay up treasures here on earth and set his heart on it and forget God and the things above. Let us not lay up such treasures that will cause us to lose our own souls.

May we let God be the treasure of our hearts. If God is in our life, our affections and desires will be placed on things above. My last and most important treasure is to live in a way to help and influence others to live right. Great is our reward if we lay up treasures in heaven. Some people let wealth be their greatest treasure. It would be better for them to dig and hunt for it than it would for them to hide and store it up.

If we will live in the house of righteousness, it will be one of our greatest treasures, but if we live in the house of the wicked, our treasure will also be rewarded. He who loves God and divides his bread with the hungry, and covers the naked with a garment shall not lose his reward in heaven.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."—Curtie Mooney, Pulaski, Virginia.

## A Consecrated Life

Make an appointment with Christ today,

Go in secret, there to Him pray;  
Call upon Him for things you need,  
Grace and courage your soul He'll feed.  
Make an appointment with Christ today.

Go in a covenant with Christ today,  
Agree to His word, and obey.  
Let Him tell you His promise true,  
How we'll bless and take care of you.  
Go in a covenant with Christ today.

Sound a note of thanksgiving to Him,  
Join in the chorus, sing, with those  
Who are rejoicing in saving grace,  
Hoping some day to see His face,  
Sound a note of thanksgiving to Him.

—Exelma Holley, Ninety Six, S. C.

## By Faith I See

By faith I see the babe, Lord Jesus,  
As in the manger He was laid,  
Was sent to earth from the throne of glory,  
This lost world He came to save.

By faith I see my blessed Savior  
As He toiled both night and day,  
Calling sinners to come unto Him,  
Pointing out the heavenly way.

By faith I see Him in River Jordan,  
And by John was there baptized,  
There the dove came down upon Him  
Saying, In Him I'm satisfied.

By faith I see Him on the water  
As He walked upon the waves,  
Calling out to Simon Peter,  
Don't be afraid, I have come to save.

By faith I see Him in the temple  
As He healed the sick and lame,  
Calling sinners to repentance  
And to believe upon His name.

By faith I see Him in the Garden  
As unto the Father He did pray,  
While the disciples slumbered near by,  
They came and took my Lord away.

By faith I see Him on the mountain,  
As He hung upon the tree,  
He gave His blood for poor, lost sinners.  
He died up there for you and me.

At last by faith I came unto Him  
With my load of guilt and sin,  
I laid them all upon the altar,  
And my Savior took me in.

By faith He cleansed my heart from sorrow,  
By His blood He saved my soul;  
By love He opened the door of salvation,  
And my joy is now untold.

By faith I am going to live for Jesus,  
By faith I am going to trust His Word,  
By faith I am going to tell lost sinners  
About that heavenly home above.

By faith at last when life is over  
And my Savior calls me home,  
By faith the gates they will swing open,  
Safe with Jesus, never to roam.

Brother, won't you trust in Jesus?  
Come before it is too late.  
Only trust and He will save you,  
That we may meet at the golden gate.

Won't that be a happy meeting?  
On that bright and golden shore,  
Be again with father, mother,  
Sister, brother, ever more.

—Lula Morgan, Daisy, Tenn.

'Tis a holy way, an upright way,  
A way of peace and truth;  
The right way, the only way  
For the aged and for the youth.

'Tis a clean way, a pure way,  
A way for those washed white;  
A way that's marked by precious blood,  
A way that's filled with light.

'Tis a plain way, a narrow way,  
In walking just keep straight,  
For if you stop to turn aside  
You'll never reach heaven's gate.

'Tis a safe way, a perfect way,  
Where no ravenous beast has trod;  
A way where saints of every age  
Find fellowship with God.

'Tis a joyful way, a happy way,  
A way that grows more bright—  
To those who walk by faith on earth,  
Till faith be lost in sight.

—Thelma C. Levy.

## A Call For Missionaries

In some far distant land,  
There's someone longing to shake your hand.

Go to the field and form a band,  
Of willing workers that are able to stand.

Everywhere there's a work to do,  
Be it great or small.  
God may just put the task on you,  
For it's not required for all.

It makes no difference if you're across the sea,  
You'll have a crown in eternity  
For the work that you have done,  
At the setting of the sun.

—Lillian Ledbetter

## Grace Is Sufficient

(Continued from page 6)

only thrice but many times, until they fully realize that His grace is sufficient for them to bear anything that may confront them.

How sweet the grace of God becomes when we see His loving hand behind the tests and trials that come into our daily lives. Those who take grace for themselves can give grace to others.

Humanity is very weak but when we stop trying in our own strength to mount above circumstances and let the power of God dominate in our hearts and lives, how different life becomes. The grace of God is what a Christian needs to live a victorious life. Self-efforts always fail, but the grace of God never, never fails. God help us to go on in our Christian warfare and learn more of His marvelous grace and its sufficiency which is able to keep us from falling.—T. R. Chato.



## Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

you can do for them this year. What can be done in one community cannot be done in another. What will work in one church will not work in another, but let us study closely conditions and do our best to train those God has entrusted to our care. If we knew that Jesus was coming next month (and He may), we would not need to train them but we do not know. Jesus said, "Occupy till I come," so we cannot sit down and wait but we must be up and doing. If Jesus tarries, our young people will need all the Christian training they can get to meet the demands of the coming days and years.

I should like to add a little message to our Sunday School teachers along this line of thinking. I wonder how many Sunday School teachers really feel the responsibility of those entrusted to your care and supervision for these few months. To be the teacher of a group of girls and boys, men or women for a little while is a great opportunity. I do not know how you feel, but I feel the same as I imagine a pastor feels who has been given the oversight of a church. I feel that I should visit each home and understand the lives of these pupils. I feel that to be a good teacher I should know something of their homes and their problems. Many helpful things may be said in your teaching to help, if you know their needs. If it is possible, find some way to invite your class to your own home and by your own hospitality show them that you love them. If they are young boys and girls you might form a "Good manners class." Many of our children come from homes of large families and mothers do not have time to teach them all they know. To help these busy mothers with their training would be the greatest work you could possibly find. Another one might form a "I can and I will" class and let the requirements be that no member in this class will be allowed to say I can't or I won't do anything you may ask him to do. A refusal to do anything the teacher asks them will bar them from attending these home meetings. Some splendid training can be done in your home for the Sunday School class you are responsible for. Don't be afraid to serve them with some good eats. Most children and grownups will be good for an hour or two if you give them some sandwiches and cake. And in an hour or two you can drill a lot of good things into them. How about trying it out in your work this year? You will be happy to see how they improve. You may think this is non-essential to the Christian life of a boy or girl. Let me tell you that they never will forget you. When they are old they will still remember that

you took an interest in them and fruits of your interest will be seen in their lives as long as they live. Some of your class may be from homes where mothers must work to support them and they constantly run the streets and come in contact with all kinds of children. For an hour or two you lift them from their surroundings up into the atmosphere of your Christian home. It will mean everything to them. They will catch a glimpse of better things and you will be able to win them for Christ and the Church. God bless the leaders of our young people everywhere and may He give you a vision of the need as He is giving it to me.

## Lighted Pathway Rating

(Continued from Page 20)

Texas	1,370
Virginia	1,232
Washington	129
West Virginia	3,996
Washington, D. C.	15

To the Lighted Pathway:

This is to notify that the Y. P. E. banner for the month of January went to Hattiesburg with a gain of 89. Come on, Y. P. E's, let this be a big year for the Lord.—Roy Douglas, Box 1102, Hattiesburg, Miss.

## What Is a Church Vacation School?

(Continued from page 13)

as only children sing,

*"Oh say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave*

*O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"*

Standing at attention facing the flag, each child gave the salute to the flag and pledged allegiance, saying:

*"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States, and to the republic for which it stands: one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."*

Following the singing of one verse of "America," the boy with the Christian flag stepped forward. The pledge of allegiance was given with the right hand over the heart:

*"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Savior for whose kingdom it stands: one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."*

All sang,

*"Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross,  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss."*

When all had been seated by the chords from the piano, the principal explained the daily missionary offering, that it was an offering from happy children who wanted other children to have the benefit of a Vacation School next year. He suggested that a quart of coins should be given by the school. A

girl was asked to come forward to hold the glass quart jar for the offering. To music the department passed by the place of offering, and gave, as each was able, his love gift for others. When all had returned to their places, the principal thanked the heavenly Father for the gift, and all with bowed heads sang:

*"We give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er that gift may be:  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee."*

Each department, after its program of worship, proceeded to further work.

We were interested in the correlated program of the morning. The principal had chosen the theme "Happy and Helpful in the Home." It was most interesting to us to note that the music, the memory work, the Bible drills, the stories, and the hand-work which followed, all brought out and emphasized the idea of being happy and helpful in the home.

In the memory period, which followed the worship program, the principal asked, "What is the motto of our Church Vacation School?"

The children replied,

*"And they helped every one his neighbor, and every one said unto his brother, BE OF GOOD CHEER! Isa. 41:6."*

As they said, "Be of good cheer!" they rang out the words, and every one smiled. We, too, caught the happy spirit of the school. Each day the school learns one or more Bible verses. During the summer several worth-while passages of Scripture are committed to memory. This morning the principal taught the concluding words of the Sermon on the Mount. He explained that the object of memorizing Scripture was to assist in doing in daily life the things taught by the Bible. We were interested in the methods used in teaching the words and the rapidity with which the children memorized them. First, he read over the words carefully twice:

*"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And everyone that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."*

He named several boys and called them to the platform. To each he gave a picture, asking him not to let the school see it until he told them. When he gave the signal, the pictures were held up one by one for all the school to see.

(Continued on page 25)



## The Sinners Page



NO PILOT

"O Jack, are we really off at last?" and Mrs. Stewart's heart gave a great leap as she saw the trunks carried on board and found herself in all the bustle of setting off on the voyage.

"Yes, dear, at last. If it please God to give us a safe journey home, it will not be long before we see the children."

And presently the sirens were hooting, the cables loosed, and Captain and Mrs. Stewart were starting on the homeward voyage from India. It had been several years since they had last been in the homeland, and great was the joy of the girls at home when the glad news came that father and mother were returning.

Molly was curled up in a big chair reading a story book, and Dorothy was at the piano when the door opened and Aunt Jenette came in with a letter in her hand. "Good news, children! What do you think it is?" and she waved a letter over her head.

Molly sprang up and made a dart to her side, reaching up for the letter.

"O auntie, quick, quick! I can see the stamp—it is from India! What can it be?"

"Can't you guess?"

It was Dorothy's turn now. "Are they coming home, auntie?"

"Yes, indeed, they are coming home at last!"

Molly was all excitement, and she danced about with delight. Then came the long waiting-time and the watching

of the ship from port to port.

In the meantime, as the travelers neared the shores of Old England, they would kneel daily in prayer that all might go well, and that they might soon meet those dear to them.

There was a gay company on board—officers and their wives, and others returning on furlough, nearly all of whom spent their time in card playing, theatricals and dancing. They had now entered the English Channel, and hopes of soon landing were high.

Captain and Mrs. Stewart had been walking on the deck and they could hear from time to time the noisy shouts of a party of card players.

"Thank God, Jack, that we shall soon be at home!" said Mrs. Stewart.

"Yes, dear, please God, we shall be—but—"

"But what? Surely we must be all right now! Why, look, we can see the lights on the shore! And we've been kept safely all this long way!"

"Yes, dear, but"—and the captain spoke so solemnly that his wife never forgot his words—"but God can blow upon this vessel—yet!"

"Oh, yes, of course; but it is so calm, and there is no fog, and I feel sure—"

Then Captain Stewart put his hand through his wife's arm and drew her aside. Then he said in a low tone:

"An accident might easily happen. The captain has refused to have a pilot on board!"

"O Jack, what shameful risk! Why, I've so often heard that it is absolutely necessary for the most experienced captain to have a pilot on board down the Channel."

"Yes, that's true, but our Captain Perfect seems to think he, at least, can do without one. Well, we shall see! And now, dear, go to your cabin for the night, for we shall get off early tomorrow."

Before undressing, Mrs. Stewart knelt in prayer, while sounds of dancing music fell on her ear.

Suddenly there was a terrific shock, which pitched her with great force against her cot. There was a loud, grating noise and a sound as of falling stones. The vessel shook from stem to stern, and seemed to tilt sideways.

For an instant there was a deathly stillness as the dance music suddenly stopped. Then the rush of many feet and din of voices, and cries of alarm. At the first shock Mrs. Stewart sprang from her knees and tried the cabin door,

only to find it jammed fast! Must she drown there like a rat in a hole! And where was Jack! For a moment she was seized with panic, but the next grew calm, as she realized that God her Father was with her.

The next moment she heard her husband's voice:

"Open the door, Maggie, quick!"

"I can't, Jack; it has jammed!" It did not take him long to force it open, and Mrs. Stewart, white, but calm, came out.

"What is it, Jack? Are we going down?"

"I trust not, dear; but the extent of the mischief is not yet known, but better be prepared for the worst; so put on your life-belt and come on deck. We have struck on the 'Portland Bill' with such force that large pieces of the rock have been flung on board. The danger will be when we shear off. Stay here; I know you will be calm. I must go and try to quiet the people, or there will be a panic."

There was indeed a panic; women were white-faced and fainting, and the gay throng, faced with the thought of sudden death, lost in many cases, complete self-control.

Amongst them Captain Stewart went, cheering and encouraging. During the voyage he had been called "that religious fellow," but now the people crowded around him, feeling that he could help them.

Having made further inquiries and discovering for himself the extent of the mischief, he returned to the frightened throng and standing in an elevated position, said:

"Let us thank God, friends, that we are safe! Though one side of the vessel has been stove in, the impact is above high water mark, and, as it is calm we may hope to get safe into port. Had the men been in their bunks, there would have been much loss of life; but, thank God, that was not the case. This will show you the force with which we struck," and we held up a large piece of the Portland Rock, which had fallen on deck.

"Surely," he added, "we have supreme cause to thank God for our great deliverance."

Molly and Dorothy were wild with excitement! A telegram had come: "Arriving at 6:40." And when at last they heard the wheels crunch over the gravel drive, they could hardly wait for the carriage to draw up before they threw themselves upon the travelers.

"O father! mother! at last—at last!" After dinner that evening, when cosily seated around the fire, Captain Stewart told the children of their striking on the "Portland Bill."

"Molly, here's a bit of rock that was  
(Continued on page 26)



# Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday, Today and Forever



## A Miraculous Healing

Above you see first the picture of a little girl, age six, weighing only fifteen pounds, who had been sick two years and five months. The mother states she was examined and treated by twenty-one physicians, but all of them sooner or later claimed there was no hope for the child, that she just couldn't live.

On July 24, 1938, at Alabama City, Ala., at the tent meeting where Brother Linwood Slay, Jr., was conducting an old time, Pentecostal revival, Mrs. Mary Morgan brought this poor little girl, her daughter, Maxine, to the altar to be prayed for. Brother Slay asked me to lead the prayer and to anoint the ones coming for healing and I especially remember this pitiful sight. As we prayed for her the power of God was especially present, and while we were laying hands on the little thing the power was playing on those all around her and she began to laugh and seemed so happy. The mother exclaimed, "I believe God has healed my little girl." The power continued falling and several praised God for His divine presence, and truly faith had reached the throne of God for she was healed.

Now look again at the other picture. Here you see the same little girl, only this view is since God touched her little, weak body. Indeed, she is a living monument to divine healing. Praise God! I imagine I hear you say, Brother Walker, you don't mean it's the same little girl, or can I really believe my eyes? Yes, it is the same little girl. Here we wish to give you the mother's statement in her own words from her letter, bearing date of October



6, 1938.

"I guess you remember the little girl you prayed for at Brother Linwood Slay's tent revival here in Alabama City, who had been sick for two years and five months. She was six years old and weighed only fifteen pounds. Well, Brother Walker, I just want to tell you and praise the Lord for He has really and truly healed her. She began to mend from that night on and now she weighs over thirty pounds and can pull up to a chair. Everyone in this town who saw her while she was sick is really amazed and says it's a miracle, and truly it is. Praise the Lord!"

In another letter I received from Sister Morgan January 18, 1939, I quote: "I am writing you again about my little girl you prayed for last summer at the tent. She is still doing fine and I am sending you one of her pictures before she was healed and one after."

Sister Morgan requests special prayer for the healing of her husband who has been sick of high blood pressure and has been in bed since last August. God is able to touch his body, and will, the moment we believe. Jesus has said, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," Mark 11:24.

Dear ones, it is a glorious privilege that we have to trust God for the healing of our body. God is able to heal. We praise Him for this healing as well as the many thousands possibly we never learn about. God is still able to help us if we trust and lean on Him.—Yours in His service, J. H. Walker, General Overseer.

## What Is a Church Vacation School?

(Continued from page 23)

see. These pictures illustrated the words they were memorizing. There was a picture of a boy listening, of a girl helping her mother, of the Master Himself, of a half built house, and of a great rock; a picture of rain, of a wind-storm, and of a flood, and then of a house that stood solid and firm. It must have taken much time and thought to collect these pictures. But somehow we gathered a new meaning from this parable of the Master and found it easy, with the children, to remember the exact words, the eyes helping the ears by visualizing the words.

A few minutes of intense memory work, then a brief but intense and interesting period of music. Surely someone who understands child life must have planned the program. There was unity; there was variety; there was definite instruction, but always adapted to the age and to the experience of children. In the music period the children were taught to sing. Words and music were memorized together. No song books nor leaflets were in the hands of the children. The music leader used the blackboard and had the words of the songs printed on large sheets. The meaning of the words of the song and of the music was carefully explained. It was a real drill period in music. Two songs were used: "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord," and "This Is My Father's World." We could see more clearly than ever the place of the Bible in building home life, and somehow we too gained a new love and appreciation for that grand old hymn which Roosevelt loved so well. And all day long we caught ourselves humming the tune, "This is My Father's World."

Music followed by a story. What an enchanting combination. The story was about a family who had lost the Bible and were unhappy and quarrelsome. Then they found a Bible which had been given to the mother many years ago by her mother. It changed the home and made it happy. There is an art in story telling that is irresistible. We, too, were caught in the spell of magic woven by the story-teller.

NOTE: This is a part of chapter 1 in the book, "How to Conduct a Church Vacation School," by Albert H. Gage. This will give you a little insight into this work. Next month we will give you part of the 3rd chapter, "How to Promote a Church Vacation School." You will want this book, I am sure. It will be on sale at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.



## Twenty Thousand Circulation Goal Is Set For This Year

Just listen to this: Five dollars in cash will be given each month to the Y. P. E. selling the largest number of papers during the month. You must be selling 50 papers before entering the contest. You must send us the name of your Y. P. E. so that we will know that you have entered the contest. The pastor or clerk must stand good for papers. Please do not forget to send in your order before the 10th of the month for extra papers. The money for the papers must be in by the 10th of the following month after they are received in order to count in the contest.—*Editor*.

### Change of Address

Brother John C. Jernigan, overseer of Georgia, has changed his address from Macon, Ga. to 1449 Mozley Place, S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

### Bible Correspondence Course

Just listen to this good news! Brother Clifford Jenkerson, who is in charge of our Bible Correspondence Course in connection with the Church of God Bible School, sends us this information:

The Correspondence Bible Course, which has been selling for \$19.50 on terms has been reduced to \$13.00 on terms of \$1.00 down and \$1.50 per month. The cash price has also been reduced from \$15.00 to \$10.00.

Now isn't this good news! How about starting a Bible class among your young people? Send for this course in Bible study and establish your boys and girls in the Word of God.—*Editor*.

### No Pilot

(Continued from page 24)

splintered by the collision. I want you to keep it all your life, and always remember that we were almost wrecked—and do you know why?"

"No, father; why?"

"Because our captain tried to do without a pilot! Will my children always remember that they surely will make shipwreck of their lives unless they have Jesus, the Great Pilot, on board? Through God's infinite mercy we are saved from death, in spite of having no pilot on board; but, in the voyage of life, 'No pilot' means eternal destruction."

And now that Molly is an old woman, she still keeps in her cabinet of curios that very piece of rock, and tells the story of "No Pilot" to other children!—*Selected*.

### Honor Roll

Next month we will have an honor roll. The names of the six Y. P. E.'s who have sold the largest number of papers will be on the roll of honor but the first will receive the prize.

## Important Explanation

We are so sorry that we cannot find room to publish all the good letters and articles that come into our office. We are doing our best and if you are patient we may get to your contribution or letter some of these days. We do so much appreciate your letters of encouragement and wish we could answer each one personally. Continue to pray for us that we may be given strength for the task.—*Editor*.

### Silver Lining

Some have been writing in, asking about the Silver Lining. This is a book of 57 beautiful poems. They make lovely gifts and poetry lovers are delighted with them. Come on and help me put them in the hands of the people. They will be a blessing. We give \$15.00 for selling 100 of them. Please send references and remember they cannot be returned. Get your Y. P. E. well organized to sell them, giving each so many to sell. They will be easy to dispose of in this way.

### Ruby Lee Smith

Woodruff, S. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month, for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

### "The Unbroken Circle"

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

We have another short play also, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," which you could use in your programs. Price 10c. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and do nothing for your meetings and depend on God doing it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—*Editor*.

### State Y. P. E. Superintendents

Robert Johnson, South Carolina  
Leonard Newton, Illinois  
D. C. Barns, Georgia  
S. L. Cooper, Kentucky  
Max L. Atkins, Tennessee  
Linwood Slay, Alabama  
Roy Douglas, Mississippi  
Mack Hatcher, Louisiana  
Paul Potent, Washington, D. C., Maryland, Delaware, and part of Virginia  
Helen Rosson, Michigan  
Paul Stallings, North Carolina  
Elmer Boyd, California  
C. H. Sharp, Oklahoma  
A. J. Murray, Arkansas  
Wm. Stanfield, Florida  
W. H. Ward, Virginia  
Adrian Kirby, Ohio  
T. F. Blackwell, West Virginia  
Berse E. Jackson, Indiana  
Edgar Graves, Arizona  
J. C. Thompson, Texas  
J. C. McClendon, New Mexico  
Carl G. Carder, Michigan

## New Gideons

Liley Vasey, Fountain Inn, S. C.  
Isaac Moss, Rocky Mt., N. C.  
Ralph Campbell, Fitzgerald, Ga.  
Bertie Griggs, Sedan, New Mex.  
Mrs. Ava Lee Barnes, Hornbeak, Tenn.  
Mrs. Alma Altizer, Valls Creek, W. Va.  
Edwin Whipple, Ada, Okla.  
Miss Evelyn Miller, Blairsville, Ga.  
Leroy Furnage, Goldsboro, N. C.  
Mildred Bradburn, Canton, N. C.  
Roy Bell, Macon, Ga.  
Mamie Riggs, Pompano, Fla.  
Clifford Sumner, Lakeland, Fla.  
Miss Gladys Ranes, Christopher, Ky.  
Tv Hammond, North Matewan, W. Va.  
Mrs. Nora Johnson, Kimberly, Ala.  
Opal Keith, Combs, Ky.  
Mrs. Mary Farmers, Rocky Mt., N. C.  
Eugene Patrick, Seco, Ky.  
Gerald Cooper, Fitzgerald, Ga.  
Mrs. Eudora Pearson, Donna, Texas.  
Leona Huffstutler, Altoona, Ala.  
Miss Ethel Thompson, Apopka, Fla.  
Mrs. Elmer Gilmert, Everts, Ky.  
Mildred Fourhand, Shamrock, Fla.  
Lillie B. Lewis, Barboursville, Ky.  
John Austin Gilson, Dyersburg, Tenn.  
W. R. Sanders, Lutz, Fla.  
Claude Sauls, Valdosta, Ga.  
Francis Bloodworth, Ochlocknee, Ga.  
E. A. Allen, Hahira, Ga.  
Lucille Fogerty, Enigma, Ga.  
Bernice Hvers, Alma, Ga.  
Dorothy Mae Stamper, Murphy, Okla.  
James Kitchen, Birmingham, Ala.  
Bertha Sapp, Paris, Ky.  
Ruth Smith, Paris, Ky.  
Catherine Williams, Sweetwater, Tenn.  
Bessie Franklin, Bishop, Va.  
Mrs. Lula Hurst, Live Oak, Fla.  
Mrs. A. J. Moore, Georgetown, S. C.  
Delmer Leatherberry, Lockwood, Ohio  
Ernest Cordell, Lindale, Ga.  
John Smith, Carbon, Ind.  
Alvin H. Thompson, Gettysburg, S. Dak.  
Mrs. Annella Stephens, Ravenna, Ky.  
Mrs. Henry Franks, Ravia, Okla.  
J. C. Leonard, Henderson, N. C.  
J. B. Conner, Pitts, Ga.  
Wilmer Wessinger, Carrollton, Ga.  
Orville Barnett, Wichita Falls, Texas  
Loree Burnett, Milton, Fla.  
Walter Helms, Charlotte, N. C.  
Madeline Allison, Overton, Texas.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who are going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

## THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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# Glints of Knowledge



General Chiang has said that more missionaries from America are needed in China, trained in education, in rural reconstruction, and co-operative effort, but "above all, filled with the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ and the zeal of His service." He asks for the help of Christians in America "that we may not fail Christ in His purpose for China." Here lies a real challenge, Christian youth of America!

In answering the members of the new Congress who oppose Roosevelt's relief program, Senator Borah, Republican of Idaho said: "They are proposing to drop 200,000 workers in the dead of winter and 200,000 more when the cold March winds are blowing. God knows what these people are going to do unless they starve."

"The poor people of this country are much more of a problem than are the armies and navies of foreign nations."

While Germany destroys the Jews, without discussion and without a single negative vote, the United States Senate confirmed the nomination of Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, an American Jew to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

America is unquestionably opposed to Japan's war on China, in which Japan boasts that she has killed three million Chinese, yet seventy-five per cent of the gasoline Japan used last year, gasoline for tanks and bombers and warships, came from the United States. One-third of the steel she made last year, steel for shells, bombs, dum-dum bullets, was made out of American raw material.

## Purging a Peace Party

In China, General Chiang Kai-shek seems disposed to eliminate the peace party headed by former Premier Wang Ching-wei. Over 200 of his leaders have been arrested, possibly out of fear lest the will of the Chinese to resist might be weakened by the talk of a premature peace. It is significant that no nation but Germany and Italy are friendly to the motives of Japan.

The International Christian Press states that 72,000 Jews accepted Protestant baptism during the nineteenth century. The number of baptized converts among the heathen and Moslems in the same period was 2,000,000, or one to every 525 of the heathen and Moslem population. The same degree of success among heathen and Moslems as

among Jews, says this authority, would have shown 7,000,000 converts enter the gospel ministry as converts from among the heathen. A comparison of facts shows that no mission field of modern times has been so fruitful as the Jewish.

The ministry of the Church of God in America are bold and courageous in speaking what they please. But in Vienna Sunday, December, the secret police began the censorship of sermons, demanding to see the manuscript of the sermon which was to be delivered in the cathedral.

In a recent contest this definition of money won the prize:

Money is an article which may be used as a universal passport to everywhere except heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness.

Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas says in the Baptist Standard that the Federal prison population has increased so rapidly since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment that the department calls for \$4,000,000 from the relief fund to build seven new prisons. That shows in what way the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment has been a success.

The Church of God ought to establish a college. It would enable us to give to America great leaders from the homes of our Church.

It is interesting to know that eight of our Chief Justices were college graduates, while seven of the eight were from Christian schools. Eighteen of our nation's presidents have been college graduates, while sixteen of the eighteen were from Christian schools. Eighteen of the twenty-five masters of American letters were college men, while seventeen of the eighteen were from Christian colleges. Of the members of our National Congress whose efforts of prominence have secured for them a place in "Who's Who," two-thirds of them were graduates of Christian schools.

The Imperial University of Tokyo recently circulated a questionnaire among its students which showed that of its 5,000 students, six were Confucians; eight Shintoists; two Christians; 300 Buddhists; 1,500 atheists, and 3,000 agnostics.

This is the first time in American history that a major panic has not been accompanied with a great spiritual revival.

Despite all explanations and excuses, the impression grows that England made a sad blunder in yielding to Hitler in the Czechoslovakian situation. It was evidently a postponement, not a settlement. The Advance sets forth the matter very clearly:

There is considerable warrant for the conviction that Hitler would have backed down, if Great Britain and France had shown a plain and unmistakable readiness for alliance with Russia to protect Czechoslovakia. One has an uncomfortable feeling that it is Toryism that has conquered, and that democracy has been defeated in its homelands as well as abroad. There is, of course, the possible assumption that Hitler's modifications of his demands and his statement that he will not seek further territorial aggression in Europe are to be taken seriously. In the light of past events and in the light of his own program, as bluntly stated in "Mein Kampf," there would not seem to be much warrant for that assumption.—*The Presbyterian*.

One hundred and thirty-seven years ago only 65 per cent of the people were affiliated with churches. Today, the total church membership in the United States—Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic—is nearly one-half of the population, or 49.43 per cent. But these statistics are not satisfying. The evangelistic zeal and power of Protestantism must be multiplied.

## India and Its Millions

The following facts were gathered about India during the last decade. India has 315 million people, 200 million Hindus, 50 million outcasts, 60 million Mohammedans, 246 million who cannot read, 3 million Christians, 40 million secluded women, 25 million widows, 2½ million widows under ten years old, 14 million widows under 4 years old, 25 million lepers, 320 million gods, 300 languages and dialects.

Here are some statistics which could serve as the subject of a very practical discourse:

Statistics show that the income of the American people for 1936 exceeded 1932 by fifty-one per cent. But the sad part of the showing is in the further figures which would make one weep. Forty-one per cent more was spent at theaters; forty-eight per cent more for cigarettes; three hundred and seventeen per cent more for beer; thirty per cent less given to churches; twenty-nine per cent less to benevolences; eighteen per cent less to colleges.—*The Presbyterian*.



# The Price of a Drink

Josephine Pollard

"Five cents a glass!" Does anyone think  
That is really the price of a drink?  
"Five cents a glass," I heard you say,  
"Why, that isn't very much to pay!"  
Ah, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum  
You are passing over 'twixt finger and  
thumb;  
And if that were all that you gave  
away,  
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide  
Who has lost his courage and lost his  
pride,  
And lies a groveling heap of clay,  
Not far removed from a beast today.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell  
Who sleeps tonight in a murderer's cell,  
And feels within him the fires of hell.  
Honor and virtue, love and truth,  
All the glory and pride of youth,  
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,  
High endeavor and noble aim—  
These are the treasures thrown away  
At the price of a drink, from day to  
day.

"Five cents a glass!" how S a t a n  
laughed,  
As over the bar the young men quaffed  
The beaded liquor, for the demon knew  
The terrible work that drink would do.  
And before morning the victim lay,  
With his life's blood swiftly ebbing  
away;

And that was the price he paid, alas!  
For the pleasure of taking a social  
glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to  
know  
What some are willing to pay for it, go  
Through that wretched tenement over  
there  
With dingy windows and broken stair,  
Where foul disease like a vampire  
crawls  
With outstretched wings o'er the moldy  
walls.

There poverty dwells with her hungry  
brood,  
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;  
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;  
There violence deals its cruel blow;  
The innocent ones are thus accursed  
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were  
all,  
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!  
But the money's worth is the least  
amount

We pay, and whoever will keep account  
Will learn the terrible waste and blight  
That follows the ruinous appetite.

"Five cents a glass!" does anyone think  
That that is really the price of a drink?

—*Temperance Scrapbook*



# The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 10

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No. 4



*The Walk to Emmaus*

*"Jesus,  
the Light of the World"*





# The Editor's Easter Message



Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Easter, glad Easter is here again. We have been wondering what new thoughts we can bring to you about this great day, the most wonderful day



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

on the calendar of God. We have been sending out our Easter message to you for the last ten years and during that time we find that the story of Easter has never changed. We would not want it to change. It brings to us the beautiful truth of the gospel that

our dead loved ones shall not always lie beneath the cold earth, but that their bodies shall come forth to live again. How desolate this old world would be were it not for this thought!

There are few of us who do not stop occasionally to ask ourselves the question, Whither are we bound when this life is over? The only picture we have of that country we find in the Bible. Rev. 22 is a part of that picture. It tells us, "And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever." What more could we desire? No more curse, no night there and best of all, we shall see His face.

Oh, how we wish our loved ones could come back and tell us about the place to which they have gone. Of course, it's a place, for Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also," John 14:1-3.

I'd like to know just what took place when my little boy went away. I'd like to know whether or not he has grown and developed there. I'd like to know what my dear old father and mother, brother and sister and friends are doing now since they went away, but it is enough to know that they are with Him and have seen Him face to face. It's enough to know that the time is coming when our dead loved ones shall arise and we (if we are alive at that time) shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air. Let us see what is said about it in 1 Thess. 4:13-18, "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another

with these words."

In Venice is a very beautiful monument in the form of a pyramid. Within that structure are the remains of a little child in the sleep of death. On the door of the strange tomb is the inscription, "Till He come." By the door stands an angel sculptured from the whitest marble. One hand of the angel rests upon the latch of the door, the other holds a trumpet. The seraph is peering intently into the distant heavens, watching for the first appearance of our coming Lord. Lo! He comes! and every eye doth see Him. The latch is uplifted, the door thrown open, and the angel through his trumpet shouts: "Little sleeper, come forth from the tomb." You who mourn over the graves of loved ones, hear the lesson of hope that comes to you amid the flowers of Easter—"It is only till He come!" We are to see again those dear ones who have slipped away from us into the silent land. We are to hear again those hushed voices, touch those vanished hands, meet and evermore be with those we have loved and lost awhile. It is only "till He come!"

What is the duty of those possessing this hope? It is the same as was Mary's the first Easter morning: "Go quickly and tell." If there is one day in the year which should be more a missionary day than another we think that day is Easter.

We have the good news. Surely we ought to tell it. If our hope of immortality is "a living hope," surely it will breathe, speaking helpful, cheering, saying words to others. And it will walk; it will go to the grief-stricken, to the bedsides of the sick and carry comfort and help. And it will sing, and it will smile, and it will work. On our birthdays we give gifts. Easter is the birthday of hope. What more natural than that on this natal day of immortality we should give this hope to someone else?

Does this not suggest to us our real lesson of Easter duty? It is to pass the blessing on. It is to kindle the torches of others. It is to try to give this loving hope to someone else, and to continue doing so until the whole world is full of light—until every soul shall be illumined with the beautiful, cheering, holy light caught from the broken

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## THE MYSTERY SOLVED

1 Thess. 4:14-17, 1 Cor. 15:51-54

MABEL GLENN HALDEMAN

In the morning when the trump of God shall sound,  
Saints of God, who have been sleeping 'neath the ground,  
Shall awake to see forever face to face  
Him who saved them by His free and wondrous grace.

Though their bodies once corrupt have trod the earth,  
Yet by faith transformed were they by second birth;  
And the seed which men had planted 'neath the sod  
Shall be raised to bloom eternally with God.

When the voice of the archangel sounds aloud  
Jesus shall descend for them thro' rifted cloud,  
And the trump of God shall waken them to rise  
For the glad and glorious meeting in the skies.

Then the living ones, remaining, shall ascend  
With the risen ones, to meet their Heav'nly Friend,  
As they loved and served Him here with one accord,  
So forever they shall be with Him their Lord.

Oh, the thought is so amazing, yet it's true,  
That our bodies shall be made Divinely new—  
Glorified and fashioned like His very own,  
Fit to jointly sit with Him upon His throne!

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye,  
We shall meet our blessed Saviour in the sky;  
When we know all things as He whom we adore,  
Then the myst'ry shall be solved forevermore.



# One Easter Morning

MABEL McKEE

The spirit of Easter had taken possession of the entire Pullman car. The college girls on their way home for spring vacations wore corsages of jonquils and pussy willows; the little children, going to spend Easter with their grandmother, had a pair of baby chickens in a gay, wooden cage; and the old man, whose Grand Army button told how far along life's highway he had journeyed, showed passengers nearest him the Easter cards he had received from his grandchildren.

Enid Burton shut her heart against all this fragrance of Easter. She wished it were just as easy to shut her eyes to all these people, especially the young hospital interne talking to the young nurse whose blue cape drew admiring glances from every one in the car.

It was because Barry had once been an interne that she was running away from Easter, because he had gone into isolation with men and women suffering from sleeping sickness, and weakened from overwork, had contracted pneumonia and three days later had journeyed down that longest of trails.

In a few minutes she would be in Barry's home town, talking with his father and mother, his sister and brother. When their letter had come, asking her to come to them for a week, Enid had whispered to herself, "I must spend Easter there. I can't stand it here with mother reminding me I sang the solo at church last Easter, with the twins practicing that same song, with Marian chattering about the Easter hats she's making, and the children waiting to color Easter eggs."

She had burst into sobs then and tried not to remember how Barry had praised her Easter song; had said her voice was golden; how he had rolled Easter eggs with the children and told stories about Easters at his home. She had learned since that September night when she had watched beside Barry's cot at the hospital that it was wiser not to think, not to recognize the fact that she had a future to live.

She had found out that the family at home wanted to forget Barry when sixteen-year-old Peter began to leave the table when she started talking about

Barry, when the twins stopped coming to her room of evenings, when father and mother suggested that she go back to the conservatory and freshen up her music a bit. They had not seemed impressed when she had told them she would never sing again, and music was dead in her heart. She said she would prefer to take a position in the bank or a store when she was well again, rather than to sing or teach music in the schools.

She knew Barry's parents would be different. They would want to discuss the unfairness of life which had taken Barry when he was so young and when they all loved him so much. They would want to dream of the famous surgeon he could have been, had not his life been snuffed out as it was.

The conductor swung into the car to call Lawrenceville, the town in which Barry's family lived. Enid began to gather her luggage together, ready to leave the train. She pushed a shabby beret on her head, reached for her worn gloves, and followed the porter from the car.

A minute later she was close in the arms of Barry's mother, with the eyes of Barry's father on her. She heard his voice, so much like Barry's, saying, in the drawling manner she had loved so well, "Too pale, my child, and quite too thin. We'll have to find a tonic to remedy that."

The car to which they led her had two bent fenders and needed washing badly. Barry's descriptions of his father's car had always sent Enid into gales of laughter. How well she remembered his words, "I'll warrant there isn't a mail box along a country road in Farrington county he hasn't knocked down at least twice."

The catch of the back door refused to work when Dr. Hutchens tried to open it, just as Barry had said it always did. And Barry's father chuckled and said, "The three of us should sit on the front seat anyway. Then Main street can't say we've been quarreling."

Barry's father talked all through town. He had spent most of the night in a

farm home where a baby had been born. "It was Rose Jennings's sixth baby," he said.

Barry's mother's eyes turned toward Enid, proud eyes filled with love, touched with an expression Enid couldn't fathom. It was too deep, too different from any she had ever seen before.

"We must stop at Miller's drug store," she interrupted her husband's monologue. "I like his dye better than at the drug store on our corner."

Enid's heart seemed to miss one beat. Easter egg dye! Barry's mother was going to color eggs this Easter just as she had done when Barry was alive. Oh, it just couldn't be possible!

While she was in the store, Enid put forward the question in her heart. "Dr. Hutchens," she began in a whisper that was half a sob, "can't we drive past the cemetery on our way home?"

His firm fingers closed over her hand. His dark eyes looked into her grey ones and saw the tragedy written there. And his voice was very, very gentle and understanding. "I'm having some work done there this afternoon, dear. But we'll go very early in the morning—just you and I and mother, I promise you."

Enid's hand clung to his like a helpless child. Then she saw Barry's mother coming from the store, her arms filled with bundles. Apologetically she explained her long stay. "John Miller is having a half price sale on all his Easter baskets. I bought a half dozen of them for the Beemis children, John. You know they didn't have any Easter eggs last year except that half dozen I had Jackie take down."

"Good girl!" Dr. Hutchens flashed his wife a rare smile. "We'll take them down tonight, Jackie and I. Perhaps together we can talk old man Beemis into letting Pete join the Scout troop. The lad's wild to do it."

Soon the car stopped in front of the big gray, frame, farm house which had been Barry's home until he had gone away to medical school. Enid had come to it the first time when they had brought Barry home for the last time. Now she felt a shivering that made her helpless. She leaned on Barry's father as they went up the walk and into the living room, where a cozy fire burned in

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*The Triumphant Entry*



# Children's Page



## OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

### The Dark Path

When people lose their temper  
It doesn't always stay  
In just the place they lost it,  
But travels miles away;  
And when they find and bind it,  
It may be it has done  
A mischief never to be healed  
Unto the farthest sun.

When people lose their temper  
It runs and rages far;  
It strikes at friends as well as foes,  
Not caring who they are.  
And when its cruel force is spent,  
Its words and deeds go on  
Down many ways, through many days,  
Unreckoned and unknown.

When people lose their temper  
It still may come again  
After the past is forgotten,  
Bringing a load of pain  
That never can be lifted,  
That breaks the heart with woe—  
Oh, far the road and ill the path  
Where pride and anger go.

—Publisher Unknown.

### The Little Boy Whose Mother Lent Him to the Lord

In the first chapter of 1 Samuel we study about a little boy whose name is Samuel, and whose mother's name is Hannah. When Samuel was a small child his mother brought him to Eli, the high priest, for him to train him up in the house of the Lord.

Eli knew God was pleased to have him do this, and he promised to take care of her little boy and teach him to serve God. Every year after this she came with her husband to offer sacrifices at Shiloh

and brought Samuel a little coat.

Can you imagine how glad Hannah was when the time came for her to go to the Temple and see her darling son? How sad she must have felt when the time came for her to return home. But she loved God and was glad to make this sacrifice.

We know a consecrated mother who gave up her daughter to go to the foreign field. She has a little boy at home now and says if the Lord should call him, she like Hannah, would gladly let him go.

One night, while Samuel was yet a little boy, God called him three times and told him to tell Eli how He would punish him for his sins. It was a sad message but Eli accepted the warning, knowing that it was from God.

No doubt there are boys today reading this lesson, who will some day hear the voice of God saying, "Go preach my Word." What will your answer be? Samuel became the last judge in Israel and taught the people how to put away their idols and serve God.

### Questions:

What was Samuel's mother's name? Hannah. How many times did God call Samuel? Three times. What did God tell him? That He would punish Eli for his sins. What became of Samuel when he was an old man? He became the last judge in Israel.

### The Brightest Day of All the World

The darkest day in the history of past centuries was when Jesus lay in the tomb. The future looked dark to His followers. He had said that He would rise again the third day, but it seems that they could not understand it.

After Jesus was crucified they took His body and wrapped it in rich linen clothes. Then they laid it in a new grave or tomb which had been cut out of a large rock. A large stone was now placed in front of the grave. The stone was sealed and Roman soldiers guarded the tomb.

Behold, there was a great earthquake and an angel from heaven came down and rolled the stone away. When the soldiers on guard saw the angel with shining face and dazzling garments they fell to the ground like dead men and as soon as they came to themselves, fled away from the tomb in terror.

Mary Magdalene and other women came to the tomb bringing spices and perfumes to anoint the body of Jesus. When they arrived they found the soldiers gone, the stone rolled away, the

tomb empty and a beautiful angel who told them that Jesus was not there but had risen from the dead.

The good news which the angel told seemed too wonderful to be true. Thus the darkest day in the world became the brightest day.

### Questions:

What rich man buried Jesus? Joseph of Arimathae. Who guarded the tomb? Roman soldiers. Whose seal was placed over the stone? Pilate's. Who rolled the stone away? An angel from heaven.

### Rainbow

Gen. 9:9-16

Children, after a rain have you ever noticed the beautiful rainbow in the cloud? Do you stop to think how it came to be there? The sin that came into the world when Eve listened to the tempter grew worse and worse until God had to destroy the wicked people of the earth by sending a great flood.

The first thing that Noah did, when he came out of the ark, was to give thanks to God for saving all his family when the rest of the people were destroyed. Noah built an altar, and laid upon it an offering to the Lord. God was pleased with Noah's offering and promised him that from this time on He never would destroy the earth again with water, and that spring, summer, autumn, and winter, day and night, should go on to the end of the world.

Do you know what God gave as a sign of His promise? It was the rainbow. So, as often as we see the rainbow, we are to remember that God has placed it in the sky as a sign of His promise that He would always remember the earth and the people upon it, and would never again send a flood to destroy men from the earth.

### Questions:

What beautiful sight do we see sometimes after a shower? A rainbow. Who put the rainbow in the cloud? God. What promise did God make Noah? That He would never destroy the earth again with water. What are we to think of when we see a rainbow? We should think of God. Is this promise for us today? Yes.

### The Wicked Prince Who Tried to Steal His Father's Kingdom

Read 2 Sam. 15:17.

In this lesson we study about Absalom, son of King David. Absalom's heart was wicked, and ungrateful, and cruel. It was said of him that he was the most handsome young man in the land.

He had long beautiful locks of hair of which he was very proud. No doubt but what his mother spoiled and petted him too. Finally he planned to steal the kingdom away while his father was yet alive. The first thing he did was to be-

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# Children's Easter Story

## The Missionary Lilies

By Martha S. Hooker

Mrs. Gregg lived at the far end of the street in a large old-fashioned house, set somewhat back from the roadway. Folk would love to have visited on the spacious old veranda or lingered under the shady trees, but it was all so cheerless. The doors were always closed and the shades drawn, though every one knew that Mrs. Gregg was at home. Visitors were just not welcome.

Mrs. Gregg herself didn't scatter much cheer. She always wore a black dress in keeping with her sad face, and was seldom seen by her neighbors.

Mary Louise Brown and her mother lived on the same street and often walked past where Mrs. Gregg lived. These two were great chums, although Mary Louise was only seven.

"Mother, I wonder why Mrs. Gregg never comes to church?" Mary Louise asked her mother one day as they walked by the big house and tried to look beyond the closed windows for a glimpse of the sad lady.

"I do wish she would come, dear. We will have to ask our Heavenly Father to find a way."

That night as Mrs. Brown and Mary Louise had their prayer time, a special request was made for Mrs. Gregg.

"Please, dear Heavenly Father, make Mrs. Gregg want to go to your house," Mary Louise prayed.

A few days later, Mrs. Brown and her little girl were busy planting lily bulbs.

"We must have lilies for Easter," Mrs. Brown said.

In the midst of the planting of the brown ugly bulbs, Mary Louise's face suddenly shone with joy as she came to her mother with a plan: "Mother, may I plant some bulbs 'special' for Mrs. Gregg?"

"Why, indeed you may! I believe our Heavenly Father Himself gave you this lovely idea."

So the prettiest bowl was chosen, and five brown bulbs were placed carefully and prayerfully within.

"You are to be missionary lilies, little brown bulbs," said Mary Louise as she put them away in a dark closet to sleep awhile. "Grow tall and beautiful and blossom for sad Mrs. Gregg."

Never were brown lily bulbs tended more carefully, nor watched with more love and interest. All the while, too, as they slept in the dark closet, and even after they were brought out to the light, Mrs. Brown told Mary Louise the loveliest stories of God's plan in changing ugly brown bulbs into the most beautiful of flowers. Never had Mary Louise so understood the meaning of the Resurrection. Surely He who could bring about such a beautiful transformation would do more for those who were His own children, for whom the Lord Jesus died.

Every day there was something new to discover about the little brown bulbs

—first a tiny green shoot, then the tall, beautiful blades, until the brown ugly bulbs were quite forgotten.

So Mary Louise and her mother prayed and watched and tended, and the lily plants grew and grew. The days quickly passed, and Easter was near. Would there be blossoms? Mary Louise never doubted, for were not her bulbs to be missionary lilies? And her faith was rewarded, for, during the week before Easter, she found the first tiny bud. This discovery caused a real time of rejoicing in the Brown household.

"I knew my missionary plant would bloom," Mary Louise said over and over.

Soon other buds appeared and Mary Louise's heart fairly sang for joy. Of course, the buds quickly opened—the ugly brown bulbs had been changed into the most beautiful lilies, shedding their fragrance throughout the whole house.

"Now they are ready, Mother, ready to go on their missionary journey," said Mary Louise, and Mrs. Brown knew that the little girl was right.

The daintiest, prettiest card was chosen, and Mary Louise wrote in her very best writing: "For Mrs. Gregg, with love from Mary Louise Brown."

Then, at Mrs. Brown's suggestion, she copied the lovely verse: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that *believeth* in me, though he were *dead*, yet shall he *live*."

After special prayer for the missionary journey, the beautiful lilies were soon carried over to Mrs. Gregg's porch, right near the milk bottles, which stood not

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Bristol, Tenn. Y. P. E.—Etta Jane Burke, Leader. Rev. Cook (pastor) and wife to extreme right



# Helps for Tempted and Tried

## A RENDEZVOUS WITH CHRIST

BY WILLIAM H. BODDY

What an affrighted, disorganized company the disciples must have been, just after the crucifixion! They were a little company of country folk from far-off Galilee. They had come to the city inspired by a great hope. But the city had slain their Master. Whither should they turn? To go back to Galilee meant to become the butt of jibes and sneers. Then, too, every gray hillside and every quiet inlet of Gennesaret would be poignant with the Master's memory. Could they ever return? Then it was that they heard that He had appointed a rendezvous. One said to them: "He goeth before you into Galilee, there you shall him him."

This command and promise, as one dwells and dreams upon it, suggests that we are to find our risen Lord amid most familiar scenes and most ordinary associations. That the disciples saw Jesus after His crucifixion, there is no doubt. Whether they saw the physical resurrected body of their Lord, or whether their spiritual vision was so clarified that they beheld the glorified presence of their Master; whether it was by sight or insight that they beheld Him, does not matter. They knew that Jesus lived. And to them it gave an impetus of moral strength that changed cowering fisher-folk into the irresistible evangelists of the Christ. They went everywhere preaching Jesus and the resurrection. They saw Jesus. At first their "eyes were holden." That means they were spiritually dull, their moral apprehensions were not quick and keen. Then, their grieving, aspiring spirits drew farther and farther away from material things until their vision pierced the veil and they knew the meaning of the Master when He said: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end."

But if we would see Jesus; if we would realize the power and presence of Him who has triumphed over death; if we would find the nexus of the spiritual world—we must go back to Galilee; go to our

old homely haunts; go where the common round of daily duty awaits us; go where every familiar scene is divested of the romance with which once He glorified it and seems only to pierce our hearts with pain. Go back to Galilee! Dusty, dreary, commonplace Galilee—go back! We shall find Him there. "But, O thou Angel Visitant, here in Jerusalem is the temple, in the Holy of Holies, the Shrine of the Ages; yonder is the place called Calvary and, hard by, the garden tomb and its stone rolled away. Surely if ever we see Him again it will be here, where the divine drama reached its denouement; where the timeless tragedy came to its climax." But comes the quiet command: "He goes before you into Galilee. You shall see him there."

Clearer and clearer it is revealed that Jesus made the common things of com-

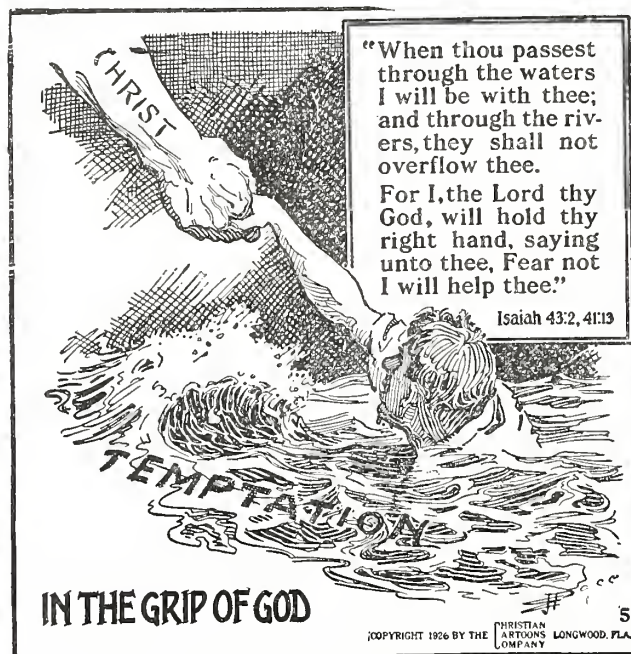
mon life the media through which He communed with the Father. The roadside, the well-curb, the harvest field, the wedding supper, the sorrow-shadowed cottage—these were the trysting places of His love. It was perhaps when with His friends He ate a sandwich by the roadside that first He said: "I am the Bread of Life; if any man eat of me he shall never hunger again." Then, on the last night, He was with His disciples in one latest effort to make them and all men see the sacramental values of life's common things. He took a bit of bread and wine—the provisions on table of even the poorest people—and He blessed them and said: "This do in remembrance of me." "Spiritualize the ordinary elements of life! Make of your food and drink a lowly gateway leading into glory!" And a few days later, when their hearts were overwhelmed with grief and their eyes were blinded with fear, the angel said somewhat the same thing: "Go into Galilee and you shall see him there."

Folded deep in the heart of life there is a mystery and meaning which so many of us miss. Life is not the thing it seems.

Beneath its surface there lies a morning-land more fragrant than all earth's quiet dawns; just beyond the mists of materialism and the shadows of sense there waits the only Comrade who can satisfy our souls. He does not lie in dreamless sleep yonder in Joseph's garden. He walks in Galilee! He walks in Galilee! In the midst of life's simplicities, its necessities, its details, drab and drear; the wistful spirit, the childlike soul, may find the Hidden Radiance.

If we ever discover life's inner meaning, we must take the mystical approach. We must look not at life but into it. We must see it through the eyes of the poet. Life's toils and tears, its wearing work and demanding duties are not obstacles to be overcome, they are means to be used. As Percy Ainsworth has said: "Religion is not the stately ordering of the soul at times and seasons. It is the weaving of the golden threads of inward consecration into the gray fabric of life's most familiar fashioning."

He goes before us into Galilee. He waits with eager, outstretched hands amid all the unheroic, fretful, commonplace situations of life. What a tragedy to miss Him! What a pity to see only the  
(Continued on page 23)



## Blessings in Disguise

Miss Kittie L. Brackett

*If I walk with my hand in Jesus'  
And, in all things, His will obey,  
Not a thing that can really harm me,  
Will be able to come my way.*

*Though things may look dark at present,  
Some day, in the future, I'll see  
That the thing, which I feared, was a blessing,  
Sent by my Lord to me.*



# Easter Gleanings



## On the Resurrection

By William Jennings Bryan

If the Father designs to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn, and make it burst forth from its prison wall, will He leave neglected the soul of man, who is made in the image of his Creator?

If He gives to the rosebush, whose withered blossom floats upon the breeze, the sweet assurance of another spring-time, will He withhold the words of hope from the sons of man, when the frosts of winter come?

If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the force of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation after a brief sojourn, like a royal guest, in this tenement of clay?

Rather let us believe that He, who in His apparent prodigality, wastes not the raindrop, the blade of grass, or the evening's sighing zephyr, but makes them all to carry out His eternal plan, has given immortality to the mortal and gathered to Himself the generous spirit of our friend. Then, let us look up to Him and say:

*"Thy day has come, not gone;  
Thy sun has risen, not set;  
Thy life is now beyond the reach of  
change or death,  
Oh, gentle soul, hail and farewell."*

## "They Watched Him There"

Rev. A. E. Beyler

*"And sitting down they watched Him there."*—Matthew 27:36.

After the last knot was drawn and the last nail driven and the rugged cross with its suffering, bleeding Sacrifice for our sins was lifted from the earth, a group of men with their awful work done sat down close by to rest—to wait—to watch.

But they were not the only watchers. Priests and people mocked, crying out, "He saved others, Himself He cannot save!" The callous mob which had cried, "Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" were standing by glorying in the fulfillment of their desires and the

success of their undertaking, for was it not He who had oftentimes escaped from their trap and had bewildered them in their best efforts to capture Him?

Mere curiosity seekers were numerous, some half expecting a miracle, others idly following the crowd, but all unfriendly in their watching.

All they saw in their watching was only a man who wore a crown of thorns, a misguided man, the victim of death and a mysterious darkness which they could not account for. Had they beheld, as only an awakened sinner or a saint of God today beholds, they would have gathered close to the cross and in the deepening darkness sung:

*"Well might the sun in darkness bide  
And shut His glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin."*

Instead of crucifixion they would have seen a glorious coronation, a man crowned, not with a crown of thorns but with an imperishable crown of glory. Instead of an enforced martyrdom they would have seen a loving giving up of Himself as a sacrifice for their sin, a perfect fulfillment of their Scriptures, for was He not wounded for their transgressions? Were not the stripes that belonged to our backs laid on Him? Instead of a victim of death they would have seen a triumphant victor over death. Instead of physical darkness they would have seen the beautiful dawn of eternal day, for when He cried "It is finished," the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings to make His way to your dark heart and mine to dispel the darkness of a Christless soul and light up our way to glory.

Look at the closing words of the text, "They watched Him there:" Christ—Golgotha. Jesus, the Prince of Glory—the only begotten Son of God the Father, high in heavenly glory, who had received homage and worship from angels, cherubim and seraphim—*Him there*—for us forsaken, hanging in agony on the cruel tree.

*"Extended on a cursed tree*

*Besmeared with dust and sweat and*

*blood,*

*There the King of Glory see—*

*Sink and expires the Son of God."*

In the minds of men the more merciful forms of execution were too good for Jesus.

When applied to heaven our vision of Jesus is fitting and right. There is His home, there is His throne, there everything is congenial to His holiness and character. When applied to His lying in a manger as a babe there is cause for wonder, and in that humble Nazareth home our sight of Jesus is astonishing, since "for our sakes He became poor that we through His poverty might be rich."

See Him on the mountain side at night alone in prayer! Hear Him pleading, interceding—not a soul in all the world forgotten! Beloved, such an example as this ought to drive us to a secluded spot and pull us to our knees. See Him in the garden of Gethsemane, and on the Cross. Do not sit down in cruel indifference and watch Him there.

He is there for us, in our room, in our stead. He died, the innocent for the guilty, the just for the unjust. It was not the spikes and the knotted ropes but His unspeakable love for us that held Him to the cross to his last breath. "He loved us to the end." He blocked our way to hell, the fearful smiting of God that belonged to us fell on Him. Under the furious stroke He bowed His hand and died. In His death we are securely sheltered, praise His dear name!

The "sting of death" Paul speaks of was buried deep in the bosom of our Lord, and that price was paid, that suffering was borne for the vilest sinner seeking refuge in the crimson tide that flows from the sin-made wound. In that momentous hour full and complete reconciliation was made between us and God. Do not sit down in cruel indifference, and watch Him there, but with a feeling of utmost unworthiness, fasten your eyes upon that center cross with its bleeding sacrifice and pray:

*"Rock of Ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy wounded side which flowed  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath and make me pure."*

—The Wesleyan Methodist.

A small son of a missionary was taken by death. As the funeral passed by, a Korean mother was seen to be grieving for the missionary's loss. But her neighbor asked, "Why do you weep for the foreigner who lost his child? These foreigners have a way to get their dead ones back again after a while: but we do not know how to get ours back. They have a victory over death but we have not."



# The Girl Who Found Herself

BY C. H. JACK LINN

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(CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE)

## SYNOPSIS

Helen Golden, a rich society girl, by accident finds herself in a testimony meeting and is held spellbound by the testimony of a young man by the name of Bob West. The testimony meeting continues.

The next day Helen's home is in a turmoil. Her mother is very indignant toward her when she learns she was at the class meeting and goes into a mad fit when Helen turns down Tom Wilson's invitation to the ball on Tuesday night and George Banderman's invitation to the Grand Opera on Wednesday night.

From the music-room they had heard the door-bell ring very loudly. A small messenger-boy had kept his finger on the bell, until the door was opened by the maid.

"A message for Miss Helen Golden," the boy announced. "Does she live here?"

Helen had heard, and was at the door.

"Sign me book, lady." He handed her the book. "The guy that sent the note was a good feller. He gave me an extra two-bits and told me to wait for an answer. Hurry, if you can, lady."

Helen Golden, much agitated by all that had occurred, opened the envelope and began to read. She noted the signature first. It was from Harvey Appleton, another one of the rich young men who had paid her much attention. Some had whispered that this would unite two of the very oldest and best families, if they were to be married.

"Dear Miss Helen:

"Pardon this note, but I did not care to telephone you from my office. I suppose you have heard that the opening of the Chesterton Hotel will be on Thursday night. We have made the greatest plans for the opening of this, the best hotel between New York and New Orleans, that have ever been made in our city. We have decided to have the most formal and exclusive banquet. The very elite only from our city and other places will be present. I have been asked to sit at the head table and act as toastmaster, and I am writing this now to ask if you will accompany me. Answer by the boy.

"Harvey Appleton."

Rude and ill-mannered though it was, Helen's mother had followed her to the door, and now she grabbed the note from Helen's hand.

"Gee!" exclaimed the messenger-boy, laughing, and yet sensing something wrong.

"I will go and write the answer," Helen informed the boy, ignoring her mother's actions. "Just sit on the steps a moment or two."

By this time, Mrs. Golden had devoured the contents. It brought a fresh

agitation of the most violent kind.

"Say yes, Helen," she pleaded. "Tell him you will go. Remember it is an Appleton. Don't refuse. Please, Helen! Please!"

Her mother was crying. In spite of all that was on the surface, she did love her only child. Her actions were ill-becoming and harsh, but down in her heart there was that mother-love. Her ambitions for her daughter had gotten the better of her mind, and she bordered on a temporary derangement of her mental faculties. Now she was recovering in her actions. She had failed to stop that which she considered a mad course of Helen. Now she began to sob and implore.

"I cannot, mother. I must go all the way. I have started. God must have His way." And again, in burning letters, the verse from the Bible flashed to her mind. She could see it so plainly, even to the very page, column and position. It brought needed comfort.

Helen went into the library and sat down at her mahogany desk, picked up her fountain pen, and began to write. Her mother fell limp in a large upholstered chair.

"Dear Harvey: Your note arrived, and truly thank you for the invitation extended. I had looked forward to the banquet as one of our grandest functions, but changes have come into my life's program, and I must ask you to excuse me. I dislike to disappoint you, and I do highly appreciate the compliment you have bestowed, but I must decline. I shall not be at the banquet at all.

"Believe me honest and sincere,

"Helen Golden."

She carefully placed the monogrammed correspondence card into the envelope, and then wrote plainly, "For Mr. Harvey Appleton, by kindness of the Messenger Boy."

Without ringing for the maid, she went to the door, and placed the answer in the dirty hands of the boy. He went hurriedly on his way.

While in the large chair, Mrs. Golden had somewhat collected her thoughts and was now straining every nerve to control herself. "I must be more careful," she reasoned. "In a few days these new ideas of Helen's will be gone, and everything will be all right."

Assuring herself that she was now following the right course, she said to Helen, with an endeavor of cheerfulness:

"Well, maybe after a few days of thought you will better understand. Forgive me for being so rude. I did not

mean anything. I was just thinking of you, and your father, and our name."

Before Helen could answer, the maid announced that she was wanted on the phone again.

Although Mrs. Golden's tactics were changed, yet her curiosity mastered her, and she went to the phone with Helen.

"Hello."

"Is this Miss Golden?"

"Yes," Helen did not recognize the voice.

"This is Robert West."

"Oh—" uttered Helen, surprised.

"I was thinking that possibly you would like to go to our Mission tonight with us. We have a special service. One of our converts is going to leave the city, and we are having a farewell service for him."

"Oh, I see," absently from Helen. Her mind was busy thinking of that humble Mission in the poorer part of town. She had passed it one day when riding, and someone had remarked, "That is where Bob West and his crowd hold their services since he has been to the camp-meeting." At that time, it was most repulsive to Helen, but now there seemed to be an attraction and magnetic something attached to that little Mission.

"I would be glad to call for you, if you will go," Bob was saying. "The street car goes right by the Mission, and we could transfer from the line that runs near Sunset Hill. We could get there in half an hour."

Mrs. Golden's face had turned to a ghastly white. She forgot instantaneously her new resolve, and grew furious, but before she could interfere, Helen had answered: "Yes, Mr. West, I shall go. I'll be ready when you come."

"All right. Good-by." Bob's voice disclosed his happiness.

"Good-by," returned Helen.

Her mother was in a frenzy. Her mind was approaching distraction—delirium. Helen found her on the floor in a swoon.

In her fainting spell she was crying, "She refused the ball and Tom Wilson. She rejected the Grand Opera and George Banderman, and insulted Harvey Appleton and his invitation to the banquet. And now she will go with that Bob West to that low mission place."

Helen desired to comfort her mother, but her attempts proved futile. She rang for the maid and asked for the smelling salts. But this did little good. Not until Helen had said, "Father will be here directly," did her mother rise to her feet. Something of the recent new resolve enveloped her, as she said faintly and with apparent reluctance, "Forgive me, Helen."

Mrs. Golden went to her room and rang for her dressing maid.

As they sat about the table at dinner  
(Continued on page 28)



# Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

## An Infidel's Death

Altamont, that learned and defiant French infidel, made the members of his infidel club promise to come to his deathbed when they should hear he was dying. How he boasted to them that they should see him meet death boldly, without the least reliance upon the blood of Christ.

When he was about to change worlds, his club came. They said, "We have come to hear how it is with you in the dying hour." As he fixed on them a look of fear and horror, shivering and shrieking with terror, he exclaimed, "Oh, if you had one-half the mountain upon your souls that is upon mine, you would struggle with the martyr for his stake, and would bless God for a flame that is not unquenchable, for a fire that is not an everlasting fire." After uttering such language, stretching his hands above his head, and gazing upward in awful agony, he cried, "O Thou merciful but blasphemed and insulted God, hell itself is a refuge if it but hide me from thy frown." He then fell back on his pillow, dead.—*Publisher Unknown.*

## The Failure of Atheism

Dr. Jacks tells the story of two friends who had rather blatantly proclaimed themselves to be atheists. When mortal sickness visited one of them, the other came to see him and, perhaps, a little afraid lest at the last he should abandon his atheism, said to him, "Stick to it, Bill!" "But," replied the stricken man, "there is nothing to stick to!" There was no rejoicing at the outgoing of that man's evening.—*J. D. Jones, in Morning and Evening.*

## The Right Road

In our journey in life, in which every day is a stage, and every word and thought a step, we are continually leaving something behind and taking something with us. Your words, and tones, and looks, and ways, are leaving footprints in the memories and thoughts of your companions, some of which will be like footsteps in sand, soon washed away; but some will last and never be forgotten. Try to leave pleasant, happy footprints all the way. Pray that, when your life's journey comes to an end, the dust under your feet may show that you have been walking in the right road—the road of truth, and love, and duty.—*E. R. Condor, D. D.*

## Success

A three-year-old child was having difficulty moving a table. "Baby, you can't move that table," said her mother, trying to discourage her. "It's as big as you are." "Yes, I can," was the child's response. "I'm as big as it is." The difference between success and failure often lies in your viewpoint of the things to be done.

## Love's Fidelity

There is in an art gallery a piece of statuary called "The Blind Watcher." The story from which the character is taken is that of a young maiden who was betrothed but whose lover had gone to sea on a voyage. Every evening, while the sun was slowly sinking on the western horizon, she went to the harbor and looked for signs of his return. Her father was opposed to both her affection and conduct, and one day, in the spirit of great anger, struck her severely in the face, injuring her eyes and impairing her vision. But that did not discourage her. Every evening she continued her lonely pilgrimage, and the fishermen would watch her in her devotion to her absent lover as one who was sure he would return. When she could no longer look for him because of total blindness, she would listen, if perchance she could catch some sound of his coming; and come at last he did to the joy of her heart and as the reward of her patience. So we in our love wait for the Bridegroom, Christ.—*W. H. Rogers, in the God-Man.*

## Unconditional Determination

It is not unworthiness, but unwillingness, that alone disqualifies us from following Jesus. It is unconditional determination that He demands. D'Aubigne, the great church historian, says that when he was a student at college he was much beset by doubts and difficulties in relation to questions connected with divine truth, and it was his wont to repair to an old Christian in very humble life, whose rich experience had often served to help the young student. But at length upon preferring some grave difficulty, D'Aubigne received an unexpected rebuff, for his aged friend replied, "Young man, I shall not answer any more of these questions of yours. If I settle them one day, new perplexities arise the next day. The great question for you is, 'Do you mean to belong altogether to Christ?'" That is the shortest way of settling at rest these misgivings.—*Biblical Illustrator.*

## Security

"Master, do you lend money here?" asked an earnest young boy at the office door. The lawyer turned from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-dressed lad of some ten years, and studied him keenly for a minute. "Sometimes we do—on good security," he said, gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance to buy out a boy "that's carrying papers." He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other fifty cents.

"What security can you offer?" asked the lawyer. The boy's hand sought his pocket and drew out a paper carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. As respectfully as if it had been a deed to a farm, the lawyer examined it, and handed over the required sum. A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement, laughed as the young borrower departed.

"You think I know nothing about him?" smiled the lawyer. "I know that he came manfully in what he supposed to be a business way to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money. I know he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed that pledge, and that he does not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such has a character to offer as security."—*Selected.*

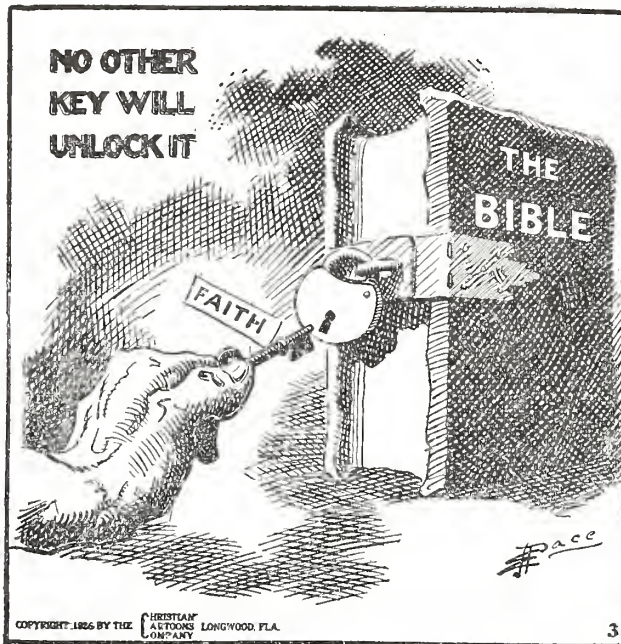
John Foster lay dying, and after a night of weariness and pain, was asked by a friend, "How are you feeling this morning?" "Ah," said he, "wonderfully well. I have my head down on three pillows; the pillow of God's infinite power, the pillow of God's infinite wisdom, the pillow of God's infinite love. I am well. I am resting on three pillows."—*Selected.*

## THE CHOICE

On the day in 1874 that David Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, the streets of London were lined with thousands seeking to pay respect to the memory of the pioneer missionary. In the crowd was noticed a poor old man, unkempt, poorly clad, weeping bitterly. Someone went up and asked him why he was weeping when all were seeking to honor the illustrious dead. "I'll tell you why," the sad old man replied. "Davie (Livingstone) and I were born in the same village, brought up in the day school and Sunday School, worked together at the same loom. But Davie went that way and I went this; now he is honored by the nation, and I am neglected, unknown and dishonored. I have nothing to look forward to but a drunkard's grave."—*Temperance Scrapbook.*



## PRAYER PAGE



## A Lot of Faith

It takes a lot of faith to keep on living  
In such a changing, evil world as this;  
To keep a heart of laughter and thanks-  
giving  
When sorrow comes to take the place  
of bliss.

It takes a lot of faith to keep on saying  
That right is bound to win the hard  
fought field,  
When frequently you see base men be-  
traying  
The trust of those whose goodness  
stands revealed.

It takes a lot of faith to keep on going  
Against the solid forces that oppose,  
When all the while you cannot help but  
knowing  
The shout of triumph will arise from  
foes.

It takes a lot of faith—for those who're  
lacking  
The sight and touch of the all-loving  
God—  
But those who have it need no other  
backing,  
Though on the roughest road that e'er  
was trod.—Selected.

## FAITH AND PRAYER

By J. O. LEHMAN

*Missionary to South Africa*

One day while in secret prayer before  
God as I was pleading for the accom-  
plishment of certain things which were  
upon my heart, in an instant as a flash of  
lightning the Holy Spirit brought to me  
these words, "If ye abide in me, and my  
words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye  
will, and it shall be done unto you." John

15:7.

My thoughts were directed, at once to  
the sweeping promise made to the one  
who fulfills the conditions laid down,  
"Ye shall ask what ye will and it shall  
be done unto you." "Ask what ye will."  
Such a world of possibilities opened up to  
me as I recognized these were the words  
of Jesus, the Son of God Himself. It  
seemed as though I was in a new world  
and that suddenly God set me in a place  
where it was so easy to see that nothing  
was impossible to the one who was in  
this blessed abiding harmony with Christ.

As I was there, before God, in the at-  
titude of tarrying, the Spirit seemed to  
repeat over and over again and again  
these words, "Ye shall ask what ye will"  
when it dawned upon me with full force,  
these six words made such a sweeping  
promise that I said, "Is this true?" "Are  
these the words of Christ?"

This promise seemed so stupendous  
that I was simply overwhelmed and lost  
in the thought of where the possibilities  
of such a promise would end. Of course  
I recognized that I must ask according  
to His will. 1 John 5:14, 15. Paul said  
of Abraham that, he staggered not at the  
promise of God, but I confess that the  
possibilities of this promise took such a  
hold of me that I fairly staggered. I de-  
termined that I would make this my  
abiding place and pitch my tent here  
right upon this promise until God  
through the Holy Spirit would make it  
real to my soul. I determined that I  
should take this promise for my pillow  
and my bed and take a good long stretch  
upon it and then a sleep, and then say,  
"Lord, these are thy words, they will,  
they must bear me up."

And then as I tarried there, the Spirit  
repeated the words, "And it shall be done  
unto you." Not may or might be done,  
but shall be done unto you." This was so  
precious to me that after that I did not  
doubt Him concerning what I asked of  
Him. As I tarried in His presence that  
day the Spirit gave me a panoramic view  
of the whole 15th chap. of St. John. He  
seemed to take my thoughts away from  
the possibilities of the promise, and  
showed me that as I am a branch in the  
vine that I must be a fruit-bearing  
branch, and that I must not only bear  
fruit, but more and much fruit, and  
that the only possible way for me to be a  
much fruit-bearing branch would be my  
getting answers to my prayers. This was  
enforced by a revelation of the eighth  
verse where Jesus said, "Herein is my Fa-  
ther glorified, that ye bear much fruit:  
so shall ye be my disciples." In what? In  
the thing for which I pray may come to  
pass. "It shall be done unto you." Does  
it glorify God for us to pray to God and  
ask Him for certain things and never get  
an answer? Where is the fruit without  
asking for much fruit? And then I saw  
that Christ puts the measuring line and  
try square to us and tests our discipleship  
by finding answers to our prayers "So  
shall ye be my disciples." We shall only  
be His disciples in real truth as we get  
answers to our prayers.

The Spirit gave me such a view of be-  
ing a fruit-bearing branch in Him from  
the standpoint of getting answers to our  
prayers that my eyes were directed to the  
sixteenth verse where Jesus says, "Ye  
have not chosen me, but I have chosen  
you, and ordained you that ye should go  
and bring forth fruit, and that your  
fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye  
shall ask of the Father, in my name, He  
may give it you."

Here I saw how God had chosen me  
and ordained me that I should bear fruit  
and that my fruit should remain. It was  
plain to me that the cause of so much  
backsliding and our fruit not remaining  
is largely due because of our not holding  
on to God for souls until they are thor-  
oughly established and settled in Him.  
"That whatsoever ye shall ask of the Fa-  
ther in my name, He may give it unto  
you," are words which show me that  
prayer, real prayer, importunate prayer is  
really the great avenue through which  
God makes us the much-fruit-bearing  
branches in Him.

This has become one of the most pre-  
cious chapters of the Bible to me since  
my baptism in the Holy Spirit. It was in  
this light that God showed me that we  
must get answers to our prayers when  
we pray for the sick if we want to be  
fruit-bearing branches in Him.

May God make us real fruit-bearing  
branches that He may find on us large,  
rich clusters of fruit in answered prayer.  
—From *The Overcomer*.



# Father's & Mother's Page

## Motherless

Sometimes, when I have been upstairs  
To hear my darlings say their prayers,  
When I have told the bedtime lore  
And heard the quick demand for more,  
Tucked each one up, and had the bliss  
Of that last precious good-night kiss,

As I go down the stairs again  
With burning face and rumpled hair,  
There comes a knocking, soft like rain,  
And little wistful hands are there—  
At my heart's door they beat and press—  
The hands of all the motherless.

There is no mother who can take  
Those small soft hands for love's dear  
sake,  
And warm them singly, one by one,  
And make the wet eyes shine with fun.  
These have no lingering sweet good  
night,  
No mother-touch to keep them white.

No one to make their dreams come true,  
To wrap them snugly from the cold,  
To scheme, as you and I can do,  
That no good thing we may withhold.  
Ah! Who can ever quite express  
The pooriness of the motherless?

'Tis not enough for me to grieve.  
So from my mother-brain I'll weave  
Some way of crystallizing pity  
Into a frock, a book, a kitty.  
I'll set my mother-eyes to see  
What can be done, and done by me.

What though with tasks my way is  
piled?

I can squeeze out an hour to bring  
Some other woman's little child  
A tiny gleam of comforting.  
Show me, O Lord, how I may bless  
The mothered—and the motherless.

—Fay Inchbawn.

## Babies' Brother

Laura Gray

Four-year-old Bobby, large-eyed, pathetic, sat on the front steps and stared forlornly down the street in the direction from which he knew his father would come.

The little fellow's hair was unbrushed, his hands dirty, and in his heart was an ache that he did not understand. From the house came the wails of a young baby, and Bobby knew that his mother was already hastening to answer the cry. In fact, she seemed to have forgotten her son completely so absorbed was she in the new little girl twins.

Soon Bobby's little fat legs hurried down the street. Faster and faster he trotted until he hurled himself into his

father's arms.

"Hello, hello, Son!" The father held the grimy hand. "How are the baby sisters?"

"Baby sisters no good. Bobby doesn't love them. NO!" The round face was serious—sad.

"Tut, tut! Why don't you love them?" frowned Daddy.

"They take my mummy! I want my mummy!"

Father smiled understandingly, hoisted the son to his shoulder and trotted playfully home. Bobby partly forgot the hurt feeling inside. He was glad Daddy was there, anyway.

"Mother," said Father that evening, "do you think Bobby is jealous of the babies?"

"Jealous? what a question! Come to think of it though—"

"He's always had your care and attention and has been made a great deal of. Now, I think, he misses it and is unhappy. He feels out of things and blames the babies."

"I must try to give him more of my time, but it's hard when the twins need me so much."

Mother and Father discussed the subject further, and Mother finally made a plan.

"Come, Bobby," she called as she looked into his room next morning, "I want you to help me take care of your little sisters."

Bobby jumped up in surprise and began to dress—a new accomplishment—but he liked doing it now that his help was wanted.

Mother was waiting for him at her door. "Come, see." She led him to the cribs where two tiny heads showed above the covers. "You and I must take care of them. You are their big brother. They will love you and play with you when they are bigger. Now they are tiny and weak, but you are strong."

"I won't let big dogs hurt them," he promised.

Mother and son tripped down to breakfast together—like old times. Nurse had shown him the babies before, but she hadn't told him about being their big brother.

After breakfast Bobby helped with the babies' baths. He handed Mother the needed articles in turn. He reached out and gently touched their silky hair. Then for one exciting moment he was allowed to hold one of them.

Of course Mother didn't have as much time to read to him or to play games, as she used to do. But he didn't mind, for

Mother and he together were taking care of the twins, making them welcome in the family.

In the evening, Bobby tore to meet his father. "Daddy," the little fellow shouted, "I'm the twins' big brother!"

"Of course you are. I'm their Daddy. Mother, Daddy, and Brother, we three, are going to make the little sisters happy!"

"Sh, sh!" cautioned Bobby as they entered. "They might be asleep!" He walked with quiet importance into the house, no longer feeling left out of things.—From "Mother's Golden Now."

## The Morning Tune-up

The heart strings of a little child are as sensitive to proper or improper tuning as the strings of the most delicate musical instrument.

If he awakens in the morning to the sound of a fretful parent's voice, dresses in a state of hurried irritation and comes to a meal where family worries strike the keynote, his night will be restless and disturbed by dreams which reflect his troubled day.

The wise mother starts Junior's day something like this: If he has to be awakened she accomplishes this with a loving kiss and a soft tender-voiced call. As soon as he is fully awake she kneels beside him and speaks a few words of her own to thank God for keeping her treasure safely through the night and asks Him to keep His tender watchcare over them all through the day. Junior may then say his own prayer which runs something like this:

*"I thank Thee, Lord, for morning light,  
I thank Thee for a restful night.  
Help me in my work and play  
To be kind and good and sweet all day."*

With this good start Junior is dressed or directed in his dressing with as little friction as possible. I know one mother who prepares herself with a helpful story or several gay songs or some interesting bits of news to be used during this trying time just to keep both Junior and herself in a happy frame of mind as they work together.

Breakfast should be the brightest and most cheerful meal of the day. No family worries or disagreements should ever be aired at the breakfast table, neither should this meal be turned into a "manners school" for Junior.

The atmosphere should deliberately reflect love and affection and goodwill, peace and comfort and well being.

If Junior wakes himself as many children do and has run into his parents' room before they have had time to listen to a tender prayer at waking time, Junior may get in tune with the Infinite at breakfast time by saying this little grace:

*"We thank Thee, Father, for the light,  
(Continued on page 29)"*



# What Is Expected of a Preacher?

By REV. WILLIAM EVANS, D. D., Los Angeles, Calif.

The preacher must be a man of more than ordinary good character. Preaching is truth plus personality, and, other things being equal, the better the man the better the preaching. The reason for the spiritual effectiveness of some sermons and the utter barrenness of others, lies almost always in the difference in the men preaching the sermons. The truth is the same. The difference in effectiveness lies in the men proclaiming it. Occasionally a bad man may preach a good sermon and a good man a poor one, but, ordinarily, the sanction and power of God is with the sermon prepared and preached by the man who is living in daily communion with God.

## MUST EXPERIENCE THE VICTORIOUS LIFE

"They (priest) shall be holy unto their God . . . for he offereth the bread of thy God," Lev. 21:6, 8. "If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work," 2 Tim. 2:21. Occasionally a morally bad man is found in the pulpit, but he does not stay there long. He is speedily discovered. His sin finds him out, and then he is unfrocked and dismissed from the ministry. A lawyer, a physician, a business man may live immorally and still continue to succeed in business; but not so with a preacher. "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord," Isa. 52:11.

No willful, known habit or sin must be allowed to have dominion in the life of the preacher. How can he preach Christ as the victorious Redeemer and Lord if he himself does not know by experience what a victorious life is? "Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

The preacher is a priest—one who draws near to God in behalf of the people. But how can he draw to God if there is wilful, known sin practiced in his daily living? The Bible tells us that "our God is a consuming fire," by which is meant that God is so holy that sin is burnt up as it approaches His holiness. Just as the electric needle burns up the cancerous roots that come into contact with its burning and consuming heat, so does the holiness of God burn up sin in the hearts of those who would approach Him. There must be no deliberate sinning on the part of the preacher as he approaches God in behalf of his people.

## THROW AWAY EVERY WEIGHT

Ofttimes it becomes the duty of the preacher to forsake certain practices which may not in themselves be sinful, but which become a hindrance to the spiritual work of God in the world and

in the individual soul. Paul speaks of the "strong" Christian being willing to give up certain things which in themselves are not wrong, but for the sake of the work of Christ in the soul of some "weak" Christian to whom such things are indeed sinful, because they have been perhaps associated with his or her past sinful life.

To continue in the practice of even a doubtful act, that is a spiritual hindrance to others, becomes an actual sin. "But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ," 1 Cor. 8:12. The only conclusion for the preacher, therefore, is this: "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend," 1 Cor. 8:13. "For meat destroy not the work of God . . .



It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak," Rom. 14:20, 21.

## PROCLAIM A POSITIVE MESSAGE

The preacher should have certain settled religious convictions. The world has doubts enough of its own. It asks for certitude and conviction from the pulpit, not negation or doubt. "For the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth: for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts," Mal. 2:7.

Too often, alas, do we find preachers who do not know where they stand with regard to the verities of the Christian faith. In Bible days when God called prophet and priest, they knew where

they stood, and said, "Here am I, Lord!" Today, when God calls some preachers, they lack the positive affirmation, and instead say, "Where, w-h-e-r-e am I?" They don't know where they stand on the great doctrines of the virgin birth of Christ, the inspiration of the Bible, the deity of Christ, the atonement by the Cross, the resurrection of Christ, and such essential doctrines. Is it any wonder then, that the pew has its doubts when the pulpit lacks in certainty?

It is said that an infidel of London went often to hear Dwight L. Moody preach. A friend asked him why he went to hear the evangelist, since he did not believe in Christianity. His answer was, "No, I don't believe it, but he does; and I'll go a long way to hear a man who knows what he believes and preaches it, even though I don't agree with him."

Too often is the preacher's religious and theological thinking in a state that might well be called "mush." And, sad to say, we sometimes call our lack of clearness and definiteness in thinking—tolerance and charity. Our trouble is that we are worshipping the goddess, Yes and No, instead of Yes or No. We lack clearness and courage of conviction too often. The early Christians went to the stake for a point of view. We, evidently, have no point of view, or none worth dying for. If the preacher has no definite religious convictions he ought to take a vacation from his pulpit and go off into the woods somewhere, find out where he stands, and settle the matter alone with God.

## DON'T BE AFRAID OF BEING DOGMATIC

Science is dogmatic enough, why not the preacher and religion? Written over the door of the laboratory of science are the words, "Principles of science are exempt from all debate." How is that for pure dogmatism? Why should the preacher be afraid to assert that there are certain great doctrines of the Christian faith that "are exempt from all debate"? Why should there not be some things in the "faith which was once delivered unto the saints" which are beyond debate? Some things in religion are "settled" surely.

Why be afraid of what is sometimes sneeringly called "the static" in religion? For example, why be afraid to preach that the Bible is the absolute and authoritative Word of God, and final authority in all matters of faith and practice?

The multiplication table is static, is it not? Are not two and two four? Can that be controverted? No, it cannot—even though no man living can tell just why two and two make four and not five.

The colors of the rainbow are static, are they not? You can neither add nor take away from the cardinal colors. You may utilize those cardinal colors to make

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# I Was in Prison and Ye Visited Me

## The Wings of the Soul

By Maud Ballington Booth

I was in the warden's office at Sing Sing Prison, holding private interviews with all those who wanted to talk to me. It was many years ago and my work in the prisons was in its early, pioneer stage.

A man sat beside me, nervously twisting his prison cap in hands that had formerly solved the secret of many a safe and lock. His eyes were earnestly fixed on my face, and he was eagerly telling me of a difficulty—insurmountable to his thinking—that lay between him and membership in my Volunteer Prison League.

"Little Mother," he said, "one of the promises I must make is to pray night and morning. I can't pray! I have never prayed—I don't know how!"

I realized as we talked the question out that here in our Christian land was a soul who genuinely confessed that he was utterly ignorant of religion and its greatest lever heavenward and Godward—prayer! He had known no Christian home life, no God-fearing parent or teachers, no church or Sunday School. He had never read the Bible and was absolutely devoid of faith or religious knowledge.

We, of happier privilege, have been taught these things from earliest childhood. We at least know how to seek God by prayer, and even before we take that step for ourselves, we have been shown the way.

He had to learn how to pray that the revelation of God could come to him and religion touch and reach him through those prayers. Yet, I could see the blind groping of his soul after the things of God and heaven.

I said to him, "You don't find it difficult to talk to me, do you? You have told me something of your troubles and difficulties, have let me understand some of your hopes and fears, have you not?"

"Why, yes, Little Mother!" he answered, "It's easy to talk to you, for I know you are interested, that you want to help me and really care!"

"Now!" I cried. "That's just the way you must approach God! He cares, He understands, and He can help you far, far more than I ever could! He reads the mind and the heart and even the things you cannot put into words, He can understand, if you only would go to Him and lay bare your soul in dead earnest!"

"But what words shall I use? I have never prayed in my life!"

I answered, "Your own words, just as you are now talking to me! Not sentences, written by another or learned by heart, just simple, natural words!"

It was not long before that seeking

soul learned the power of prayer. He would come to me with radiant face or write to me with rejoicing, of prayers answered. I could see his hold on a new spiritual life deepening and growing, his new faith changing his whole view of life. Unlearned as he was in creed or theology, he hungered, thirsted after righteousness. He really wanted to know God and, coming to know Him, he longed to serve Him.

It is written that those who seek shall find; to those who knock the door shall be opened.

After all, when we approach God, it



must be with a little child's faith and simplicity. We have a model prayer given us by Christ Himself when He commended the publican's cry for forgiveness—so full of the realization of his own weakness and unworthiness.

Again there is the prayer wrung in anguish from the dying thief on Calvary to which there came so swiftly in answer a glorious promise in return for his recognition of the divine Master's power to aid.

The great prayer that our Savior gave us as a model and that so many of us learned by heart from childhood is so simple, so full of all the necessary requests and daily needs that it brings through every church as the guiding song of the soul's outpouring—

*"Our Father which art in heaven—!"*

When Peter was in prison we can easily picture the peace and calm of his conversation with God. He had talked and walked with his Master in the flesh, and he knew Him both as a living, inti-

mate friend and as the risen Lord. We cannot think of this disciple as troubled about his own lot, or saddened or frightened by a narrow cell, bars and walls and earthly privations. He was calmly sleeping through the night, though he doubtless knew what Herod's intention was.

His friends outside waited in anguish of soul, and in their sorrow they turned to God in earnest prayer. And the God who had yet a great work for Peter to do answered their prayers, and he came again to liberty.

It is strange and yet it is true, perhaps with all of us who are still blinded by our mortal life, that we are often amazed and surprised when our prayer is answered, especially if in doing so God performs a seeming miracle.

I have seen such miracles and have been thrilled at their clear revelation of God's power to answer our requests, even against so-called "natural law."

When John the Baptist, also a true servant of God and the forerunner of the Great Master, was in prison we can imagine how his many disciples must have prayed for his deliverance. He died in prison, but that does not mean that their prayers were unheard or unanswered! In that case, for his own wise reasons, God's answer was "No!"

A true Christian, one who is filled with his Lord's Spirit and can truly say "Thy will be done," knows that all prayers are answered, but not always according to our wishes or pleadings. If we can rest assured that God knows best, if we love and trust Him enough to leave the matters about which we pray in His wise and loving hands, we shall never talk of prayers being unanswered, even though the answer seems to be "No!"

We do not always read the reason nor understand the "Whys" of life, but God knows best.

Personally, I have had some very wonderful experiences in receiving direct, and apparently miraculous, answers to prayer. Loved ones have been given back to me when doctors had abandoned all hope. Difficulties in life have been smoothed out where I could see no possibility from my viewpoint of any happy solution to some problem. In so many trifling little things, that some people might think too small to bring to God, I have turned for help and advice and received quick response.

Prayer should be to us who believe a daily, hourly communion with God, as natural as breathing. I have been a public speaker for over forty years, and much of my work has been the bringing of hope and a divine message of repentance and faith to souls in the double bondage of sin and prison walls.

I am always conscious of a dual action of my brain and heart when on the platform. I am talking to my audience audi-

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# Mission Page

## Excerpts

*From letters written by Mrs. Hoyle Case,  
missionary to India, to her father,  
Brother T. F. Blackwell*

(Continued from last issue)

You asked about the value of \$1.00 here. Indian money is in rupees and annas. For \$1.00 we now get two rupees and eight annas, thus making one anna worth about 2½ cents. However, in the long run a dollar does not go so much farther here than at home, because, while some things are cheap others are very high, so that the cost of living is about the same as at home. If we could live as the natives, using their diet, etc., we certainly could live far cheaper, but we prize our health too much to do that unless we have to or feel it is God's will, for if we lose our health, then we cannot be on the battlefield.

Our baby, born in India, is a British subject at present, however, we have begun the procedure of registering her birth with the American Consul at Madras, so that she will be registered as an American citizen. First, we had to send the Consul her birth certificate, then fill out a form which is copied four times, one copy sent to Washington, D. C. for record, one we keep, and the others kept at the Consul's office in Madras. Later we must have her picture made and put on our passports, so that when we get ready to come home, there will be no trouble in bringing her too. Until this procedure is completed, Sylvia Sue is a British subject, but within a few days she will be registered as an American citizen. If this were neglected, trouble would arise when we return to U. S. A. I heard of some missionaries who had not registered the birth of their child, and when they were ready to disembark at Los Angeles or New York, the officers would not let them land in U. S. A. unless they forfeited their baby because the baby was really a British subject. Of course, they would not give up their baby, so they went to Canada and lived until they could go through the procedure to obtain citizenship in U. S. A. for their baby, which is much more complicated than when it is taken care of at the time of birth.

For a living the natives farm chiefly. However, some are employed in the stores and shops, some are tailors, others are in various businesses—barber work (for instance, the other day when we went to the market for street meeting, we saw a barber at work on a man's head right out

in the public) doctors, nurses, dentists, etc.

They use just an old stick to plow with; bullocks pull the plows. Several years ago Brother Cook spent quite a bit of his own money to purchase and have sent to him a modern plow, which was being manufactured somewhere here in India. He thought he would introduce its use to his people in Travancore, thus lightening their work. When they saw it demonstrated they said, "Oh, it will kill the bullocks (two of them pulling it) to pull this plow (because it cut so deeply into the ground, such a furrow they had never seen before)." But to prove it would not kill the bullocks, Brother Cook used only one bullock, and of course he pulled it quite easily, the nice sharp blade laying back a nice, big, deep furrow again; then they said, "Yes, but if we tried to work with this plow very long it would soon kill the bullock." Then Brother Cook hitched himself to the plow and showed them he could pull it himself very easily. They could make no other excuse, so they fell back upon their "old faithful" one, saying, "Well, our fathers, and our grandfathers, and their fathers all used this kind of plow, so we are no better than they; we would rather use our old ones than this new one."

The majority of the people are very poor, but some of them have quite a bit of property and money. The percentage of poor people here is greater than any country in the world. Yet the richest man in the world also lives here.

Some of the people kill the pests you mentioned, such as snakes, scorpions, etc., but the Hindus will not kill any kind of life because they believe in the transmigration of the soul (in other words that when we die, our soul goes to live in some other body, so that if they were to kill a dog, snake, cow, or insect they might be killing the body in which is living some other soul of perhaps their grandma or great uncle). Also the Hindus have sacred snakes, goats, etc.

The customs and dress vary in various parts of India, as does also the language.

The Cooks have beds in their house, so we did not have to sleep on the ground, as we expected to. Also it is possible to buy or have beds made by an Indian carpenter. Of course, such a carpenter cannot make springs, so slats are used, also rope woven in and out, and a tape about three inches wide is used instead of springs. Mattresses are made

from cotton. Silk cotton grows on trees and from something which is very much like straw, made from a native plant.

They do not work horses or mules, some policemen ride on beautiful horses, and the other day I saw a donkey. The dhobe uses a donkey often to carry his big bundles of laundry.

Very near our house is a new Indian baby about two weeks younger than Sylvia Sue who was born Oct. 16. The other day I went down to see it get a bath. And I'm sure you'll be interested in what I saw! It was about 11:00 a. m. In the hot sunshine sat the mother; the naked baby on its mother's naked knees was getting its head soaped. Then the mother, with her feet stretched in front of her, sat the baby boy on her feet and ankles. She held her hand partially over the baby's face to protect it from the shower which followed. Her daughter then began to pour water on the body. She continued until she had showered about two buckets of warm water on him. In this way the rest of the baby got a touch of soap by sharing what was placed only on the head. The baby gasped and whimpered slightly during the showers, but I guess he was quite accustomed to it by now for it had been going on since he was born. There is sometimes wind after rain, you know, so after the showers this mother blew the water out of his ears and nose. Then she dried him, took him in their house (I followed at her invitation) and the daughter prepared the perfume for the baby. What perfume? Well, she then smacked the baby with garlic skins. This perfume is valuable not only for its delicate odor (which the mother said the Indian people like) but it is a surety against taking cold. So you in America should avail yourselves of the valuable knowledge and protect yourselves and posterity from the raging monster "colds."

This is a Christian family. They belong to the Baptist church here. I was very interested in the influence of Christianity very noticeable in the home. They do not sleep on the floor, but have one large bed for all the children and two cots. They have stools to sit on and one old wicker chair. I suppose someone had given it to them, or had discarded it and they got it. Neither do they all sleep in the same room, as they have a daughter almost grown, but they had hung up mats to divide the one room into two and the big bed was in the kitchen part. There were religious mottoes in Tamil and English on the walls. This daughter has gone to Fer Hill school, where the Holy Ghost fell not long ago and there she learned to read and speak English and learned needlework. On the small table was an embroidered cloth she had made. There were two tiny windows and one door and a sort of homemade place for

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# What Is a Church Vacation Bible School?

BY ALBERT H. GAGE

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## The Story of the Vacation School Movement

The Vacation School movement is spreading with the rapidity of a prairie fire. In the brief time of a quarter of a century the church vacation movement

work, and patriotic exercises. In 1899 Mrs. W. A. Hawes of the Epiphany Baptist Church, New York City, opened a similar school. She writes:

The school opened the first day with an attendance of one hundred and fourteen boys and girls. So many children made it necessary to engage three rooms instead of one as planned.

These schools were most successful from the very start. They were repeated and multiplied in the following years, and in 1905 were extended in New York into churches of several other communions. Doctor Boville, seeing the great possibilities of these schools, resigned as Superintendent of the Baptist Mission Society and devoted his entire time to the schools. With the call from other cities for a similar work, Doctor Boville organized in 1907 a national organization which should have as its sole mission the deepening and extension of the movement. This organization was called the National Vacation Bible School Committee. In 1917 the name of the first promoting organization was changed to the International Association of Daily Vacation Bible Schools.

Doctor Boville and his gifted wife devoted their attention to the promotion of similar schools in other cities. They also were instrumental in the printing and distribution of several manuals, such as courses in Bible study, Handwork, Habit Talks, and Music.

### DENOMINATIONAL PROMOTION

The movement grew steadily through the years. It was largely confined in its operation to the neglected children of the congested districts of the larger cities. It was in most cases a missionary enterprise. In 1910 the Presbyterian Home Mission Board incorporated the Daily Vacation Bible School as a part of its program. In 1915 the Baptists of the North took up the work, assigning the promotion and supervision of the work to The American Baptist Society, thus linking the movement with the denominational program of religious education. One by one the other denominations have followed, until now practically every denomination has officially recognized the movement, and has in many cases appointed a national director. They have also produced courses of lessons and abundance of promotional literature. It is very evident that when the various denominations adopted the movement and put behind it their promotional machinery, a new day had come for Vacation Schools.

### LOCAL FEDERATIONS

As various centers, such as Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, etc., developed a number of schools, it was only natural that these local groups should seek local supervision of their own schools. In several important centers there were formed City Federations of Daily Vacation Bible Schools. These federations naturally tried out various experiments in curriculum, local supervision, promotion, and leader-

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has grown from a few schools in mission centers in New York City to more than ten thousand schools scattered in all parts of our country and in many foreign lands. A handful of neglected boys and girls gathered into church to get them off the streets, has grown into an army of more than a million children receiving definite religious instruction.

There are many reasons for this wonderful growth. It is the purpose of this chapter to trace the movement from its beginning with the aim of showing the changes which have come. This will give a clear understanding of the present status of the movement and will indicate something of the place and importance of a vacation school in a complete local church or community program of religious education.

There have been many instances of individual schools for children during the summer for the purpose of religious training. As early as 1877 there was a Vacation School in Montreal with a program of hymns and songs, Scripture reading, stories, military drill and calisthenics, manual work, Bible memory

The session was held from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty each day except Saturday.

The real founder of the movement was Robert G. Boville, D. D. His attention had been called to the opportunity of bringing together idle children, idle churches, and the idle students for community welfare on the East Side by this experiment of Mrs. Hawes. In 1901, as Superintendent of the New York City Baptist Mission Society, he tried out an experiment in five church buildings of the Baptist communion. Doctor Boville secured the services of several college and seminary students, and opened work in these five centers with a program in which manual work, organized play, and Bible study went hand in hand. This new type of work was called Daily Vacation Bible School. The name fairly described the school. It was held each week-day, except Saturday, for six weeks, in July and August. Much was made of the Bible in story, memory work, and dramatization. It was a school in that it had regular teachers and a regular program of study and activity.



## J. P. E. Programs

### OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

**Song service:** Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

**Leader** should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a J. P. E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

### BIBLE LESSON

*Alda Burt Rankin McClendon*

Topic, "IDEALS FOR EARNEST YOUTH"

Scripture lesson: Eccl. 12:1 and 1 Tim. 4:12.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

Most everyone has certain ideals, but the thing that should concern each one of us is whether or not those ideals we have are pleasing to God. In this lesson we want to consider some ideals for earnest youth.

### PLANNING OUR LIVES

One of the first and most essential things in life is to have a purposeful plan for our lives. God had a plan in all His creation and truly He has planned your life and mine. God placed man above all living things in that He made him in His own image and gave him the gift of choice. He does not force us to accept Him but to refuse will bring sorrow and heartache. God is the master-builder and has a plan for each life. He has given a diversity of talents and gifts so His plan is not the same for every life. We should, therefore, seek to know God's plan for our life and then do our best

for Him in that place.

### CHOOSING A VOCATION

God does not call all to be preachers, evangelists, or missionaries, and if you do not have a special call to this work do not feel that you can not serve in other vocations. God needs true Christian followers in other lines of work and no doubt many such followers have accomplished as much or more than some preachers and evangelists.

One may not be able to preach or sing, but he can work and give of his earnings to support those who have been called into special service and in doing so make it possible for them to remain in the fold of labor. Whatever may be our vocation let us strive to do our best for the Master.

### DEVELOPING LEADERSHIP

The world is in need of true leaders but our aspiration to be a leader should not be based on the mere desire to lead others, but rather on the desire to be all that we can in service to others.

In order to be a good leader one must be able to receive instruction as well as to instruct and also be good listeners as well as good talkers. One must also be a good follower in order to be a good leader. In one position or with one crowd we may be an outstanding leader while in another there may be others far superior to us. We should, therefore, learn our place, our qualifications, and our limitations so we can quickly discern whether we are to lead or follow.

In leadership we should always be in a position to show the right way when there is a tendency on the part of our companions to go wrong. Never compromise with wrong. Our leadership should have as its objective to point others to Christ.

### FORMING HABITS

Let us ask ourselves these questions: What kind of habits are we forming? Are we forming those habits which will better qualify us for a successful life, or are we acquiring habits which are injuring us physically, mentally, and spiritually? Have these habits become our masters?

For some it may be the habit of dishonesty, or of neglecting your duties, or discourtesy to others. As we are brought face to face with the multitudes today, it seems that the tobacco habit is one of the greatest masters of the world. People have become slaves to it and are not only injuring themselves but future generations. We are told in God's Word that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and we are not our own but are bought with a price, therefore, glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.

We should strive to keep our lives so pure that Christ will be pleased to dwell in them, for truly we will want Him to be our Master when we are saying fare-

well to this world and must give an account of our lives.

Habits once formed are hard to quit but God's grace is sufficient to enable us to be more than conquerors.

### SUCCEEDING AND SUCCESS

Webster defines *s u c c e s s* as the prosperous termination of any enterprise. Whatever may be the plan for our lives, we must insist upon weaving into our lives the very best during the formative period of our lives if we expect to have success in the tomorrow. We should begin right now to succeed daily and hourly until all our efforts are crowned with success. We should say with Paul, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Note: I am indebted to A. T. Rowe in his book "Ideals for Earnest Youth" for many thoughts in this lesson but I have only touched the surface and hope this will inspire everyone to read this book as this is one of the very best books for young people. It should certainly be an inspiration to each one who reads it.

Note: This book can be purchased from the Church of God Publishing House for \$1.00.

### BIBLE LESSON

Topic, "THE FUTURE LIFE"

Scripture lesson: Luke 24:1-12.

### LEADER'S THOUGHT

The future life is a mystery. Only God holds the key to this mystery, but we love to study about it and try to find out all we can because we have loved ones who are enjoying this life. It is only natural for us, when our friends have moved over into another country, to enjoy getting letters from them to know what they are doing. So we are trying to know something about those who have moved over into the heavenly country. Of this lesson, however, God has not as yet lifted the veil. Now we see through a glass darkly, but some day we shall have the veil lifted and see all the beauties they are enjoying and enter into them ourselves provided we are faithful unto death. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

### THE WOMEN AT THE TOMB

The "early dawn" had brought the desire of the women to see the sepulchre where they had buried the Lord. It was the first day of the week, that is, the day that followed the weekly Sabbath. The Passover Week had two Sabbaths this year. There was a special Sabbath on the day of the Passover and the regular weekly Sabbath. They came to the place where the Lord had been buried three days previously. Turning to Matt. 28:1, we discover who they were. They brought spices which had been prepared. Mary had already anointed Him for His burial,



Matt. 26:12, as had Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, John 19:38-40. The women came now with more spices as if the other anointings had been incomplete.

The word "prepared" suggests careful thought in the mixture which they had made for this special anointing.

What a sight to the eyes of the women as they beheld the stone rolled back and an angel sitting upon it! We have seen a picture taken by a friend in Palestine of a tomb with a stone rolled back. A groove of stone received it at one side of the tomb. It was not according to facts that all tombs were made with this convenience, for the poorer classes must bury in less pretentious tombs. We will remember that Jesus was buried in a rich man's tomb, Isa. 53:9; Matt. 27:61. Lazarus seems to have been placed in a more common tomb. The stone "lay upon it," John 11:38-39.

The women who had come, were investigative and would not be fooled by mere appearances. They must see for themselves. Upon arriving there they went into the tomb, but to their amazement, they found Him not. They were troubled about the scene. What could have happened? Where was He? Had someone been there and stolen the body already? The writers do not give us the conversation that passed between them; it may be that they did not speak. There are times when words fail us. But they do tell us that a voice was heard. They saw two men standing by. John tells us they saw an angel. Their garments were said to be shining.

#### HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN

What a message to sorrowing hearts! Could there be a greater hope given them? He is risen. To say that He was gone from the tomb was a great message to them, but to declare that He was risen, was to add a supreme declaration of faith in His words. But the messengers continued their message as they called to mind the fact that He had openly declared the resurrection. He had told them to expect it. Was it a lack of faith on their part that they were here? Perhaps not, yet why were they here with anointing spices? Do we always remember the things we should? If we have never been guilty of doubting great teachings, we may qualify to cast the first stone at the faithlessness of the women.

The words of the women seemed to be too visionary for the apostles and the others. For this sort of doubt, Jesus reprimands them, Luke 24:25. They were slow of heart to believe even His own words, as well as the Scriptures. They were as idle tales to them. It was just the idle tales of these visionary women who had seen and heard strange news. There are men today who give as little weight

to the Word of the Lord as did these men.

#### I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE

John 11:25

The story out of which this text comes is beautiful. The friend of Jesus had died. The sisters sent for Jesus. He did not reach the home in time to prevent the burial. It had taken place. Lazarus had been in the tomb four days. Jesus came to the scene and as He went to the tomb He called Lazarus forth. Lazarus was restored to his loved ones and the power of Christ was manifested. Like the other miracles of Jesus, the evidences to His power and Deity were of first importance.

Lazarus died during the absence of the presence of Christ. The sisters were sure that had He been present, it would not have happened. It is so now. During His bodily absence, men die; at His coming, they will be resurrected from the dead and live again. His presence brought life, as He used the power over death that had been given Him of the Father. During His absence now we have grief. With His return we will have joy.

#### BIBLE LESSON

By Esther Holland

Topic, "THE BESETTING SIN"

Scripture: Heb. 12:1-2.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

At first thought we might say that we Christians do not commit sin; and that is true if we are real children of God, honest and true to Him and to ourselves. But on the other hand many of us have a weakness that we have to fight day after day in order to live on the plane above sin. And that besetting weakness is what we wish to study at this time. Let's bear in mind that Satan always tempts us on our weakest points and he always knows those weakest points, but let's remember also that God knows these weak places, too.

#### NEGLECT

How many of us like to put off doing things? Yes, even little things that would require only a few minutes' time—writing a letter, visiting a shut-in, or one who is discouraged, mending hose, etc.—and soon these little things we have neglected to do have grown into a week's work. Not only do we neglect the little material things, but many times we are busy or weary or don't feel good when the hour of prayer arrives and we neglect to pray. If we pray at all we fail to enter into the real spirit of prayer and thereby fail to receive the needed blessing. Not only do we neglect to pray, but we neglect to read the Word of God, then we begin to neglect to attend the church services, and soon we find ourselves in the midst of the valley of despair. And why? All because we neglected God, we put off doing that which

we knew we should do. Is neglect your besetting weakness?

#### WORRY

Phil. 4:6. This does not mean that we shall not be interested in our welfare or the wealth of others, for we are admonished many times in the Word to be diligent and thoughtful of those things. But let us look at this man here with his chin in his hands; his face almost twice as long as it is broad, and apparently he has forgotten how to smile. What's wrong? He is facing a problem in life and is trying to work it out for himself. He weighs the matter pro and con and can see an advantage to himself if the tide turns his way. Yet, he is not sure that his way is best nor is he sure that his way is God's way. Yes, he prays but in those prayers there lacks a note of wholehearted yieldedness. His will has not been wholly surrendered to God and the material cares that press upon him are so heavy that he can't seem to look above the clouds until the sunlight appears. He has forgotten that Jesus prayed in the garden of Gethsemane, "Not my will, but thine be done." He has forgotten to cast all his cares upon the Lord, yet God does not want His children to worry but to trust in Him. He is abundantly able to meet every situation that confronts us and to give us that which we need. Is your heart burdened with over-anxious care? If so, you too, have a besetting weakness or "sin" to lay aside. Look to God in faith and He will give you power to trust Him more.

#### FEAR

"Perfect love casteth out fear," 1 John 4:18.

Fear of persecution, fear of gossip, fear of losing friends, and many other fears could be mentioned that fill the hearts of young men and young women today. But listen, friend, these fears are needless, and if our love for God is as sincere as it should be then these petty fears will vanish and when persecutions arise we can pray as did the apostles of the early church, "Lord we thank thee that thou hast counted us worthy to suffer shame for thy name." But there is a fear that should be in the heart of every Christian and that is the fear of God. What will God think of me if I do thus and so? Will it please Him for me to speak this word, to do this deed, or in other words, if Jesus were here, would I behave in such a manner? If we would always remember that He sees and cares for us and that His all-seeing eye is watching over us, I am sure our conversations, our walk, our lives as a whole, would be more Christ-like. Lay aside that besetting fear today and look wholly to Jesus for strength to overcome and guidance for the future.

#### JEALOUSY

Jealousy leads to envy if permitted to



remain in the heart. And God's Word tells us many times that envy cannot enter heaven. Have you ever heard a person remark of another's privilege or success in the church and then add an excuse for such, or speak of their own abilities? When you hear or see this, just look a bit further and you will find a spark of that green-eyed monster, jealousy! It seems unreal to think that a child of God would be jealous. Yet even in the Y. P. E. one girl is jealous of another because the latter was elected as pianist, or one is jealous because he thinks the pastor or leader is showing a bit more favor to another, yea, and even in the older members of the church we find Mr. Jones is jealous because Mr. Smith has a new car and he doesn't feel financially able to get one himself. Then he begins to speak of the hard luck he has had and of the good luck Mr. Smith has had all the year. Is that the love of God? Dear friends, jealousy is something to be feared and if it dwells in your heart in the least degree, be sure to pray until it disappears for it will sap your entire spiritual life and cause you to be a wreck. Jesus' love is so unlimited that He can give you victory over this besetting weakness. Go to Him in prayer if you are bothered with this awful trouble and let Him take it all away. God's Word says, "In honor, preferring one another," and if we live this part of it, jealousy will never enter our hearts.

#### CLOSING THOUGHT

Perhaps these words do not apply to you as a Christian, but you may have a weakness that will take away your joy as a Christian just as these will do, and if so, let us lay it aside now and watch the door of our hearts that nothing of this nature will enter. God can make us pure and holy if we will seek His face in earnest.

#### BIBLE LESSON

Viola Sloan

Topic, "HEAVEN"

Scripture lesson: Rev. 21:1-7.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

Heaven is a word used in the Bible to indicate (1) The sky or firmament above the earth. (2) The dwelling place of God, the angels, and the blessed. (3) The abode of the blessed after death. (4) The Assembly of God and the blessed, collectively. The Bible paints in no uncertain colors the delights of heaven, but the pen of man is quite incapable of telling all that heaven must be, so we can have no distinct conception of it.

#### GOD'S DWELLING PLACE

Daniel realized the highness of God and that He dwelled in the heavens when he said, "Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, oh thou that dwellest in the heaven." When Christ was here on earth, He witnessed to the fact that God's dwelling place is heaven. When He taught the

disciples to pray, He said in Matt. 6:9-11, "After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. They will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread."

It was in the beginning we read in Genesis that God created the heaven and the earth and Isaiah said, "It is He that setteth upon the circle of the earth and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in." Heaven is God's throne and the earth is His footstool. How humble we ought to walk before Him, realizing how much more the mightier He is than we are.

#### HAPPINESS IN HEAVEN

It isn't all happiness in this life for there must appear the thorns along with the roses. Sin is the reason of our forefathers' fall. If they hadn't sinned in the garden we would have had the rose without the thorn, but in the world we must have tribulation, we must be persecuted, and so were the prophets before us, but we are told to rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is our reward in heaven.

So many wonderful statements we find in the scriptures of what heaven is like, and many are the promises He leaves for those who are in the Lord, but Paul said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

#### THOSE WHO ENTER HEAVEN

Rev. 22:14.

We first must have the new birth for without it we cannot see the kingdom of God. We then must walk in the light if we expect to have fellowship with God. When we fail to walk in the light of God's Word we are no longer justified in God's sight.

"Not every one that sayeth, Lord, Lord,—but they that doeth the will of my Father." We must be obedient to all that God commands us, to get to heaven. Along with our keeping the commandments we must be willing to do them. The rich young ruler kept the commandments but when it came to doing one he backed off. That one thing that God bids us do, and we say in our hearts we will not, will eventually keep us out of the kingdom of God. Let us be up and about our Father's business that we may hear those words, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

#### THOSE WHO ENTER NOT

Matt. 25:41-43.

Those names that are not found in the book of life will fail to enter. Let us not be in that class. They are called the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars.

They are going to have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—hence the second death.

#### HEAVEN A SECURE ABODE

Matt. 16:20.

Heaven is the best of all the places to lay up our treasures. They will be safe there. The more treasures we send on, the more our hearts are going to be centered there. Paul said, "They desire a better country, that is, a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city," Heb. 11:16.

We don't want to get adjusted to this world, for we are only passing this way today and tomorrow we are going on. Let us prepare ourselves for the place He has gone to prepare for us.

*When as a child I thought and wept,*

*Time crept;*

*When as a youth I thought and talked*

*Time walked;*

*When I became a full grown man*

*Time ran;*

*When older still I daily grew,*

*Time flew;*

*Soon shall I find in passing on*

*Time gone.*

*O Christ, wilt thou have saved me then?*

—Sel.

#### On Revenge

When one has done us a wrong we are tempted to feel that we must have revenge upon him else justice will not be done. However, this is not the case. The Lord has said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." If one has actually wronged us we should pray for him as we are commanded to do. His need is great and his punishment will be great if he has this and other sins of which he has not repented.

And remember that whatever ill you may have suffered at his hands, you are far better off than he, for you have had your evil out of the transaction and his is yet to come. It is far better to have been wronged than to have done the wrong. Ask the Lord to put in your heart a real pity for the wrongdoer, then pray for him.—*Gospel Gleaners.*

#### Code of Living

1. Ignorance is the supreme sin.
2. Self-development is the only honor.
3. Acquisition of money is the major futility.
4. Satisfaction begins only in unselfish effort.
5. The Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule are the greatest laws.
6. The body is the sacred temple.
7. Co-operation is the dynamo of man's divinity.
8. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
9. The rights of all supersede all rights.
10. Every task has vision of service.

—P. Caspar Harvey.



## Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been a reader of the Lighted Pathway and a booster for it for several years and never have found a paper its equal. So often people spend a dime for candy or some magazine which is full of Wild West stories that have no value and never think anything of it, but to spend a dime for the Lighted Pathway, oh! that is too much money. But to me it contains too many things which are good that I am not able to enumerate them. Even people who do not belong to the Church of God have a great praise for this paper.

I am sorry that we never have written to you since returning to Michigan. I never can thank you enough for your kind words and acts while we were in school at Cleveland. So sorry that you were injured so that you were unable to attend the last Assembly, but it is good news to learn of your recovery.—V. E. Sears, Grand Ledge, Mich.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a child of God and also a reader of the Lighted Pathway and enjoy reading every page for it gives me real soul food. It would be impossible to tell what page I enjoy best for it is all so good. I receive much encouragement to press forward and try to do more for the benefit of lost souls.

We do not have a Y. P. E. to attend. We did have one but so many have moved off and our Y. P. E. has gone down. I was president of the Y. P. E. here and enjoyed working for the salvation of souls. I realize that all I can do is very little compared to what the Lord has done for me. All who read this please pray that the Lord will help me do more for Him. I would also like to be able to attend Y. P. E. services but whatever the Lord sees fit for me to do is what I want to do, for I want my will to be lost in His will.

I praise God for the many wonderful promises He has made to us in the Bible for we may call upon Him for all things and He will answer right away. If we will only put our faith and trust in Him and stand on His precious Word, we can defeat Satan in every way. In Matt. 21:22 we read, "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." So if we are trusting the Lord, why can't we believe His Word? I want to put my trust in Him that I may do more for Him in the future than I have done in the past.

May the Lord bless you, Sister Harrison, and may the Lord bless all who may

read this. I pray that many more will become interested in reading the Lighted Pathway.—Mamie Lett, Shaw, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the name of our dear, loving Savior. He means so much to me on this beautiful morning that I feel like writing you a few lines from Millville to tell you God is still blessing in our Y. P. E. Our church here is only seven months old and our Y. P. E. is five months old. Still God has been blessing and saving souls.

We all enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway and it seems it never comes too soon for us. I have been a reader of this paper almost from the first and can't say that I like one page better than the other, for each page at some time has been a help and blessing to me. Our people here have only been reading the paper since September, 1938. We started with one roll and now we get two rolls, so you can see they must like it.

My prayer is, May God bless you in your great work in helping many souls to find Jesus.

Pray for our young people that God will speak to their souls and they will be willing to yield to His Spirit.—Fay Houser, Millville, N. J.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I subscribed for the Lighted Pathway a few months ago. I find it one of the best papers I have ever read for both young and old.

I have a little niece who will soon celebrate her tenth birthday and in thinking over gifts I couldn't think of anything that I feel would equal the Lighted Pathway, therefore, I am enclosing one dollar for which please send the paper to my niece, Iris Daniels, Bradley Jot, Fla.

Thank you very kindly and may the Lord continue to bless.—Mrs. W. H. Surrency, Bradley Jot, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We are just a young organization but we are zealous of good works. We started about three months ago with just about five members and now we are doing fine. We have won the district rally of the Y. P. E. twice by our large representation.

I would like for some Spirit-filled young person to write me.—Oran White, Carmi, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have never taken the privilege to

write to you, but I am indeed very happy to tell you that we have a real good Y. P. E. here at Thornton, Ky. We started with a few in number but with a big determination, and thank the Lord, we are really doing things for the good of everyone. We are doing our best to win the state banner this month and we are trusting in the Lord to help us, for we realize that without Him we cannot do anything.

Our state Y. P. E. superintendent, Brother L. S. Cooper, was with us in our last meeting. We surely enjoyed his encouraging remarks. Brother Cooper is truly a man of God and we are doing our best here at Thornton to help him win the national banner.

Pray for us that we may learn to do more for our Lord and His cause.—Ed. Scott, Thornton, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for sometime and cannot tell you how much comfort and encouragement it has brought me. Some of the articles seem just like they were written for me. I read them over and over again. I am not a subscriber for the paper but get it through a friend of mine who is a member of the Church of God.

I belong to the Church of God in Christ. I would like to subscribe for the paper. It is such a comfort to me. May God bless you in your splendid work.—Feliccia Verner.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I really enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway as it is food to my soul. I am the president of the Y. P. E. here and love to work with the young people. My heart goes out for them, especially those who are lost.

We have a new plan to interest our young people. Our band has increased seventy-five per cent since we started this. We have two sides and we let them stand up opposite each other and I ask them questions, as for example:

Is it true or false that Gideon's father was a rich man?

Is it true or false that Samson killed a lion without using a weapon of any kind?

I take turns about asking the sides the true and false questions and if they answer them correctly they remain standing and if not they have to sit down. This is to see which side knows the most about the Bible.

Our young people are really interested in these questions and it gives them more encouragement to respond to the rest of the service so they can get to that.

We request special prayer for our Y. P. E. that God will help us to endeavor to win lost souls for Him.—Mrs. Myrtle Evetts, Slaton, Tex.

(Continued on page 32)



# Sinner's Page



## Almost Decided

Someone for years at your heart has  
been knocking,  
Knocking and pleading again and again;  
Outside the door He's been patiently  
standing,  
Will you permit Him to plead thus in  
vain?

Glimpses of light on thy path have been  
shining,  
Tokens of treasures of love yet in store,  
All to be thine, freely thine, for the ask-  
ing,  
If unto Him thou wilt open the door.

Haste, oh make haste, for the night is ap-  
proaching,  
Soon will thy day of probation be o'er;  
Haste for thy Lord will not always stand  
pleading,  
Haste, lest He leaves to return never-  
more.

Almost decided, why not altogether?  
Almost decided is but to be lost;  
Choose ye today and be wise in thy  
choosing,  
Christ or the world, oh consider the cost.

—Selected.

## Sowing Wild Oats

My observation is that those who in  
youth sowed wild oats, to the end of  
their short life sowed wild oats; and  
that those who starting sowing Genesee  
wheat, always sow Genesee wheat. And  
then the reaping of the harvests is so dif-  
ferent. There is grandfather now. He has

lived to old age because his habits have  
been good. His eyesight for this world  
has become somewhat dim, but his eye-  
sight for heaven is radiant. His hearing is  
not so acute as it once was and he must  
bend over to hear what his little grand-  
child says when she asks him what he  
has brought her. But he easily catches the  
music raised from supernal spheres. Men  
passing in the streets take off their hats  
in reverence, and women say: "What a  
good old man he is." Seventy or eighty  
years, all for God and for making this  
world happy. Splendid! Glorious! He will  
have hard work getting into heaven be-  
cause those whom he helped to get there  
will fill up and crowd the gates to tell  
him how glad they are to see his coming  
until he says, "Please to stand back a lit-  
tle till I pass through and cast my crown  
at the feet of Him whom I love." I do  
not know what you call that. I call it the  
harvest of Genesee wheat.

Out yonder is a man very old at forty  
years of age, at a time when he ought to  
be as buoyant as the morning. He got  
bad habits on him very early, and those  
habits have become worse. He is a man  
on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire  
with all evil habits, out with the world,  
and the world out with him. Down, and  
falling deeper. His swollen hands in his  
threadbare pockets, and his eyes fixed  
on the ground, he passes through the  
street, and the quick step of an innocent  
child, or the strong step of a young man,  
or the roll of a prosperous carriage mad-  
dens him, and he curses society and he  
curses God. Fallen sick, with no re-  
sources, he is carried to the almshouse. A  
loathsome spectacle he lies all day long  
waiting for dissolution, or in the night  
rises on his cot, and fights apparitions of  
what he might have been and of what  
he will be. He started life with as good  
prospect as any man on the American  
continent, but there he is a bloated car-  
cass, waiting for the shovels of public  
charity to put him five feet under. He  
has only reaped what he sowed—harvest  
of wild oats! "There is a way that seem-  
eth right to a man, but the end thereof  
is death." Young man, as you cannot  
live life over again, however you may  
long to do so, be sure to have your one  
life right. Don't go tonight where you  
may be tempted to go. Go home! Your  
father will be glad to see you, and your  
mother, I need not tell you how she feels.  
My boy, go home and put your tired  
head on the bosom that nursed you so  
tenderly in your boyhood years.

A young Scotchman was in battle tak-  
en captive by a band of Indians, and he

learned their language, and adopted their  
habits. Years passed on, but the old In-  
dian chieftain never forgot he had in  
possession a young man who did not be-  
long to him. Well, one day, this tribe of  
Indians came in sight of the Scotch regi-  
ments from whom this young man had  
been captured, and the old Indian chief-  
tain said, "I lost my son in battle, and I  
know how a father feels at the loss of  
a son. Do you think your father is yet  
alive?" The young man said, "I am the  
only son of my father, and I hope he is  
still alive." Then said the Indian chief-  
tain, "Because of the loss of my son, this  
world is a desert. You go free. Return to  
your countrymen. Revisit your father  
and he may rejoice when he sees the sun  
rise in the morning, and the trees blos-  
som in the Spring." So, I say to you,  
young man, captive of waywardness and  
sin! Your father is waiting for you. Your  
mother is waiting for you. God is wait-  
ing for you. Go home! Go home!—T.  
DeWitt Talmage.

## The Ship That Never Returned

Julius W. Stone, High Point, N. C.

Scripture lesson, Acts 27.

Some years ago we used to hear a song  
entitled, "The Ship That Never Re-  
turned." "There were sweet farewells,  
there were loving signals." Everything  
seemed favorable for a safe voyage. The  
old captain, who had sailed the sea for  
years, kissed his wife good-bye, promis-  
ing her that this would be his last voy-  
age. "But, alas, poor man for he sails  
commander on the ship that never re-  
turned."

Thousands of others have sailed for  
years as the captain of our story, but one  
day they took their last voyage and sailed  
never to return. Until the great trump  
shall sound and the sea shall give up her  
dead, it will never be known how many  
hopes have perished and gone down be-  
neath its angry billows.

A fleet of one hundred and thirty-two  
Spanish vessels with thirty thousand men  
was once sent to invade England, but on-  
ly half of them ever returned.

A few years ago a great ship cleared  
the dock at an English port on her first  
trip to New York. She was considered  
unsinkable, but never returned, for she  
struck an iceberg and went down with  
fifteen hundred lives.

Just as our Scripture lesson illustrates,  
we are all sailing over life's sea. Some  
have been sailing for years; some of us  
have just started out. But no matter how  
long we have been sailing, we do  
not know what is ahead of us. We have  
no chart showing all the rocks that are  
hidden under the waters; we do not  
know how many storms we will en-  
counter; so we need a safe Pilot to steer  
our frail bark through these dangerous

(Continued on page 33)



# Bible Training School

Conducted by George Ayers and Ivan Stone

## SALUTATORIAN'S ADDRESS

### BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

BY EILEEN LEATHERBERRY

Mr. Superintendent, members of the faculty, members of the Board of Education, fellow students, and friends:

This morning we consider it a great pleasure to have the privilege of welcoming you, our visiting friends. We extend to you a cordial welcome and hope that you will feel that you are at home and will enjoy each of the services and the blessings of God. Feel free, and let the Lord have His way. The entire student body, as well as the faculty, believe in obeying the will of God.

Another year of our school life is finished, and many of us have come today for the last time. But whether we go into other fields of labor or return for another term of school, we shall find abundant cause to remember our school with gratitude. Day after day we have assembled here, and the associations which cluster around this place—more vivid in our minds today than ever before—can never be forgotten. They will go with us through life, and form an important part in the individual experience of each one of us.

Who could forget that wonderful week of revival, where God so marvelously blessed us? where many of the students were seen shouting, running, dancing under the anointing of the Holy Spirit of God? The Holy Ghost had full sway. Two different nights were spent in prayer. Again we hear the mighty shout of victory, when after twelve and sixteen hours of prayer the Holy Ghost came flooding into their souls, with that satisfying portion.

Let us visit one of the classrooms for a little while. They start the class by going to prayer, asking for His guidance and help. God comes into the midst and begins to bless, then books and lessons are forgotten, and the Holy Ghost is given full sway. How wonderful are those showers of blessings from on high. Surely these are days to be remembered.

The events of this day, as well as those of the past school days, are to be remembered and recalled with pleasure, perhaps with pride, when we have passed far down into the vale of years. As we hear the aged of today rehearse the scenes of their youth, so shall we revive the memories of our school when the battle of life has been fought, and we sit down to repose after the burden and the heat of the day are passed. Then little incidents, which seem now hardly

worth telling, will possess a deeper interest, and will linger long and fondly in the imagination. Today with its trials and triumphs will be regarded as an epoch in the career of some of us; as a day worth remembering by all of us.

We cannot take leave of these familiar walls, and sever the pleasant associations which have bound us together here, without acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe to our school and to our teachers for their fostering care. We have too little experience of the duties and responsibilities of active life fully to understand and appreciate the value of the intellectual and moral training we have received in this place, but we know that we are the wiser and the better for it. We know that without it we could achieve neither a moral nor a business success.

To many of us, the education we have obtained here will be our only capital in beginning life and in gaining whatever of wealth and honor we may hereafter win in the world, so we shall be largely indebted to our school for the means of our success.

Let us, then, ever remember our school with affection and gratitude. We shall ever feel a noble pride in those who have so wisely and so generously placed the means of education within the reach of us. To the school officers of the present year, and to our teachers, we return our sincere thanks for their hearty and continued interest in our welfare.

And now, fellow scholars, the class of this year will soon separate, never again to be united in the schoolroom. May prosperity and happiness attend both teachers and scholars in their future career.

May each one live a life for Christ that as we part here, we might again assemble over in Gloryland, there to spend eternity.

## VALEDICTORIAN'S ADDRESS

### BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

GEORGE W. AYERS

Mr. Superintendent, members of the faculty, members of the school board, fellow students and friends:

I am happy this morning to have the privilege of appearing before you as representative of the Bible Training School's Senior Class of the year 1938-39.

My happiness is accentuated by the many cheerful, friendly and familiar faces that I find turned eagerly in this direction. You have been welcomed by the others, but I wish for my part to

extend to you my sincerest thanks for your presence and wishes for enjoyment while here.

However, more especially, do I count it a pleasure to speak this morning, because as a Bible School student, first at Cleveland, and then here at Sevierville, a more perfect perception of the tremendous progress made in physical facilities is mine. The more desirable environment is noticeable as well as the still more important adherence to Bible doctrine in instruction coupled with the improvements by addition in curriculum. All of these and innumerable other things are progressive advancement, I am confident, principally because of the efforts of our Superintendent of Education, Rev. Zeno C. Tharp. Congratulations! Mr. Superintendent, we thank you. Our only regret is that we can not longer partake of the most recent benefits of Bible School.

Mr. Superintendent, our years of association have been few, nevertheless, we have learned to respect, to honor and to love you and shall in the future cherish dearly the memory of your kind, spiritual and even fatherly advice and care.

Likewise you, the members of the faculty, hold a prominent place in our hearts. We cannot, in any sense, pay or reward you for your conscientious and devoted service. For that, only the Lord can do. Yet we are offering these as encouragement, realizing that your labors find little expressed gratitude, and receive but little praise. In this reflective pause, we wish to convey to you that gratitude which we have always felt, but have seldom voiced. The influence of your Spirit-filled teachings has become a living power within us that will form a potent urge and inspiration to Christly endeavor.

Then we would not fail to express our gratitude to the members of the Board of Education. We realize that you are the unseen force that has constantly endeavored to achieve higher standards of religious education and to promote our spiritual welfare. We offer you our sincere thanks as a token of our appreciation of your interest in us.

This morning I must say that I cannot find appropriate nor eloquent words to express our appreciation and gratitude to our most faithful, God-fearing, Spirit-filled teachers and members of the Board of Education.

We cannot repay you, and promises are but empty forms, however, we know that our lives will be centers of greater influences for good as a result of sitting at your feet.

Friends, our happiness this morning is mingled with sorrow as we think of our soon parting. There are only a few more short hours before we must leave this heavenly stronghold, made sacred by the

(Continued on page 30)



# Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle Members:

We are getting to be a large company of readers and I just imagine that you who are developing a taste for reading are feeling the effect of it. We are glad that some are catching the fire so much that they are starting libraries for real study. I am listing a few books that would be fine to add to your list.

*Handfuls on Purpose*, twelve volumes, \$18.00. It contains extended studies in various books. Bible readings, gospel outlines, thoughts, illustrations, etc. A series of most helpful volumes for Bible students and busy workers.

Brother E. J. Boehmer and others say: "It is of untold value to any minister or Bible student."

*Matthew Henry's Commentary*, six volumes, \$15.00.

*Evangelism of Youth For Pastors and Young People's Workers*, by Albert H. Gage, \$1.00.

*Church Vacation Bible School*, by Albert H. Gage, \$1.00.

*Boys' Stories of Great Men*, \$1.00.

*Girls' Stories of Great Women*, \$1.00.

These books are very inspiring to boys and girls.

*At the Crossroads*, by Minnie Ludwig, \$1.00.

*Girlhood Today*, by Helen Welsheimer, \$1.00.

NOTE: Any amount of books over \$10.00 can be obtained on terms of one-third down and \$3.00 per month. Let the Publishing House know your needs and they will help you. Paul says, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," 2 Tim. 2:15.

Last but not least you should, by all means, have Brother E. L. Simmon's book, *"The History of the Church of God."* Please mention the Lighted Pathway when ordering. Order direct from Brother Simmons, 2519 Trunk Street, Cleveland, Tenn.

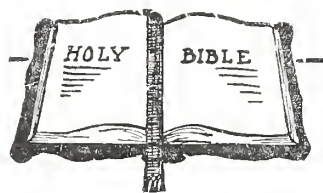
A few days ago we had a letter from a certain minister saying, "I am to make a talk at our ministers' meeting on the history of the Church. Rush me one of Brother Simmon's books, *The History of the Church of God.*" You will need one of them often, why not order and have it ready? It shows the rapid progress our Church has made.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Was glad you suggested the list of books in the Lighted Pathway this month for our home library as my husband and I had already decided to start one and had bought a bookcase about two days before receiving the paper.

My husband is district Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent and we feel that any one out in the Lord's work should read and obtain all the knowledge possible on the Bible and other religious subjects.

Enclosed you will find an order for part of the books you suggested.—Verlene McCay, Alabama City, Ala.



## Read the Bible Through This Year

We are suggesting to our Reading Circle members that they read the Bible through this year. Here are the April readings:

Morning	Evening
1. Deut. 27-28	Acts 2
2. Deut. 29-30	Acts 3
3. Deut. 31-32	Acts 4
4. Deut. 33-34	Acts 5
5. Joshua 1-2	Acts 6
6. Joshua 3-4	Acts 7
7. Joshua 5-6	Acts 8
8. Joshua 7-8	Acts 9
9. Joshua 9-10	Acts 10
10. Joshua 11-12	Acts 11
11. Joshua 13-14	Acts 12
12. Joshua 15-16	Acts 13
13. Joshua 17-18	Acts 14
14. Joshua 19-20	Acts 15
15. Joshua 21-22	Acts 16
16. Joshua 23-24	Acts 17
17. Judges 1-2	Acts 18
18. Judges 3-4	Acts 19
19. Judges 5-6	Acts 20
20. Judges 7-8	Acts 21
21. Judges 9-10	Acts 22
22. Judges 11-12	Acts 23
23. Judges 13-14	Acts 24
24. Judges 15-16	Acts 25
25. Judges 17-18	Acts 26
26. Judges 19-20	Acts 27
27. Judges 21	Acts 28
28. Ruth 1-2	Psa. 1-3
29. Ruth 3-4	Psa. 4-6
30. 1 Samuel 1-2	Psa. 7-8

## Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for February	Sold for March	Sold since Assembly
Alabama	683	701	3,790
Arkansas	157	202	964
California	71	79	326
Colorado			19
Delaware	42	28	99
Foreign	185	171	1,070
Florida	1,106	1,428	7,207
Georgia	2,485	2,336	12,494
Idaho		14	56
Iowa	14	14	114
Illinois	315	329	1,690
Indiana	42	70	398
Kansas	48	42	283
Kentucky	819	1,002	4,034
Louisiana	126	140	690
Massachusetts	14	14	142
Maine	28	16	72
Maryland	203	203	1,163
Michigan	126	154	988
Minnesota			1
Mississippi	262	316	1,597
Missouri	98	175	653
Montana	98	84	534
Nebraska			1
New Mexico	91	91	608
New Jersey	28	28	140
New York			1
N. Carolina	1,110	1,182	6,423
North Dakota	42	42	187
Oklahoma	253	224	943
Ohio	308	336	2,075
Oregon	28	28	198
Pennsylvania	532	562	3,668
S. Carolina	2,236	2,845	12,624
South Dakota	42	56	230
Tennessee	1,009	1,012	6,755
Texas	413	434	2,227
Virginia	365	387	1,984
Washington	14	14	157
West Virginia	917	1,060	5,973
Washington, D.C.	14	14	43

## Total Reading Circle Members For Each State

Alabama—31
California—18
Delaware—4
Florida—131
Foreign—5
Georgia—1526
Illinois—8
Indiana—11
Louisiana—10
Kentucky—461
Maryland—17
Michigan—31
Montana—9
Mississippi—14
Missouri—8
New Mexico—1
North Carolina—276
Oklahoma—9
Ohio—59
Pennsylvania—1
South Carolina—985
South Dakota—1
Tennessee—111

(Continued on page 32)



# From My Scrapbook

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

## The Easter Message

To Joseph's garden on that Easter morn,  
Three women come with fragrant  
spices rare;  
Their hearts are sorrowful, their hopes  
forlorn,  
For Hope, and Love, and Life, lie bur-  
ied there.  
But lo! An angel sits within the tomb  
No longer closed—the stone is rolled  
away:  
His glorious message dissipates their  
gloom,  
"Fear not, for Christ your Lord is  
ris'n today!"  
Arise, sad heart! No longer sit and  
mourn  
O'er buried hopes, or dismal thought  
of death.  
Sad heart, arise! And on this blessed  
morn,  
List to the message that the angel  
saith:  
"Dispel your fear, your sorrow cast  
away,  
For Christ, your Lord and King is  
ris'n today!"

—Selected.

## Down in the Lilled Garden

Down in the lilled garden,  
Deep in the rock-hewn tomb,  
Laid they the Lord Christ's body  
After that day of gloom  
Which saw the world's one Savior  
Nailed to the cross accursed,  
When from their graves uprising  
The dead their cerements burst.

Down in the lilled garden,  
At dawn of the third day,  
With eyes all red with weeping,  
The Marys took their way;  
Bearing love's fragrant offering,  
Rich spice and myrrh most sweet,  
To bathe with tears and blessings,  
The nail-pierced hands and feet.

Down in the lilled garden  
Another form appeared,  
So radiant and wondrous  
That much the women feared.  
But with a voice exultant  
The shining angel said,  
"The Lord is risen! Seek not  
The living 'mid the dead."

Down in the lilled garden  
They turned with joy, and ran  
To spread the blessed tidings  
And tell it o'er again.  
There on their way they met Him,  
The Savior, Christ, the Lord;



"Hail, friends!" He cried. What rap-  
ture  
Was theirs to hear the word!

Down in the lilled garden,  
As it began to dawn,  
What joy and hope and promise  
Woke with that Easter morn!  
Down in the lilled garden,  
Death's power was broken quite,  
When from the tomb close guarded,  
Christ rose to life and light.

—Selected.

## The Garden of Glory

By Albert Simpson Reitz

Gethsemane's Garden with all of its loss  
May lead to the anguish and pain of the  
cross;

But after the cross with its sorrow and  
gloom,  
The "garden near by" has a glory-  
filled tomb.

Today I may weep in the Garden of Sor-  
row:  
The Garden of Glory will greet me to-  
morrow!

In lonely Gethsemane teardrops will fall,  
And yonder the cross overshadows it all;  
But after the cross with its darkness  
of night

The "garden near by" is aglow with  
His light.

Today I may weep in the Garden of Sor-  
row:  
The Garden of Glory will greet me to-  
morrow!

Although with the dawn of Gethsemane's  
morn

There follows the cross and the cruel  
crown of thorn—

And God, for the moment, forsakes  
His own child,

My Christ is triumphant—and God  
reconciled!

So now when I weep in the Garden of  
Sorrow,

I know that His glory will greet me to-  
morrow!

O Garden of Glory, O Garden of Light:  
No sickness, no sadness, no sorrow, no  
night!

The grave hath no vict'ry, and death  
hath no sting;

My Savior is risen, Redeemer and

King!

Look up, O my soul, from the Garden  
of Sorrow:  
The Garden of Glory will greet me to-  
morrow!

## Farewell

Farewell! that word has broken hearts  
And blinded eyes with tears;  
Farewell! one stays and one departs:  
Between them roll the years.  
Good-by! that word makes faces pale  
And fills the soul with tears;  
Good-by! two words that wring a wall,  
Which flutters down the years.

I can not say, and I will not say,  
That they are dead. They are just  
away!

With a cheery smile and a wave of the  
hand  
They have wandered into an unknown  
land

And left us dreaming, how very fair  
It needs must be, since they linger  
there.

And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old time step and the glad re-  
turn,

Think of them faring on, as dear  
In the love of there, as the love of here.  
Think of them still and the same, I say,  
They are not dead, they are just away.

Since their work was done, their mis-  
sion ended

And they were gone there was nothing  
left

To those who knew and loved them but  
to say farewell.

No parting words shall e'er be spoken  
In that bright land of flowers,  
But songs of joy and peace and gladness,  
Shall evermore be ours.

We'll never say good-by in heaven,  
We'll never say good-by,  
For in that land of joy and song,  
We'll never say good-by.

I never stand above bier and see  
The seal of death on some well-loved face  
But that I think—one more to welcome  
me

When I shall cross the intervening space.  
Between this land that one over there;  
One more to make the strange beyond  
seem fair,

And so for me there nothing is in death.  
And so the grave has lost its victory;  
It is but crossing with abated breath  
And white-set face, a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the  
shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than be-  
fore.

Don't miss Mother's Day issue next month.



## Contributions by Young Writers

### The Lord Is Risen

*Lois White, Lindsay, Okla.*

'Twas the dawn of the Sabbath day,  
When an angel came, in raiment fair,  
To the sepulchre where our Savior lay  
To roll away the mighty stone there.

Then came Mary to the sepulchre cold,  
All bound in sorrow and pain.  
"He is not here," she was told.  
"His death was not all in vain."

"Go tell Peter, James and John,  
That the Lord, our Savior is risen,  
His work here on earth is done,  
And the promise of the Comforter He  
hath given."

Mary returned with great joy and glad-  
ness,  
To spread the glad tidings, the angel giv-  
eth.

When they believed there was no more  
sadness,  
For they knew their Lord liveth.

Then they remembered the prophets wise  
Had foretold in days to come,  
That He would the third day arise  
And ascend to His heavenly home.

### Your Need and Mine

Grace when the sun is shining, Lord,  
Grace when the sky is black;  
Grace when I get an unkind word,  
Grace on the too smooth track.

Grace when I'm elbowed in a nook,  
Grace when I get my turn;  
Grace when the dinner will not cook,  
Grace when the fire won't burn.

Grace when my duties all go wrong,  
Grace when they all seem right;  
Grace when it's gladness, praise and song,  
Grace when I have to fight.

Grace when my dress is fresh and new  
Grace when it's worn and old;  
Grace when my purse is empty, too,  
Grace when it's full of gold.

Grace when the lost ones don't get saved,  
And put the blame on me;  
Grace when the grace, I've asked and  
craved,

Seems denied, Lord, by Thee.—*Sel.*

(Contributed by Ruth Anderson)

### Come to Me—I'll Give You Rest

When earthly friends have turned away,  
And their love for you has grown cold;  
When it seems the world's against you  
And the cares of life enfold,  
Then there comes a gentle whisper,  
Soothing to the heart depressed;

'Tis a message of God's mercy:

"Come to me, I'll give you rest."

When the cares of life have gathered  
And there's none to sympathize,  
When the toils of life o'ercome you  
And there's none to hear your cries,  
Hark! a still, small voice is wafted

O'er the gentle breezes blest,  
Calling to the tired, worn pilgrim:  
"Come to me, I'll give you rest."

Though our earthly friends forsake us  
And our hearts are sad and blue,  
Though our crosses are made heavy,  
Still we have a Friend who's true;  
Jesus said He'd ne'er forsake us  
But will help us stand each test,  
And His blessed voice still echoes:  
"Come to me, I'll give you rest."

—*Mrs. F. M. Renner, Gardner, Fla.*

### The Church of God Y. P. E.

The Church of God Y. P. E.  
Is a good place for girls and boys to be.  
We sing and shout, and praise our Lord,  
And read some from His Holy Word.

This happy band is kind and true  
Even when you're sad and blue,  
They will do their best to help you stand,  
By lending you a helping hand.

If you are burdened, down and out  
And Satan has your mind,  
Request prayer from the Y. P. E.  
And watch him get behind.

Prayer will surely make him move,  
When prayed from a heart that's pure.  
It brings our Savior's presence near,  
And that's what he can't endure.

So on Saturday night when Satan's imps,  
You can see on every hand,  
Just come out to our Y. P. E.  
And against him take a stand.

—*Mrs. V. M. Sanford, Buffalo, S. C.*

### I Wonder

I've thought and thought and thought  
And wondered what to say;  
To help a precious, wandering boy,  
For whom I love to pray.

He's kind to me, yes very kind,  
There's naught that he won't do,  
To help this glorious cause along,  
And this I know is true.

Yet, this dear heart is still unsaved,  
He's still outside the fold;  
The pasture where he's feeding now  
Is barren, bleak, and cold.

He does not see the clover field,

Prepared by One above!  
Nor does he see the "Loaf of Bread"  
Sent down from Heaven with love.

Oh, sinner friend, just look ahead,  
Do not longer wait;  
Just look beyond this veil of tears,  
See Jesus at the gate!

And angels playing harps of gold,  
And singing anthems sweet;  
To take your weary feet from earth  
Your happy soul to greet!

Oh, do not stay outside, my friend,  
Step through the open door;  
Christ Jesus stands and calls to you  
Oh! hear Him, I implore.

—*Name Misplaced.*

### I Am Glad That I Am a Christian

I am glad that I am a Christian,  
As glad as I can be.  
I have old time salvation  
And from sin set free.

I am glad that I am a Christian,  
I have been telling you all the time  
I go to Church and Sunday School  
Rain or shine.

I am glad I am a Christian,  
I am not so very old.  
I go to the Y. P. E.  
When it is hot or when it is cold.

—*Chessie Williams, Cropwell, Ala.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name. I am truly thankful for the privilege of writing to the Lighted Pathway. It has been a blessing to my soul. I cannot express my feelings about your wonderful paper. It has encouraged me many times when I felt like turning back. I praise God for overcoming grace.

The Lord certainly blesses in our Y. P. E. since we are using the programs. Our services are inspiring in every way and the fire of God is falling in our midst. I am really thankful for our young people at Dillon who are doing something for our Lord.

Sister Harrison, your messages are always a help to me and encourage me to press on and do the Lord's will at all times.

Please pray earnestly that I will be a soul winner for Jesus.—*Evangeline Meekins, Dillon, S. C.*

Dear Friends:

I thank each one of you who has sent me old Lighted Pathways. The Lord is blessing me in my work. Pray that I will stay in His will and ever do just what would be pleasing to Him.—*A brother in Christ, Herman Clark, Jr., 38 Peachtree St., Woodruff, S. C.*



**Editor's Message**

(Continued from page 2)

grave of Christ, the risen Savior of the world:

The Easter message brings to us the thought of resurrected hopes and ambitions. If Christ is able and does raise to life our dead bodies from their sleeping place in the cold earth, is He not able to bring back to life the dead ambitions of those who have tried and failed? We trust that the cover page poem of the March issue has already lifted up scores who have been made to believe that their last opportunity has passed by and that they are doomed to a life of failure. Let Christ at this Easter time resurrect your lost hope and bring you forth a new creature in Christ Jesus. Lift thine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh your help.

Dear ones, one by one we are passing away; what the future holds for us depends upon our faithfulness in this life. Where we shall spend eternity and how much we shall enjoy it is in our hands.

**The Wicked Prince Who Tried to Steal His Father's Kingdom**

(Continued from page 4)

gin living in great state, as if he were already king. He was very friendly toward all the people who came to visit Jerusalem from other parts of the kingdom. He won their hearts by doing services for them, and told them if he were king he would give them justice.

Absalom led a great host of men into the woods of Ephraim to fight against the servants of David. He was defeated in this battle. It was the custom of kings to ride a mule to battle and as Absalom rode through the woods trying to escape from David's servants, his mule ran under the boughs of a great oak tree, and he was caught by his long locks of hair in the thick boughs. His mule ran away, leaving him hanging there alone.

Joab, the chief captain of David's army, found him hanging in the boughs of a tree and thrust three darts through his heart. They cast his body into a great pit in the wood. So ended the sad life of the handsome prince.

**Questions:**

Who was Absalom? He was the son of David. Was he a good boy? No, he was very wicked. Did he succeed in taking the kingdom from David? No, but brought much sadness to his father's heart. Was David glad when he heard he had won in battle? No, he wept because his wicked son was killed.

Let twelve children form a line each carrying a piece of cardboard with the letters J-E-S-U-S L-O-V-E-S M-E printed on it. Each child says a verse starting with the letter he has. J first, then the rest as they come. After all have

finished all sing, "Jesus Loves Me."

J—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever." Heb. 13:8.

E—"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18:14.

S—"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God." Luke 18:16.

U—"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord." Luke 2:11.

S—"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

L—"Let not your your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." John 14:1.

O—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Eph. 4:5.

V—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." John 6:47.

E—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3:3.

S—"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Col. 3:2.

M—"My grace is sufficient for thee." 2 Cor. 12:9.

E—"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of light." James 1:7.

—Mizzie Cleghorn, Trion, Ga.

**The Missionary Lilies**

(Continued from page 5)

far from the large door.

How long the lilies stayed there no one knew, but the next morning they were gone. Mary Louise knew, for she walked just far enough down the street to see.

All that took place in the big house the morning the lilies were discovered, no one ever knew—but the lilies knew—and I think they might have heard Mrs. Gregg speaking right out loud between sobs of joy.

"Though—he were dead—yet—shall—he live—and I shall see them again—my own dear John and Baby Marie—changed into His likeness, more beautiful than the fairest lily."

As for Mary Louise and her mother, they knew that the Lord would speak through His Word and the missionary lilies.

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—God's Revivalist and Bible Advocate.

**A Rendezvous With Christ**

(Continued from page 6)

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*We may not climb the heavenly steep  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depths can drown.*

*But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is he;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.*

—The Presbyterian Banner.

"Is it a strong congregation?" asked a man, concerning a body of worshippers.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How many members are there?"

"Seventy-six."

"Seventy-six! Are they so very wealthy?"

"No, they are poor."

"How, then, do you say it is a strong church?"

"Because," said the gentleman, "they are earnest, devoted, at peace, loving each other, and striving together to do the Master's work. Such a congregation is strong, whether composed of a dozen or five hundred members!"—Webb.

**Don't miss Mother's Day issue next month.**

As long as our faith is anchored in Christ and our feet are planted on the truth of the Bible there is no power in earth or hell that can shake us.



## Contributions by Young Writers

### The Lord Is Risen

*Lois White, Lindsay, Okla.*

'Twas the dawn of the Sabbath day,  
When an angel came, in raiment fair,  
To the sepulchre where our Savior lay  
To roll away the mighty stone there.

Then came Mary to the sepulchre cold,  
All bound in sorrow and pain.  
"He is not here," she was told.  
"His death was not all in vain."

"Go tell Peter, James and John,  
That the Lord, our Savior is risen,  
His work here on earth is done,  
And the promise of the Comforter He  
hath given."

Mary returned with great joy and glad-  
ness,  
To spread the glad tidings, the angel giv-  
eth.  
When they believed there was no more  
sadness,  
For they knew their Lord liveth.

Then they remembered the prophets wise  
Had foretold in days to come,  
That He would the third day arise  
And ascend to His heavenly home.

### Your Need and Mine

Grace when the sun is shining, Lord,  
Grace when the sky is black;  
Grace when I get an unkind word,  
Grace on the too smooth track.

Grace when I'm elbowed in a nook,  
Grace when I get my turn;  
Grace when the dinner will not cook,  
Grace when the fire won't burn.

Grace when my duties all go wrong,  
Grace when they all seem right;  
Grace when it's gladness, praise and song,  
Grace when I have to fight.

Grace when my dress is fresh and new  
Grace when it's worn and old;  
Grace when my purse is empty, too,  
Grace when it's full of gold.

Grace when the lost ones don't get saved,  
And put the blame on me;  
Grace when the grace, I've asked and  
craved,  
Seems denied, Lord, by Thee.—*Sel.*  
(Contributed by Ruth Anderson)

### Come to Me—I'll Give You Rest

When earthly friends have turned away,  
And their love for you has grown cold;  
When it seems the world's against you  
And the cares of life enfold,  
Then there comes a gentle whisper,  
Soothing to the heart depressed;

'Tis a message of God's mercy:  
"Come to me, I'll give you rest."

When the cares of life have gathered  
And there's none to sympathize,  
When the toils of life o'ercome you  
And there's none to hear your cries,  
Hark! a still, small voice is wafted  
O'er the gentle breezes blest,  
Calling to the tired, worn pilgrim:  
"Come to me, I'll give you rest."

Though our earthly friends forsake us  
And our hearts are sad and blue,  
Though our crosses are made heavy,  
Still we have a Friend who's true;  
Jesus said He'd ne'er forsake us  
But will help us stand each test,  
And His blessed voice still echoes:  
"Come to me, I'll give you rest."

—*Mrs. F. M. Renner, Gardner, Fla.*

### The Church of God Y. P. E.

The Church of God Y. P. E.  
Is a good place for girls and boys to be.  
We sing and shout, and praise our Lord,  
And read some from His Holy Word.

This happy band is kind and true  
Even when you're sad and blue,  
They will do their best to help you stand,  
By lending you a helping hand.

If you are burdened, down and out  
And Satan has your mind,  
Request prayer from the Y. P. E.  
And watch him get behind.

Prayer will surely make him move,  
When prayed from a heart that's pure.  
It brings our Savior's presence near,  
And that's what he can't endure.

So on Saturday night when Satan's imps,  
You can see on every hand,  
Just come out to our Y. P. E.  
And against him take a stand.

—*Mrs. V. M. Sanford, Buffalo, S. C.*

### I Wonder

I've thought and thought and thought  
And wondered what to say;  
To help a precious, wandering boy,  
For whom I love to pray.

He's kind to me, yes very kind,  
There's naught that he won't do,  
To help this glorious cause along,  
And this I know is true.

Yet, this dear heart is still unsaved,  
He's still outside the fold;  
The pasture where he's feeding now  
Is barren, bleak, and cold.  
He does not see the clover field,

Prepared by One above!  
Nor does he see the "Loaf of Bread"  
Sent down from Heaven with love.

Oh, sinner friend, just look ahead,  
Do not longer wait;  
Just look beyond this veil of tears,  
See Jesus at the gate!

And angels playing harps of gold,  
And singing anthems sweet;  
To take your weary feet from earth  
Your happy soul to greet!

Oh, do not stay outside, my friend,  
Step through the open door;  
Christ Jesus stands and calls to you  
Oh! hear Him, I implore.

—*Name Misplaced.*

### I Am Glad That I Am a Christian

I am glad that I am a Christian,  
As glad as I can be.  
I have old time salvation  
And from sin set free.

I am glad that I am a Christian,  
I have been telling you all the time  
I go to Church and Sunday School  
Rain or shine.

I am glad I am a Christian,  
I am not so very old.  
I go to the Y. P. E.  
When it is hot or when it is cold.

—*Chessie Williams, Cropwell, Ala.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name. I am truly thankful for the privilege of writing to the Lighted Pathway. It has been a blessing to my soul. I cannot express my feelings about your wonderful paper. It has encouraged me many times when I felt like turning back. I praise God for overcoming grace.

The Lord certainly blesses in our Y. P. E. since we are using the programs. Our services are inspiring in every way and the fire of God is falling in our midst. I am really thankful for our young people at Dillon who are doing something for our Lord.

Sister Harrison, your messages are always a help to me and encourage me to press on and do the Lord's will at all times.

Please pray earnestly that I will be a soul winner for Jesus.—*Evangeline Meekins, Dillon, S. C.*

Dear Friends:

I thank each one of you who has sent me old Lighted Pathways. The Lord is blessing me in my work. Pray that I will stay in His will and ever do just what would be pleasing to Him.—*A brother in Christ, Herman Clark, Jr., 38 Peachtree St., Woodruff, S. C.*



**Editor's Message**

(Continued from page 2)

grave of Christ, the risen Savior of the world:

The Easter message brings to us the thought of resurrected hopes and ambitions. If Christ is able and does raise to life our dead bodies from their sleeping place in the cold earth, is He not able to bring back to life the dead ambitions of those who have tried and failed? We trust that the cover page poem of the March issue has already lifted up scores who have been made to believe that their last opportunity has passed by and that they are doomed to a life of failure. Let Christ at this Easter time resurrect your lost hope and bring you forth a new creature in Christ Jesus. Lift thine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh your help.

Dear ones, one by one we are passing away; what the future holds for us depends upon our faithfulness in this life. Where we shall spend eternity and how much we shall enjoy it is in our hands.

**The Wicked Prince Who Tried to Steal His Father's Kingdom**

(Continued from page 4)

gin living in great state, as if he were already king. He was very friendly toward all the people who came to visit Jerusalem from other parts of the kingdom. He won their hearts by doing services for them, and told them if he were king he would give them justice.

Absalom led a great host of men into the woods of Ephraim to fight against the servants of David. He was defeated in this battle. It was the custom of kings to ride a mule to battle and as Absalom rode through the woods trying to escape from David's servants, his mule ran under the boughs of a great oak tree, and he was caught by his long locks of hair in the thick boughs. His mule ran away, leaving him hanging there alone.

Joab, the chief captain of David's army, found him hanging in the boughs of a tree and thrust three darts through his heart. They cast his body into a great pit in the wood. So ended the sad life of the handsome prince.

**Questions:**

Who was Absalom? He was the son of David. Was he a good boy? No, he was very wicked. Did he succeed in taking the kingdom from David? No, but brought much sadness to his father's heart. Was David glad when he heard he had won in battle? No, he wept because his wicked son was killed.

Let twelve children form a line each carrying a piece of cardboard with the letters J-E-S-U-S L-O-V-E-S M-E printed on it. Each child says a verse starting with the letter he has. J first, then the rest as they come. After all have

finished all sing, "Jesus Loves Me."

J—"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, today and forever." Heb. 13:8.

E—"Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18:14.

S—"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of God." Luke 18:16.

U—"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord." Luke 2:11.

S—"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15.

L—"Let not your your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me." John 14:1.

O—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Eph. 4:5.

V—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." John 6:47.

E—"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John 3:3.

S—"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Col. 3:2.

M—"My grace is sufficient for thee." 2 Cor. 12:9.

E—"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of light." James 1:7.

—Mizzie Cleghorn, Trion, Ga.

**The Missionary Lilies**

(Continued from page 5)

far from the large door.

How long the lilies stayed there no one knew, but the next morning they were gone. Mary Louise knew, for she walked just far enough down the street to see.

All that took place in the big house the morning the lilies were discovered, no one ever knew—but the lilies knew—and I think they might have heard Mrs. Gregg speaking right out loud between sobs of joy.

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## OUR PICTURE GALLERY

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' dear name. For a long time I have felt I should write to the Lighted Pathway. I know of no other paper I enjoy so much. I, like many others, neglected it so long. But one day I got my eyes opened to its beauty. It is no trouble to sell a n y m o r e, when it is once read. The next issue is always a welcomed guest. Its pages contain comfort to every walk of life.



In March issue there was one page that appealed to me above all others. Page 13, "What Is a Church Vacation Bible School?" As I read, it gripped my heart more and more and renewed the zeal I had for this kind of work. When I was only a small girl I had a longing to be a teacher. I loved to listen to children's questions, then answer them in a helpful manner. I use to build air castles. I would imagine myself in a schoolroom with a happy class of boys and girls. I thought for sure it would come to pass. But to my sorrow, misfortune came my way and deprived me of the education I thought I must have. But just at this time Jesus came my way, knocked at my heart's door and I quickly gave my all to Him and began life anew, only with a deeper desire than ever to teach His Word. I looked over the country to see the many boys and girls who were preparing themselves to teach in public schools. But oh, so few preparing to teach God's Word. It made my heart ache within me. I would steal away in prayer and pray, "O Lord, you see the desire and longing of my heart. Please use me in your service." Then I would hear a still, small voice saying, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart," Ps. 37:4. I would arise from prayer, claiming the promises of God. I would then go to church, determined to never shirk my duty and give God my wholehearted service, after which I found plenty to do. Space will not permit my telling the many experiences of how God has led me on.

After being a Sunday School worker for the past ten years, seeing how the children are so neglected, allowed to do

in the afternoon. We would all take our lunch. The attendance was around 75. Such a nice time we had. Those children did anything I asked them to. We would open by singing some of those nice little



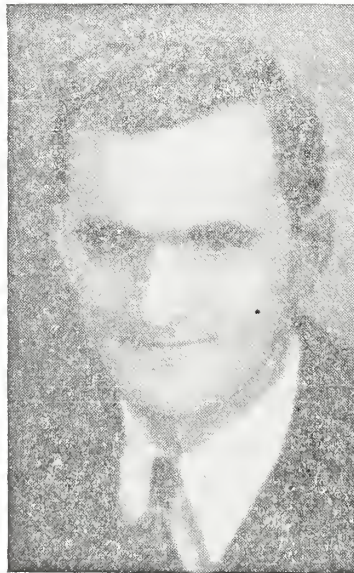
**SINGING SCHOOL AT RAVENNA, KY.**

The above picture is a picture of the singing school which I have just closed at Ravenna, Ky., Rev. C. M. Dunn, pastor. This is the largest class I have ever taught and believe me they certainly did stay with me. It snowed, sleeted, rained and did everything that could be thought of, but they came out every night. God blessed them and they are far ahead of most of the churches when it comes to singing.—Kentucky's music teacher, Cecil Bridges.

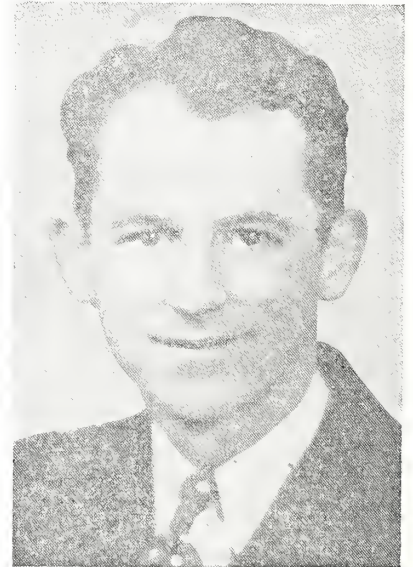
This school has proved a blessing to our church. Brother Bridges is a wonderful teacher and has the work at heart. The state of Kentucky appreciates Brother Bridges. One interesting part about the picture is the majority are members of our Y. P. E.

Our Y. P. E. is progressing by God's help under the leadership of L. S. Cooper, state Y. P. E. superintendent, and Miss Dorothy Dunn as leader.

Dorothy and Cecil are ex-students of the Church of God Bible School.—C. M. Dunn, pastor.



**MAX L. ATKINS**  
*Tennessee Y. P. E. and S. S. Supt.*



**CARL G. CARDER**  
*Michigan Y. P. E. and S. S. Supt.*

mostly as they please, the burden grew more intense. As I thought of the Church of tomorrow, God so laid it on my heart. To get busy was such a relief to me. I announced at my home church I was beginning a "Daily Vacation Bible School" for children. You should have seen how the children responded. I began at nine o'clock in the morning, closing at three

songs you sent us. Our theme song was "The Glory Way." Then as I would pray, all the children would kneel. I had the school at the church house, arranged the benches for classes. We had a blackboard to use. Each child had pencil and paper. I taught them Bible stories; had spelling classes of Bible names. I asked

(Continued on page 32)



# One Easter Morning

(Continued from page 3)

the grate.

Barry's mother carried her bundles to the kitchen and came back with a glass of milk for Enid. Barry's father insisted that she drink all of it. And Barry's only brother, John, a high school student, came from his den to give Enid a boyish kiss on her cheek and welcome her to their home. And his sister, who wrote society news for the town newspaper, hurried downstairs to help Enid out of her coat and flutter around trying to make her more comfortable.

When she had rested a little bit, Mrs. Hutchens led her to a room upstairs, tucked her on a couch and spread a warm comforter over her. The older woman stooped to kiss the girl's cheek and whisper, "My other daughter! My dear, dear girl!"

Enid, looking up, saw tears in the other woman's eyes. Impulsively and helplessly her arms reached out and the two sobbed together. After a little time Enid was quiet again and Barry's mother was leaving the room. First she pulled down the window shades and then stooped at the doorway to turn on a side light. Enid, watching her, saw the perfect photograph of Barry standing above the bowl of Talisman roses on the tiny table. The photograph was that of a man in a happy mood. It wasn't the counterpart of the one she had at home. Strangely moved, the girl crossed the room to it and then turned on all the light in the room so she could see it better.

The lights threw the room into bold relief, showing the colonial furniture, the pictures on all the walls—all intimate pictures of the Hutchens children and the physician himself. It was then Enid realized that she had not been taken to the guest room, which she had occupied when she had been in this home before, but in the room belonging to Barry's mother. And a sweet, understanding voice seemed to whisper again, "My other daughter! My dear, dear girl!"

She walked around the room, looking at the things about which Barry had told her stories in their sweetest hours together. There was the sewing table beside which he had stood to have rents in his knickerbockers and hose mended; the bureau with the revolving glass that had come from his great-grandmother's home. There were the prints of tiny teeth on the wooden knobs of the lower drawers. He had laughed about these many, many times.

Many of the photographs had been enlarged from kodak pictures. There was Barry with his sled, Barry proudly holding a diploma, and Barry wearing a surplice, standing with other boys in front of Easter lilies—a boyish Barry, whose

face seemed glorified. "He forgot to tell me that he sang in the vested choir," she whispered to herself.

She was standing in front of that picture when a light tap sounded at the door, the door opened, and a boyish voice said proudly, "Lots of people think that's my picture instead of Barry's. Mother loves that picture. She says it makes her sure that the third Hutchens will swing a medicine case."

"No, no," Enid's heart cried, "Not that! Not giving your time, your very life as Barry did for people he didn't even know! Oh, no no."

The boy was talking now, telling of the first aid work he was teaching to the Boy Scouts. "I'm an Eagle Scout now," he said, "and assistant scoutmaster to Barry's old troop." Suddenly he stopped and gave a low laugh. "Mother sent me to bring you down to dinner. She'll be scolding us both if we don't hurry."

Ranged on the buffet in the dining room were baskets of colored Easter eggs. Sitting on an old-fashioned desk was a row of pots containing jonquils and hyacinths. And on the buffet was one glorious Easter lily.

Through the dinner they talked quietly—these people who had loved Barry so well—about Enid's trip, the new baby, the Easter baskets to be delivered that evening. And when they talked of Barry it was as if he were in the next room.

Marian, who had to go back to the office for a short time to read copy on her special Easter society page, invited her to go with her. But Mrs. Hutchens felt that the girl must go to bed early.

"Besides," she smiled at Enid, "I'm going to brush your coat and freshen up your hat a little. The trip does make one's things look rusty."

Enid remembered with a start that her mother had wanted her to have her coat cleaned and to buy a new hat before her trip. She had even argued with her about it, sinking into silence, however, when Enid had cried passionately, "What difference does it make how I look? Barry will never see me again."

Enid sat in her room long that evening and looked at the furniture and pictures that spelled a part of Barry's life and of the four people who had been his family. "It isn't that they don't love him," she whispered to herself. "They talk about him as they do because they don't yet realize that he is dead. They can go on as if he were alive because they didn't see him die as I did. When they realize he isn't coming back any more," she sobbed again. "Oh, the poor, poor things!"

Finally it was morning and Easter sunlight was creeping through the curtains of her room. Barry's father, who had sent up warm milk to her the night before, was tapping at her door and saying,

"Mother and I will be ready to start in fifteen minutes. Not hurrying you too much, are we, daughter?"

Through the glorious Easter morning sunshine they drove to the cemetery where Barry's body lay. Enid held in her lap the bowl of Talisman roses which had been near Barry's picture. Barry's mother carried a pot of hyacinths.

Enid knew the handsome headstone at Barry's grave before they reached it. She never could forget that spot, she told her heart. And then she saw flowers on the grave—lilies, jonquils, crocuses, and before they reached it two Boy Scouts brought another pot and placed it there.

When they had reached the grave, Barry's father touched the perfect Easter lily there. "They sent this from the hospital," he said, his voice breaking a little. "Tonight we'll take it to the county infirmary to old Jed Brook, who used to mend Barry's shoes. And this," his fingers touched a hyacinth, "the Meredith sisters brought while I was here yesterday."

Another woman was coming toward them—a woman who was shabby and who carried a stalk of paper Easter lilies. In proud tones she told of how her son, who had broken his leg while playing basket ball, had made this. Her smile was beautiful—the smile of a mother, the courage and heart of whose son had been ennobled by contact with Barry.

And then they were home again and the Hutchens family was in the living room, waiting for Barry's father to read the story of the first Easter as he always did on Easter morning at family prayers, still a part of every day's program in this home.

In a strange, hushed voice the old physician began to read, "Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them."

Enid's hands were clasped together, her eyes turned toward the beautiful Easter lily—the lily Barry's father was taking to the church Barry had loved and in which he had sung on other Easter mornings. She did not want this family to see the tears in her eyes. She was looking into the beautiful heart of the lily when Dr. Hutchens read in a voice which seemed glorified, "He is not here. He is risen as He said."

An hour and a half later the minister at the church down the street was reading the same words. And Enid, looking at the same glorious Easter lily, didn't feel tears in her eyes. Instead there was a surge of beautiful understanding in her heart, and a whisper seemed to say, "Barry did die to them, but he's living again to them. That's why Easter doesn't hurt them as it does me. That's why it is so beautiful to them, I must believe,



too, I must."

They were standing now. The minister had announced a hymn and Dr. Hutchens was holding the book out to Enid, whose voice, like her heart, had never risen in song since Barry died. Her fingers faltered as she took one side of the book. One minute she looked at the words, the next her soul seemed to lift from her body, to soar to the very skies. And she sang with the others, her beautiful voice rising as it never had done before—a voice charged with understanding, inspired by faith, filled with love.

"Christ is risen from the dead."

On the chancel the beautiful Easter lily that Barry's mother had placed there seemed to raise its head still higher and higher toward heaven, exactly as understanding hearts have always done ever since that first Easter morn.—*Lutheran Young Folks.*

### The Girl Who Found Herself

(Continued from page 8)

that evening, Mr. Golden knew that the same strangeness, in deeper measure, possessed things, but he was unable to find words to ask any questions. All day, this feeling had obsessed him. Dinner was over, and hardly a word had been spoken.

From the dinner table, Helen and her mother both repaired to their own rooms, Mrs. Golden to throw herself across the bed, and Helen to dress as simply as her wardrobe would permit, preparatory to the arrival of Bob West to escort her to the Mission. Mr. Golden lighted a cigar, and went onto the wide gallery in front of the house, lost in serious thought.

Helen sat in the large bay window and watched for Bob. When she saw him open the heavy iron gates that led into their beautifully landscaped front yard, she went out to meet him before he reached the gallery. She did not see her father sitting there, and thus did not speak.

Mr. Golden could not believe his eyes. Was he dreaming? Was his eyesight impaired? Was that not Bob West who had called for Helen?

He almost ran into the house, and up the broad stairs, and into his wife's room.

"Do you know that Helen is out with Bob West?" he exclaimed excitedly. "What does it mean?"

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Golden sobbed. And, then, although she had not intended to do so, she unfolded all that had happened since yesterday after church, and all that had occurred that day.

"What shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?" She cried and wrung her hands in despair.

### THE SOCIETY BELLE BOWS AT THE ALTAR

Helen did not mind riding on the street car, even though she had not been on one "for ages," as she would say. And, too, she found to her pleasant sur-

prise that Bob West was more gallant and courteous than she ever believed a mere working man could be.

His voice was so pleasing and that same light encompassed his countenance. Surely, here was a happy man. He talked mostly about Jesus, and His power to save and transform. This all served to again bring to Helen's heart the great burden that was weighing upon it, and of course she was more or less nervous after the trials of the day.

At times she wondered, as the fellow-passengers seemed to stare at her, if they recognized her. But, anyway, this did not matter, and in happy anticipation she looked forward to the Mission service.

Soon Bob pushed the button that rang the bell and the car came to a stop. Politely he assisted Helen from the car, and then led her by the arm across the cobble stones of the street, and down one-half block, and into the Mission Hall. Then he ushered her to one of the chairs, kindly introduced her to a plain-looking woman who sat next to her, and then excused himself, as he was to lead the singing.

Helen was in a strange place. She had noted the electric sign outside the Mission which read, "GLAD TIDINGS MISSION. JESUS SAVES." In the front window, she saw other Scripture mottoes, and a large picture of a boy leaving the old home, bidding his mother and family good-by. Under the picture she had hurriedly read, "How long since you wrote home to Mother?"

The Mission Hall itself was a room which had formerly been used for a store. In the back, a platform had been built in front of which was a roughly constructed pulpit and a piano, with several chairs here and there.

All about on the walls were painted Scripture mottoes. The largest one on the side wall read, "For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Another, "Be sure your sin will find you out." And "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Above the platform on the back wall, in bright colors, Helen read: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The Mission Hall was now fairly well filled. Helen recognized some of the young people who had been in the classroom on Sunday. Several were on the platform now with Bob. A young lady was seated at the piano. Many poor people and some quite dirty ones, Helen noticed, were in the Mission. She heard one man cry out, and detected that he must be under the influence of liquor. Also, she could smell an odor at times of something unclean and strong with tobacco.

But she soon forgot all this, as Bob announced it was time for the meeting to begin.

"Let us turn, please, to No. 26, in our song book. Let everybody find the place, and help sing. If you haven't a book, raise your hand and an usher will bring you one. All ready."

The lady at the piano played through to the chorus, and Bob began to sing, as did most of those in the audience.

*"I was sinking deep in sin,  
Far from the peaceful shore,  
Very deeply stained within,  
Sinking to rise no more;  
But the Master of the sea  
Heard my despairing cry,  
From the waters lifted me,  
Now safe am I."*

"Everybody on the chorus now. Let it out," urged Bob. And in a great volume the song went on:

*"Love lifted me. Love lifted me!  
When nothing else could help,  
Love lifted me——!"*

"That's it!" shouted a middle-aged man who came stepping down the aisle and who evidently had just entered the Mission. "Love lifted me! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!" The man went to the chair on the platform. Oh, what glory was on his face, as he joined in the singing, holding his right hand toward the heavens.

"Love lifted me,—" the song continued.

*Love lifted me,  
When nothing else could help,  
Love lifted me!"*

"Amen!" "Glory to God!" "That's what it did for me!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!" These exclamations of praise came from all over the Hall. Helen never had witnessed such a scene. A few days ago she would have been fairly disgusted. Such lack of decorum. There appeared an utter disregard for any form, propriety, conduct, or speech. She contrasted it all hurriedly in her mind with the services held in the church of which she was a member. No wonder Bob shouted "Amen!" occasionally.

But in spite of it all, Helen Golden was glad she had come.

"Second verse," rang out from Bob. "Everybody!"

*"All my heart to Him I give,  
Ever to Him I'll cling,  
In His blessed presence live,  
Ever His praises sing.  
Love so mighty and so true,  
Merits my soul's best songs,  
Faithful, loving service, too,  
To Him belongs."*

"Chorus now. Everybody." And Bob continued to gracefully wave the time with his hands. In spite of herself Helen joined faintly in the chorus.

*"Love lifted me, love lifted me,  
When nothing else could help,  
Love lifted me;  
Love lifted me, love lifted me,*



*When nothing else could help,  
Love lifted me!"*

Possibly the best thing that could be said of the singing was that it was in the Spirit. Some voices were loud and harsh, and some did not have even the tune, while others were either behind or ahead of the others. Yet, it was glorious to Helen. Once she thought that they would lift the roof from the building as they sang, "Love lifted me!" Of course, some of the voices were sweet and musical, and she had noted that Bob had a splendid baritone, untrained of course, but clear and plain and easy, with an almost perfect enunciation. She could not but wonder why he had never been in the choir in the church. And then on second thought she knew. Was not their choir an exclusive one? Were not the members made up of the best young people from the very richest families?

"Once again," cried Bob. He changed the words of the chorus:

*"John three-sixteen, John three-sixteen,  
When nothing else could help,  
John three-sixteen;  
John three-sixteen, John three-sixteen,  
When nothing else could help,  
John three-sixteen!"*

"Let us quote it all together," and he pointed to the large painting on the wall.

"God so loved the world," they began in unison, "that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

And on they sang, repeating the chorus time and again, and changing the words in many ways. "Prayer changes things," they sang. And "Keep shouting on!" "Keep looking," "Praise changes things," all of these words singing perfectly to the music which had been written for the original words.

"Let us stand for the last verse," directed Bob. And when the song was finally finished, with all the repetitions of chorus and changing of words, the leader said, softly: "Let us remain standing for prayer. Every head bowed. Every eye closed. Brother John Denny will lead us, please."

The man who had come to the platform during the song began to pray. He was earnest, thankful, tearful, and at times enthusiastic, praying from a heart that truly loved the One to whom he prayed. It was unlike the staid, precise, and formal prayers which Helen was accustomed to hearing.

When the prayer was concluded, and the audience again seated, Bob continued:

"Dear friends, as you know this is a special service. It is not our regular night in the Mission. We have gathered tonight, and I am glad so many of you are present, to have a farewell service for Brother Denny. He has procured a position in another city, and will leave

us tomorrow. We are sorry, of course, to see him go, but what is our loss will be somebody else's gain. Since his conversion, Brother Denny, as you know, has been faithful. Truly, God has been good to him. You know what he was when he came into the Mission that cold winter night—but I shall let him tell his own story.

"We shall let him testify first, and then others, as long as we have time. Let us be free and at liberty in the Lord. If any one wishes a song, just call for it, or if you want to pray, just make it known." And then as an afterthought Bob continued, "To our new friends here tonight, especially those who are not accustomed to Mission ways, we bid you welcome, and ask you to make yourself at home, and if we should do or say anything that seems strange or extravagant, please forgive us. We are a happy lot, and sometimes, doubtless, we have a zeal without wisdom." He smiled.

Helen, of course, understood that this pretty speech was directed to her, and she appreciated it very much. Without staring, Bob had glanced at her as he spoke.

"All right, Brother Denny, the floor and Mission is yours now," turning to the man on the platform.

*(To be continued)*

### The Morning Tune-up

*(Continued from page 9)*

*For home and health and restful night,  
For friends and love and daily food.  
Bless us and help us to be good."*

And at the close of the day much of the restfulness of the child's night will depend upon the frame of mind he is in when his curly head touches the pillow.

Here is a restful prayer that will send the little one to dreamland with a mind at peace:

*"The day is over, God will keep,  
Watch above me while I sleep.*

*He was with me all the day*

*In my work and in my play.*

*He will bless the good, forgive the ill  
And love His little child still."*

If Mother feels that nighttime and bedtime is the best time to talk with the little child about his small faults and disobedience, it should be done in the early part of the bedtime hour. The talk should be closed on a sweet and tender note that the child may feel that, in spite of all, mother loves and forgives. Then he can have his little talk with God which leaves him in a peaceful frame of mind.—Jennie E. Stewart.

### WHAT IS EXPECTED OF A PREACHER?

*(Continued from page 10)*

many varying hue and different shades of any one color, but the rainbow colors are static.

The musical scale is static, is it not? Can you add to or take from it one note?

No. But you can use that scale to produce many variations of tune and tone. We accept the static of the multiplication table, the rainbow, and the musical scale, why then hesitate at the static claim of the Bible, that the Bible as an objective revelation is the last and final Word of God to man?

Speaking one day with a number of the Masonic order, he was telling me of their wonderful burial ritual. He said it had come down unaltered from times before Solomon, more than three thousand years ago, and not a letter of it had been changed, nor would any one dare to change it. Well, why could not that be true of the Bible? Why should a preacher be afraid to declare of the Holy Book what the Mason claims for his burial service? Men everywhere are looking for a final authority. Where shall they find it? It is not in conscience, reason, or in the Church. Where then may the final word be found? In the divinely inspired and sacred Scriptures.

Preachers sometimes call themselves tolerant, whereas in point of fact they are merely indifferent and careless. There is a tolerance which is essentially indifferentism, because the great religious principles and convictions and ideals that once controlled life have lost their hold upon the heart. A man may be so "broad" in religion that he is very shallow, and he may be "narrow" and very deep, like the fjords of Norway.

### HAVE THE VOICE OF A TRUMPET

It is the duty of the preacher to lift up his voice "like a trumpet," not like a flute or a piccolo with an apologetic and wavering spirit. The trumpet has a positive, challenging boldness in its notes. It sets you tingling. It moves you to action. A violin will appeal to your imagination, a harp to your emotions, but a trumpet strikes right at your will. We are missing the "trumpet" tone in the pulpit today. We are so timorous and so easily silenced. The congregation, our friends, our enemies, our critics, a little bit of criticism or ridicule will silence us. We are afraid of being positive and of expressing definite opinions from the pulpit. Indeed, we are even tempted to say that it is not good form to express one's personal opinion, that such an opinion ought to be kept to oneself, and that we should listen to what others have to say. We ask, Is it not rude to be positive and dogmatic? Should not one refrain from "making up his mind," in this day when "an open mind" is advocated? What we need to learn today is that an "open mind" is not an "empty mind"; that a man has a right to convictions and conclusions based on the divine revelation as found in the Bible. Let us beware lest our liberalism with regard to the opinions of others, is not because we have become indifferent to our own.—Moody Monthly.



### The Wings of the Soul

(Continued from page 11)

bly with my voice, and at the same time in my heart pleading with God for His guidance and inspiration.

Sometimes all I had thought to say is absolutely wiped out of my mind and I find new thought, new words coming to my lips without my seeming to seek them or planning them, or even knowing what is coming next! At such times as these I have seen my audiences swept with emotion, and I have felt that God Himself dictated that message through my mind and lips.

There is no room for stage fright or fear of nervousness when we speak God's message at His bidding, for it is big enough to blot out all self-consciousness and our prayer should always be for God's own voice to ring above ours in every hearer's heart. We should be in an atmosphere of prayer and be upheld by the blessed influence of an unshakable faith.

I sat one evening on the rim of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. I sat alone and watched the pageant of the sunset. Blue and purple shadows crept up from that deep ravine like long fingers and glorious red, orange, and amber rocks lost their added colors of sunset as the darkness enveloped them. At last the glory had left even the highest pinnacles, and a great star swung up over the canyon's edge and shone in the faded primrose sky.

I remained there until all was dark. I could see nothing of the depth below me, could only sense its vastness, but above myriads of stars had joined the planet and a breeze came from the forest, sweet, clean, and fragrant.

I had seen the sun go down in all its splendor, so I vowed I would be there to see it rise again.

A few hours' sleep, and before the dawn I had returned to the fascination of the canyon. This time the pageant of the evening was just reversed; the pale beauty of the sky and the morning star, clear and brilliant at first, but fading with the growing light. Then the sky became flushed with a rosy pink, growing brighter and warmer as it heralded the advent of the sun. The purple fingers of shadow crept downward, ever downward, and the colored rocks, released from their darkening influence, glowed with amber, crimson, and gold.

I watched it until the day had fully come and looking down I could see the serpentine Colorado River, creeping along its rocky bed, so far below that one could realize nothing of its rushing power.

Then something flashed white across the canyon. At first from that great height I thought it was a flight of butterflies. They left the canyon's side and fluttered across that stupendous gulf to alight on a great pinnacle of rock that

stands up like a mighty cathedral spire. Looking again, I realized that they were birds. They launched out and alighted on the other side; stopped to rest awhile where the foot of man had never trod, doubtless in quest of seeds or insects for their breakfast.

As I gazed at them I thought of a company of tourists I had seen the day before. They had started with their guides and ropes and mules down the narrow, tortuous trail, cut at great cost and effort in the rocky canyon's wall. All day they toiled downward and late at night, exhausted, they returned. Two of them, however, overcome by the giddy heights of the precipices, had given up and were later carried up on the backs of extra mules sent to their rescue.

What toil! What effort to surmount the canyon's difficult ascent! Here were my little birds, launching out with effortless ease, unafraid of the thousands and thousands of feet in that dizzy gulf beneath. What was the secret? the answer? Why it is, oh, so clear! Even a little child could answer—"the birds had wings!"

Yes! That is the secret of the Christian unafraid—the wings of the soul are faith and prayer!

No arduous climb over man-made roads or of exhausting effort in experience are ours when the chasm yawns in our path! If we have winged souls, we too can launch out—unafraid!

We shall not fail to fall, for we are upheld by His divine answer to our faith. May it be true of all of us that the older we grow, the swifter and stronger shall grow the wings that carry us over and some day will bear us home to heaven at last!—*The New Century Leader*.

### Mission Page

(Continued from page 12)

cooking. Everything was quite clean and not as much smoke as one must enjoy ordinarily.

The following day she was going to give the baby a coconut oil bath instead of water, so I went back to see that. But I didn't go at the right time for the bath, but we had a good visit and prayer together. I do pray for God to lead them on into deeper depths, make them hungry for more and fill them with the Holy Ghost. The husband clerks in an English grocery store here. Hope you will pray for them.

We have been watching the reports of the good work in West Virginia in the Evangel and Lighted Pathway. Keep up the good work; we pray daily for you. —Lovingly, Mildred, Hoyle, and Sylvia Sue.

### The Story of a Vacation School

(Continued from page 13)

ship training. Some of these experiments

proved so successful that the ideas were incorporated in the movement. Many of the finest improvements have come from some successful school, some teacher, or some bright pupil who has been willing to try a new way to do an old thing or some entirely new project.

### EXPERIMENTS

The smug complacency of many strong self-supporting churches led them to reply to their pastor or some Vacation School enthusiast when he recommended a school: "Oh, that's all right for the missions and for congested neighborhoods. Our children do not need it." Yet a survey of that very neighborhood showed that a school was needed right there. Experiments were tried in strong self-supporting churches. Everywhere the results were the same—a successful school, enthusiastic teachers, and delighted children and parents. Now thousands of strong self-supporting churches conduct Vacation Schools as regularly as they run their Sunday Schools.

Suburban churches were appealed to because of their resources in money, personality, and equipment. Again and again the reply was made, "Our children all go with their parents to lakes and mountains and seashore." Again surveys showed many children not away. In fact the average city child gets only two weeks' vacation. It is true that in our cities the leadership of the church goes away, and the church work goes to pieces for lack of leadership and not because all the people have gone away. Experiments were tried in suburban churches. Everywhere the same story. Vacation Schools thrive in residential suburban communities. In fact many of the highest-grade schools are now in such neighborhoods.

Schools were started in villages and even in the strictly rural church. Everywhere a success. Now we can confidently say that there is only one kind of a community where a school will not succeed and where one is not needed this summer, that is the community where there are no boys or girls. If your church is in such a community, do not attempt a school. But if there are any children in your neighborhood, then your church ought to conduct a school this summer, either of its own or in co-operation with some near-by church.

### Bible School Page

(Continued from page 19)

presence of the Lord, to battle with the powers of darkness.

This school is not as some people think, a place of formality; but is rather a place of meeting God, in our rooms, classes, chapel hall, and in fact, anywhere. What joy, what great joy we have found here in studying the Word of God. Not only that, but also the ele-



vating memories of the revival and other spiritual benefits of the school stand paramount in our lives.

The preceding speaker mentioned the school's general spirituality, but because the entire school has always invited the guidance and complete control of the Holy Ghost, I felt obligated to add just a little.

Now, we who have come to this hour of graduation have only a religious education and the Spirit of God as a foundation to labor in this life. But what more do we need, than God, coupled with a knowledge of His truth?

Our hearts, this morning, are humbly subservient and eager for the work of the Lord. For that reason our hearts are likewise in the Bible School as it represents God at work. It seems that about all religious institutions of this nature go down after a time; but even if this one does (and it is our prayer that it will not), there will remain an irresistible influence of righteousness associated with its traditions and students even as the poet said the scent of the roses remain with the broken vase. His words were:  
*Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,*

*Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,  
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.*

You may shatter, you may break the Bible Training School, but the sweet odor of the religion it has taught and felt will remain.

The same feeling, religion, power, and force that will always leave an irresistible influence in the wake of Bible Training School students make us conscious of the duties facing us; demands of that inner, undeniable call. The world today is seeking, calling, crying and pleading for humble, heaven-born, Spirit-filled, God-sent young men and women from the shrines of learning, to bring them the true gospel of Jesus Christ and His love. From the dark continent of Africa, from India, China, Central and South America, as well as from numerous isles of the sea, there is a voice calling, "Come and help us." In our own dear land, honest-hearted men and women are tired of the cold form of religion, are crying for the true gospel. Oh, listen, do you hear that call? Shall we answer the voice of our Lord? Shall we answer that call? God, the Church and the people in general are asking us to awaken from deep slumber, and impression-built opinions, hoping that we will kindle burning aspirations to set the world aflame with Christ's gospel. Merely talking about it and thinking about doing it makes me feel like preaching, but of course this is supposed to be a Valedic-

torian address rather than a sermon.

We are facing a great task and must meet the demands of the Master fairly and squarely and work in His harvest fields.

For the undergraduates, I wish to say we are leaving you in the best and most capable of hands. We are sure that you will be instructed as we and be led to answer the call. Today we are departing from you to enter unknown fields; but whether we answer that call from Africa, or some other neglected part of the globe, or even if we remain here in the homeland, we shall always feel that we have your prayers. Further than that, in a few more years, we will be meeting you on the field as you are ushered out to meet your call, and work in His vineyard.

We could not and do not care to hide from you our sorrow and regret as we contemplate existence without your presence.

Fellow classmates: Toward you I feel an inexpressible sense of comradeship as a result of our close and godly fellowship and study. Many problems have we met together and side by side we have overcome them. Our mutual understanding, unity and co-operation, which have always been present in the final analysis, have been a comfort to me.

I know that I am not in a position to advise you particularly; however, I do believe that we may secure advice from wiser heads and more experienced people, examine it carefully, accept it and then apply it.

I have already remarked concerning our foundation for labors, religious knowledge and the power of God. If we are to emphasize either of these above the other, certainly it must be the latter—the power of God. I might go even further and say that it is to be given the preference over the other, lest we become absorbed in our knowledge and own wisdom, and hence deny the power of God. Upon the exhortations of Paul, certainly a better qualified and a more experienced head, we should rely and depend upon the power of God and allow any power to use our knowledge only in a way which will bring the best results for Christ.

It isn't necessary for me to outline our duties to our Maker. Of those, we are all well aware. We are daily and Biblically reminded of them. You know, and I know, and we all know, however, that our responsibility, though it may begin with God does not exactly end there. Or at least, we will find ourselves without any obligation to Him, if we neglect other responsibilities, for He will withdraw our joy in serving.

The first of the other responsibilities to which I have reference is what we owe to this school. Pause and reflect with me

in your minds. Exactly what has Bible School meant to you? What have you gained by attending—both in mind and spirit? How many times have we stood up before the public to declare loudly and with feeling the goodness of God in providing for us, so that we could attend the school? Where does that leave us? It leaves us as debtors to the school. More is going to be expected from you and me on the firing line since we have attended the school. What is more, your failures and my failures will not be either yours or mine. They will be attributed to the Bible School's influence. For the reason then, that we will not be looked upon as individuals but rather graduates of the school and since we do feel a strong sense of debt to the school, let us repay in a small measure by conscientious, careful and rational judgment of how we do will affect our school.

The second of the responsibilities to which I had reference is our obligation to our associates, one to another . . . the need of assisting each other, standing less as individuals and more generally for the Church at large and the cause as a whole. Too much are we inclined to narrow our viewpoint and perception to our own desires, beliefs, interests, and those of our closest friends, and losing contact with the broader and more noble aspects of the faith.

I could mention many others to whom we owe debts of service, consideration and endeavor. We need not be told of these—all we need is a reminder, so let us remind each other to put ourselves in mind of our duties and the demands imposed upon us by others.

With all of this on our shoulders we have reached today a dale where the road stops, the scenery is strange and there is no way to go on but by the little narrow footpaths which wind over the hills and up the valleys, some bright, some dark, but all lonely so far as we can see.

And each must take his path alone and push on his journey till death sooner or later overtakes the traveler. Some of the paths lead at once into the thick forests, some familiar faces will be seen no more. Some of our paths may be near together for a while and we can call to each other and renew old memories, calling, God bless you; but the voices will grow fainter and become silent one by one.

But even as we part let us so live that after we have passed through the dark and dangerous wilderness of life, we shall come into the glorious sunlight of God's love, there to abide in that celestial city with friends and loved ones round the throne of God throughout the ceaseless ages.

Good-bye and may God bless you until we shall say good morning on the streets of gold.



**Our Picture Gallery**

(Continued from page 24)

them questions and even had examinations. How anxious they were to make one hundred. Our pastor's (Brother J. C. Pinion) little boy, about three years old learned all the books of the Bible. It was really amazing to hear them sing and recite. At the end of two weeks we had closing exercises, which every one enjoyed. The mothers were greatly pleased with their children. The Holy Ghost witnessed. The Lord set His approval on the work by His presence.

I taught two schools last summer. I expect to start earlier this year. I hope to have day school for children and night school for the young folks. Sister Harrison, we will be looking for you to visit us often this year. Your encouraging words are greatly appreciated. I do hope your article in the Lighted Pathway will put a new awakening in our state overseers, pastors, evangelists and laity, to this great need of the Church. We see 2 Tim. 3 fast fulfilling before our eyes. "We must get busy."

I hope to soon see this a part of the Church program as well as Y. P. E., Willing Workers Band, etc. I hope you and I can meet many boys and girls personally at this coming Assembly, telling us they have been real busy this summer teaching "Vacation Schools" for children. Surely the many Bible students as they return home will find plenty to do.

Sister Harrison, if I can ever be a help to you in this great undertaking just write me at my home address. I stand ready to give my life's service for the cause I love so well.—*Ida Hawkes, McDonald, Tenn.*

NOTE: If you want someone who knows how to put on a vacation school, you will not make a mistake by calling on Sister Hawkes for that work. We were with her in this work last summer.—*Editor.*

**Reading Circle Page**

(Continued from page 20)

Texas—45

Virginia—45

West Virginia—173

**Exchange Page**

(Continued from page 17)

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a few lines today. I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for about six months. I like it very much.

I do not live close to the church and can not be in a young people's meeting but I have decided to join the Reading Circle. I agree to read the Lighted Pathway and all the other good books and papers I can get, so pray for me.

I am saved and want to get closer to the Lord.—*Miss Flora Grimes.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have never written to you and the Lighted Pathway before, but words cannot express how I appreciate this wonderful paper. It is food to my soul.

I think we have a good Y. P. E. here at Erwin, one of the best. The Lord surely has been with us.

May the Lord bless you in many ways with this wonderful work.—*Nenia May Honeycutt, Erwin, N. C.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is my first time to write to the Lighted Pathway but for years I have been a reader of the paper. The more I read, the more I enjoy reading. I am the Gideon in Pensacola and we hope to have a Reading Circle soon. We enjoy the paper and find it a great help in our Y. P. E.

Our Y. P. E. has a greater zeal and feels that it is going over the top by the help of the Lord. We believe in putting the dear Lord first in every undertaking. We feel that we have some real good workers in our Y. P. E., those who want to see the cause of God grow.

Please pray for the faithful little band in Pensacola. — *Lela Culpepper, Pensacola, Fla.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lord is blessing our Y. P. E. here at Wake Forest for which we are thankful. Pray for us for we do want to be great workers for Jesus here. We are building a new church and we, the Y. P. E., are anxious to help. We have many more Christian members than we had last year, and trust that we may have many more before the year is over.

I am sending several names for the Reading Circle. I have always read the Lighted Pathway and enjoyed it but have neglected sending in my name.

Don't forget that we appreciate you and the Lighted Pathway and please pray for us.—*Pauline Weaver, Wake Forest, N. C.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is my first time to write to you. I want to tell you how much we appreciate the dear Lighted Pathway. It has been such a help to us here at Shamrock. We can hardly wait from one issue to the next. The programs are a great help to our Y. P. E.—*Miss Lena Ackley, Shamrock, Texas.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

We have a splendid Y. P. E. We use the Lighted Pathway lessons which we find very interesting, and oh, how we do enjoy the paper. We have no trouble selling our roll.

I don't see how you can publish a wonderful paper like this for just 10c a copy. There are so many good things in it.

We have organized a Junior Y. P. E. God has blessed us with good leaders. Pray for us.—*Mrs. Rose Short, Smithfield, Pa.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

The first thing I want to do this morning is thank God for sweeping victory through His grace and the great privilege of prayer.

Thank God for healing my back the week before Christmas. I couldn't turn over in bed but the saints held on to God for me and Sister Margaret Jacobs came often and prayed when it seemed I couldn't stand the pain any longer.

One afternoon after Brother Jacobs and Brother Deese prayed, I stepped out on His promises and walked.

Our band of young people are on fire for God. We are working to raise a certain quota on our new church and are making a good start. Pray for us. I love the Y. P. E. here and truly I have the interest of the young people on my heart.

Pray for us that we will keep the spirit of Christ in our midst.—*Ruth Ayers, Rock Hill, S. C.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to tell you that I have been reading the Lighted Pathway for several years and think it a wonderful paper. Your messages each month are so encouraging and uplifting that I can hardly wait for the next issue.

I have been working with the young people for about seven years. We have a fine Y. P. E. here at Monroe, La.

I saw the play, "The Unbroken Circle," Saturday night and it was real good. Please send me the two plays, "The Unbroken Circle," and "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord." Rush the order as we want to put them on in our church.—*Miss Ola Magee, Monroe, La.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

This is my first time to write you. Our Y. P. E. is getting on fine and is a great blessing to us. We have a nice band of young people here.

The Lighted Pathway is a wonderful paper and I enjoy reading it so much that you may add my name to your Reading Circle.

May God's blessings be with you forever.—*Bill Ralin, Carrollton, Ga.*

**The Church of God Evangel**

If you are a member of the Church of God you should be a subscriber to the Church of God Evangel. It is filled with things of interest that all Church of God members should know; reports from the field, good articles, editorials, testimonies. It is the official organ of the Church of God.—*Editor.*

**Don't miss Mother's Day issue next month.**



# Y. P. E. CONVENTIONS

## Y. P. E. Convention

The Spartanburg district Sunday School and Y. P. E. convention convened at the Spartanburg Church of God, Feb. 11, 12. The services began at 7:00 Saturday night. The church was filled to capacity. We met with the expectation of a great convention and to say it was great would be putting it too small.

Brother C. F. Grant, district superintendent, and Brother R. J. Johnson were in charge of the convention.

Every church on the district was well represented, also a number from other districts. We were blessed by having the Greenville quartet with us on Saturday night and several others from Brother Paulk's church. Thank you, Greenville Quartet and others, for helping to make our convention a success.

On Saturday night the young people had charge of the service. The Lord blessed in a wonderful way. The Y. P. E. of Saxon presented a play, "The Ten Virgins." Afterwards an altar call was given. The altar was filled. One received the blessed Holy Ghost, two were saved and a number blessed.

On Sunday morning we met again, went through the regular routine of Sunday School, then went right into the convention. A number of good speakers were heard throughout the day. We feel that our pastors and workers on this district went back to their churches with a determination to do greater things than ever before. We can say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

The Sunday School and Y. P. E. of Saxon presented their pastor, Brother C. W. Dempsey, who is also district pastor, with a new suit of clothes during the convention.—C. F. Grant, Spartanburg, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to report our district Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention which convened Sunday, February 12. We had a great day. The Lord blessed in a wonderful way. Brother Degolyer, our pastor and Y. P. E. and Sunday School district superintendent, was in charge of the program.

Sunday morning we had the Sunday School reports then special singing. Brother Hand brought a message on "Youth." The Lord surely did bless. Brother Kennedy gave the closing message on "Gain and Retain," which was wonderful.

At noon we spread an old-fashioned basket dinner. After dinner we gathered

back in the church for the Y. P. E. program. After songs and prayers, Brother and Sister Barnes sang a special. Brother Barnes, our state superintendent, gave a talk on "How the Y. P. E. in Georgia Is Progressing." The other states had better look out, we Georgians are working for the banner this year.

Sister Opal Ghan of Augusta gave a talk on "The Lighted Pathway" which was good.

Brother Barnes brought a message on "Youth and Modernism." The Lord surely blessed, the power of God fell in a wonderful way. He had to stop preaching until the saints stopped shouting.

I want to thank God and Sister Harrison for the wonderful little paper, The Lighted Pathway. It has been a blessing to me and I can hardly wait each month for it. I enjoy Sister Harrison's messages so much. They are wonderful.—Willie Arrington, superintendent of Y. P. E., Matthews, Ga.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a few lines to give our report for the Blacksburg Sunday School and Y. P. E. district convention.

The convention was held at Blacksburg, S. C. March 11, 12. Service opened Saturday night, March 11, at 7:15 p. m. The Lord was with us from the beginning. Brother W. L. Edgar made a real good talk on the Lighted Pathway which was enjoyed. Brother R. J. Johnson, our Sunday School and Y. P. E. superintendent, followed him with a message on "The Problem of the Youth," which was a wonderful message.

Sunday morning we had the regular services and the afternoon was spent in making the reports of the Sunday School and Y. P. E. The reports were all good. The entire district pledged to do more in the future. I am sure this convention will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of attending.—Tom Lankford, district Sunday School and Y. P. E. superintendent.

The Illinois state Sunday School banner went to E. St. Louis, Lincoln Ave., with 33 per cent gain.

Maplewood ranks second with 20 per cent gain.

Benton ranks third with 15 per cent gain.

The Illinois state Y. P. E. banner went to Mt. Vernon with 81 per cent gain.

Carmi ranks second with 56 per cent gain.

Equality ranks third with 50 per cent gain.—Leonard Newton, state Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent.

## State Y. P. E. Superintendents

Robert Johnson, South Carolina  
Leonard Newton, Illinois  
D. C. Barnes, Georgia  
L. S. Cooper, Kentucky  
Max L. Atkins, Tennessee  
T. G. Pearson, Alabama  
Roy Douglas, Mississippi  
Mack Hatcher, Louisiana  
Paul Stallings, North Carolina  
Elmer Boyd, California  
C. H. Sharp, Oklahoma  
A. J. Murray, Arkansas  
Wm. Stanfield, Florida  
W. H. Ward, Virginia  
Adrian Kirby, Ohio  
T. F. Blackwell, West Virginia  
Besse E. Jackson, Indiana  
Edgar Graves, Arizona  
J. C. Thompson, Texas  
J. C. McClendon, New Mexico  
Carl G. Cerder, Michigan

## Notice

We are glad to be able to give special prices on our smaller cuts so that you will know just how much to enclose with your picture. The one-column cut like our Y. P. E. superintendents in the picture gallery is \$2.00. The size of the Editor's picture on page two is \$1.70. Other larger pictures will be priced according to their size.—Editor.

## The Ship That Never Returned

(Continued from page 18)

waters.

The devil claims to be a safe guide, but he will allow us to run our ship on the rocks and be wrecked. As we travel over life's sea we can readily see that he is not a safe pilot from the number of wrecks around us.

Our only safe guide is Jesus. He has gone the way before us, and knows where all the rocks are located, and is able to weather every storm; when He speaks the winds and sea obey His voice. (Glory be to His precious name, for He is my pilot today!) So we have no need to fear if we have Him as pilot on our little bark.

But some day we will sail on our last voyage on life's sea. We will sail over a sea that is different from anything that we have ever sailed before. When once we have set sail we will never again return. It will be farewell to this world forever. Then how important it is that we have Jesus on our craft to safely guide us through this unknown sea.

We do not know when we must take this voyage, so we are only safe when He is on board at all times, for if we should be suddenly called to set sail for this unknown shore, how sad it would be for us to go out without any pilot to safely guide us through its dark, cold waters. If we do not allow Him to be our Pilot while we are sailing on life's sea, how can we expect Him to guide us when we are sailing through death's chilly waters? If we want Him with us in death, we must have Him in life. If Jesus is on board He will guide us safely to that Haven of Rest; but if not, instead of being carried to that peaceful shore, we will go to that awful shore of eternal darkness and pain from whence none are ever able to return.



### Our God Is on the Throne

Surely God has been with us. We have now reached the goal that we had set for this Assembly year which was 20,000. We have been gradually climbing. Thanks to the young people, our good Y. P. E. superintendents, our pastors and older friends of the Lighted Pathway. I do not claim the honor, but I pass it on to those who have co-operated with me on the field. Co-operation always makes things go. Don't fail us now with this 20,000. Help me put them in the jails, hospitals and offices in the business places. We are giving you really an Easter extra this time, eight more pages and this beautiful cover page for the same price. We are depending on you.—*Editor*.

### An Appeal to You

Did you know that there are 750,000 prisoners in our country? They have lost their way. Let us help them find it.

Now many people think that these men are beyond saving, but that is not my experience. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that all prisoners are hardened criminals. Many a young man has committed a crime in a moment of anger, or under the influence of liquor, and if he can be reached by the Gospel before he begins to sink lower and lower, there is every hope of his salvation for this life and the life to come.

In many county jails there are three, four and five hundred men with nothing to read. Now, think for a moment. They are often kept months waiting for trial. They are separated from whiskey and gambling. They get sobered up. They have nothing to do but read and think. That is what you want to get a man to do. What brought home the prodigal? He began to think about his wretched condition. In my judgment, then you could not ask for a more opportune moment to reach these men. They are eager to get something—anything—to read, and the Lighted Pathway placed in their hands may have an unending influence for good.

### Silver Lining

Some have been writing in, asking about the Silver Lining. This is a book of 57 beautiful poems. They make lovely gifts and poetry lovers are delighted with them. Come on and help me put them in the hands of the people. They will be a blessing. We give \$15.00 for selling 100 of them. Please send references and remember they cannot be returned. Get your Y. P. E. well organized to sell them, giving each so many to sell. They will be easy to dispose of in this way

Don't miss Mother's Day issue next month.

### The Unbroken Circle

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

We have another short play also, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," which you could use in your programs. Price 10c. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and do nothing for your meetings and depend on God doing it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—*Editor*.

### C. C. Owens

Kannapolis, N. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

### Honor Roll

C. C. Owens, Kannapolis, N. C.  
James Hicks, Hartwell, Ga.  
Susie Durham, Middlesboro, Ky.  
Beulah Osborn, Aiken, S. C.  
J. H. Caddell, W. Durham, N. C.  
Mary Ruth Dixon, Greensboro, N. C.

### INFORMATION

I will give just a little information about selling the Lighted Pathway. Some of our Gideons are new and may not understand. The first three rolls each month will cost you \$1.00 per roll of 14. You sell them at 10c each and you will make a profit of \$1.20 on the three rolls or 42 papers. After you sell the three rolls you may have all you can sell for 5c each, making a 50 per cent profit. After you have sold one hundred papers you have \$4.10 to apply on your next order of papers or use for your Y. P. E. or whatever you may be working for. Order what you need at once. Make a house to house canvas of your city. You can establish a route so that they will be looking for you next month with your papers. Any individual desiring to sell them will please give good references.—*Editor*.

### New Gideons

Mrs. Florence Moore, Swainsboro, Ga.  
Mrs. Carrie L. Fail, Statesboro, Ga.  
Keitha James, Hambleton, W. Va.  
Mrs. Ray T. Hill, Logan, Ill.  
M. C. Cooper, Tennesse, Ga.  
Mrs. W. F. Johnson, Oconee, Ga.  
James Kitchen, Birmingham, Ala.  
John Gibson, Dyersburg, Tenn.  
Mildred Fourhand, Shamrock, Fla.  
Lillie B. Lewis, Barbourville, Ky.  
Mrs. Elmer Gilbert, Evans, Ky.  
W. R. Sanders, Lutz, Fla.  
Marjorie Sands, Lady Lake, Fla.  
Anna Grubbs, Charleston, W. Va.  
Miss Thelma Daniel, Shelby, N. C.  
Mrs. Stella Carroll, Addison, Ala.  
Miss Louise Basham, Louisville, Ky.  
Alice Creekmore, Ages, Ky.

Hubert E. Dietz, Jasonville, Ind.  
Mrs. W. H. Frady, Black Mt., N. C.  
Glyndon Logsdon, Moberg, S. Dak.  
Jesse Tuson, Eccles, W. Va.  
Miss Janette Greene, Union, S. C.  
Miss Gladys Lyon, Foster Falls, Va.  
Leo G. Stein, Flint, Mich.  
Earl Keller, Reading, Pa.  
P. W. Miller, Shelby, N. C.  
J. W. Russell, Gastonia, N. C.  
C. R. Jones, Statesville, N. C.  
Jethro Gregg, Kings Mountain, N. C.  
Jewelene Siles, Candler, N. C.  
Rachel Conner, Kings Mountain, N. C.  
S. C. Byrum, W. Gastonia, N. C.  
Mrs. Fred L. Davis, Wadesboro, N. C.  
Uriah Faw, Mt. Airy, N. C.  
Merle Overstreet, Hattiesburg, Miss.  
J. R. Barfield, Coolidge, Ga.  
Mrs. M. M. Milan, Moultrie, Ga.  
J. M. Stone, Moultrie, Ga.  
Vera Roberts, Houston, Texas.  
Mrs. Lois Sweezy, Lancaster, S. C.  
Miss Eunice Smith, Cramerton, N. C.  
Annie Lou White, Diffie, Ga.  
O'Dell Anderson, Monroe, La.  
Miss Ruthalene Westmoreland, Lenoir, N. C.  
Paul E. Taylor, Pineola, N. C.  
Mrs. Oneta Bennett, Thomasville, Ga.  
Miss Faye Olive Benton, Milton, Fla.  
Frank Watt, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Irene Watt, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Bill Carr, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Edna Malone, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Mrs. J. P. Cochran, Abbeville, S. C.  
Jewel McCurry, Johnson City, Tenn.  
Miss Martha Todd, Biltmore, N. C.  
E. N. Lovin, Wolf Creek, Tenn.  
Mrs. L. O. Henry, Siler City, N. C.  
Kathryn Mansfield, Baltimore, Md.  
Kirt Charles, Winchester, Ky.  
Henry Sipes, Winchester, Ky.  
Miss Bernice Baker, Winchester, Ky.  
S. Daden, W. Buxton, Me.  
Earl Keller, Reading, Pa.  
Helen Melton, Burnsville, N. C.  
Mrs. G. H. Grooms, W. Gastonia, N. C.  
Willie Welch, Cumberland, Ky.  
Miss Mavis Stacy, Freeburn, Ky.  
Mrs. J. P. Cochran, Abbeville, S. C.  
Julia Teston, Coffee, Ga.  
James Thomas Golden, Shooting Creek, N. C.  
Irene Madison, Long Beach, Calif.  
Evelyn Anderson, Lemmon, S. Dak.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who are going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

Don't miss Mother's Day issue next month.

### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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Cleveland, Tennessee

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# Glints of Knowledge



It is estimated that there are 200,000-000 marijuana addicts in the world and that its use is rapidly growing in America.

The district attorney of New Orleans says that 13 out of 37 murderers, 13 out of 45 forgeries, 36 out of 195 imprisoned for grand larceny, and 20 out of 115 assaults and robberies were addicts of marijuana.

Churches are gambling dens. Petty gambling is now a popular means of financing a church. Instead of the tithe they resort to raffling or playing bunco, beano, or bingo.

A sign in front of a New York church reads: Bingo every Thursday night in the Holy Spirit room.

A Chicago church has an announcement encircled in neon lights, Don't miss bingo Friday. Handsome prizes.

Church officials argue that if wealthy churches can raise money by bridge, why can't the small ones play beano.

Is the tithe of the holiness church fanaticism after all?

Only eight per cent of the people in our nation attend services on Sunday morning, and but two per cent on Sunday evening. About forty per cent of the American people are on church registers, but only twenty-nine per cent ever attend church. Among the 13,000,000 Negroes in America, 7,000,000 are unchurched. There are 250,000 unchurched men, women and children of all races in Pittsburgh; 400,000 in Cleveland; 300,000 in St. Louis; 250,000 in Seattle; 425,000 in San Francisco; 1,000,000 in Los Angeles; and 4,000,000 in New York. The unchurched of New York City are equal to the combined population of Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico.

A recent publication presents the average gifts of denominations for a year per member. In this group the Church of the Nazarene ranks first, with per capita giving of \$25.55; the United Presbyterian second with \$22.71; the Reformed in America third with \$21.71; the North Moravian fourth with \$20.19; the Southern Presbyterian fifth with \$19.69; and the Presbyterian of the U. S. A. sixth with \$19.22."

The Lincoln highway, which connects twelve states, is thirty-four hundred miles long.

It costs \$48,224,377 to carry mail free for Congressmen, government departments; and blind persons, to subsidize air

mail and perform "non postal" functions.

There are 200 Protestant denominations in America. Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones said that within twenty-five years all Protestantism would belong to one church. Whether this prophecy comes true or not, young people will be on the side of more unity.

The Youths Companion says that one of the rooms on the Queen Mary, the giant British liner, is so large that an ocean liner of 1840 could be placed in it together with the entire fleet of Columbus which first crossed the Atlantic.

Kentucky and Tennessee are supposed to be backward states, yet the housewives of these two states own in their homes more refrigerators, more washing machines, more vacuum cleaners and other conveniences that lift the burden of toil from weary womanhood, than all the other women of the world put together, outside of the United States.

When the late Judge Cardozo graduated at the age 19, a member of the faculty of the Law School pronounced his writing on law as "The most powerful since Alexander Hamilton."

After his great first flight across the Atlantic, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh was offered and presented a signed and sealed motion picture contract calling for \$500,000 cash and a percentage of the profits, but the Colonel refused to sign and tore up the contract himself.

Of the 1,426 radio broadcasting stations in the world, 585 are located in the United States. Russia ranks second, with a total of 73.

We spend more than three billion dollars every year for education and that is more than is spent for education by all the other countries of the world and yet we have only 8 per cent of the world's population.

Thirty million children have been going to school in this country this year, in public and private schools, out of a possible thirty-two million children.

We have more than seven billion dollars invested in schools, four billion in colleges and universities, and more than four billion dollars invested in churches.

The Commentator says that 10,750,000 American women are at work outside their homes. They are employed in 84 different occupations. Four-fifths of them are professional and clerical workers. Nearly 25 per cent are teachers, 20

per cent are secretaries and stenographers, 10 per cent clerks and 5.5 per cent executive managers. About one-twelfth own their own business.

The scientists have found that 459 degrees below zero is as cold as cold can be.—*Youths Companion*.

The zephyr, lightweight stainless steel train which carries 150 passengers, costs no more to run than the average automobile.

Lord George says that George Whitfield was the greatest pulpit orator produced by the English speaking people. He did more than preach.

He founded and raised \$77,000 for the Bethesda Orphanage in Savannah, Ga., the oldest institution of the kind in America, and prosperous today; was one of the founders and benefactors of the University of Pennsylvania; secured the patronage of Lord Dartmouth and raised \$50,000 for Dartmouth College; was a promoter and generous benefactor of Princeton and closely related to Yale and Harvard.

Through his influence the Free Will Baptist denomination was organized, the Presbyterian churches of Virginia established, one hundred and fifty or more Congregational churches were organized, and probably as many more in other denominations. And the significant thing is that most of these results are in thriving evidence today to attest the foresight and permanence of the services of the great evangelist.

Sixty per cent of the 130,000,000 people of this country now live in towns and cities.

Roman Catholic priests and chancery officials recently forced Cincinnati, Ohio, municipal officers to modify their enforcement of anti-gambling laws in order to permit gambling in churches. Many of these churches promote bingo games which draw thousands of gamblers and illegally filch many hundreds of thousands of dollars for the coffers of the Pope in Rome.

It is estimated that gamblers are now taking \$4,000,000,000 annually from American citizens.

The Rev. Dr. H. H. Holley of Chicago has spent ten years in memorizing the entire Bible.

Tests prove that ninety per cent of the people who have the mind and the Spirit of Christ were converted in revivals.





## Grief and Triumph

A Poem for Easter

E. WAYNE STAHL

(John 20:11-14)

*I see a woman in a garden stand;  
Transparent gold the Resurrection  
Morn  
In shining floods is pouring on the land,  
Yet in that garden Mary stands for-  
lorn.  
Her eyes, those crystal sluices, flow  
with tears;  
Her heart is made the citadel of fears.*

(Luke 24:13-17)

*I see two men on Resurrection Day  
(The afternoon is late) together go  
Emmausward; I watch them on their  
way  
And see their steps are sorrowful  
and slow.  
A radiant sunset in the west is clear,  
But all to them seems desolate and  
drear:*

(Mark 16:9, 10)

*I see the sad disciples in their room  
The night of that great day when  
Jesus rose;  
Within their souls there is a deeper  
gloom  
Than any night, and blacker still it  
grows.  
And as they there a hopeless vigil keep  
I see those sorrow-laden mourn and  
weep:*

*For Jesus Christ has died,  
Through Pilate crucified.  
These mourn the Master dead,  
Will not be comforted.  
How blind is unbelief,  
Persisting in its grief,  
When Jesus has arisen,  
And left the tomb's cold prison!*

*But what a bliss to mourning Mary  
came,  
What joy unspeakable to those two  
men,  
What rapture the apostles soon could  
claim,  
When these believed that Jesus lived  
again!  
May such a faith dynamic be for me,  
Transmuting grief to Easter victory.  
—Young People's Journal.*





# *The* LIGHTED PATHWAY

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

Vol. 10

MAY, 1939

No. 5

## *The Voice of the Carnation*

JAMES L. ELDERDICE

*Their whiteness tells of purity;  
True motherhood is pure;  
Her life and thought from God and good,  
No earthly power can lure.  
And faith and hope and trust serene,  
Forever more endure.*

*Their forms proclaim the beautiful;  
Not every mother's face  
Possesses perfect symmetry,  
And yet thereon we trace  
The beauty of the soul, that gives*

OUR  
MOTHERS

OUR  
MOTHERS

"JESU'

ORLD"



# The Editor's Mother's Day Message

Dear Mothers: God bless you.

As you know, Mother's Day comes on the second Sunday in May each year. We are always glad to welcome the day when we can give honor to the most important



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

class of people in the world, and this time we are writing our message for the benefit of our young mothers. I know a certain magazine and one of the most popular, religious magazines in the country, that will not recognize this day. In fact, articles have ap-

peared against the observance of such a day. I cannot understand, for I do not think too much can be said of the motherhood of our land. Yes, they need encouragement. They need to be appreciated. A heavy load rests upon them and when youth goes wrong the blame is usually laid at her door. It is said:

*"The hand that rocks the cradle is  
The hand that rules the world."*

Most people have the idea that father can go wrong and it doesn't affect the children so much, if mother stands her ground and lays a foundation for her children, if she draws them around her and teaches the right way that they will usually come out all right.

Now we do not agree with them, but we will leave father's responsibility until next time for it is Mother's Day and we must give her her place this time.

No greater blessing could ever have been stowed upon womankind than that of being mother, and there are people in the world that are more pitiable than to ones who must travel the road of life childless. Many are traveling this road because of their own choice. God pity them. There will be a reaping day when they would give all the world to go back and live life over again. But you say, the responsibility is too heavy for me. The world is in such a condition that it is almost an impossibility to rear children right in these last

days. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and for ever and He will never fail those who trust in Him. I shall not forget those little darlings of mine, when they used to seem such a burden, when they wanted this and they wanted that. It was little clothes to make and to mend, difficulties to settle. There were a thousand things I wanted to do, but no, I was tied at home with those little ones. When the second one came along I didn't see how I could ever manage another, then the third and still the fourth, but God never failed to make the way. One of them has gone on to his heavenly home and I'm glad he ever came and spent even so short a time with us for I can now see those little outstretched arms beckoning us to meet him there. The others have flown from the home nest, only to return occasionally for a visit, but we would not take millions of worlds like this one for just a little peep back into the past when those little tots lingered around our fireside. The thought of little arms around our necks and the impress of little kisses on our cheeks, the good-night caresses and bedside prayers:

*Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.*

And now to have our birdlings fly home again means worlds to us. Our home is kept more for that purpose than for anything else.

is home without a mother?" is true, yet we can just as truly say, "What is home without children?" But I hear you say, This is a strange Mother's Day message. Not so much eulogizing mother as children. Well, we are just trying to let our young mothers, with a house full of little folks coming on, see the beauty of motherhood and what it will bring to them some day. I want to help them to look above the trials and testings now to the future when they can offer the world the fruits of their lives and their labor of love. Live a day at a time, trust God moment by moment. He will carry you through. Remember you are building lives and that it is up to you to build them strong both for time and eternity.

I think I almost hear you say, Sister Harrison, did you say that your children were a burden to you? Yes, if any child thinks that it has not been a burden to its parents, it is very much mistaken, but it is the sweetest burden in all the world. Did you ever know before that we can carry valuable burdens? Let me illustrate with this little story.

A woman had a dream. She thought the Lord came to her and a friend of hers and handed them each a heavy package to carry. They were wrapped in burlap and were homely to look upon. They both said, Yes, Lord, we will carry it for you. They started out, but as they went she grew weary of the burden and began to complain because she had been

with a burden to carry. The other one marched on underneath the burden, rejoicing for the privilege of carrying a burden so great for the Master. They traveled on and finally they both met the Lord at the end of the way, and laid down their burdens at His feet. When He opened them and presented them with the contents, they were so delighted at the wonderful jewels they were carrying,

I wrapped in that ugly burlap. They had both reached the intended destination with their burdens, but one had come bearing the load with rejoicing, the other had complained because of the heavy load. So as you go on bearing the burdens of your little family remember this dream. Down at the end of the way when the old rough burlap of life has been removed and your

(Continued on page 23)



# The Girl Who Found Herself

BY C. H. JACK LINN

(Used by permission of the author)

## SYNOPSIS

Helen Golden, a rich society belle, by accident finds herself in a testimony meeting and is held spellbound by the testimony of a young man by the name of Bob West. She finds herself under deep conviction.

The next day Helen's home is in a turmoil. Her mother is very indignant toward her when she learns she was at the class meeting and goes into a mad fit when Helen turns down Tom Wilson's invitation to the ball on Tuesday night and George Banderman's invitation to the Grand Opera on Wednesday night, and finally accepted an invitation to go with Robert West to the little mission that night. This was too much for Helen's mother and she fainted away. But Helen's face was turned heavenward. She remembered the words of the Master, "He that loveth Father or Mother more than me is not worthy of me." She went with Bob West to the mission. We find her at this time an attentive listener, as Mr. Denny takes the platform.

"All right, Brother Denny, the floor and Mission are yours now," turning to the man on the platform.

He arose, with a smile upon his lips and a tear in his eye.

"I'm so glad," he began, falteringly. "You were kind, Brother West, and all of you to conduct this service for me. You make it hard for me to leave. I have been so blessed here. Oh, I am so full that I know I cannot say what I want to say. I won't take all the time. I want to hear your testimonies once again before I go.

"It has been nearly a year now, since I wandered in that door"—pointing to the front door—"a poor forsaken man, friendless, penniless, almost naked, and hungry, with a burning desire in my breast for strong drink. I am so ashamed of the past. The devil had me bound, soul and body, hand and foot. He made a gambler and drunkard and outcast of me. That was my wages for serving him. I wanted to do better at times, but the devil even stole away my will power, and I had no moral fibre. I never knew anything about Jesus and His wonderful love. I was brought up in a home where Christ was not honored. I learned to play cards in my own father's and mother's home. Oh, I wish I had never seen a card. I might have had a good position with a wife and family, and an honest name, and an influence. Oh—" and he began to sob, as did others over the audience. And then, something stirred the man's heart and he left his testimony for a moment to launch out into an exhortation.

"They say there is no harm in cards. They say it is a social game. It's a lie! Cards are of the devil, and come from the pit, and if I could I would cast them all back where they came from. If I had not

learned to play cards I could never have been a gambler, and I learned to play in the so-called social game. Most all of the gamblers I have ever met have the same story. Mothers want their boys and girls to learn to play at home, so they will not play elsewhere. Might as well give them poison at home so they will not take it some place else."

"Amen!" "That's right." "Go on, Denny," came from over the audience.

"The social game where they have prizes is just as much gambling as to go and play in the dives. What's the difference between winning a cut-glass bowl that cost twenty dollars and winning twenty dollars itself? God help us."

And then he seemed to catch himself, and continued to testify:

"But I was telling you how I came in those doors an awful sinner. Drink had fastened its terrible fangs upon me, and I was its slave. Once or twice I was put through the so-called cures, but they did me no good. I was hopelessly gone when I came in here. I heard the singing. Oh, it was so real and sounded so good to me—just like it does tonight. Oh, thank God for the songs. I heard the testimonies. They said the 'blood cure' was the only cure, and when the invitation was given, I was urged to come to this bench. God bless you, Bob. I am so thankful to God that you did not let me go out that night. I know I was unkind and rude to you, but that was drink or the craving for the drink that made me do it. I can feel your arm yet as you almost pulled me—" He stopped to clear his voice and wipe his wet eyes.

Helen drank in every word. What was this power that had come into the life of Bob West so that he was used even to transform gamblers and drunkards? And they spoke against him at their church, and some wished he would withdraw. Oh, how could they? Even she had laughed with some of her young men admirers as they mentioned Bob's name with derision. And all the time when she had been to balls or cabarets or theaters, this man was out searching for broken hearts and lives that he might be an instrument in God's hand in restoring them to manhood and life. Oh, her mind was busy. The sham of her church! The mockery! The blasphemy! The useless expenditure of money! The emptiness of the program! Jesus came to bring life!

This was all in the passing of a moment. It all gripped her with a relentless power. "And, I, too, have been among them!" she exclaimed within her heart.

"I did not know how to pray when I fell at the altar," Denny went on. "You folks put a prayer upon my lips. 'O God, be merciful to me a sinner, and save me now, for Jesus' sake.' I prayed it. God must have known my heart, and how I longed for something better. I never dreamed there could be such a thing. But almost instantly something swept over my heart, and I knew I was a new creature. Oh, glory! Glory to God!" He waved his handkerchief, while others joined in the demonstration.

"I fell down," he continued, "a child of the devil; I arose a child of the King. I fell down without a friend; I arose with the best Friend a man ever had. I fell down poor, and I arose the richest man in the world. I fell down a weakling, without power to resist, and I arose a man girded with the power of Almighty God. Hallelujah!"

There was a glorified light in his eyes.

Someone began to sing and voices joined in from over the entire audience:

*"There is power, power, wonder-working power,*

*In the blood of the Lamb,  
There is power, power, wonder-working power,*

*In the precious blood of the Lamb!"*

"There I was, a wonderfully transformed man, but without clothing, without a penny, and no place to sleep. Well, God has cared for me. I am going now to a good job which God has given.

"You folks gave me a bed that night, and gave me some change to buy something to eat. I found some better clothes here in the mission, and I started out the next morning to find a job. I couldn't 'panhandle' any more. No, I would not beg. The devil told me no one would want a fellow like me. But I started out trusting God. Soon I found a place where a lady was beating a carpet on the line. I went in and told her I would do it for her, and she could pay me what she wanted to. She gave me a quarter. And then I went on up the street and saw a coal man delivering some coal in front of a house. I went in and asked if I could carry it to the coal bin. I got the job, and fifty cents. Why, folks, I began to feel like a decent man again. I was a millionaire. When dinner time came, I saw a sign in a little restaurant for a dishwasher for the noon-hour. I was given my dinner and another quarter. And so on it went, and God wonderfully cared for me, as He has promised.

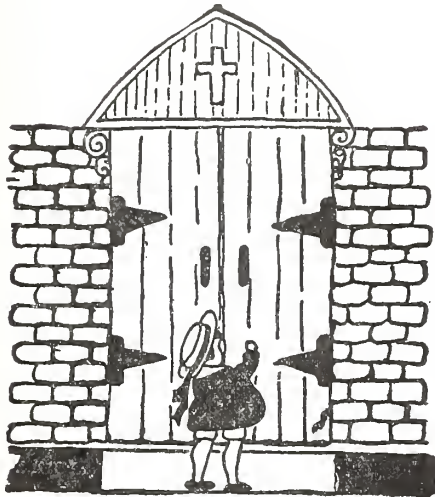
"I have had a letter from my wife and family that I abandoned when the devil had me, and now we are to be reunited in the place where I am going to my position. Isn't that grand? Oh, I am so glad. So glad—so glad!

"He saves me now! Remember me sometimes when you pray. I want to be

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# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

## A Christian Mother

Ruth 1:4

This month we are celebrating Mother's Day. She deserves all the honor we can give her. Children, if your mother is a Christian, you should be thankful and praise the Lord.

In this lesson we study about a Christian mother whose name is Naomi. She lived in the little town of Bethlehem, and was so happy with her husband and two sons.

This happy home was turned into sadness because of a famine in the land. They heard how the land of Moab had plenty to eat and decided to go there and stay until the famine should end in their own country. After they went to Moab, Naomi's two sons married heathen girls; one by the name of Orpah, the other Ruth. These girls worshipped idols, their people worshipped idols too.

Naomi was a devoted Christian mother and taught her daughters-in-law how to put away their idols and worship the true God.

Ten years passed by and Naomi lost her husband and both sons. She was very sad and too poor to care for herself and when she heard that the famine had ended in her homeland she decided to return to her people.

Orpah and Ruth loved Naomi and wanted to go with her. She told them to stay that they might be happier with their own people. Orpah decided to stay, but Ruth told her she would go and nothing except death would part them. She had learned to love Naomi and her God. Together these two women walked until they reached the little city of Bethlehem, where Naomi once

had been so happy. Her friends were glad to see her, but they noticed how sad she was and heard how her loved ones had passed away. Ruth married a wealthy man by the name of Boaz and Naomi made her home with them and was very happy as long as she lived.

## Questions

Who was Naomi? She was a Christian mother living at Bethlehem. Why did she go to the land of Moab? Because there was a famine in her own land. Who was Ruth? She was the daughter-in-law of Naomi. Did she turn away from idols? Yes and worshipped the true God.

## Isaac's Wedding

Abraham lived in the land of Canaan, and the people were all heathen. He did not want his son to marry one of the heathen girls so he called his chief servant and told him to go to Haran and get a wife for his son Isaac. For days and days they traveled, crossing valleys, hills, and rivers. Finally they came to the walls of the city of Nahor and stopped on the outside by the well. The servant prayed to God to show him which one he might choose to be the wife of Isaac.

Soon a beautiful young woman came to the well to draw water. She invited him to her home where her parents gave him a hearty welcome. He told them how his master had sent him there to seek a wife for his son Isaac, and how he had asked God to show him which woman he should choose, and how he was convinced that Rebekah should be Isaac's wife. "And they called Rebekah and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go."

Rebekah's father and brother Laban were willing to let her go back with the servant because they believed God had sent him. Abraham's servant brought costly presents and gave these beautiful gifts to Rebekah and to others in the family.

Next morning the servant said, "Now let me return to my master."

So Rebekah, her nurse and other attending maids said farewell to home and loved ones. On this wedding trip did they have a nice comfortable car to ride in? No, they rode camels. At last the long, tedious, tiresome journey ended. Isaac was in the field alone when he looked up and saw the camels coming. Yes, she was there. He hurried to meet them. He was anxious to look into the face of this beautiful young woman who was to be his wife. When Rebekah

saw him she covered her face with a veil, as was the custom. After the servant told how God had answered prayer Isaac and Rebekah loved each other and were happily married.

## Questions

Why did Abraham not want his son Isaac to take a wife from the land of Canaan? Because they were heathen girls. To what city did Abraham send his servant? City of Nahor. Why was this a remarkable wedding? Because it was in answer to prayer.

## A Boy's Lunch Basket

John 6:5-14.

At the time of this event the fame of Jesus was increasing every day and people were flocking to hear Him. He did not have time to rest or even to eat. He told the disciples to go with Him to a quiet place to rest awhile.

The multitude followed them, five thousand men, beside women and children. Jesus received them kindly; healed the sick and taught them. Evening came and the disciples grew impatient with them and told Jesus to send them away, that they had no food for them in the wilderness.

While they were discussing what to do a little boy who had a lunch basket containing five loaves and two small fishes, came forward and offered it to one of the disciples. Jesus told the disciple to bring it to Him. Then He told His disciples to bid the people to sit down on the grass, in groups, in some fifty, and in others a hundred, and wait for their evening meal.

While they waited He took the loaves and the fishes and blessed them and broke them into small pieces. He then took twelve baskets and gave each disciple one and told them to feed the people. Everybody had plenty to eat and twelve baskets of fragments left. The little boy who had brought the lunch basket to Jesus was very happy when he saw how his lunch had been such a blessing in feeding the multitude.

## Questions

Where did this great miracle take place? In a desert near Bethsaida. How many people were fed? Five thousand men, beside women and children. How many loaves and fishes? Five loaves and two fishes. Did they have plenty to eat? Yes. How many basketsful were left? Twelve.

## Idol Worship

When God created the world it was His plan for us to worship Him and have no other gods before us. Today millions of people are bowing down to idols made of wood and stone. We send our missionaries across the waters to teach the heathens to put away their

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## Children's Story Page

### When a Fellow's Mother Knows

Maybe grownups have their troubles,  
But I'm sure a boy  
Has his worries and vexations  
That his peace of mind destroy.  
But there's one thing I have noticed  
That whatever be his woes,  
Somehow, some way, they all vanish  
When a fellow's mother knows!

Sometimes, when the things that vex you  
Seem just more than you can bear,  
When you feel no friends are left you  
And you really do not care—  
Then, with such a load of trouble,  
How could anyone suppose,  
They would vanish into nothing  
When a fellow's mother knows?

—Christian Guardian.

### LED BY A LITTLE CHILD

KITTIE L. BRACKETT

"Mother's Day! What is Mother's Day?" Little Bobby Baker raised innocent blue eyes to his cousin's face.

Joe drew himself erect, and gazed down at Bobby from the superior heights of his eight years.

"Don't you even know what Mother's Day is?" he questioned; then seized by a sudden impulse to tease this innocent little cousin of his, he added with a sly grin:—

"It's the day when they give mothers away to kids what don't have none."

Bobby opened his blue eyes, and clasped his small hands tightly together.

"Do they give them away, Joe?" he questioned eagerly, "Do they really give mothers away?"

Joe hesitated. Maybe he'd better not go too far.

"P'rhaps they don't give 'em away," he evaded. "You might have to hunt for 'em or somethin'; but anyway, that's the day when you can get a mother if you want one."

Bobby turned quickly away for the tears were welling up into his big blue eyes, and he didn't want Joe to see him cry. Slowly, he made his way to the small creek back of the cabin, and sank down upon a log to think.

Bobby had a mother once—a sweet-faced, gentle mother. It seemed such a long, long time ago now; but he could still remember. He could still see that sweet, gentle face.

When he closed his eyes at night, he could see her bending above him, just as he had so often seen her bend above his crib in the long ago; and he could still hear her sweet, gentle voice teaching him

to lisp his childish prayers.

"Jesus will always hear and answer your prayers, Darling," she had always told him.

Now, his mother had gone to live with Jesus, and he was left alone; and oh, the world was so terribly lonesome without a mother!

Bobby could remember that last night when his mother had held him close in her arms.

"I must leave you now, Darling," she had whispered, "but Jesus will always take care of you. Always love Jesus, and try to please Him; and don't forget that you can always talk to Him and ask Him for help."

Bobby looked quickly around. He wanted to ask Jesus to help him now; but he didn't want Joe to see him. Joe always made fun of him when he prayed.

Slipping to his knees, Bobby folded his tiny hands and raised his eyes to the sunny blue sky.

"Dear Jesus," he prayed, "help me to find a mother—a really, truly mother, who will love me just like my own mamma used to love me."

Rising from his knees, Bobby ran quickly toward the road. His little face was radiant with smiles. He was going to find a mother—a real mother, who would love him and help him to do right; and Jesus was going to help him to find her.

In front of the cabin, Bobby paused for one last farewell look. He was not loathe to leave the place, for he had never been able to accustom himself to the squalor of his uncle's home or to the rough ways of his father's kinsfolk. Yet, despite his eagerness to leave, a strange fear held him rooted to the spot. He had never been away from this little hut in the clearing since he had been brought there shortly after his mother's death; and he dreaded the unknown terrors which might lie beyond the woods.

For many moments, Bobby stood irresolute, thinking of the many tales which he had heard from Joe—tales of the strange and terrible things which lay on the other side of those woods; then, he remembered his mother's words: "Jesus will always take care of you." Once again, he raised his eyes to the blue sky; then, resolutely, he set off down the woods road.

Bobby's first view of what lay beyond the woods, was certainly not one to inspire fear:

White and smooth, the road stretched out ahead, bordered on either side by the green grass and smiling blossoms of early spring.

A short distance down the road stood a large white farmhouse, surrounded by red barns and silos. To one side of the house, lay an orchard; and here, beneath the trees, three little girls were playing happily together.

"No need to stop here," thought Bobby. "She has three little girls already; and she wouldn't want me."

At the next place, there weren't any barns, only a large white bungalow, and—yes—there, in front of the bungalow, stood a lady. Bobby wondered if she could be the mother he was seeking. Slowly, he made his way up to the front path, and paused close beside her.

"Are you one of the mothers that's to be given away on Mother's Day?" he inquired timidly.

The lady turned with a coarse laugh.

"No, I'm not!" she replied sharply.

"In the first place, I'm not a mother; and in the next place, I'm not going to be given away or sold either."

Bobby drew back. He didn't want her for his mother after all. She was too much like the aunt he had just left. He turned and ran quickly down the path and on up the road.

Discouraged by the outcome of his first attempt, Bobby did not stop at the next two houses. At the third, he paused; but five little children were peeping from the windows; and the house was small, and old, and unpainted; so he passed on. He knew he would not be welcome there.

For a long time Bobby trudged on through the May sunshine. There were no more houses, and he was beginning to grow discouraged. Besides, his legs ached terribly; and he was tired, and hungry, and thirsty. The tears sprang to his blue eyes, and rolled down his pale little cheeks. He didn't want to go back to the squalor of his uncle's home; but he just couldn't walk much farther.

"Oh, Jesus," he sobbed, "please, help me to find a mother right away. I'm so tired."

Just then, Bobby rounded a turn in the road; and there, just ahead of him stood a beautiful little green and white bungalow. Filled with fresh hope, he quickened his pace. Surely, he could find a mother here. And with his heart trembling between hope and fear, he paused at the gate, and surveyed the beautiful scene before him.

There were no big barns here; but, at the back of the lot stood a long row of poultry houses. In the yards in front of these houses, hens were busily scratching, roosters were crowing, and baby chicks were running about in the sunshine.

The grounds around the house were bright with the green grass of early spring; and, everywhere, trees, flowers, and shrubs were springing into life. Bobby gazed entranced at the beautiful scene before him. Oh, if only this fairy won-

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# Helps for Tempted and Tried

## POLISHING

BY THE EDITOR

I am wondering this morning how many of my brothers and sisters who shall read this are going through the polishing process and are not aware of it. They do not understand. I am writing this to help you to know why your cross is so heavy, your testings and trials so great.

Years ago I visited a certain city and in my rounds of visiting the different parts of that city, I saw a beautiful white marble building, and as I looked at it, the Lord spoke to my heart and showed me the lesson He would have me learn from those beautiful stones so white and so smooth. One day they were in the earth; the next day they had been blasted out and lay in pieces on the ground. They were still in the rough and one could hardly realize the beauty awaiting the polisher's hand. Yes, the rough corners must be knocked off so that these stones would fit together before they could be put into the building.

God is building His Church, and you and I have the privilege of being a stone in that wonderful structure. This Church is to be without spot or wrinkle. Everything must be chiseled away that would mar the beauty of this building. All the murmurings, all the complainings, all the backbiting, all criticism, all that is unlike Christ must be chiseled away before Christ can set us into this beautiful structure. Oh, how we should lift up our hearts in thanksgiving and praise for the chiseling that is going on in our lives, which shows us that we have a chance to be a part in this great and glorious building. Not everyone that calls Him Lord, Lord, shall enter in, but those who do His will and permit Him to complete the polishing until He says, "It is enough." I wonder if you ever stopped to realize why this polishing hand causes us so much suffering. It is because we have not died to the flesh. Paul says we are to



## MY WAYSIDE FRIEND

I cannot bear my cross alone—  
I'm weak, my strength is small;  
But Christ, my Lord, is standing by,  
To help me should I fall.

I cannot bear my cross alone—  
My feet are weary-sore;  
But Jesus now is helping me,  
He trod this way before.

I cannot bear my cross alone—  
My eyes are growing dim;  
But Christ has lived and died for me,  
I've placed my hope in Him.

I cannot bear my cross alone—  
My weary back is lame;  
But Christ will lift the hardest part,  
For this, I know He came.

I cannot bear my cross alone—  
The road is dark and drear;  
But my Redeemer standeth there,  
To give me hope and cheer.

I cannot bear my cross alone—  
It seems the way I've lost;  
But Christ has died on Calvary,  
He died and paid the cost.

I cannot bear my cross alone—  
I sink in dark despair;  
But still, my humble, loving Christ,  
I know is standing there.

I cannot bear my cross alone—  
My body's racked with pain.  
I feel His tender, helping hand,  
He lifts me up again!

And so, I press the upward way—  
And look to God in prayer;  
Because I know my wayside Friend,  
Is waiting for me there.

—By Bertha Bothell.

die daily. The pieces of marble are dead and there is nothing to hinder the sculptor from his work. He can polish one side, then turn it over and polish another, and so on until the block of marble is admired by all who see it as a masterpiece. Oh, how God does want to put out some stones like this that the world will call masterpieces. Nothing is needed more to win this world for Christ than a few masterpieces of God's polishing hand. What is the reason God puts out so few? It is because we do not die to the pain of the chiseling and polishing God must do in our lives. The time of chiseling and polishing and carving is the most important part of our lives and we shrink from it the most. Yes, God begins to work on us and we jump up and run off and murmur and complain and wonder why. This is the reason our lives are so barren and useless. It takes God so long to hold us down and polish us that our lives are almost spent before we have reached the place we can shine for Jesus. Dear young people, let God polish you in your youth. It may be everything you hold dear will crumble away in this polishing process. Father and mother may turn you down; your associates may scorn you and the way may be dark and dreary, but stand still until the polishing hand is through and come out a masterpiece for Jesus Christ. It will be then that you can turn around and win father, mother and those associates for Jesus, and be able to lay many sheaves at the Master's feet.

To you who have grown older in years and can look back over your lives and see that you were not pliable in God's hands in the chiseling time, and who feel that your life has been barren and useless, remember God is yet able to polish and fix you up for this beautiful structure. You will not have so many years to work for the Master, but we

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# Tributes to Mothers

## Tributes To Mother

I dedicate this page to the memory of my own dear mother and to all mothers who have fought the good fight of motherhood. Some have gone on to be with Jesus. God bless their memory. Perhaps some are wearing your first white flower. God bless and comfort your heart.

*Mother, I wear my first white flower  
for you,  
On other years 'twas red and I was glad.  
This year it blossomed white that hal-  
lowed day,  
Heaven took you from us through the  
gates of pearl,  
Eternal joy is yours, and I,  
Regarding you, can still be glad.*

## Tribute to My Mother

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks and the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go farther and reach down lower for you than anyone else upon earth. You cannot walk in a midnight haunt where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, cheer her declining years with tender devotion.—*Selected.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Broadly speaking, it is beyond the human vocabulary and intelligence to tell exactly how much mother means to me. I have not had the privilege to live at home for several years, I have been working, and in a case of this kind, truly, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Ofttimes when I hear the old hymns played and sung, my mind wanders over the mountains to Eastern North Carolina and my heart yearningly says, "Oh, if I could just

visit with mother for ten minutes!" Separated by nearly six hundred miles on this Mother's Day, the highest tribute I could pay in fifty words to you, Dear Mother, is, I Love You.—*Ottis Hewett, Cleveland, Tennessee.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Would that I could express my sincere appreciation to the greatest, sweetest and best lady in the world to me—my Mother. Knowing how she always trusted me to do that which was right, simply planted something within me that did not want to disappoint her. I am so grateful to God each day of my life for giving me such a blessed, kind mother.—*Ima Barton.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

During my earliest "teens" I boyishly bade my mother good-bye with a desire to make good in my heart, and wanderlust in my veins. Two days later, across vast stretches of sunny Texas prairies, I entered on the new career of "oil field johnnie" in a new boom center. I haven't seen mother so much since then, but I still love her, and I've learned that years and miles put no restrictions on a mother's heart. Many and great have been her sacrifices for me. Never was anything asked in return. So her deeds are fragrant roses in my bouquet of memories. As I enter the living-room of home each evening, after the routine of the day is past, mother's portrait smiles at me from the little desk over by the rock fireplace. And each night, on bended knee, I thank God in Heaven that I am the recipient of a mother's love.—*Cecil M. Truesdell.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

The memories of mother are indeed precious ones. Her inexpressible love for her family, her service for God and her friends, are a great inspiration to me. I sincerely hope that her virtues shall be visited upon her children and that her prayers and kind counsel shall go with us until we meet her around the throne of God.—*Duel Free.*

## Attention, Please

Here is something I want you to do. Write a hundred-word tribute to father and send it in. The ten best ones will be published in June issue. A committee will be appointed to decide.—*Editor.*

Get your copy of "Roses for Father,"  
June issue.

## A Tribute to Mother

*Alda Burt Rankin McLendon*

As we approach this another Mother's Day it is with joy I am able to pay tribute to one of the dearest mothers in all the world and to me the dearest.

My mother became an invalid when I was about ten years of age because of arthritis but God has seen fit to spare our mother, although confined to her chair, that she might give us counsel and advice and bear us up in prayer to the throne of God. Some may think that prayer does not avail much but I am glad I know it does, for the prayers of my mother have been as real as life itself and God only knows what they have meant to me.

A tribute to mother never seems complete to me without including our dear father for it seems that parents are inseparable. I am grateful for both my mother and father and I shall never be able to get away from the high ideals they have taught me. I am thankful I had parents who stood against the low and base things of life and had courage to say, No, to the things they knew were wrong. I had far rather have the principles which my parents have instilled into my life than to have had wealth lavished upon me. Wealth might have fled on the morrow but I shall never be able to get away from that which they have given me. My parents are still living and I am so thankful God has permitted them to live until I have reached the age that I can at least partly realize their worth to me. I have tried to give them some flowers while they are still living by letting them know I appreciate the counsel and advice they have given me. It has meant much to me as I have been called to meet life's problems. I trust that God shall give us many more happy years here together and that in the end we may have our family circle unbroken in heaven.

## Such a Mother

After one of the hard-fought battles of the war, a Confederate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

He supposed, of course, the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity, but it was not so.

"Chaplain," he said, "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me."

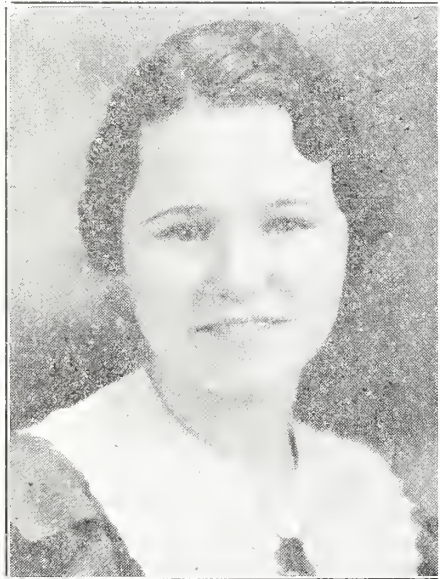
"For what?" asked the chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother. Oh! she is such a good mother. Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And

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## The Inner Circle Page



### Leadership

By Mary E. Harrison

The greatest need of the day is right leadership. Vital problems press upon us for solution and changing conditions are constantly creating new problems. We have the questions of labor and capital, popular government, education, immigration, health, home, individual and social reform and scores of others.

The schools of our country must produce an increasing number of leaders fit to grapple with the conditions in modern society. This means, as boys and girls, they must discover the highest ideals of leadership and exercise them in everyday life.

If you were wanting some information on music, you would not ask a politician, but a master musician.

If you would know something of art, you would not inquire of a brick layer, but of a master artist.

If you want to learn to cook, you will ask a master cook to teach you.

So if we would be leaders, we must consult an authority on leadership. Let us look at the life of Moses, one of the greatest leaders of the Old Testament and of all times.

Real leadership must be earned by serving. It cannot be conferred. Good leaders are made out of good followers. Moses was first a follower. God was his leader. Let us look at Moses as a follower.

We will look first at his period of preparation. You all know the story of

how he was left as a child in Pharaoh's court. After he was grown to manhood he did not forget his own people, but was deeply concerned over their enslaved condition and probably was meditating some bold scheme of deliverance.

One day, seeing an Egyptian beating a Hebrew, he killed the Egyptian and hid his body in the sand. When Pharaoh discovered this, Moses had to flee for his life. He landed in Midian, where he settled in the family of a sheik, married his daughter and adopted a shepherd life. For forty years he lived in his retirement.

These were not lost years, but were a necessary part of his preparation for his great work.

At the age of forty in Egypt he was educated and eager, but he was impulsive and undisciplined. He could not control himself and therefore he was not fitted to control others. He needed to have his roots of character deepened and his powers of action ripened.

Such growth takes place in solitude

### "There Is a Lad Here"

John 6:9

A lad had joined the multitude in Galilee that day,

When Jesus, seeking rest and prayer, had tried to slip away.

The lad, like lads in every age, edged through the throng that pressed,  
To see the Prophet Jesus, as He healed those whom He blessed.

He fought his way to Jesus' side, and heard Christ name the need

For bread to feed the restless crowd of those who heard His creed;

Five barley loaves, the young lad had, and two small fishes—all

Were given Andrew by the lad to answer Jesus' call.

Christ's blessing on the young lad's gift miraculously fed

Five thousand in the desert place to which the Lord had fled.

The Master needs the lads today who'll fight to reach His side;

He'll bless their gifts to feed the throngs with food that will abide.

Great multitudes are seeking Him with aimless, sin-sick soul,

Who wait the gifts of eager lads who've made Christ's need their goal.

Of you, let Jesus hear the word, "There is a lad here" who

Gives all, that Christ may bless the gift and then be born anew.—*Selected.*

and silence. The tree pours years of hidden life into the rosy apple.

Great men come up out of years of obscurity to do their work. Jesus took thirty years of preparation for just three years of public ministry.

Forty years of meditation and growth in the wilderness put the finishing touches on Moses. The man for the hour was now ready. It took eighty years to make him, but he was worth the cost and God now called him to his great task.

As you know, God called to Moses through the burning bush and Moses' response, "Here am I," is the attitude of every obedient soul. The shepherd did not know what was wanted of him, but he was ready for anything. When God calls for us we must not be too particular about what He wants us for, but simply go.

The first requirement made of Moses was reverence. He was bidden to put his shoes off and consciously stand on holy ground.

The Orientals take their shoes off before entering a holy place, and we should observe some attitude of reverence in the house of God. To sit bolt upright and stare around during public prayer is as irreverent as it is impertinent and vulgar. We cannot hear God or do His will rightly unless we have that reverence that is the mother of respect and humility and teachableness and obedience.

God now announces His purpose to Moses. He declared that He had seen the affliction of His people in Egypt and heard their cry and had come down to deliver them and bring them into the promised land. And He calls on Moses for help. When God has work to do He immediately calls upon men to do it.

The best worker is he that gets others to work, and this is wherein the genius of captains of industry consists: they can efficiently guide and inspire thousands of workers. God is the great organizer, making us coworkers with Him and using us to work out His plans and purposes.

Moses met this call with an objection: "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharaoh?" This doubtless expressed his sense of inability and humility.

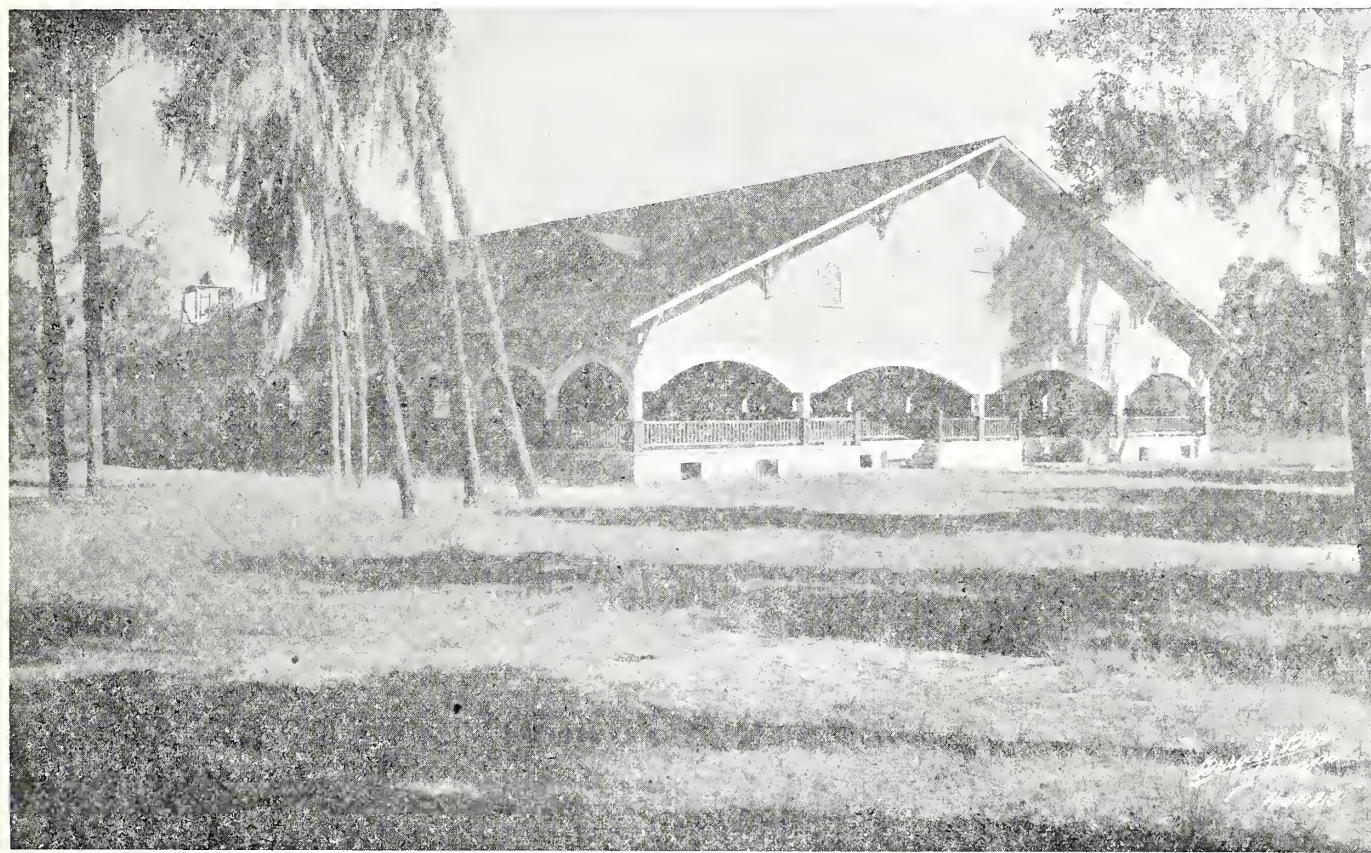
It was right for him not to push himself into this work and not to go until he was sent. Many run before they are called, especially to high places. He urged the point that he was not eloquent, but was slow of speech as much as to say, "I am no speaker—send Aaron, he is the eloquent member of our family." Yet Moses in due time uttered great thoughts that still thunder through the world, but who can quote anything that Aaron ever said?

We may be too modest and too willing to underestimate our powers when God

(Continued on page 16)



# Church of God Camp Ground, Wimauma, Florida



## Bible School Will Be Held Here Beginning June 12, 1939, and Continues For Eight Weeks

What could be more wonderful than an eight weeks' stay at this beautiful camp ground this summer? Each year the state of Florida sponsors a Bible School at this place with Brother Zeno C. Tharp, Superintendent of Education, as director. The price of this school is in reach of everybody—only \$8.00 for tuition and \$1.00 entrance fee, making \$9.00 in all. This includes vocal music.

Brother Tharp writes:

The faculty in charge last year will be in charge again this year. Some changes will be made in the subjects taught. We are expecting to include Prophecy and Personal Evangelism. Brother Denson is making special arrangement to improve the music department; Sister Kerce is putting forth a special effort to give the piano students the very best possible, so that they may make greater advancement than ever; Brother Keen is expecting to be there again with his class of guitar students, several of the last year students and also a number of new ones. If only vocal music is taken the tuition will be only \$4.00.

Both ministers and laity should



Zeno C. Tharp, Superintendent of Education.

make a special effort to attend this next term of school. Good rooms may be had for \$.50 a week or a cottage may be rented with two or more rooms for a very reasonable amount. Board and room may be had for only \$3.00 a week. Even if one has to sacrifice a little, it will pay him to attend this school.

Come on, boys and girls, men and women, and make your arrangements to attend this great camp meeting which convenes June 1 and continues through the 10th. Then stay for this eight weeks' Bible School. If you are planning a vacation this summer, why not take advantage of this?

For particulars, write E. M. Ellis, 1206 E. Buffalo Ave., Tampa, Fla.

Write Brother Clifford Jenkinson, in care of Bible Training School, Sevierville, Tenn. for particulars about the Correspondence Course. You can be training for service while you carry on your work at home.

Pastors, organize a Bible class and begin training a class in your church. You will be glad to have your church become a training school for your Y. P. E.



# Mother's Poems

## My Mother

By William Wells Jordan

A face beloved, that ever clearly shines  
Before me, through thickening mist of  
years;  
Patient, and tender, with care's deep  
lines,  
Yet beautiful to me, I often see through  
tears.

A life of selfless ministry gladly given,  
Quiet of speech, but full of deeds of  
love:  
Not saving treasure on earth, but much  
in heaven,  
And finishing a wondrous work ere  
called above.

A spirit pure, a character clothed in  
white,  
That speaketh still from out the dis-  
tant past;  
Blessing, and guiding, now, in paths of  
right,  
And calling me to meet with her at last.

## That's Mother

By Ruth N. Jackson

Little mother all in gray,  
Watching thee, I proudly say,  
"That's mother."

She who taught my lips to pray,  
Taught them always truth to say,  
"That's mother."

She who watched the long night  
through,  
Prayed that God would see me through,  
"That's mother."

Father, help me live each day,  
So that of me they'll proudly say,  
"That's mother."

## To My Mother

By Bernard C. Clausen

Bright were your sacred dreams for me,  
Mother,  
Wistful were your eyes' gleams for me,  
Mother.  
Into my life you poured your heart,  
Fashioned me with your love's best art,  
Made me of hopes and joys a part,  
Mother.

Clutched was your soul with fears for  
me, Mother,  
Wet were soft cheeks with tears for me,  
Mother.  
Trembling you watched me through my  
shame,  
Risking the fragrance of your name,  
Prayed that the years might bring me  
fame, Mother.

Now my heart's love I give for you,  
Mother,

Across the years I live for you, Mother.  
Days are made sacred by your prayer,  
Courage comes back through toil and  
care,

Trusted by you, I love and dare, Mother.

## My Mother

She gave the best years of her life  
With joy for me,  
And robbed herself, with loving heart,  
Unstintingly.

For me with willing hands she toiled  
From day to day,  
For me she prayed when headstrong  
youth  
Would have its way.

Her gentle arms, my cradle once,  
Are weary now;  
And time has set the seal of care  
Upon her brow.

And though no other eyes than mine  
Their meaning trace,  
I read my history in the lines  
Of her dear face.

And, 'mid His gems, who showers gifts  
As shining sands,  
I count her days as pearls that fall  
From His kind hands.  
—*Christian Advocate.*

## Mother Love

Margaret Ayers Burt

The sweetest flower that ever grew  
Is mother love, so kind, so true;  
Conceived in God's infinite mind,  
Placed in the breast of womankind.  
It buds in morning rich and rare,  
At noon-day blooms divinely fair;  
When evening skies are red and gold  
Its true magnificence doth unfold.

When wintry skies are chill and gray,  
It blooms as sweetly as in May.  
'Tis found in every race and clime,  
Its beauty is a thing sublime.  
It blooms in sickness and in health,  
And thrives in poverty and wealth.  
It is the light of every home,  
The light that scatters all the gloom.

No sky so threatening above  
That it would daunt true mother love;  
No wintry blast has even blown  
That made such love forsake its own.  
No night too long, or shadows deep,  
For her to silent vigil keep  
At the maternal shrine, despite  
The silent watches of the night.

Its fragrance fills the earth and skies,

It may be crushed but never dies,  
The sweetest flower that ever grew  
Is mother love, so kind, so true.

## Mother's Bible

"Mother's Bible—how she loved it!

How she read it o'er and o'er!

It would open to the places

She had often read before!

"Many times, when most discouraged,  
She would on this promise dwell:

'Come to me, ye heavy laden,

I give peace no tongue can tell.'

"She'd caress the ragged pages,  
Tear and wear those pages more,  
But the comfort that it gave her  
Proved what God's good Word is for.

"Time wore on, those fingers faltered,  
Trembled as they turned the leaves,  
Bodily strength is surely failing,  
But her spirit strength receives.

"Came a day that Bible opened

She these words so oft had read:

'Rest I'll give you. Come. I'm wait-  
ing . . .'

Mother's spirit Homeward fled."

—*Selected.*

## Mother

By Rachel G. Young

Of all the mothers I have known,  
To me there's one that stands alone;  
Her voice is soft, her face is fair,  
Her hands gentle, her smile is rare.

Whenever in my childhood brief  
I had a pain or ache or grief,  
She was the one to soothe the pain,  
And make me want to live again.

Her love she gave early and late,  
No sacrifice but she would make;  
Her prayers, her strength, her life, her  
tears

She gave to us through all her years.

Her service still she freely gives  
To all around her while she lives.  
She is the best, there is no other  
I would trade for my dear mother.

## The Watcher-Mother!

"She always leaned to watch for us,  
Anxious if we were late,  
In Winter by the window,  
In Summer by the gate;

"And though we mocked her tenderly,  
Who had such foolish care,  
The long way home would seem more  
safe

Because she waited there!

"Her thoughts were all so full of us—  
She never could forget;

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# I Was in Prison and Ye Visited Me

Gray Hair

By Mary S. Hitchcock

He came to the house at last. His heart throbbed with something like gladness for the first time in three years. Not even when the great door closed behind him forever, and he knew that he was free, had he felt the thrill he did at the sight of home.

He sprang up the steps almost boyishly. There was a faint light in the hall, although it was late. Probably his mother was out; but he would see her soon, soon, in a short time at the most, and feel her tears and kisses on his face. His dear, darling, beautiful mother. How she must have grieved for him; but she should never have cause for sorrow over him again.

He would rather a thousand times not have written at all, but he could not let her think him dead. That would have been cowardly, and he was never that anyway.

How hard he had labored over the lines that he sent her, trying to tell her what he must and only that. He saw the words now instead of the luxurious room into which he stared.

Dearest of all mothers: You will not hear from me for three years. No one knows my real name or where I came from. You must not try to find me or write to me. I will come back to you when I am free. I will never, never hurt you again, that I swear.

Forgive me if you can. Herbert.

After a little he reached out and tried the door. It was locked, as he had expected. He wondered, with a little grimace, if the fastener on the dining-room window was still defective. He had gone in that way more than once when he had forgotten or mislaid his latch-key.

Although the longing for her was beyond words, he almost dreaded the first sight of his mother's face. She had always been so lovely, but now she would be old and grief-stricken and weary. And that must always be a part of his punishment. He would knock and go in and wait.

Just then a car turned into the short street. He did not care to be caught peeping, so he stepped hastily under the heavy vines at the corner of the porch.

The car stopped at the steps and a man and woman alighted.

The man in the shadow drew a deep breath and shivered a little. It was his mother, but not as he had pictured her. She was neither grief-stricken nor sorrowful. She was wrapped in a fur-lined coat and a shimmering silken scarf was wound around her head. When she stepped forward the light from the car

shone full upon her face. It was mature, proud, handsome, with bright eyes and smiling lips. She ran up the steps, after a gay good-night, and the door closed heavily behind her. The man in the car spoke:

"I am always glad to have Grace with us, she is such good company."

"Yes, so am I," returned the lady; "but for the life of me I cannot see how she can be so happy and cheerful when



Looking Backward

By Capt. Chas. H. Stanley

Today I'm looking backward,

When I knelt at mother's knee,  
And she trained my childhood footsteps  
Into paths of purity.

When I lisped the name of Jesus,

How her great heart leaped with joy,  
And she prayed that God in heaven  
Would protect and save her boy.

Today I'm looking backward

To a mother old and gray,  
How she wept her dear eyes tearless

For her boy gone far astray.

Again I'm looking backward.

To the spot where mother lay,  
Where I stood and begged forgiveness  
From that form beneath the clay.

Today I'm looking backward

To a life of woe and sin,  
When I groped my way in darkness  
Before the light came in.

Again I'm looking backward

To a scene on Calvary,  
Where Jesus, blessed Savior,  
Gave His precious life for me.

there is such a mystery about Herbert's disappearance. I don't believe she knows where he is, for months at a time, if she does at all."

"There is certainly something strange about it. Why, it must be all of three years since he dropped out of sight so completely."

"It's as much as that. At first we used to ask after him, but she would always put us off, saying she didn't exactly know where he was then, but he might write any day, or come home quite unexpectedly. If it was our Charlie, I'd die. She can't care much as most mothers or she'd show it sometimes."

"Maybe not," said the man, "but I have thought she did when I looked at —"

The motor started and the man in the shadow heard no more.

He was dressed in a cheap, ill-fitting suit and his hat was too big for him. The face beneath it was a very attractive one. The lines might have shown weakness once, but now strength and firmness were its dominating qualities.

He caught at the vines as if for support. A doubt assailed him. Maybe he would have better written her first instead of coming post haste to relieve her anxiety and receive her welcome. It might be better to leave her in peace and comfort, anyway, until he could have ascertained her wishes in the matter. Maybe she had tired of his wildness and disobedience. Maybe this last had been too much. She was a very proud woman and she may have cast him out of her heart and life. How young and carefree she had appeared. "It is better if she had not grieved, of course, much better," he thought. But he had been so sure, too sure, possibly, of her love. Why, he had been wrung to the very soul, believing that he had made her suffer. On his lonely pallet he had almost sweat drops of blood because of the sorrow that he had brought to her. "Oh, mother," he whispered in anguish, "if you have failed me, will God fail me, too? I thought if mother could forgive and love me, God could."

The light went out in the hall, but he did not notice. Doubt and despair had him fast in their strangling arms.

The clock striking one aroused him. He would go away and wait to see. Maybe she would be happier without him. He would go empty-handed as he had come. But far, far worse than that, he must go empty-hearted. Something he had always clung to, dear, and precious, and priceless, had drained out of his soul.

He almost staggered down the steps. A light still burned in his mother's room. He crept to a tree that stood beneath her window. When he was a

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## Mission Page

### Brother Stark Asleep in Jesus

Our Brother Stark has slipped away to be with Jesus. We received a radiogram from Sister Stark today, very short, but it brought a sad and yet triumphant message, "Edmond asleep in Jesus.—Pearl."

I recall the last time I saw Brother Stark he was so eager to get everything arranged properly for their long stay in that far away, dark, benighted land. He seemed so eager, so courageous, so brave, and how shocked we are that he has so soon gone to his reward. The Lord knows best. Sister Stark, you have our deepest sympathy. May God be so real to you in this time of your bereavement, He can help you. The nights may be long and dark, but we will see Edmond in the morning. While this courageous warrior has fallen, the great Lord of the harvest is still calling for others who will offer their services to their Savior who gave all for them, and if it be to sail away to that dark land, they will, like Brother Edmond and his faithful wife, Sister Pearl, cross the briny deep and enter into those benighted regions and work until Jesus will say it's enough.

Shall we reconsider now and give up the mission cause because another has fallen? I fancy I hear you saying, No, a thousand times no! We could not be true to this brave soldier and the many others who have given their lives for the poor, unfortunate, neglected souls for which Jesus also gave His life. I feel the Lord will call a number yet to carry



Brother and Sister Edmond E. Stark

on this great work as such talented, young, precious, energetic, God-fearing, God-loving people as Brother and Sister Stark, who will give their lives for the cause. Surely we should stand ready to help them in every way we can.

Don't forget to pray for Sister Stark in her lonely hours. May God bless her. Also, we wish to express our deepest sympathy to the grief-stricken father and mother. We learned that his mother told him good-bye and said she never expected to see Edmond again—only in glory.

May our love for the cause of missions continually grow more and more.—J. H. Walker, General Overseer.

#### ASLEEP IN JESUS

Brother Stark, who sailed for Africa last year, has gone to be with Jesus. We received a radiogram March 31, from Sister Stark, stating, "Edmond asleep in Jesus." They were working hard to get the Church of God established there. God was wonderfully blessing their efforts. Now Sister Stark is left ALONE, thousands of miles away from home and friends. Think of what she had to suffer while he was sick for more than two weeks, no one near, as far as we know, but a few African natives, whom she had been knowing but a short time, no one to pray, no one who could even speak English. No doubt, she would have given the world for some brother or sister from America to be there and sit up just a few minutes with her during the long,

lonely hours of the night. May we all pray for her that God will comfort her during this time of unusual deep sorrow. Also, pray for the Mission Board that God will direct in arranging for the work there.

Such questions confront us as: Who should take his place? Should Sister Stark return home or should we send another man and his wife to take his place and to assist her? Should she wait there until another couple comes? It will take at least six months for another couple to go. It will be a long time and sad time of waiting for her. Could we afford to lose what we have already gained there? Will the decreasing mission fund at the present allow us to send another couple? Since the Assembly has ruled that half

of the mission money taken in at the district conventions, remain in the state, the foreign mission fund treasury has been on rapid decline.

We do not feel that we could take on many more obligations, yet something must be done. Pray for God's direction of the Mission Board.—Zeno C. Tharp, secretary of Mission Board.

My dear Sister Stark:

I wish that I might find words to express the deep sympathy I feel for you. Or if I could only be near you that I might put my arms of love around you and say, I'm sorry for you, but this cannot be and our only way to help you is through our prayers. God can and will sustain you in this sad hour. Here is a poem we hope will comfort you.

*I never stand above a bier and see  
The seal of death on some well-loved face,*

*But that I think—one more to welcome me*

*When I shall cross the intervening space  
Between this land and that one over there;*

*One more to make the strange beyond seem fair,*

*And so for me there nothing is in death.  
And so the grave has lost its victory;  
It is but crossing with abated breath  
And white-set face, a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,*

*More beautiful, more precious than before.*

—Editor

#### God Marvelously Answers Prayer Brother Herman Lauster, Missionary, Is Delivered From Prison

March 5, you remember, was special prayer day for the deliverance of Brother Lauster and March 16 he was delivered, just eleven days later. Praise God, He still answers prayer. We here give a portion of Brother Lauster's letter:

"I want to tell you and all the dear saints that I am back at home again. We are thankful to God for His love. We went through the waters deep, but He kept us and was with us in going through and the stream could not overflow us. Thanks be to God. 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee,' Isaiah 43:2. I have been home since March 16 and we know you all rejoice with us. God is still alive and He answers prayer. We thank you for March 5. He can save, heal, and open doors. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. We had to go through great trials and hardships; we know it was

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# What Is a Church Vacation Bible School?

BY ALBERT H. GAGE

(Used by permission of the Judson Press)

If there is one person in any church or community who really believes in a Vacation School, a school can usually be started. This person can get the cooperation of the pastor, and together they can get enough cooperation from the

told a Bible story his daughter had learned in the school and repeated in the home. Then he said: "I want to pay the whole expense of this school because of what it is doing for my girl. In two weeks you have taught her as much real religion as she could have gained without it in a whole year."

A young pastor wanted a school. His

ceases, the school stops. On the other hand, where local co-operation is secured, the church usually adopts the Vacation School as a regular feature of its yearly program.

The first secret of a successful school is to secure the interest and cooperation of the local church, or group of churches if it is a community school. So important is this, that it should be an established rule that no school should be attempted without some local cooperation. The church or community where a school is conducted should furnish, if possible, all of the financial support, teachers, and helpers. This is true, not only of self-supporting churches, but also of the missions and churches.

Wherever possible, the church itself, or the governing body of the church, should vote to conduct a school and appoint a strong committee to organize, supervise, and conserve the results of the school. Before this action is taken the church should be informed through literature, stereopticon lectures, and addresses by enthusiastic workers as to the nature and the objects of the proposed school.

In some cases, various organizations of the church can take over the responsibility of organizing and conducting the school. There are places where this is the regular work of the Sunday school, the men's club, the women's society, or the young people's society. Even if such an organization within the church takes charge of the work it is better for the church to approve the plan. In any case a strong local committee is necessary, either the standing committee on religious education or a special Vacation School Committee.

In some communities it is best for several churches to unite in one school. In this case each church should vote to enter the federated school, to assume its share of the finances and of the workers, and to appoint one or more representatives upon a central committee. This committee, made up of officially appointed representatives of the local cooperating churches, proceeds in the same manner as the committee in a local church.

## DUTIES OF THE VACATION SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The committee on the Church Vacation School organizes by selecting a chairman, secretary, treasurer, and such committees as may appear wise. The duties of this committee are to:

1. Decide when and where and how long the school will be held.
2. Arrange for the necessary rooms

(Continued on page 24)



church to start a school. A young woman went to her pastor one day and said, "Pastor, do you know what I have been thinking our church ought to do this summer?"

"I do not know what you have been thinking, but I know what I have been praying that we might do," he replied.

She said, "I have been studying up the work of the Daily Vacation Bible School and believe we ought to have a school in our church."

"Why, that is just what I have been praying for," he said.

She became principal of the school, the first in her church and the first in her community, and ministered to over three hundred boys and girls that summer.

Another young woman had helped as a volunteer worker in a Polish mission. She became the Sunday School visitor in a large city church. She interested the pastor and others in the enterprise. The church decided to make the experiment for two weeks. At the close, a leading business man called her into his office to thank her for what the school had done for his six-year-old girl. He re-

church was indifferent, neither opposing nor encouraging. He started the school. It was a great success from the very first day. At the close the leading officials of the church thanked the pastor and told him they were with him in the future with their money and with their support for that kind of work.

We have been running parts of the different chapters of this book for some time. We are looking for your order. It will inspire and help you for your Daily Vacation Bible School. Price \$1.00.

There must be some local cooperation in each church if the Vacation School is to be a real success. Attempts have been made to conduct schools in missions or churches without local cooperation. Even where efficient and trained leaders have been paid and put into such schools, the work is seldom self-perpetuating. The school will continue year after year just as long as some outside organization furnishes the teachers and pays the bills. As soon as this



## J. P. E. Programs

### OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a J. P. E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

### BIBLE LESSON

Exelma Holley

Topic: "LEST YE FORGET"

Song suggested, "Don't Forget to Pray"

*Thoughts For the Leader*

The enemy of our souls is trying hard these days to get us to forget God, and the many things He has told us to do, or not do. If we forget God it will not be long until we forget what He said. After all they who forget God will go to the same hell as the wicked, Psalms 9:17. We will try to show the danger of forgetfulness toward God.

*Remember the Word*

Deut. 6:6-9; Psalms 119:11.

How we do appreciate the many times God has encouraged our hearts, because we remembered His Word, and obeyed the Word of God. The good part is, when the enemy comes to sidetrack us from the way of righteousness, we will know his voice and can say, "Thus saith the Lord." Or when false teachers come teaching false doctrine, the truth will make us free from such. After all, the Word of God is the power of God to everyone that believeth. We can better keep His Word, when we don't forget what

He has said.

*Forgetting to Give Thanks*

Luke 17:11-18; 1 Tim. 4:4, 5; Psalms 103:3, 4.

Oh, that we would praise Him for His wonderful works unto the children of men, when all we get comes from His hand. Surely He desires glory, when we were made for His glory. It is no wonder that many are in need and suffer in many ways, we fail to give Him the glory due His name. When He heals our body, let's return to praise Him for it. And in everything give thanks.

*Forgetting to Attend Church*

Heb. 10:25.

Some people today have the impression that they can live their religion at home. That is true in one sense. But just think of the testimonies of overcomers, that have often encouraged our hearts to press on, the songs of Zion that have made us feel like going on this pilgrim way, or the good sermons that have stirred our soul and caused us to do more for His glory. They who forget this command have not a part in the Lord's Supper, or washing the saint's feet, and soon go down in defeat.

*Forgetting to Call*

Psalms 50:15; 145:18

We are told to call or ask and we shall receive. It is the enemy that has us to wait. He knows that God's eye is upon us, and His ears are open unto our cry. So we must call while He is near and seek while He may be found. Let's keep calling until we get deliverance on every hand. It doesn't worry our God to travail in prayer. Sinner friend, if you have looked into the perfect law of liberty (that is, the Bible) and saw that you needed His grace to deliver you, don't forget to seek Him now. There is danger and death (second death) in delay. Don't put off until tomorrow salvation for your soul. Song, "Don't Wait Too Long."

— — —  
Get your copy of "Roses for Father,"  
June issue.

### BIBLE LESSON

By Esther Holland

Topic: "TEARS"

*Tears Seen by God*, Isa. 38:5

Our tears are not hidden from God but He is mindful of every one shed by His children. Here Hezekiah's tears and prayer availed for him fifteen years of additional life. God's heart is moved by the tears and cries of His children. Nothing is hid from Him, but He knows our innermost thoughts and desires. Just as Hezekiah came to the Lord with tears and received an answer to prayer, so the penitent child can go to God and He will see the tears of the broken and contrite heart and will answer from heaven. I have seen children go to the altar and cry and weep over their lost condition

and God saved them and they got up with the love and light of God beaming in their sweet faces. Tears are very profitable in repentance, and will touch the loving heart of God.

*Bottled Tears*, Psalm 56:8

The Psalmist tells us here that God bottles up our tears and writes them in His book of remembrance. And if these tears were shed in a desire for some spiritual blessing from God, He will surely remember and answer our prayers, although He may wait long enough to prove our earnestness. We sometimes keep something that will cause us to remember a friend that was in trouble, or one who was in dire need of some of this world's goods, and when we see that thing we are reminded to send something to them. Or, there are times that friends ask us to pray for them, and perhaps years after, we find a picture or a letter from that person that reminds us to pray again for them, even though we might have prayed for them faithfully for a while after the request was given. So God knows our needs, and He sees our tears, and hears our cries, but this scripture says that He bottles them up to be kept in remembrance and then He will surely bless us for having shed those tears in prayer and sufferings. God never forgets, but lest we forget, He reminds us of His great care and love for us.

*Sow in Tears, Reap in Joy*, Psalm 126:5-6

Here we see the one who sows the precious seed of the Word weeping, watering the seed with tears, shall surely have a time of rejoicing and reaping. Perhaps that one doesn't see any direct or early results from the seed sown, but if he is faithful and sows only that seed which God gives, surely it will grow and bring forth fruit and at the end he will come with his sheaves rejoicing and thankful in his heart that he continued faithfully that the sheaves might be brought to the Master. Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning. Oh, that more seed were sown and watered with the tears of the sower! So often it seems that those who sow the seed think that their duty is done if they read the Word or if they tell someone about the Word of God that says, "Ye must be born again," and that is the end of their part, but according to the precious Word I find that we must be so earnest as to prove it to the one whom we are seeking to win. And I know of no way of showing our earnestness better than through tears.

*Serve God With Tears*, Acts 20:19, 31

Paul, the great apostle, tells us here how that he served the Lord with tears many tears, night and day for three years. Many of us think that if we cry a few minutes that that is sufficient; we think if we pray once or twice a day that is sufficient: we seem to think that



our part is done if we have "a form of godliness" whether there be much power or not. But Paul gives us a different example. He was so interested in souls that he didn't pray for them once or twice and then if they refused to accept the Lord let them go, but he warned them with tears night and day for three years in this one place. He was not discouraged if the first few tears did not avail, but continued to cry unto God. If we today would weep and travail in prayer over lost souls as Paul did, I am sure there would be more souls saved.

*God Will Wipe Away All Tears,*  
Rev. 7:17

There are many things in the world that cause us to shed tears; many cry over the terrible persecutions that come from their loved ones in the home, many weep over the lost condition of those who persecute them and criticize them; many poor women whose husbands are slaves to drink and who take the money which should be spent for bread for their children, and spend it for whiskey to satisfy their own lustful appetites, cry and weep and their hearts are broken because of the terrible condition under which they have to live. There is untold sadness in many hearts and homes today because of sin, and many honest-hearted people are striving to live for Jesus amid all the trouble in this world, even though some of them have wept until it seems they could weep no more. But this scripture tells us that a day is coming when our weeping will be over, a day when all cares and troubles will be past, a day when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and there will be weeping no longer. Praise His dear name!

#### BIBLE LESSON

Mizzie Lee Cleghorn

Topic: "WALK"

Scripture Lesson: Jeremiah 6:16

*Thoughts For The Leader*

We are all walking spiritually and we are all going somewhere. We find in Matt. 7:13-14 that there are two roads to travel in. One leads to life and the other to destruction. My friend, which road are you walking in? Have you found the good way? Are you saying I will not walk therein? If you want real joy and rest for your soul, give your heart to Jesus and get in the straight road that leads to life. If you want to walk in good company follow in His steps. 1 Peter 2:21.

*Walk by Faith*

2 Cor. 5:7.

For we walk by faith, not by sight. This certainly is true. If we walk by what we see, we would never get very far, for sometimes everything looks so discouraging. If it were not for the faith we have in God, we would give up. Oh, how we need more faith. Without faith it is impossible to please God. We like to

think of Abraham as the father of the faithful, for when he was called to go out into another place, he obeyed, not knowing whither he went. We need more people like Abraham who will walk by faith and swing out on the promises of God.

*Walk in the Light*

1 John 1:7

If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; not envy toward one another, but true fellowship and love for every one. If we are walking in the light, our light will shine out and others will see Jesus in our lives and be made hungry for this salvation.

*Walk in Love*

Eph. 5:2

This is one of the greatest helps in winning people. We should never show respect of persons. When new ones come to our Y. P. E. we should greet them as we do the others. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." We are commanded in Matt. 5:44 to love our enemies. Matt. 5:47, "If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?"

*Walk Honest*

1 Thess. 4:12

Paul in writing to the church of the Thessalonians commanded them to walk honestly toward them that are without. In writing to the Corinthians in 2 Cor. 8:21, he says, "Providing for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men." The world is watching the Church of God. We should be very careful what we promise and never make a promise unless we can fill it. If something happens that we can't do as we have promised, be sure you tell the party why you do so. Dishonest church members keep many a person out of the church.

*The Believers May Walk With Christ Throughout Eternity*

Rev. 3:4; 21:24

That will be a wonderful time, after we have traveled over the rough road of life, to be permitted to enter into that beautiful city. There will be nothing on the streets of gold to stumble over. No more trials to overcome. There will be no more night for the Lord will be the Light. Dear ones, toward which gate are you walking; the one to life and happiness or the one to destruction?

#### BIBLE LESSON

Ottis Hewett

Topic: "WORDS"

Scripture: Prov. 25:11; Psa. 19:14; James 3:1-12.

*Thoughts For the Leader*

There are only twenty-six letters in the alphabet and often I have thought of the good and also the bad that can be done with them. Some people have a mistaken

idea of the use of words and use them for anything and call it frankness. They use words that hurt, burn, and char and call it courage and straightforwardness. Others, with words can calm a troubled heart, quiet a crying child, and sway others to live for Christ.

*Destructive Words*

Have you never stopped and thought just what words can do? Words tear down like the hurricane, they eat like the plague, they undermine like the tide. Words are as irresistible as lightning. Words, your words and mine, can leap from life to life, spreading destruction wherever they go. Words are like death—they sting, they char, they ruin, they explode like dynamite. The law compels a man to go about unarmed with guns and bowie knives, yet he carries about in his head a far more destructive weapon than either. Our vocabulary is a very arsenal of weapons. How are we using them? Words hurt, scar, and torment as the very aftermath of Hades. Friend, let's try to use our machine gun, loaded with words, to the benefit of Christ.

*Blessings of Words*

If it had not been for words, I would not have heard of the blessing of holiness. If it had not been for words, I would not have learned of God and His goodness to me and of all His blessings. Neither would we have the promises of God, the Bible, to comfort and cheer us along our Christian journey. Words can soothe any sorrowing heart. They are a balm to bathe the troubled soul in the time of trials and tests. Words can inspire, encourage, cause one to press forward as never before. Words create that zeal, determination, and will to fight that nothing can daunt us in our heavenly adventure.

*Christ's Words*

Christ was always talking with people. He talked of what was worthy and profitable. There is no record of trivial conversation. He was always grave and serious, though sympathetic and kindly. At feasts He turned the talk to useful themes. He spoke of the things of His own nature. He spoke of things that He knew about. His very words, He said, were spirit and life. They were not words of self-seeking and self-interest. He spoke what He had seen with God, and what God gave Him to speak. Even His enemies testified that no man ever spoke as Jesus did.

*Our Words*

Our words and conversation should be pleasing to God and acceptable in His sight. We should not deal in small talk and slangy expressions, but let our talk and words be uplifting and educational. Often we gather around places and gossip about things and then before we know it, we have said something that will hurt someone. It would be much nicer if we would gather at church about



thirty minutes before service starts and not gossip and talk but pray until service starts. Do not let the evil one have an opportunity to get even a small foothold on our mind and our thinking facilities. Many have forsaken their position because of the little "white lies" that always have their bearing on someone. People have sacrificed their lucrative income for advancement, rather than be guilty of a falsehood. As young people of today, we must take a firm stand for what we believe and be able to combat every evil of today and make our words blessings to everyone with whom we come in contact.

#### A WORD ABOUT WORDS

Ah me! these terrible tongues of ours!  
Are we half aware of their mighty power?

Do we ever trouble our heads at all  
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?

The latest chirp of that "little bird,"  
That spicy story "you must have heard"—

We jerk them away in our gossip rash,  
And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash.

What fames have been blasted and broken,  
en,

What pestilent sinks been stirred,  
By a word in lightness spoken,  
By only an idle word!

A sneer, a shrug, a whisper low—  
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow!

Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,  
They pierce the mail of the great and brave;

Vain is the buckler of wisdom or pride  
To turn the pitiless point aside:  
The lip may curl with a careless smile,  
But the heart drips blood—drips blood the while.

Ah me! what hearts have been broken,  
What rivers of blood been stirred,  
By a word in malice spoken,  
by only a bitter word.

A kindly word and a tender tone—  
To only God is their virtue known!  
They can lift from the dust the abject head,

They can turn a foe to a friend instead;  
The heart close-barred with passion and pride

Will fling at their knock its portal wide,  
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears

Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.

What icebound griefs have been broken,  
What rivers of love been stirred,  
By a word in kindness spoken,  
By only a gentle word!—Selected.

#### Leadership

(Continued from page 8)

calls us to a work. We think that if we had richer gifts and larger means we

might accomplish something worth while, but with our few gifts and meager means we have no chance.

This objection was met and the call was backed up with a great promise, "Certainly I will be with thee." Moses was to supply the human part and God the divine part, and the two together would be irresistible.

God never sends a man to a work without giving him ability to do the work.

The whole story of Moses' leadership is how he followed the directions and commands of God. He followed them when he went to Pharaoh each time, when he got to the Red Sea, and on until his death. Only once did he fail to do this. He failed to give God the glory when he smote the rod and for this God punished him.

And so we see Moses as a follower, but our topic is leadership. What qualities did Moses possess that made him a good leader?

The secret of Moses' greatness as a man and as a leader was he endured. Often weakened by his own natural timidity, and praying God to relieve him and send a stronger man to the task, he yet endured. Tempted by wealth and by position he yet resisted and endured. Threatened by royal wrath, he endured. Tried by the clamour of men and by the solitude of the wilderness for forty years, he yet endured. Bowed down by the pusillanimity and ingratitude of those for whom he made the sacrifice, he yet rose again, and again resolved, determined, and endured until he led his people to the threshold of assured liberty and saw the promised land of his dreams and of his choice. So much can a man in earnest do. "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved."

The secret of Moses' endurance was "As seeing him who is invisible." In other words it was faith in God. Now "faith is the giving substance to things hoped for, the test of things not seen." Faith puts to the proof the statements of God by acting upon them and in the acting finds their substance and reality. Faith tests the unseen things before his eyes, he deliberately chose to refuse all the pleasures and treasures of the present, and faith tested, proved, or gave substance to his hopes. He was led step by step away from things seen, into a fellowship and communion with the unseen God, of which he had no conception when he made his choice in Egypt. It is faith that does the great work of the world. It is faith that inspires the greatest works in civilization.

The faith that is the proving of things not seen demands direct communication with God. Moses was a man of prayer. To a man who trusts in God responsibility must always be an impetus to prayer. And so it was in the life of Moses. We cannot read the story in the

early books of the Bible without having the truth brought very closely home that Moses was a man of prayer. He never forgot the need of supplication, of asking God to help him in every hour of his difficulties as he led the children of Israel through the many trials of the wilderness. He never forgot that he was in God's hands.

Moses was firm, daring, true and a man who couldn't be put down in the cause of right, yet at the same time tender, gentle, loving.

Moses was obedient. God's will was law.

And last Moses was meek. He was as humble as a child. This we see especially in his death scene. After he had led the children of Israel through all the hardships and in sight of the promised land he must humbly submit to resigning his leadership to another man when he himself was still capable of leading. That was the most beautiful scene in the life of Moses.

So if we are to be a leader we should try to pattern our lives and build our characters by that of Moses. We will have discovered the highest ideals of leadership and then exercise them in our daily lives.

#### Idol Worship

(Continued from page 4)

false gods and worship the true God. The Egyptians built large temples for sacred oxen and worshipped them with sacrifices.

The idol Molech was made of brass and they used to offer their children in sacrifice to him, and make a noise with drums and trumpets so no one could hear their cries.

Another prominent god was Baal. He was worshipped with great ceremony. Another favorite was Ashtoreth, a goddess, called the Queen of heaven. In the New Testament we have one called Diana, a heathen goddess of the Romans and Greeks. The Moabites worshipped an idol named Chemosh; sometimes called a fire god.

In India they worship the stone, wood, metal, and livestock gods, such as elephants, camels and monkeys. They will not kill insects or animals because they believe the souls of their ancestors enter their bodies.

God told the Israelites if they would worship Him they would be happy and blessed but if they went after these false gods the result would be sorrow and sadness. Now, children, after you have studied this lesson surely you will praise the Lord because you have learned to worship the true God.

#### Questions

What is idolatry? The superstitious worship which is given to idols or false gods. Name five prominent idols. Baal, Molech, Ashtoreth, Chemosh and Diana.



# Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

Kindly accept heartfelt greetings in the precious Holy Ghost. I have time and again made promises to send with gratitude a token of my appreciation of the Lighted Pathway but after a close study of the article entitled, "At The Crossroads," I am forced to do so.

I must confess that I am a consistent reader of this paper and it has been a blessing over and over again, especially such subjects as "Wild Oats," "For His Glory," "The Story of George Muller," etc.; but never was there, to me, a more thrilling story than that of the Ludlow family. I hope in the near future to own a copy and introduce it to the dear young people within my reach. God bless your efforts and keep you ever on the winning side with Jesus. Pray for me that I will keep anointed and fit for the Master's service.—R. P. Kenyon, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank the Lord for the Lighted Pathway. In all my reading of books I've never met with any book so interesting and inspiring as this glorious Lighted Pathway. I often wish the paper was larger so I would have more to read.

I am the chorister of our Y. P. E. and am saved by the precious blood of Jesus. I've never yet sanctified and filled with the Holy Ghost, but I ask your prayers and all the readers of the paper to pray for me that the dear Lord might grant me the blessing that He has in store for His children.

Our Y. P. E. here in Philadelphia is getting on very nicely.—Mary Towers, Philadelphia, Jamaica.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have never written to you before but I just want to sound a note of praise for the little paper. I have just been reading and selling them since last May but I want you to know I think the Lighted Pathway is one of the best papers I ever read. It surely has brought sunshine to my soul. I am president of the Y. P. E. here at Warrenton and we have a nice group of girls and boys.

There are not many Christians but we thank the Lord for saving about seven of them the last two weeks. We want you to pray that we will be a bright light for these boys and girls that we may lead them to our Saviour. May God bless you in your good work.—Mrs. C. C. Inscoe, Warrenton, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I finished reading the February number of the Lighted Pathway last night. It surely has many spiritual helps and comforting words for Christians of all ages. I have never read a copy yet without shedding tears of joy as its messages sank into my soul, drawing me closer to the Lord. I wish every boy and girl throughout the length and breadth of the land could receive just one copy. I believe it would give each one a longing to know the reality of the indwelling Christ.

I spent many years seeking to find and retain the consciousness of God in my soul. Not until I began attending the Church of God did I realize there was something I really wanted. Now I can sing,

"Jesus is real to me,  
I never will doubt Him,  
Or journey without Him,  
For He is so real to me."

Because of ill health, I have had to discontinue my work. I ask an interest in your prayers that I may be healed and receive the Baptism of the Holy Ghost.—Ruth Anderson, Thunder Hawk, S. Dak.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Although I only know you through the Lighted Pathway you seem like an old friend or a mother to me. Your message is always a help to me.

I am the only Christian in our family but they all seem to enjoy the paper and my nephew said if he could get all the Lighted Pathways he could read he would not read Western Stories.

I am the president of our Y. P. E. here and we surely need your prayers. Most of our young people are unsaved.—Martha Shipley, Eudora, Ark.

Dear Sister Harrison:

On Sunday night, Feb. 12, the Y. P. E. of Garrison, W. Va. gave a program in which the Lord greatly blessed. The program was opened with our national Y. P. E. song, "At the Battle's Front," followed by prayer and scripture reading.

After reciting a couple of poems and singing some special songs, we took up an offering for Brother and Sister Case, missionaries in India, and received \$7.02. We then gave a play "For His Glory" composed by Mrs. K. E. Cobb, a member of the Garrison Y. P. E.

After this the Junior Y. P. E. gave a short play, then we gave "A Search in

Vain." Fifteen young girls, all Christians, were the angels and one young woman stood out front and sang, "I Dreamed I Searched Heaven For You" and acted it out. The audience was deeply touched. We had a sinner man to act the part of the lost man, which made it more impressive. The power of God fell and the greater part of the audience were in tears.

An altar call was given, and three persons were saved, one of which was the man who played the part of the lost man.

Since that time and through the influence and impression of the play others have been saved, and we feel that God really set His approval upon it.—Mrs. K. E. Cobb, Garrison, W. Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have never written to you and the Lighted Pathway before, but words cannot express how I appreciate this wonderful paper. It is food to my soul.

I think we have a good Y. P. E. here at Erwin, one of the best. The Lord surely has been with us.

May the Lord bless you in many ways with this wonderful work.—Nenia May Honeycutt, Erwin, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the name of Jesus. I am praising God this evening for this wonderful paper, the Lighted Pathway. Truly it has the right name. Its wonderful messages and the sweet spirit led me to the true Church of God for which I am very thankful. I am also thanking God for the Y. P. E. at Pilgrim Rest Church of God. They are blessed from beginning to end. From the first prayer and song God pours out rich blessings. We can feel the very presence of God. Who wouldn't enjoy being at such a place?

Truly I love the Church of God. I love its teachings and I believe if we will obey the teachings of the Church of God we will have on the wedding garment of linen clean and white, which is the righteousness of the saints when Jesus comes after His bride. We can't help but have it on if we obey the Church rulings because it is just what the Bible says.

Everybody pray for me that I will be just what God would have me be.—Mrs. F. B. Harrville, Doddsville, Miss.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to tell you that I am a Lighted Pathway reader. In my estimation it is the best Christian paper that I have ever read. And to know that the young people's departments of some of the more popular churches are using this material for their programs confirms my belief. They say their papers are  
(Continued on page 22)



## Contributions by Young Writers

### Are We All Ready?

Are we one and all, ready  
For the coming of our Lord?  
Are our garments clean and spotless?  
Are we leaning on His Word?

Let's visit the stately ballroom,  
Where young ones dance and cheer  
Without a thought of trouble,  
Without a hope or fear.

Over there we see the gambler  
Shuffling his cards and dice;  
Drinking, swearing, and cursing,  
Not looking very nice.

But let's take a look at a mother  
Sitting in her old armchair,  
With a smile, a twinkle, a song,  
A Bible and a prayer.

Which is ready? Do you know?  
The mother, I will say!  
She's borne the cross and paid the price  
Until she's old and gray.  
—Elaine Clark, Monroe, La.

### Victory

If you pray for things to happen,  
Or for something that you need,  
And you think God's slow to answer  
As you humbly cry and plead,  
Just be patient, brother, sister,  
God is never, never, late;  
Walk a little closer to Him, and  
patiently wait.

Be submissive to the leading  
Of the Spirit that is right.  
He will lead you safely, brother,  
To a land of perfect light.  
If the battle is against you,  
And it seems that you will lose,

Or the way our Lord would lead you  
Is hard for you to choose,  
Do your best and never falter,  
Let the Lord have His good way,  
He will lead you home to heaven,  
On the victor's side some day.  
—Mrs. J. P. Cochran, Abbeville, S. C.

### Welcome to Our Y. P. E.

At the close of this glad day,  
And the shades of night are near,  
We are here to bid you welcome  
To our Y. P. E. so dear.

We're so glad to have you with us,  
And we welcome you tonight;  
Now we ask you all to join us,  
For we stand for all that's right.

We'll tell you things about our Savior,  
The One who died for you and me;

And I'm sure you'll all be happy  
That you came to Y. P. E.

We'll now turn the meeting over  
To our leader as you see,  
And I'm sure she'll make you welcome  
While you're here in Y. P. E.  
—Viola Cassady, Davis, W. Va.

### Mother

Mother! What that name means to me  
No one can ever know;  
It means a love like a furnace fire  
That never burns low.

Mother! It means a prayer  
Has reached the throne on high;  
The answer has returned to her—  
Her child is safe tonight.

Mother! Why I ever caused you agony  
and pain  
By disobedience, I can not tell;  
But some day I'll prove to you,  
Your child still loves you well.  
—Author Unknown

### Submission

Beneath that old, old olive tree  
My Savior bent His precious knee  
And pled there so tenderly,  
For you—and me.  
And there disciples lay and slept,  
Not one hour with Him they kept,  
But still the Savior prayed and wept,  
For you—and me.

There no one knew what agony  
Prepared Him for the Calvary,  
When Jesus said—Not I, but Thee,  
For you—and me.  
How sweet He bent His gentle will,  
His Father's mission here to fill,  
And rose to go to Calvary's hill  
For you—and me.  
—Willie Mae Barrett

### A Lady

By Myrtle V. Griffis

A lady—yes, that's what I want to  
be. Should not my ambition be fulfilled  
as well as yours; you who want to be  
doctors, nurses, teachers, and preachers?  
Why is it that I can't be a lady and  
still hold my same position with the  
modern world? But, they won't let me.  
I must take my cigarette and show the  
world that I'm in style. Yes, some like  
this, but I feel a greater responsibility to  
the coming generation to do this. They  
always follow in their predecessors' foot-  
steps, as the babe that practices the  
habits of its mother and father. I want  
my path to be a steppingstone, not a  
ravine.

They also tell me that I must drink

different beverages stained with alcohol  
if I would be one of them. But I don't  
want to be a friend to them if that is  
what they wish. True friends will not  
wish that I so quickly ruin my life.

Do I have to lose my character just to  
be a "limelight"? Do I have to pave a  
broad and destructive path before my  
children so that they have nothing  
therewith to gain from it?

"No," I never shall. I want to be a  
lady—one that can face any battling  
foe and defend her own cause, without  
the snares of the world staring her in  
the face and saying, "Yes, you caused it  
all."

I'll be a lady, although it means my  
death, for death is just a darkened tun-  
nel that the soul and body of man passes  
through, after leaving this world, and  
then when through it finds that celest-  
ial city called Heaven. And when I  
reach it God will say to me, "Welcome  
home, dear lady, as a lady you have  
served well."

### A True Christian Is:

Cheerful,  
Helpful  
Ready to forgive  
Interested in others  
Sharing  
Truthful  
Inviting others to learn about Jesus  
Afraid of evil doing  
Not rude.

Take the first letter in each line of  
the column of words and all together it  
will spell Christian. There is a good  
meaning in these words.—Myrtle Lewis,  
Crisfield, Md.

### At Eventide

The stream is the calmest when it nears  
the tide,  
The flowers the sweetest at the eventide,  
And birds most musical at the close of  
day,  
And saints divinest when they pass  
away.

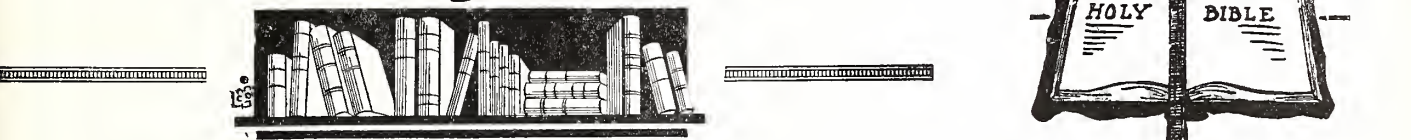
Morning is lovely but a holier charm lies  
Folded close in evening robe of balm,  
And weary ones must ever love her best,  
For morning calls to toil, but night to  
rest.

She comes from heaven and on her  
wings  
Doth bear a holy fragrance like the  
breath of prayer.  
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,  
To shut the weary eye of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she  
throws  
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;  
There is a calm of beauty and a power  
That morning knows not in the even-  
(Continued on page 26)



Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle Members:

I wonder how many books you have read this month and I also wonder how you enjoyed them. Write us about the books you are reading and give us a few points concerning them.

Now we have selected some books for you this next month.

It will help you to read about George Muller, the man of faith who was a foreigner in this country. He founded five orphan homes on Ashley Down, Bristol, with accommodations for 2,000 children; cared for 9,975 orphans through prayer and faith alone, without asking for a penny; started day and Sunday Schools in England, Italy, Spain, and other parts; traveled in forty-two countries, a distance of 200,000 miles to further the cause of the Gospel; circulated millions of Bibles and Gospel books. And all this to show, as he declared, that God is still the living God. Price \$1.00.

Stephens. Price 50c.

*Twelve Brave Boys Who Became Famous Men*, by E. E. Enock. Price 50c.

*Twelve Mighty Missionaries*, by E. E. Enock. Price \$1.00.

Give a book on your boy's or girl's or that friend's birthday.

Don't forget that you need the *History of the Church of God*, published by E. L. Simmons. If you belong to the Church of God, you will want one of them in your home to show your friends the great progress your Church is making. Order from the author, Rev. E. L. Simmons, 2519 Trunk St., Cleveland, Tenn.

Books

By Cristel Hastings

As you read, so you are. No truer index to character may be found than through reading matter. The student has eyes only for his essays. The flapper must have her love story. The farmer must have his farm journal with its pictures of new farm implements he plans to acquire for the good of his land. The housewife must have her household magazine with its recipes, its short cuts to economy, and new ideas for home comfort and home beautifying. And so it goes! The radio fan must have his radio log, and the man who joyously puttters with boats is not happy without his marine journal!

Books can be your ships. They can transport the reader to the magical realm of fancy, or reality, or romance, and even into the supernatural. As the author molds the characters in his writings, so do books mold the hearts and minds of those who read. A good book is a blessing. Always there will be infinite joy within its pages, be the volume old or new. Some books are read once and cast aside, forgotten. Others are read and reread and cherished long for the shining words of wisdom they contain, the nuggets of knowledge, or the sheer beauty of their phraseology. Bookshelves should adorn every home. They should be planned and carpentered along with the walls of cabin and mansion and not added as an afterthought, a hit-or-miss idea, merely for the sake of filling a vacant nook.

The Sermon in the Kitchen

By MARY S. WOOD

This book is so simply earnest in its outlook that one is lured from chapter to chapter till the last page is reached.

To all who are engaged in the great task of winning women for Christ, I warmly commend this book. Price 50c.

Windows For Sermons

By L. A. BANKS

A study of the art of sermonic illustration, together with 400 fresh illustrations suited for sermons and addresses. Any preacher would find the book suggestive of methods of reaching hearts and much material for uplifting thought. Some chapter titles: The Importance of Illustrations in Effectiveness of Poetical Illustration; Prose Quotations as Illustrative Material; Bible Stories as Illustrations; Sources of Fresh Illustrations, and How to Gather Them, etc. 433 pages. Completely indexed. Price \$1.00.

*The Story of Mary Slessor, a Missionary Heroine*, by E. E. Enock. Price 50c.

*Twelve Famous Evangelists*, by J.

dependable, always ready to transport you to lands you love without travel's usual array of expense and inconvenience.

Read the Bible Through This Year

These are the suggested Bible readings for May:

May	Morning	Evening
1.	1 Sam. 3-5;	Ps. 9-10
2.	1 Sam. 6-8;	Ps. 11-12
3.	1 Sam. 9-10;	Ps. 13-15
4.	1 Sam. 11-13;	Ps. 16-17
5.	1 Sam. 14;	Ps. 18
6.	1 Sam. 15-16;	Ps. 19-20
7.	1 Sam. 17;	Ps. 21-22
8.	1 Sam. 18-19;	Ps. 23-25
9.	1 Sam. 20-21;	Ps. 26-27
10.	1 Sam. 22-23	Ps. 28-30
11.	1 Sam. 24-25;	Ps. 31
12.	1 Sam. 26-27;	Ps. 32-33
13.	1 Sam. 28-29;	Ps. 34
14.	1 Sam. 30-31;	Ps. 35-36
15.	2 Sam. 1-2;	Ps. 37
16.	2 Sam. 3-4;	Ps. 38-39
17.	2 Sam. 5-6;	Ps. 40-41
18.	2 Sam. 7-8	Ps. 42-43
19.	2 Sam. 9-10;	Ps. 44
20.	2 Sam. 11-12;	Ps. 45-46
21.	2 Sam. 13-14;	Ps. 47-48
22.	2 Sam. 15-16;	Ps. 49
23.	2 Sam. 17-18	Ps. 50
24.	2 Sam. 19-20	Ps. 51-52
25.	2 Sam. 21-22;	Ps. 53-55
26.	2 Sam. 23-24;	Ps. 56-58
27.	1 Kings 1-2;	Ps. 59-60
28.	1 Kings 3-4;	Ps. 61-63
29.	1 Kings 5-6;	Ps. 64-65
30.	1 Kings 7-8;	Ps. 66-67
31.	1 Kings 9-10;	Ps. 68

Total Reading Circle Members For Each State

- Alabama—31
  - Arkansas—5
  - California—18
  - Delaware—4
  - Florida—135
  - Georgia—1597
  - Illinois—17
  - Indiana—11
  - Louisiana—10
  - Kentucky—516
  - Maryland—17
  - Michigan—31
  - Montana—9
  - Mississippi—14
  - Missouri—8
  - New Mexico—16
  - North Carolina—290
  - Oklahoma—33
  - Ohio—59
  - Pennsylvania—8
- (Continued on page 25)



### The Girl Who Found Herself

(Continued from page 3)

true. By His grace, I shall!"

"Yes, we shall pray for you, Brother Denny," assured Bob, as he arose. "If any time we can help you, let us know. And do not forget us."

"Never!" exclaimed Denny. "How could I?"

The testimonies continued, interspersed with songs and prayers and shouting. A poor woman with several children told of her salvation and what it had meant to her home. A young lady gave glory to her Savior, and told how she had been led into a life of sin, but Jesus rescued her.

"It was the dance," she cried. "I just loved it. It was so fascinating, alluring, but oh, so sinful. I do believe if I had never known how to dance, I would never have been where I was. Many are being ruined by it, and yet they do not seem to understand. High society has it, and even this week they have a Charity Ball to raise funds for the poor. If they only knew how many lives it's blighting. If they knew what it did for me, they would want to stop, if for no other reason. But now I am glad I am saved. Praise God! He has taken the dance out of my feet and put it into my heart where it belongs."

"Yes, yes!" from over the congregation. An elderly lady was now talking. She seemed to be a favorite in the mission, and all were most anxious to hear her. She spoke with a fluency, and yet her language was shorn of all rules of grammar.

"I ain't got much eddication," she began, "But bless His dear name, I've got God. Oh, He is so much to this old heart of mine. Some of youse don't know what I once was, but if youse did you would know what a great Savior I have. But when I found out who the devil was and what he was doin' fer me, I quit him jest that quick." And she clapped her hands, and jumped a little.

"Why, I used to let the devil come to my heart's house, and I would dust off th' best rockin' cheer I had, and tell him to sit down. But now I tells the old scallawag to be gone, and mind his own business. I won't let him in fer a minet.

"I was jest a lost sinner and everybody else is without my Jesus. They may think they ain't, but they air. We have all came short of the glory of God. The high and the low and the rich and the poor, and the smart and not smart, and the society lasses and the red-light lasses. We all hav' to fall at the same altar. God ain't no respecter of person, and He ain't got no pets.

"If there's any of youse high-falutin' persons here to-night and youse think you can climb up some other way, my old Book here says you is a thief and robber. You might as well take off your

glad rags and acknowledge yer air a sinner first as last. Then God can save youse and make something out of ye."

Bob felt just a bit uneasy in his chair, and yet in his heart he could say "Amen." Maybe Grandma Perkins did not know Helen was there. "Anyway," Bob kept saying, "I'll trust you, Lord. This is your meeting. I will not let the devil buffet me and make me believe someone is getting out of the Spirit. Oh, God reach her, and reach her tonight," he prayed in his heart.

Helen's face was burning, and she was twisting in her chair which seemed so hard. But she felt no resentment in her heart toward the old lady. Indeed, it never occurred to her that she meant her.

"I jest want to serve notice on the devil once more tonight," Grandma continued, "that this child is God's property and I am sealed to the day of the redemption, and he might as well keep his dirty hands off God's property.

"And, Brother Denny," she continued, turning to the man on the platform, "the Lord who saved youse can keep youse if youse let Him, an' I am praying, and will be prayin' that youse will let Him keep youse."

"Amen!" from all over the house, as Grandma Perkins sat down. "Good sermon, Grandma!" some one shouted.

Bob had arisen. "I know we could continue, dear friend, but you see by the clock that it is time to go into another part of our service. Those of you who did not have opportunity to testify, you will some other time.

"Now, dear friends, you have heard our testimonies and our songs and our prayers. It would not be right to tell you of a Savior who is so wonderful and not give you a chance to accept Him, and let Him transform your life like He has ours. Your heart needs Him. You might search to the ends of the world for peace and satisfaction, but it would be a useless search. God alone can satisfy the heart. As someone has said, 'The soul is made by God, and is made for God, and can never find any peace until it finds it in God.'

"Some of your lives doubtless have been spent in the wrong way. The devil has you down, but thank God you are not out, if you will look to Jesus. He can forgive your sins, even though you have raked at the very door of hell. He can break the power of cancelled sin. He can restore your will power. Some of you have not been guilty of extravagant or awful sins, but the sin of ingratitude in refusing to accept Him and live for Him is the greatest sin of all. Oh, tonight won't you think and come to yourself, and let us pray for you? He has done so much for me," Bob concluded, with tear-film in his eyes. He has so marvelously changed me, and He can do it for you.

One moment of this new life, with its perfect peace and joy and ecstasy, is worth more than all the other life put together. Now we shall sing a song of invitation, No. 22. Everybody get the place.

"But just before we sing," as a new thought came to his mind, "let us all bow our heads as we sit in our seats. Now, with all heads bowed and no one looking, who will raise your hand and say by that, 'Pray for me. I want to find this wonderful Savior and His joy and peace?' There's one. Thank you. There's another. God bless you. Yes, there's another and another. Yes, there are quite a few. Anyone else?"

Never in all her life had there been such a battle in the heart of Helen Golden. She wanted to raise her hand, yet it seemed as though the power had gone from it, and it was as heavy as lead. Oh, what was this awful power that held her from doing what her heart wanted to do? She did not, could not, realize that the devil, the enemy of her soul, had put himself in a strategic point and was using all his demon power to hold her helpless in his might.

"Is there not another who will raise his hand and say by that, 'Pray for me'?" Bob pleaded.

The battle was raging—the power of darkness against the power of the Spirit. At one moment Helen was ready to say, "I will," and the next moment she wanted to scream and run and say she hated Bob West and his pack of fanatics. Oh, what had possessed her to come to this place? Why had she not listened to her mother? Why had she refused to accept the invitation of her admiring friends?

"Is there not another," and Bob was praying, as were many others. "Just one more."

In an inaudible scream Helen was saying, "Oh, my God, help me. Jesus, help me." And then, "Oh, I can't—I can't—." Then, with a flash and a determination, she cried, "I will—I will—." And up went the shapely, bejeweled hand of Helen Golden, the society girl of Sunset Hill.

"Thank you," said the leader, with a lump in his throat and praises in his heart.

"Now let us all stand, and sing, and while we sing, those of you who raised your hands, just step out of your seats and come and let us kneel here at this bench."

*"Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,  
Calling for you and for me;  
See, on the portals He's waiting and  
watching,  
Watching for you and for me."*

*"Come home, come home,  
Ye who are weary, come home!"*



Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,  
Calling, O sinner, come home!"

Helen never knew how she arrived at that altar. All she knew was that she was there, crying, sobbing, praying. She was unconscious of the fact that others had come. Even next to her was a poor drunkard, ragged and dirty, while on her other side was a foreign woman, unclean and unkept, with a crying baby in her arms.

"Oh, my God!" she prayed. "Oh, help me! Help me! Save me! Forgive me! I give up, I surrender! I do!"

She was paying the price. What would it mean? Oh, her poor father and mother. What would her friends say? But it was too late now to consider these things. Her burdened heart must be relieved. Everything else had failed. Now she was at an altar of prayer.

"Yes, Lord! Mother and father and home! Yes, Lord, everything! Everything!"

And then in that way which is so mysterious—that which never can be fathomed this side of the glory world—Helen Golden yielded to the Spirit's wooing, and the Lord Jesus came into her heart, and saved her soul. Oh, what joy! Unspeakable and full of glory! Oh, what peace! It passeth all understanding! She knew, even better than she knew that she was Helen Golden, that her sins were forgiven, her burdens gone, and that she had been born from above. Oh, what could compare to it! This marvelous peace that swept over her in billows!

"Oh thank you, Jesus. Thank you—thank you!" was all she could say. But the light of God had enveloped her face.

"I am so glad," Bob was saying, with a broken voice, as he shook her hand. And others, many others—Denny, and Grandma Perkins, and the girl whom the dance had ruined—they were all so happy.

Some were not yet yielded at the altar, and Helen found herself again on her knees, with arms about the poor foreign woman, praying for her. The precious love of Jesus made her love the unlovable.

"Just say 'yes' to Jesus," Helen whispered in the woman's ears. "He did it for me and He will for you. Oh, it is grand, glorious. I am so happy." And directly God did save the woman, and the others who were kneeling at the altar.

"Now before we are dismissed," said Bob, happy in his soul and mind, "let us drive a stake. Those of you who have been saved tonight let us hear your testimony."

"Let me be first," exclaimed Helen. All eyes were upon her. Although dressed in her simplest garments, her clothing indicated wealth and fashion. "I want to say that I have found my Savior tonight. My heart has been hungry and burdened these last few days, but now I am satisfied, and the burden has gone. I truly

believe I am saved and born again. No one could make me doubt that God has not dealt with this poor soul of mine. Oh, praise God!"

It was a time of rejoicing and crying. Helen wept anew and afresh. "Please pray for me," she faltered, "for some things yet may be hard for me."

"Yes, we will. God hears and answers prayers. We will," many voices assured her.

And when the others had given their testimony, Bob said, "Now let us turn to No. 39, and sing our farewell to Brother Denny. His farewell service surely has been owned and blessed of God."

Such singing. It would seem that angels of glory were bending over battlements of gold to listen:

*"God be with you till we meet again,  
By His counsels guide, uphold you,  
With His sheep securely fold you,  
God be with you till we meet again."*

*"Till we meet, till we meet,  
Till we meet, at Jesus' feet;  
Till we meet, till we meet,  
God be with you till we meet again."*

"Miss Golden," Bob asked, "will you sing the second verse alone for us?"

A bit surprised, but willingly, Helen began. Her voice, sweet and trained and rich (and now her soul filled with Him) flowed over that Mission Hall like a voice from heaven. She turned to Brother Denny while she sang:

*"God be with you till we meet again,  
'Neath His wings protecting, hide you,  
Daily manna still provide you,  
God be with you till we meet again."*

They did not want to leave the Mission that night, it would seem. Such a happy band of people, and now Helen one of them.

The street-car ride back to Sunset Hill seemed all too short. Bob and Helen did not talk so much, but their hearts were full of praise and thanksgiving.

He escorted her to the large iron gate after they left the car, and once again took her hand.

"Oh, Bob," she whispered, "I am happy, so happy! But pray for me, won't

This story will end in June Lighted Pathway. Don't forget to order one of these splendid books, *The Girl Who Found Herself*. It will be a good soul winner as you pass it out among your young friends. Price 50c.

— — —

Watch for the announcement of our new serial in June issue.

you? There is an ordeal awaiting me, I feel sure."

"I shall," he replied softly and tenderly. "Remember, God is able, and will give you sufficient grace. Good-night."

"Good-night," and she watched him out of sight, and then walked quietly up the steps leading to the gallery, and into the house and up the stairs to her room.

SALVATION COMES TO SUNSET HILL

The mirror on Helen's dressing table told her a story that night. As she saw her countenance reflected in the clear glass, she hardly recognized herself. Oh, this new found joy of her soul was breaking out of the windows, even her countenance. There is no beauty like the beauty of the Holy Ghost's power. Beauty doctors and cosmetics and artificial things must sink into oblivion when the Holy Ghost comes.

This night Helen Golden was beautiful! Her eyes aglow with His precious love; her lips ever ready to speak His praise; every muscle and nerve of her entire body a-thrill with His power!

This new girl, this girl who had found herself in finding her Savior, was not thinking of conceit or egotism, when she whispered just before turning out the lights, "Oh, I look so good. It is all because of Jesus!"

How long she knelt that night at her bedside in prayer, only God knows. But this sweet communion, with every cloud gone between her and her God, was so manifestly blessed of Him that this one experience was worth all the persecution that was to follow. It was real—real!

Maybe the Lord knew best and why it occurred, but for some reason she did not hear the bell when it rang the next morning for breakfast. Her father and mother breakfasted alone, and although they exchanged but few words, their eyes turned again and again to the empty place at the table.

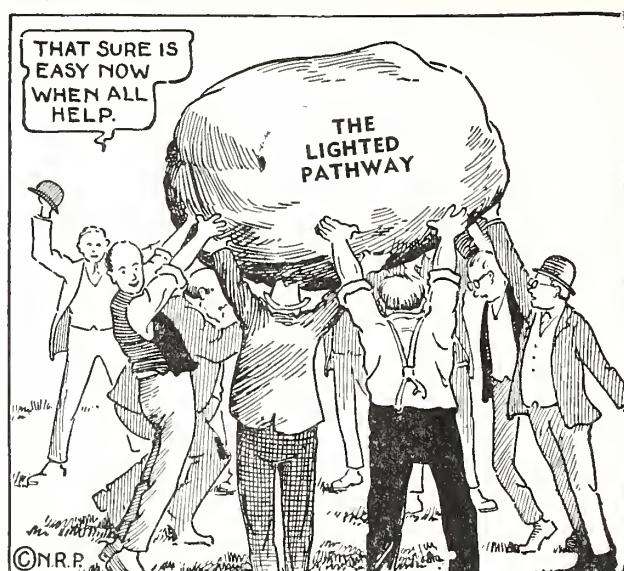
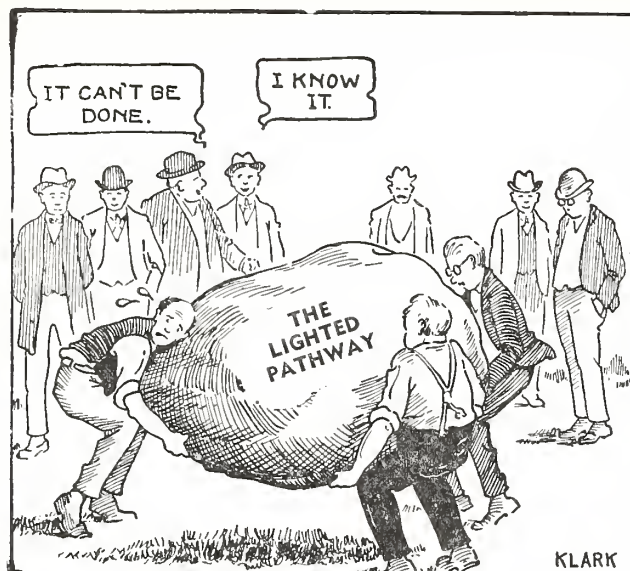
Neither of them had slept much that night. Maybe God was answering Helen's prayer, for she had prayed earnestly at her bedside for her father and mother that they, too, might find this sweet soul-rest.

Nothing is hid in a corner, and somehow, some way, it was gossip the next morning, and all through the day, that Helen Golden, the society belle, the millionaire's daughter, the young lady of superior beauty and attraction, had been at the Glad Tidings Mission, superintended by Robert West, and had prayed at the altar with drunkards and fallen women, and had professed to be saved.

(To be continued)

Love lights our spiritual lamp so it can give light to those around us who are in spiritual darkness.





### Grumbletown —Lyman E. Davis.

When Dr. Grit and Deacon Grace  
Had launched the enterprise,  
Old Uncle Doubt came in to say:  
"I hardly think it wise!"

"It takes a world to work, you know,  
These mighty things to do;  
And let me just remind you, sirs,  
That you are only two."

"Thrice welcome, then, to new recruits,"  
The workers cried with glee;  
"The task indeed is hard for two:  
Join in and make it three."

"I guess I will," said Uncle Doubt,  
"Since you are bound to win;  
And I'll go out around the town  
And fetch the others in."

So in they came, a merry crew,  
Including Brother Try;  
And Brother Slow, and Brother Go,  
And Brother By-and-by.

Until the whole wide neighborhood  
Had joined the enterprise;  
For even Deacon Grumble came,  
And Madam Criticize!

So many happy helpers came,  
So large the business grew,  
It soon became the biggest thing  
The city ever knew.

If you, my friends, would emulate  
The worthy and the wise,  
Don't hide away in Grumbletown,  
But join the enterprise.

### Exchange Page

(Continued from page 17)

not nearly so good as the Lighted Pathway because they do not contain such inspiring illustrations of the work and lives of the faithful and sound advice to the young Christian.

I think this paper binds the members of the Y. P. E. closer together. It is an incentive to work. It contains so much inspiring information that everybody loves to read.

Every one here in the Huntington Y. P. E. are enthusiastic about the Lighted Pathway. We have ordered an extra roll to furnish copies for the new readers, some of which live as far away as thirty miles from the church.

Our Y. P. E. is steadily progressing in every way. Recently the membership has been increasing from ten to twenty each month so that now we have over a hundred members. These new members are taking an active part in the programs.

May the Lord bless you in your great efforts to make the Lighted Pathway a success. We realize that it is by His help that we accomplish anything that is worth while. Pray that the Lord will continue to shower His blessings upon us. Most of all, may we, as well as the



JUDSON WHITE

President of Y. P. E., Hartwell, Ga.

Hartwell Y. P. E. has won the \$5.00 prize twice for selling the largest number of papers.

paper, be a blessing to the lost.—*Marguerite Clark, Huntington, W. Va.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading the Lighted Pathway practically all my life, but it seems to me that it gets better all the time. I especially enjoy the "Editor's Message" and "From My Scrapbook." I always enjoy "Treasured Gleanings" too but they were not in the last issue.

Everyone here enjoys the Lighted Pathway. I am sending you a list of our Reading Circle members. We have a fine Y. P. E. We feel that we have quite a bit to live up to since the General Overseer, one state overseer and several others have gone out from our church here at Dunn, but we intend to, by the help and grace of the Lord, carry on the good work that they began.

There aren't many young people here now who belong to the church but there is a group of fine young people who seem interested. We are praying for them.—*Odine Morse, Dunn, La.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to tell you how much I appreciate the Lighted Pathway. Last January while God was striving with  
(Continued on page 25)



The Editor's Mother's Day Message  
(Continued from page 2)

eyes have really been opened to see the precious jewels you have been carrying for the Master you'll really understand what I mean by "a sweet burden." How are you carrying your burden? Is it with rejoicing? It's up to you to train them so you'll find jewels at the end of the way.

I well remember how I suffered with caring for my baby who has gone on to be with Jesus. He was sick a great deal and I walked the floor night after night until my physical strength was gone. One night as I was carrying him back and forth, I said, "O little William, if I didn't love you, I'd throw you out of the window." After he went away I tried to condemn myself and feel badly about it, but after weighing the matter well I came to the conclusion that I had told the truth, for it was love that caused me to walk the floor from day to day and night after night with my precious child. It is that mother love that causes you to travel on under your heavy burden.

I once heard a story of how our heavenly Father sent an angel to earth to search out and bring back the most beautiful thing this world possessed.

The angel came and began his search and found an American Beauty rose. He took it back to the Father and the Father shook His head, and said, "No, there is something far more beautiful than the American Beauty rose. Go back and try again." Once more he searched and this time he met a precious baby, and she looked at him and smiled. "Surely, I cannot be mistaken this time," so he took the baby smile and returned to the Father. Again He shook His head. "Go back," He said, "and this time I will help you in your decision."

He walked up and down the streets of a city one night and a voice said, "Go look in that window for a little while." As he looked he saw a fond mother tucking her infant child into its little crib, and as she did so the tears of joy and

gratitude rolled down her cheeks as she thanked the Father for honoring her with motherhood. "This is very beautiful," said the angel, "but I will look a little further to make sure." On he went until the voice again said, "Here is another home I want you to look into." As he looked he again saw a mother and child.

The child was ill and back and forth the mother carried him, bathing his fevered brow and speaking words of comfort. Occasionally he could hear her say, "O God, spare my child." All night long she carried him, never murmuring, never complaining, her only thought being for the welfare of her precious child. The angel turned away, strengthened in his belief that mother love was the most beautiful thing earth possessed.

On further down the street he wandered when again that inner voice bade him stop and listen. He heard a trembling voice praying, and on stepping to the window saw an old gray-haired mother on her knees, praying for her wayward son, and beseeching her Father to return to her her precious boy.

"Ah," said the angel, "I'm sure I have it now, but I am confident that mother's prayer will be answered, and I must wait to see him come home."

Only a few days of waiting brought an answer to mother's prayer, and one day a ragged, forlorn looking young man came up the street and turned in at the gate and on to the door of his home. As he knocked the door swung open and mother's arms were about his neck, and tears of joy flowed down her cheeks. She closed the door upon the scene, but a few hours later on looking in at the window, he saw a table set with all the fine white linen of the home, the silverware, the beautiful cut glass, and everything that she could find to adorn that table was there. Then he could see her take down jar after jar of jellies, preserves and canned fruit on which his name was written. She said, "John, I canned this for your home coming." Oh, the joy in that mother's face as she served that boy whose very countenance showed dissipa-

tion was enough to convince the angel that mother love was the most beautiful thing that earth possessed. It did not take the dear heavenly Father long to give His smile of approval to the angel's decision.

Now, little mothers, with the precious ones playing at your feet or tugging at your dress as you try to perform the duties of the home through great disadvantages, may I ask, Have I helped you some with this message? If I have, I'm so glad. Right now go and find those little ones and draw them to you and tell them that you'll try to be the best mother in the world. I don't mind if you let a few tears drop as you tell them, for right now they are dropping from the eyes of the writer and I'm asking God to strengthen and help you. Let us weep together for the motherhood of our land.

Led By a Little Child  
(Continued from page 5)

derland could be his home!

Over a cluster of early spring flowers, a young woman was bending; and Bobby slowly made his way up the path toward her. Near her, he paused, his question trembling upon his lips; yet, remembering his experience at the white bungalow, he hesitated to speak.

At last, summoning all of his courage, he spoke softly; and, as the woman turned, he saw that her brown eyes were full of tears; but they must have been the tears of self-pity; for her face wore the hard, bitter expression of one who has allowed disloyalty and injustice to embitter his whole life.

Yet, as she gazed into the innocent blue eyes of little Bobby, her face softened, and her voice was kind and gentle as she inquired:

"What is it that you want, my child? I do not understand."

Drawn by her kindness, Bobby poured out the whole of his story into her listening ear; and, when he had finished, she took him gently in her arms, and held him close to her hungry, aching heart.

"If I could, I would keep you always, Darling," she whispered softly, "but very soon, I too, shall be without a home."

"But," she gently promised, "if your aunt and uncle are willing, while I stay, you too may stay."

The weeks that followed were happy weeks for Bobby; for Miss Margaret (as he was taught to call his new-found friend) was, to this little orphan, a real mother.

Every hour of the day was filled with happiness for the little boy—the pleasant morning hours, when he helped Miss Margaret with the chickens, the garden, and the flowers; the afternoon, when he took his nap in the little white bed; the twilight hour, when she held him on her lap, while she sang beautiful songs, or told entrancing stories; and even the bed-





time hour when he was given a bath in the big white bathtub, and tucked into his little bed, after kneeling at Miss Margaret's knee for his evening prayer.

Yes, those were happy weeks for Bobby; and they were happy weeks for Miss Margaret as well. Her naturally tender heart, which had been crushed and wounded by heavy burdens and the unfaithfulness of friends, found a healing balm in the love of this little child; and, in opening her heart to him she became conscious of another love which she had forgotten.

(To be continued)

### Gray Hair

(Continued from page 11)

little fellow, before his father died, a bird had builded on a branch that reached close to the house, and father had lifted him to that window to see the nest.

He leaned his head against the tree. Even in his darkest moments he could not imagine his mother's deserting him.

His hat blew away in the bitter wind, but he did not heed.

"It's my own doing; I deserve it all," he muttered. "I will go away and work until I have proved my repentance then maybe she will take me back. Oh, mother, mother, mother."

His longing to see her was more than he could stand. Almost mechanically he began to climb the tree. Soon his head was on a level with the window, and the upper part of the room visible. A golden frame high on the wall held the picture of a young man scarcely more than a boy, with a handsome, merry face, the way he had looked when he went away. The man groaned. Strange that she should put that there where her eyes could rest on it the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning.

Maybe it was only a memento of one who was gone forever. He climbed hurriedly a couple of feet more. A woman was kneeling by the bed, but it wasn't his mother. This woman was thinner and slighter, but, more than that, his mother had dark, very dark hair, and this woman's was snowy white. It fell around her like a silver veil. Someone was occupying his mother's room.

He turned to go down. He had no wish to spy on anyone. "I may not even look upon her face," he thought bitterly.

The kneeling figure arose and turned toward the window. The movement attracted him and he raised his eyes and stared straight into his mother's face; for it was his mother with tear-stained eyes and quivering lips. He gazed a moment in unbelieving bewilderment. It came back to him what the man in the car had said. "I sometimes think

she cares when I look at—her hair," but he had not heard the last two words and had not understood.

"Oh, mother, mother," he breathed. He slipped hastily down from the tree and ran around the house, his one desire to reach her and comfort her some way. He sped across the porch and put his finger on the loose screw in the dining-room window. Even as he slipped into the warm, scented dusk it came to him that the fastener had been left all this time, so that if he ever came and found the door locked he could still get in.

"I must not frighten her," he whispered.

He opened the front door and shut it with a little slam that echoed loudly through the quiet house. Years ago his mother had said, "When you come in at night slam the door a little; then I'll know it is you. Burglars don't slam doors."

He put up the chain and ran lightly up the stairs. Would she hear? Would she know?

Her door was ajar. He pushed it open gently. She was sitting straight up in bed, her dark eyes full of agonizing uncertainty, her face the color of snow, and her hands clasped across her breast.

"Herbert, Herbert, Herbert," she was repeating over and over in a strangled voice, scarcely above a whisper. Then clearly, passionately, as her eyes confirmed her hope, "My son, my son, my son," and her arms stretched hungrily out to him.

He drew a deep breath, as though life and hope were coming back. Then he was kneeling at her side, holding her close, sobbing out his grief and repentance and love on her breast.

"I was speeding, mother, and hurt a man, and was so thankful that I had not killed him I was glad to pay the penalty."

Later, much later, after many things had been explained and his forehead was wet with her forgiving tears, he said, "Mother, one of the things that brought me on my knees to God was when the prison chaplain said, 'Your Father in heaven can love you and forgive you even more than your mother can.'"

"For me, mother?" he whispered, lifting a strand of the silver hair.

"Yes, sonny," she answered softly. "I could hide from others my grief and fear and longing, but not from myself."

"Oh, mother," he said, brokenly, "I will never cause you another sorrow, but I cannot make up to you for this."

She clasped his head closer to her breast and made that little crooning sound that only mothers can make. "Oh, my son, my beloved one, what

care I for gray hair? Why, it shall be a crown of glory to me now that you have come back to me like this."—*The Advance*.

### Polishing

(Continued from page 6)

never get too old to shine for Jesus. Oh, the people in the world who are blinded to the fact that it means something to be in the Church (the Bride of Christ)! How many sad hearts there will be when the trumpet of God shall sound and they are not ready to go. The Bridegroom went by the way of the cross and we too, if we are His Bride, must go by the way of the cross. When the mother of James and John asked for her sons to be honored when Christ set up His Kingdom, His answer was, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" Yes, without a doubt this means the baptism of suffering. James and John responded immediately, "We are able." Can you say the same? If you can, you can be polished and made into a stone for this wonderful building, The Church of God.

Oh, yes, many have their names on a church book but that does not put you in the Bride unless you have permitted God to polish you and fix you up like unto Himself. God help us to take an inventory of our lives and see where we are today.

### Such a Mother

(Continued from page 7)

thank Him for dying grace. He makes this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.' And, oh, chaplain, thank Him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there."

"And so," said the chaplain, "I knelt by his bed with not a petition to utter, only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace and an eternal home in glory."

—*Christian Observer*.

### What Is a Church Vacation Bible School?

(Continued from page 13)

and their equipment.

3. Secure the necessary teachers and helpers and provide for their training.

4. Finance.

5. Advertise.

### The Watcher-Mother

(Continued from page 10)

And so I think that where she is  
She must be watching yet.

"Waiting till we come Home to her,  
Anxious if we are late—  
Waiting from Heaven's window,  
Leaning from Heaven's gate!"



Reading Circle Members By States

(Continued from page 19)

South Carolina—1299  
South Dakota—1  
Tennessee—124  
Texas—49  
Virginia—45  
West Virginia—187

Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for April	Sold since Assembly
Alabama	617	4,407
Arkansas	211	1,175
California	98	424
Colorado		19
Delaware	42	141
Foreign	189	1,259
Florida	1,298	8,515
Georgia	2,257	14,751
Idaho	14	70
Iowa	42	156
Illinois	337	2,027
Indiana	98	496
Kansas	56	339
Kentucky	967	5,007
Louisiana	154	844
Massachusetts	14	156
Maine	42	114
Maryland	235	1,398
Michigan	154	1,142
Minnesota		1
Mississippi	282	1,879
Missouri	126	779
Montana	84	618
Nebraska		1
New Mexico	175	783
New York		1
New Jersey	28	168
N. Carolina	2,066	8,489
North Dakota	42	229
Oklahoma	255	1,198
Ohio	323	2,298
Oregon	56	254
Pennsylvania	539	4,207
S. Carolina	3,810	16,434
South Dakota	56	286
Tennessee	1,077	7,832
Texas	335	2,562
Virginia	429	2,413
Washington	16	173
West Virginia	1,098	7,071
Washington		
D. C.	14	57

God Marvelously Answers Prayer

(Continued from page 12)

God's way and have nothing to regret. Could you see the results? God has done wonderful things and the work is His. He will undertake though my hands are bound, He will provide and care for His own."

Possibly there were 50,000 or more of our people praying on this special prayer day, March 5, which was a request of our Mission Board. Incidentally, I was in Prince Edward Island, Canada, on that date and a group of saints earnestly prayed that God would deliver our

Brother Lauster from prison. We should all thank God from the depths of our hearts for answering prayer. Bless His wonderful name.

I had attempted to secure Brother Lauster's release through the aid of the United States Government, but since Brother Lauster was a German citizen there was nothing we could do about it but pray. What a wonderful privilege it is we can take our problems to God in prayer, and we know He still hears and answers. Bless His wonderful name.—J. H. Walker, General Overseer.

Exchange Page

(Continued from page 22)

my heart I began to read the little paper. I remember on one occasion while reading your message my heart filled to the brim and tears flowed down my cheeks. I wanted to live for Jesus, my soul was so sick of sin. So I thank God for the Lighted Pathway and its Editor, both of which had a part in bringing my soul to the Lord. I found in it a message of love for those of a contrite spirit and a broken heart.

I am now secretary and treasurer of the Y. P. E. here in Marked Tree. We have just ordered a roll of Lighted Pathways for our young people's programs. We have never used them before but they make the programs much more interesting.

We trust you will pray earnestly for us and may God bless you and each issue of the Lighted Pathway that goes out. Your sister in Christ,—Nadyne Clouse, Marked Tree, Ark.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I do want to take this method of expressing our love for the dear Lighted Pathway. Our church here at Anadarko, Okla. is just a little new work and our Y. P. E. is not a year old yet but we all love your paper. We can hardly wait from one month to another. We use the lessons for our programs and surely do like them.

Our Y. P. E. is only selling one roll now but if folks keep on coming and interest grows we may have to order the second roll.

Sister Harrison, I enjoy reading your messages each month and they just make me take new courage every time I read them.

I'm so glad that we can have this method in the paper of expressing our thanks for the good we receive from others.—Mrs. Calvin Rogers, Anadarko, Okla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to acknowledge receipt of the roll of fourteen Lighted Pathways and to state that they sold so quickly and so well until I find it necessary to order another roll to meet the requirements of

the local citizens both old and young, Christian and sinner. Please send me an extra roll.—Willie T. Welch, Cumberland, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

As I read your messages in the Lighted Pathway from time to time, I just can't put off writing to you any longer. Your messages seem like a personal letter to me.

The first of the year I said that I wanted to do what God wanted me to do. I was elected assistant Sunday School teacher and as you said in your message, you had always worked with the children, that is the same with me. I don't mind trying to teach them. But our adult teacher has been sick all year and wasn't able to attend church so they asked me to teach her class. At first I refused but after I read your message it helped me so much to try to press forward and look to God for my strength, that I decided to teach the class.—Mrs. Henry Propst, York, S. C.

My Mother's Song

Adah Torrey Henderson

Oh, the song my mother sung  
Long ago,  
How the music sweetly rung  
As the tones were softly flung  
All the birds and flow'rs among,  
Long ago, long ago.

From her dark eyes, bright and clear,  
Long ago,  
Shone the light that brought sweet cheer  
Into lives by grief made drear,  
And her bright smile banished fear,  
Long ago, long ago.

In her hand a soft caress,  
Long ago,  
Words that kindly thoughts express,  
Sympathy for all distress;  
On her lips a song to bless,  
Long ago, long ago.

Oh, the song my mother sings  
With the blest.  
How the music of it rings;  
Round my heart its echo clings,  
And a peace from heaven brings  
Like the sweet long ago.  
—Selected.

Wesley on Money

John Wesley once wrote to his sister: "You do not consider money never stays with me; it would burn me if it did. I throw it out of my hands as soon as possible lest it should find a way into my heart."—Selected.

The soul that is purged from all selfishness has undoubtedly been through the process in God's refinery that causes it to look more like its Lord and Master than any other change it could undergo.



### Information

I will give just a little information about selling the Lighted Pathway. Some of our Gideons are new and may not understand. The first three rolls of 14, you sell them at 10c each and you will make a profit of \$1.20 on the three rolls or 42 papers. After you sell the three rolls you may have all you can sell for 5c each, making a 50 per cent profit. After you have sold one hundred papers you have \$4.10 to apply on your next order of papers or use for your Y. P. E. or whatever you may be working for. Order what you need at once. Make a house to house canvass of your city. You can establish a route so that they will be looking for you next month with your papers. Any individual desiring to sell them will please give good references.—Editor.

### Mildred Timms

Anderson, S. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

### Honor Roll

James Hicks, Hartwell, Ga.  
Mrs. H. L. Hunt, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Ruby Lee Smith, Woodruff, S. C.  
Amanda Fuller, Greenville, S. C.  
Susie Durham, Middlesboro, Ky.  
C. C. Owens, Kannapolis, N. C.

### Silver Lining

Some have been writing in, asking about the *Silver Lining*. This is a book of 57 beautiful poems. They make lovely gifts and poetry lovers are delighted with them. Come on and help me put them in the hands of the people. They will be a blessing. We give \$15.00 for selling 100 of them. Please send references, and remember they cannot be returned. Get your Y. P. E. well organized to sell them, giving each so many to sell. They will be easy to dispose of in this way.

Get your copy of "*Roses for Father*." Only one magazine in the world, so far as I know, ever published a "Father's Day" issue, that is the Lighted Pathway. If you know of another one I'd like for you to send in the name and address of that magazine. Don't fail to get your copy of our June issue.—Editor.

### At Eventide

(Continued from page 18)  
ing hour.

Until the evening must we weep and toil,  
Plow life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,  
Tread with sad feet our rough and stormy way,

And bear the heat and burdens of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting may we glide,

Like summer evening down the golden tide,

And leave behind us as we pass away,  
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

—Addie Joe Hebb, St. George, W. Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I read the Lighted Pathway from cover to cover and think it a wonderful paper.

We have a real good Y. P. E. and get most of our programs from the Lighted Pathway. Just recently we put on the play, *The Unbroken Circle*. In the last scene we used a white covered box for the casket, covered over with beautiful wreaths and flowers made from crepe paper. So realistic was the scene that the audience felt the sadness of a real funeral. I would advise all Y. P. E's everywhere to put this play on. I feel sure it would prove a blessing to your Y. P. E. Pray for us.—Mrs. Monroe Bailey, Isola, Miss.

### The Unbroken Circle

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

We have another short play also, "*Enlisting in the Army of the Lord*," which you could use in your programs. Price 10c. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and do nothing for your meetings and depend on God doing it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—Editor.

### New Gideons

Mrs. Thelma Barrett, Selma, Ala.  
A. B. Carter, Lenoir, N. C.  
Ada McGinnis, Boger City, N. C.  
Mrs. Annie Lavoie Smith, Valdese, N. C.

On the night of May 14 the Church of God of Williamsburg, Pa. will observe the opening service of their Daily Vacation Bible School, which will continue for two weeks. We understand that this is the first Bible School of its kind to be held in the state of Pennsylvania. We're expecting it to prove a great blessing to the entire church. Pray for us.—Mrs. C. H. Shaw, district superintendent of Y. P. E.

Thurman Smith, Hazelwood, N. C.  
Mrs. O. R. Skipper, Salisbury, N. C.  
Miss Dolly Williams, Valdese, N. C.  
A. B. Lane, Valdosta, Ga.  
H. C. Mixon, Valdosta, Ga.  
Louise Shaw, Valdosta, Ga.  
Mrs. Cleve Cook, Nashville, Ga.  
Clyde Beckner, Cooper, Iowa.  
Oscar Holbrook, Wheelwright, Ky.  
Miss Clarice Corley, St. Charles, Va.  
Geneva Howard, Crab Orchard, Ky.  
Lorraine Arvidson, West Auburn, Wash.  
Leona Huffstutler, Altoona, Ala.  
Cattie Houser, Sanford, N. C.  
Mrs. Ola Blair, Omaha, Ark.  
Miss Flora Grimes, Austinville, Va.  
Myrtice Froust, Rayville, La.  
Miss Helen Bagley, Blue Diamond, Ky.  
Paula Faye Barrett, Magee, Miss.  
Miss Elizabeth Smith, Concord, N. C.  
W. Starling, New Bern, N. C.  
Bruce E. Burris, Stanfield, N. C.  
Earl Spooner, Wilmington, N. C.  
Charles L. Gregory, Wilmington, N. C.  
Kate Breeden, Cool Ridge, W. Va.  
Coye Bennett, Naples, Fla.  
A. B. Dixon, Madisonville, Tenn.  
J. L. Bonham, Jesup, Ga.  
Mrs. Pelzer Wilson, Savannah, Ga.  
Mrs. J. D. Price, Jesup, Ga.  
Mrs. Edna Stallings, Odum, Ga.  
Mrs. Laura Johns, Odum, Ga.  
Thermond Daniels, Bristol, Ga.  
Mrs. Margaret Gainey, Hartsville, S. C.  
Mrs. Britt Dozier, McBee, S. C.  
J. W. Lutz, Ephrata, Pa.  
Hazel Timms, Williamston, S. C.  
Minnie Alice Brooks, Adel, Ga.  
Lucile Gillis, Broxton, Ga.  
Alonzo Fordham, McRae, Ga.  
Miss Ren Cassels, Candler, N. C.  
Vivian Clevenger, Rhodhiss, N. C.  
Rosa Rogers, Benson, N. C.  
Mamie Lee Jenkerson, Sevierville, Tenn.  
Mrs. Eva Simms, Dallas, Texas.  
Ruby Thompson, Latah, Wash.  
H. B. Turlington, Hope Mills, N. C.  
Mrs. J. C. Gupton, Henderson, N. C.  
Eugene Patrick, Seco, Ky.  
Miss Mae Vess, Biltmore, N. C.  
Margaret Cayton, Washington, N. C.  
J. W. Harman, Washington, N. C.  
Mrs. W. E. Webber, Inman, S. C.  
Frances Pike, Inman, S. C.  
Odis Smith, Greenville, S. C.  
Martha McNabb, St. Elmo, Tenn.  
R. B. Smith, Gastonia, N. C.  
Johnnie Rayhill, Coral Ridge, Ky.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who are going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

## THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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# Glints of Knowledge



The report of the M. E. Church South for the year 1938 shows that it now has on its roll 2,919,197 members. The number received on confession of faiths during the year is 117,432, the largest number yet tabulated.

Infants baptized number 22,535, and 77,720 adults, a combined total of 100,255. The Sunday School increased 107,000. The church raised for all purposes \$29,144,794.

## World's Principal Religion

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin recently published a chart showing the numerical strength of the principal religions of the world. The population of the world is given at 1,828,000,000, of whom 639,000,000 or 34.8 per cent are Christians. Of these 318,000,000 are Roman Catholics and 130,000,000 Eastern Catholics. Protestants number 191,000,000, broadly classified as 81,000,000, Lutheran and 110,000,000 Reformed. Non-Christians total 1,189,000,000 or 65.2 per cent of the world's population. There are 15,000,000 Jews; 227,000,000 Mohammedans; 311,000,000 Confucianists; 215,000,000 Hindus; 161,000,000 Animists; 140,000,000 Buddhists and 120,000,000 other non-Christians.—*World Outlook*.

James G. Stahlman, president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, declared "the press of America is determined that it will never submit to censorship by legislative enactment, executive fiat, the jingle of tainted money or bullets from the dark."

He contrasted free speech and a free press in Russia to "a firing squad or the Siberian wastes"; in Italy to "the heel of a fascist dictator"; in Germany to "imprisonment, death at the order of a bad man denying the very existence of God Himself."

"Democracy is taking its last stand," he said, and its bulwark constitutes "the guaranty of free speech, a free press, the right of assembly, freedom of learning and freedom of conscience."

## Atheism in Russia

*Lutheran News Bulletin* says: "Instruction in atheism will be obligatory in all schools of Soviet Russia during 1939, according to recent news reports. To prepare teachers for their new duties a pedagogical institute for instruction in atheism is to be established. Jaroslavsky, head of the Society of the Godless, has declared that atheism in Russia is now in the last stage of its struggle against religion. The year 1942, he says, will mark the jubilee of the Soviet Union and the great festival of the victory of atheism.

By 1967, after half a century of Communism, he predicts that the 230,000,000 population of Russia will be completely godless."

The estimated cash of the World War is \$350,000,000,000, which is enough to provide five acres of land and a \$3,500 house for every family in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, France, Germany, Soviet Russia and Australia; a \$10,000,000 university for every city of 200,000 population or more in those countries; a \$5,000,000 library for every city of 200,000 population or more in those countries; a life-long salary of \$2,500 a year for 50,000 teachers; a life-long salary of \$2,500 a year for 50,000 nurses and enough money left to buy up everything of value in France and Belgium.

Recent figures show that Sunday Schools are conducted in 129 countries. They are prohibited in only one land—Russia. They thrive best in the United States, with over 20,000,000 enrolled. England ranks second. In Finland there are 248,380 pupils and 23,408 teachers. Finland has two institutions for the training of Sunday School teachers.—*Religious Telescope*.

The membership of boys and girls in Four-H Clubs is over 1,250,000, and they represent the finest types of farm youth. Clubs have been formed in every state and territory. The pledge which gives occasion for the title "Four-H" springs from the following pledge: "My head to clear thinking; my heart to greater loyalty; my hands to larger service; and my health to better living."

## Ocean Air Disasters Since 1933 Are Listed

New York, Jan. 21.—Here are the principal ocean air disasters of recent years:

1933—Dirigible Akron crashed in the Atlantic ocean—seventy-three killed.

1934—Transport plane crashed off Mazatlan, Mexico—seven killed; five killed in crash near Mar Chiquita, Argentina.

1935—Dirigible Macon crashed in the Pacific ocean—two killed; British sea-plane crashed near Sicily—nine killed.

1936—English channel plane crashed—ten killed; flying boat crashed in take-off at Trinidad—three killed.

1937—Flying boat crashed near Cristobal, Panama—fourteen killed.

1938—Clipper exploded near Samoa—seven killed—soviet dirigible crashed in Arctic—thirteen killed; crashed in

Tyrrhenian sea—twenty killed; French flying boat crashed against breakwater at Marseille—eight killed.

1939—Hawaiian clipper lost in mid-Pacific with fifteen abroad.

Boston University School of Theology during the last hundred years has contributed to the religious leaders of the world: 2,251 pastors; 321 missionaries; 22 bishops; 122 college presidents; 317 college professors; and 33 religious journalists.

Philadelphia is America's largest Protestant city. It has 1,000 Protestant churches, 500,000 members, and 700,000 nominally affiliated with these churches.

While war is raging in China, a great Bible band, financed by a Chinese Christian merchant, is traveling through Mongolia distributing the Scriptures to all who will receive them.

Notwithstanding all that has been done, there are still 10,000 villages in rural America without a church of any kind—Protestant, Roman Catholic or Jewish; 30,000 villages without a pastor; 13,400,000 children under twelve years of age who are receiving no religious instruction; more than one-half of the population of the nation today not connected with any institution representing organized religion.

A bar of iron, worth \$5.00, when made into horseshoes, is worth \$10.00; into needles, \$340.00; into pen-knives, \$3,250; into watchsprings, \$250,000.

A mid-western sociologist has just compiled the statistics which show America spent in bets on horse races exactly the amount spent on the public school system of the nation.

Chicago alone spends \$250,000,000 annually for commercial amusements—movies, dance halls, etc. Think of the food, clothing, and other lines of businesses which would be helped if the money could be so used.

## Take It and Leave It

Did you know that there is one large city in the world which allows no automobiles within its boundaries? This is Soochow, China. Good highways lead to the city from many directions. But when an automobile reaches the walls of this ancient place, the motorist must park his car and ride ricksha into the city! No autos are allowed to enter the gates of this thousand-year-old city.



# *The Baby Over the Way*

Across in my neighbor's window  
With its folds of satin and lace,  
I see, with its crown of ringlets,  
A baby's innocent face.  
The throngs in the street look upward,  
And everyone, grave and gay,  
Has a nod and smile for the baby  
In the mansion over the way.

Just here in my cottage window,  
His chin in his dimpled hands,  
And a patch on his faded apron,  
The child that I live for stands.  
He has kept my heart from breaking  
Far many a weary day,  
And his face is as pure and handsome  
As the baby over the way.

Sometimes when we sit together,  
My grave little man of three  
Sore vexes me with the question:  
"Does God, up in Heaven, like me?"  
And I say: "Yes—yes, my darling!"  
Though I almost answer "Nay,"  
As I see the nursery candles  
In the mansion over the way.

And oft when I draw the stockings  
From the little, tired feet,  
And loosen the clumsy garments  
From his limbs, so round and sweet,  
I grow too bitter far singing,  
My heart too heavy to pray,  
As I think of the dainty raiment  
Of the baby over the way.

O God in heaven, forgive me  
For all I have thought and said;  
My envious heart is humbled—  
My neighbor's baby is dead!  
I saw the little white coffin  
As they carried it out today,  
And the heart of a mother is breaking  
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window,  
The flowers bloom at my door;  
My boy is chasing the sunbeams  
That dance on the cottage floor,  
The ruses of health are crowning  
My darling's forehead today,  
But the baby is gone from the window  
Of the mansion over the way.—Sel.

—Sent in by Hettie Ellen Payne.



# The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 10

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No. 6



## Roses for Father

'Twas he who knew each childish care  
And all my burdens helped me bear,  
Who toiled to earn my daily bread  
And pay the current overhead,  
Who calmly bucked the toil and strife  
To fit me for the game of life,  
Who kept my smallest secrets "mum,"  
And proved a father, sport and chum.  
His life to me a lot has meant,  
And so with gladness I present  
These roses in one big bouquet  
To father dear, on Father's Day.

—Cecil M. Truesdell.



# The Editor's Father's Day Message

I am sure, fathers, you will like the roses we have brought to you today as a token of our respect to you. "Give me the roses now" is the desire of every soul on the face of the earth. We are addressing our young fathers especially in this issue because we feel that they are most important these days, because they, along with the mother, hold our future generation in their hands.



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

But most assuredly the roses are for the older fathers who have reared successfully so many of our noble young men and women today and sent them forth to bless the world. I wish that I could place on my own dear father's grave at this time a beautiful bouquet of roses, but these on our front cover page are in memory of his life of sacrifice for his children as well as all other good fathers who await us over there.

A few years ago I was talking with a friend in her home and something was said about Mother's Day and the wearing of the carnation, when, to my astonishment, she said, "I do not believe in Mother's Day, nor do I ever wear flowers on Mother's day." I, of course, inquired into the why of her stand along this line. She said, "Well, I don't think it right to separate Father's and Mother's Day. Of course they have a Father's Day, but there is very little said about it. Why don't they have the day together? They are supposed to be one. Why separate them?"

I agree with her that they ought to be together. One is as essential in the child's life as the other, and a child reared by one alone has missed something that is worth consideration. I think we should emphasize father's place and his importance in the bringing up of our children more than we do. Far too many of them are leaving the burden of the rearing of the children upon the mother and need to feel their own responsibility more. The boy in the home who has missed the companionship of his father, because father is too busy, has missed

half of the joys of childhood and feels the regret of it all through his life. And many times after the boy has flown away from the home nest father wakes up to the fact that he too has missed something, and it causes sadness to fill his heart. Usually "Daddy" is the boy's ideal and he follows closely in his footsteps.

A little boy and his father were walking through a garden where there were tender vines.

"Now, papa," says Ned, "you be careful That you step in just the right place, For right in your footsteps I'm stepping." "Ah! that," sighed the father, "is the case."

*Let's stop now and think ere we journey,  
Would we travel the road just ahead,  
If we knew that our own cherished darlings  
Would follow the path we have led?*

—Ada Clark

What "Daddy" does is all right, and after while when the boy launches out in sin the father wakes up to a realization of what he has done, but it is too late.

I talked on with this woman for a while and she told me her story. Her mother died when she was fourteen years of age and left her father with six children. She was the eldest and took the place of housekeeper. I said, "So you were the mother of the little family." "No," she said, "my father took both the father's and mother's place. He gave up his practice of law and took up school

teaching so that he could be with his children and educate them. He never married again but gave his love and attention to his children. He not only reared his own, but he took the son of one of his neighbor's children and reared him to manhood and a strong Christian character." What about a father like that! Do you blame her for feeling hurt on Mother's Day to have father ignored and left out?

Not long ago I attended a Mother's Day testimony meeting and I believe I heard two or three mention father, that he had been a blessing in their lives. I thank God for Christian parents and I never think of leaving my dear old father out on Mother's Day. So I join hands with this woman in wishing they could combine the two days.

One time a young man of my acquaintance was preparing to start a home. He was very anxious along financial lines, whether or not he was able to start a home on his present salary, and was very much undecided about taking the step. Many young people today forget the responsibility they are taking upon themselves and rush into establishing a home with no provisions for the future. Sometimes it turns out all right but often it is a handicap for life. Even that early in the life of the right kind of a man the responsibility of a home is no small thing and then when the little ones begin to come along, the responsibility grows and the father needs much love and encouragement to help him along the way. The most beautiful thing in all the

world to me is to see father and mother marching along hand in hand, bearing one another's burdens, each one looking to the best interest of their children, both living good Christian lives and leading their children in the beautiful highway of holiness.

So often the home is divided along spiritual lines, the father pulling one way and the mother the other, perhaps one living in sin and for the world, and the other trying to fight through clouds of discouragement to lead them for Christ. Oh, what a sad picture! If only each could take his proper place and realize one is just as important as the other, soon our Mother's Day and Father's Day could be made one. Of course the mission of mother and father is different. The

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# The Girl Who Found Herself

BY C. H. JACK LINN

(Used by permission of the author)

## SYNOPSIS

Helen Golden, a rich society belle, by accident finds herself in a testimony meeting and is held spellbound by the testimony of a young man by the name of Bob West. She finds herself under deep conviction.

The next day Helen's home is in a turmoil. Her mother is very indignant toward her when she learns she was at the class meeting and goes into a mad fit when Helen turns down Tom Wilson's invitation to the ball on Tuesday night and George Banderman's invitation to the Grand Opera on Wednesday night, and finally accepted an invitation to go with Robert West to the little mission that night. This was too much for Helen's mother and she fainted away. But Helen's face was turned heavenward. She remembered the words of the Master, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." Helen enjoyed the good testimonies given in at the little mission and the good songs which they sang. An altar call was given and to her surprise she found herself in the altar seeking God with all her heart and was wonderfully saved that night.

Nothing is hid in a corner, and somehow, some way, it was gossip the next morning, and all through the day, that Helen Golden, the society belle, the millionaire's daughter, the young lady of superior beauty and attraction, had been at the Glad Tidings Mission, superintended by Robert West, and had prayed at the altar with drunkards and fallen women, and had professed to be saved.

The reporter who ran across this story, possessed of an unusual "nose for news," might have found his copy in the wastebasket had not the sheet for which he worked been a staunch advocate of "yellow journalism."

Even the leaders in society read the same newspapers as do the poor people, and across their breakfast tables, and in their limousines as they were driven to their offices, they read of the exploits of Helen Golden.

Perchance, Tom Wilson sneered. Maybe Harvey Appleton could better now understand why his invitation had not been accepted. No doubt George Banderman found strange thoughts passing over his mind.

Helen's father discovered the story in the paper. He locked himself in the office alone. It was terrible for him. He thought everybody knew it, and when he found it necessary to leave the privacy of his office, he felt an uprising in his heart and he wanted to discharge every one of his employees.

Only one conclusion could he arrive at—Helen must give up this religion, and he would send her away for a time, even to Europe, until mouths were hushed and the excitement had subsided.

Helen's mother did not see the paper. Helen, herself, told her the story. When she finally was awakened, she hurriedly dressed, but not without earnest prayer,

and hastened downstairs. Mrs. Golden was in the library in a large chair when Helen found her.

"O mother, why didn't you call me. I overslept. I intended to be at breakfast," Helen explained.

"Your father and I thought it was another of your strange maneuvers," her mother replied, with a tinge of sarcasm. "You are surprising us at every turn these days." And then, opening the way for Helen to recite the incidents of the Mission, Mrs. Golden added: "Did you enjoy your street-car ride last night?"

"Oh, if you could have been at the Mission, mother," Helen began, enthusiastically, ignoring her mother's satire. Mrs. Golden had not even so much as glanced at her daughter. If she had looked into her face, she would have known a great change had been wrought.

"It is the cutest Mission, mother. And Robert West has been such a help to those poor people. Why, there was a drunkard there last night—that is, he was a drunkard—"

"Helen, I am not interested in stories of drunkards, and I am surprised that my charming daughter is," severely from her mother, not yet looking into Helen's face.

"I am sorry, mother. I did not used to be, but since Jesus has come into my heart and saved me, I am vitally interested—"

"Saved you, indeed! And pray tell me when were you lost? A pity indeed when a Golden must leave his fashionable church and go to a dirty mission to be saved? What are we paying Dr. Bloomingdale for?"

Those were some of the thoughts which had been in Helen's mind before she had gone to the altar. Truly, it was a pity that one had to go to a Mission to find Christ. But Helen had never heard of any one being saved in their church. In fact, she could not even remember when an invitation had been given to that end, or a sermon had been preached with that thought in view.

"Well, I must tell you, mother," Helen was now crying softly. "I was so burdened in my heart, and I needed Jesus, and last night I stepped out in the Mission and went to the altar, and gave myself to Him. He saved me, and He saves me this morning, and I am so very, very happy."

"Well, you will get over such foolishness in time. Those who do rash things must repent at leisure. For goodness sake, do not tell anybody, for what would our

friends say if they should hear such a story as a Golden, and you especially, kneeling at a filthy altar with drunkards and fallen women? Wouldn't that be a capital story to get into the papers? I can see them read it now." And the very thought brought a spell of horror over the proud Mrs. Golden. Little did she know that her words had already been literally fulfilled that very morning.

"And another thing, my daughter," Mrs. Golden went on, "I absolutely forbid your going out any more with that Bob West person, and I never want to hear of you being at the Mission again. What will your father say when he hears this story? After all these years trying to make something out of you and now such actions. Let it be an experience to you, and let it be the last.

"And another thing, this being saved talk is all nonsense. That might be all right for drunkards and cut-throats, and such people, but we are not of that class. I have to confess that when I was younger even than you, I had some of that silliness in my head, but I am glad and thankful that I gave it up before it had gone very far." Her mother spoke in a bitter tongue.

"Oh, mother—you surely do not know what you are saying."

"But I do know," snapped the unhappy woman.

"Why, mother dear, when I am so happy and I feel now that my life will amount to something, can you not encourage me? You remember how glad you were when I took the prize at Atlantic City, and the papers were full of it, and my picture, in every kind of costume and pose, you were so kind to me then. Why, you know they had me in a bathing suit, and how vulgar it was. And I did not tell you of the things that men whispered in my ears when I danced, and how they held me in their arms, and the awful feelings that came into my body. O mother, I tremble as I think of it. And you urged me on, and was glad —."

She sobbed, with crushed heart. For the first time, Mrs. Golden looked into her daughter's face. It was beautiful despite the tears, and her mother-heart wanted to take her in her arms. But false pride, the desire for place, and worldly fame, all conspired to defeat her aching heart.

"Now," went on Helen, "I have the loftiest thoughts—oh, they are sublime, grand, exalted—I want to be something, something worth-while for Him. Like Bob West. To make—"

This was too much. The mention of Bob's name acted as a flash to set the powder off in Mrs. Golden's heart.

"Do not ever mention that man's name again in my presence," she almost

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# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 1

### "Abraham"

Genesis 12:3

Last month our country honored the mothers. This month the fathers are honored. In the Bible there are many good fathers. In this lesson we want to notice father Abraham.

"In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Was he not a wonderful father to be a blessing to the whole earth?

God told him if he would leave his home and go to a country that He would show him that He would bless him and lead him, and later on give that land to his children. Abraham obeyed God, left home and kindred, not knowing where he was going. He took his family, all his possessions, the tents in which they lived, the large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and journeyed to this land of promise which was called Canaan.

Abraham had a son named Isaac whom he loved very dearly. One day God told him to offer his son as a sacrifice to the Lord. This was a sad message to Abraham but he loved God and was willing to obey Him.

When Abraham took the knife to slay Isaac an angel from heaven told him not to slay him. God had provided a ram for a burnt offering instead of his son.

#### Questions

What did God tell Abraham to do? To take his only son and offer him as a sacrifice.

Was he willing to do this? Yes.

What did God provide for the sacrifice instead of Isaac? A ram.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 2

### "The Man in a Sycamore Tree"

Luke 19:1-9

Once upon a time there was a rich man living in Jericho. His name was Zacchaeus. He had heard of Jesus and longed to see Him.

Word came that on a certain day Jesus would pass through Jericho on His way to attend the Passover in Jerusalem.

Zacchaeus was small in size and it was difficult for him to see any one in a large crowd. So he ran on ahead and climbed up into a sycamore tree by the side of the road, so that he might see Him as He passed by.

When Jesus came to the tree He stopped and looked up; He saw Zacchaeus and told him to come down, that He was going to his home that day. He came down at once and received Jesus with great joy.

Zacchaeus confessed his sins, offered to give half of his goods to the poor, and if he had taken anything by false accusation that he would restore fourfold. This was a happy day for Zacchaeus to see Jesus and find salvation. This is old time religion to confess sins and make wrongs right.

#### Questions

Who was Zacchaeus? He was a publican and tax collector.

Why did he climb into a sycamore tree? He wanted to see Jesus.

What did Jesus do when He came to the tree? He looked up and saw Zacchaeus.

Did Zacchaeus get salvation? Yes.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 3

### "Jonah and the Whale"

Jonah 1-4

We hear so much said about Jonah and the whale. Skeptics do not believe that God was able to prepare a great fish to swallow Jonah. Let us notice what God says about it.

Jonah lived in the hills beyond Nazareth. One day the Lord said to him, "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." Jonah decided he would not obey God. He hastened to Joppa, found a ship ready to sail, paid his fare, climbed on board the ship, and was on his way to Tarshish. God was displeased with this decision and sent a great storm which threatened to wreck the ship.

The sailors became frightened and by casting lots discovered that Jonah was the cause of the trouble. He told them he

was fleeing from the presence of the Lord, and to cast him into the sea. When they did this, the sea became calm. "The Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah." Jonah did not enjoy this mode of traveling and prayed unto the Lord for deliverance. After three days and nights the fish threw him out onto the land.

After this experience Jonah was glad to go to Nineveh and give the message of warning that God commanded.

#### Questions

Who was Jonah? He was the prophet whom God chose to send to Nineveh to warn them of their destruction.

What happened to Jonah when he refused to obey God? God sent a storm and he was thrown overboard and a whale swallowed Jonah.

Was the city of Nineveh destroyed? No.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 4

### "Daniel in the Den of Lions"

Dan. 6

At the time of this event King Darius was the ruler. He appointed Daniel first president over the kingdom. This made the other men jealous and they were the cause of his being put into the lions' den. They began planning a way to get rid of him.

When these wicked men found out that Daniel prayed three times a day before an open window, they told the king that the chief men of the kingdom wanted him to establish this law, "That whosoever shall ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of thee, O king, he shall be cast into the den of lions."

The king was very much pleased and felt highly honored by this decree and signed the law.

Daniel did not cease to pray three times a day as usual.

After the chief men told the king that Daniel had disobeyed his law, he gave orders for him to be thrown into the den with the lions. All night long the king was troubled and could not sleep. The next morning he came to the den and was so happy to hear the voice of Daniel and see that God had shut the mouths of the lions.

Then the king gave orders to take Daniel out of the den and throw these wicked men in. The lions rushed upon them and tore them into pieces, and they were all killed.

The king then made a law that all the people in his kingdom should fear Daniel's God.

#### Questions

What great event took place in Daniel's life? He was cast into a den of lions.

Did they kill him? No. Why not? God shut the mouths of the lions. Were the wicked men destroyed? Yes.



## Children's Story Page

### LED BY A LITTLE CHILD

KITTIE L. BRACKETT

(Continued from last issue)

#### SYNOPSIS

*In this story in Mother's Day issue little Bobby, an orphan boy, searched until he found a mother. This month he finds a father. This story has been very appropriate for these two issues.*

As she taught the sweet stories of the Bible to little Bobby, and listened to his words of simple faith, she realized that she had tried to carry her burdens all alone. She had forgotten that sweet verse in God's Holy Word: "Casting all of your cares upon Him; for He careth for you," and, because she had forgotten, all happiness, joy, and peace had been driven from her heart.

Turning once more to her Master, she laid her burdens at His feet and felt that a load had suddenly been lifted from her weary shoulders. The sorrow and the bitterness disappeared, and her heart was filled with a great peace. However dark the future might be, she would walk in sunlight—because she would walk with her hand in the hand of her Lord.

Now that she once again had happiness and peace in her own heart, Margaret's mind turned often to one who had once been dearer than life itself to her. She knew that he too had wandered away from Christ; and she longed with all her heart for him to return once more. Often, she would gaze at his pictured face, exclaiming, "Oh, Bruce, Bruce, if you would only come back—back to the Christ once again."

One day, as she spoke these oft-repeated words, little Bobby came running into the room. He caught only the first part of the sentence; and the words brought to his mind the memory of his mother. Placing his arms around Miss Margaret's neck, he softly inquired, "Did he go to live with Jesus, Miss Margaret?"

"No, Darling, he went to live in the big city," was the low reply.

They said no more, for Miss Margaret's mind was far away with this old time friend whom she so truly loved, and who had, at one time, loved her; and Bobby too, was busy with his own thoughts.

Jesus had helped him to find a mother; and perhaps He would help him to find Miss Margaret's friend. For a long time he sat and planned, picturing the happiness of his new-found friend, when he should bring Mr. Bruce back to her. He would not tell Miss Margaret about it now. It would be such fun to give her a

surprise. Jumping from her lap, Bobby slipped from the room and started on the long journey to the big city.

It was a hot afternoon in mid-June; and little Bobby was soon tired and thirsty. The hot cement road blistered his feet, and the sun made his head ache terribly.

Perhaps, it was these physical discomforts, or perhaps, he was a little bit confused by the hundreds of cars passing so swiftly to and fro. Whatever the reason, Bobby suddenly found himself in the path of a swiftly moving car. Realizing his danger, he started to run; but it was too late. There was a wild scream, the screech of suddenly applied brakes; and little Bobby knew no more.

When Bobby awakened once more to consciousness, he was lying in a little white bed, with a white-capped nurse and a grim-faced doctor bending above him.

"I fear that we must operate," the doctor was saying; and into Bobby's eyes crept a look of fear. He felt sure that an operation must be a terrible thing.

Noting the look of fear, the nurse laid her hand kindly over his.

"Don't worry, my little man!" she soothed. "Dr. Knight won't hurt you; and he'll soon have you mended up again so you will be as good as new."

ARVEDA JEWEL CASSADY

Age 13 years, daughter of Sister Viola Cassady, Davis, W. Va.



Bobby fixed his blue eyes on the nurse's face. "I won't be afraid," he asserted bravely, "'cause Jesus will take care of me. Jesus will always take care of me!"

At his words, Doctor Knight gave a sudden start, and his grim face grew a bit more grim; for the words brought back memories which he had striven to forget.

These newly awakened memories persisted in remaining. Each time he leaned above that cot and gazed into those innocent blue eyes, so like another pair of eyes into which he had often gazed, the memories came crowding back more and more.

One day as he leaned over the cot, Bobby gazed into his face with newly awakened interest. There was something vaguely familiar about that face, and yet, Bobby felt quite sure that he had never seen Dr. Knight before.

Then, suddenly, Bobby remembered. In his eagerness, he attempted to rise, but a sharp pain in his back forced him to lie still. But it could not keep the glad light from his eyes, nor the happiness from his voice as he cried out:

"You're the Mr. Bruce in Miss Margaret's picture—the picture she was holding the afternoon she cried and said, 'Oh, Bruce, if you would only come back!'"

Then, before Dr. Knight had time to recover from the surprise, Bobby was pouring out the whole of his little story, telling of his search for a mother; of how he had found Miss Margaret; of his happy life there; of Miss Margaret's sadness; and of how he had set out in search of Mr. Bruce.

"And Jesus did help me to find you," he ended happily. "He helped me to find a mother, and now He has helped me to find you."

For many minutes, Dr. Knight sat lost in thought. Could it be that God's hand was in the accident which had brought little Bobby to him?

There had been a time in his life when he would have thought so—a time when his faith had been as strong as little Bobby's; but that time was past now. Riches and fame had held out alluring hands, and he had followed where they led; nor had he followed in vain, for he had won them both. But how much he had given up—his God, his home, his happiness, his loved ones—yes, and even love itself, for, although many admired and respected, there was not one who really cared.

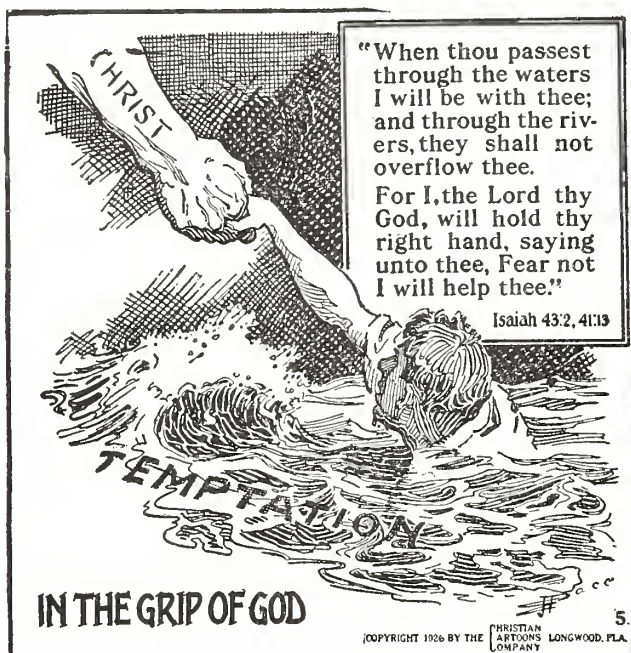
Once, there had been people who cared: There had been a father, and a mother, and a sister with wavy brown hair and blue eyes like Bobby's. And there had been another—someone with a kind, patient face, and shy brown eyes.

But he had tried to forget these people

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# Helps for Tempted and Tried



## The Helping Hand of God

When dark and dreary days o'ertake thee  
And all thy joys within thee die,  
When tears flow thine eyes profusely,  
The helping hand of God is nigh.

When damp, moist clouds wipe out thy gladness  
And round thee tribulations roll,  
Together with distress and sorrow,  
Let not impatience fret thy soul.

Our Lord's dear hand cannot be shortened;  
His mighty Word is ne'er untrue.  
In His own manner He will help thee  
And give thee strength and vigor new.

'Tis true, He keeps His children waiting  
Until His hour for help draws near;  
But by this means He tests their spirit  
And strengthens faith and drives out fear.

His mighty arm, with love outstretched  
He daily holdeth over thee.  
E'er has He been thy faithful Leader  
And will continue so to be.

May therefore He, our true Guide, lead us  
According to His will and way!  
May we with diligence here labor  
Until we see the heavenly day!

## Encouragement For Clothesline Christians

Alverta N. Dundas

"That is, if you want to make your life count for the most in this needy

world."

She was pleased when she read in the paper that a certain well-known minister was to speak that day in her home-town. She had heard of his unique way and his humanness, and that morning she was blue, blue as indigo. She needed to hear someone who understood, someone who could make a common person feel worth while.

Although she arrived early, she found the church well-filled. As she waited for the opening of the meeting she said to herself, "I wonder why some people are so popular, and how they accomplish so much? I am ambitious, and I have honestly tried—yet—what have I done that was uplifting?"

After a brief introduction, the visiting minister smilingly said, "I am glad to be here, for I have encouraging news for you—and you—and you. That is, it is encouraging if you are ambitious and want to make your life count for the most in this needy world."

She wondered if the speaker were a mind reader. She felt uneasy, for he looked straight at her, so she thought.

"Yes," Mr. Y—went on, "God's plans for you—and you—are bigger and better than any you ever imagined for yourself. He wants you to become a partner in the advancement of His Kingdom. Of course, to engage in such important business one must be specially trained."

"I thought so," she said to herself, "and how can I be trained? I have no money or time for such. I am rushed almost to death with common, everyday

tasks—washing, sweeping, mending, and cooking."

"The special course to which I refer," continued the speaker, "is often best taken at home or in one's place of business. In fact, it is similar to the process of the weekly washing. You see, in our earlier days when my purse was flat, I not only helped my wife with the washing, but I hung up the clothes, and when she was ill, I ironed. As I have passed through a number of spiritual experiences I feel that I know that the steps in both are quite alike."

She looked around, men and woman all over the congregation were smiling. The listeners evidently had helped with the family wash, and they, too, had passed through, over, under, or around conditions that had had a spiritual or a non-spiritual effect. She knew there were many present who lacked health and wealth, who had passed through sorrow, been lonely, discouraged, misunderstood, and disappointed.

The minister declared the clothesline experience is the most difficult. It is being "shaken out" by Mrs. Trouble Maker and her cousins, the Losses and the Crosses, and pinned up so that passers-by may see whether it is a pair of socks or an apron, the preacher or a Sunday School teacher, Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather, Mrs. Touchy, or Mr. Weak-knees; the Reli-ables, the Standtrues, or the Patience family.

"Be encouraged," Mr.— admonished. "Such experience will prove advantageous if allowed to become a part of your training. Be content to remain on that old clothesline until the work is done. God can mightily use Christians who stay cool in a hot place and sweet in a sour place and big in a crushing place. The world, the flesh, and the devil have always been lavish with the amount of clotheslines they have furnished. Since the beginning, the greatest saints as well as lesser ones have been held on the line by the pins of envy, spite, false accusations and jealousies. Yet God has ever seen fit to transform the ropes upon which they were hung into one of the best advertising agencies of the centuries for among the onlookers there have been prospective Pauls."

That night as she fully determined to take the "course" she made out the following outline:

One's preparation for Christian living and effective service is similar in process to that of the weekly washing, for "many shall be purified and made white,

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# Tributes to Fathers

Dear Sister Harrison:

Before I even begin words and thoughts fail me when it comes to expressing tribute to my father, who I believe was the sweetest in all the world! His disposition was sweet, kind and patient, always considering the other person rather than himself, always admonishing me to do right and play fair, often quoting the adage, "Honesty is the best policy," and reminding me that that practice would pay. My father always had my best interest at heart, reasoned things with me and brought me up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. The memory of his life and the testimony he left before he died makes heaven just a little brighter for me to gain and I want to live good to get there.—Margaret E. James.

## My Dad's a Prince

Let us give dad a rose  
While with us he stays,  
For soon he may repose  
In a new-made grave.

When I was a child  
Then he was a man,  
He helped care for me while  
I could not stand.

He earned our bread,  
He bought our clothes,  
Kept a roof over head,  
He's well earned a rose.

So loving and kind,  
So brave and true;  
A better dad we'll never find  
The whole world through.

He never sought for honor,  
He never sought for fame;  
But he is a man of honesty  
And always had a good name.

Though my dad's not an angel,  
He is a prince to me;  
He's always been a great man  
And he always will be.

—Joe Little, Cleveland, Tenn.

## Tribute to Father

Although my father passed on when I was small, there is a warm spot in my heart for him. Some wonder why mother is regarded seemingly more than father. It is because she stays at home more with the children than father does.

But poor, weary father is laboring, toiling for mother and children while they're at home together. I cannot make a prettier picture of father than this. All through the day he's toiling. The sweat drops from his brow. He doesn't seem to

mind at all for he is thinking of his true and loving wife with a heart so pure and free and his little children hovered at her knee.

*He says good-bye to mama,  
Then bye-bye to his dears;  
They are the ones who cheer him on  
Throughout the weary years.*

—Freda Elizabeth Lambert, Eckman, W. Va.

## Father's Day

It is Father's Day, I hear you say,  
Just a day for father is given;  
Let us love him more all through the year  
And honor our Father in heaven.

What better gift could we give our dad  
Than to give our hearts to our Father?  
Our Father above who rules with love,  
The love of our heavenly Father.

Let us honor our father and mother,  
For that is what our Father hath said,  
Let us talk to our dad of our Father in heaven  
That dad through our love may be led.

If our father is living or has passed away,  
All honor to him shall be given;  
And we'll still show our love to our Father above  
To our dear heavenly Father in heaven.

Yes, on Father's Day you shall have all  
our thoughts  
And our love the whole year through;  
And may you, through our love, from  
our Father above,  
Win peace, sweet peace, the gift of  
God's love.

—Aurilla A. Studley, Thomaston, Me.

## A Tribute to Father

*Father*—The name is not as sweet and soft as the name *mother*. Kindly harsh sounding, matching the struggle that a father must endure in order to make a mother's dreams come true. It's probably mother who has the greatest hopes and plans, but it is father who must earn the means to carry out these plans.

A father may sit seemingly unaffected by fate that has brought joy or sorrow to the home, but back of that stillness is a heart that has learned to rejoice or suffer in silence. Ask the greatest heroes to relate their heroic deeds and you would get very little of self-praise from them. Even so the heroes of the home are silent, unassuming, willing for all credit to be heaped upon any but himself—that's Father.

—Charles J. Greene, Kingsport, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Would that I could express my appreciation to the one who has traveled the way, which seemed so hard thus far. His love was shown for those in need, and for his family too. I praise the Lord for a kind father. My heart goes out to those who haven't a father. May the Lord comfort your hearts.

*Father dear, you're growing old,  
Your hair is turning gray;  
But still that love is in your heart,  
To teach that child who lives today  
To love the Lord while he is young  
And serve Him all the way.*

—Mrs. John Warren, York, S. C.

## Dad

His shoulders are a little bent,  
His youthful force a trifle spent,  
But he's the finest man I know  
With heart of gold and hair of snow.

He's seldom cross and never mean;  
He's always been so good and clean,  
I only hope I'll always be  
As kind to him as he is to me.

Sometimes he's tired and seems forlorn,  
His happy face is lined and worn;  
Yet he can smile when things are bad,  
That's way I like my gray-haired dad.

He doesn't ask the world for much,  
Just comfort, friendliness and such;  
But from the things I've heard him say,  
I know it's up to me to pay.

For all the deeds he's done for me  
Since I sat on his rocking knee;  
Oh, not in dollars, dimes or cents—  
That's not a father's recompense;  
Nor does he worship wealth and fame,  
He wants his pay in my good name.

—Edna Marie Meadows, Coolridge, W. Va.

## My Tribute

It is our privilege and our duty to put our mothers upon a pedestal and pay tribute to her. But what of daddy? Can he who toils in the heat and cold; he who toils when he has a burning fever, that he might care for his wife and precious children, likewise be honored?

Daddy, for you I feel the same gratitude and thankfulness as I do for mother. Together you have inspired me to live a good life and to always do my best. What I am or ever shall be I owe to you—my mother and dad. May God bless you always.—Grace Churchman.

## "Roses For Fathers"

We should give roses to father as well as mother. He also works to get the children to the Lord. There are many ways to give roses to father and not give him

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## The Inner Circle Page

### The Young Christian

*"Let us go forth therefore unto Him  
without the camp, bearing his reproach."*  
—Heb. 13:13.

I cannot give it up,

The little world I know—  
The innocent delights of youth,  
The things I cherish so!

'Tis true, I love my Lord,  
And long to do His will:  
But oh, I may enjoy the world  
And be a Christian still.

I love the hour of prayer,  
I love the hymns of praise,  
I love the blessed Word which tells  
Of God's redeeming grace.  
But—I am human still!  
And while I dwell on earth,  
God surely will not grudge the hours  
I spend in harmless mirth!

These things belong to youth,  
And are its natural right—  
My dress, my pastimes, and my friends,  
The merry and the bright.  
My Father's heart is kind;  
He will not count it ill  
That my small corner of the world  
Should please and hold me still!

And yet—"outside the camp"—  
'Twas there my Savior died!  
It was the world that cast Him forth  
And saw Him crucified.  
Can I take part with those  
Who nailed Him to the tree?  
And where His name is never praised,  
Is there the place for me?

Nay, world! I turn away,  
Tho' thou seem fair and good,  
That friendly, outstretched hand of thine  
Is stained with Jesus' blood.  
If in thy least device  
I stoop to take a part,  
All unawares, thine influence steals  
God's presence from my heart.

I miss my Savior's smile,  
Whene'er I walk thy ways,  
Thy laughter drowns the Spirit's voice  
And chokes the springs of praise.  
Whene'er I turn aside  
To join thee for an hour,  
The face of Christ grows blurred and  
dim,  
And prayer has lost its power!

Farewell—henceforth my place  
Is with the Lamb who died,  
My Sovereign! While I have Thy love,  
What can I want beside?  
Thyself, blest Lord, art now

My free and loving choice,  
In whom, though now I see Thee not,  
Believing, I rejoice.

Shame on me that I sought,  
Another joy than this,  
Or dreamt a heart at rest with Thee  
Could crave for earthly bliss!  
These vain and worthless things,  
I put them all aside;  
His goodness fills my longing soul,  
And I am satisfied.

Lord Jesus! Let me dwell,  
"Outside the camp" with Thee!  
Since Thou art there, then there alone  
Is peace and rest for me.  
My dear reproach to bear  
I'll count my highest gain,  
Till Thou return, Rejected One,  
To take Thy power, and reign.

—Selected.

### MABEL ASHTON'S DREAM

(Abridged)

Courtney H. Fenn

As the guests came together in the brilliantly lighted parlors of the home of Mabel Ashton that crisp winter evening, they saw nothing unusual in the appearance of the rooms to indicate that the party to which they had been invited would be in any respect different from former ones.

But as they greeted their young hostess some of the guests noticed an unusual degree of nervousness in her manner, but, attributing it to the excitement of preparation, thought no more about it and all were soon engaged in conversation and in making out their cards for the various dances of the evening.

The musicians were in their places, and the young people were beginning to wonder why the signal was not given for the orchestra to begin, when Mabel Ashton, her sweet face flushed and pale by turns, took her stand near the musicians. After closing her eyes for a moment, during which the room became perfectly still, in a voice at first trembling but soon clear and steady, she said:

"Friends, I know that you will think me queer, but before we do anything I must tell you a little story.

"I had a dream last night which made such an impression on my mind and heart that I must tell it to you. I dreamed that tonight had arrived and that when you had all assembled in these rooms there came to the door a guest who was ushered in. He seemed strangely familiar

yet I could not recollect who he was. He had a rare face, peaceful, yet a little sad in its expression; his eyes were more penetrating than any I had ever seen before. He was dressed in neat but very plain clothing, and there was something in his appearance which marked him as no ordinary man.

"While I was trying to think where I had seen him, he advanced to me, took my hand, and said, gently, 'You do not recognize me, Mabel?' Surprised at such salutation from a stranger, I could only say, 'Your face, sir, seems familiar, yet I cannot recall your name.'

"Yet I am one whom you invited here this evening—one to whom both you and your parents have extended many invitations to be present in your home whenever I was able to come. You have even invited me to make my home here; so I have come tonight to join your little company.'

"I beg a thousand pardons,' I said, 'but you mystify me all the more, and I beg that you will relieve me by telling me whom I have the pleasure of greeting.' Then He showed me the palms of His hands in which were scars of nail wounds, and He looked me through and through with piercing yet tender eyes, and I did not need that He should say to me, 'I am Jesus Christ, your Lord.'

"To say that I was startled would be to express only a very small part of my feelings. For a moment I stood still, not knowing what to say or do. Why could I not fall at His feet and say with all my heart, 'I am filled with joy at seeing You here, Lord Jesus?'

"With those eyes looking into mine I could not say it, for it was not true. For some reason, only half comprehended by myself, I was sorry He had come. It was an awful thought to be glad to have all the rest of you here yet sorry to see my Savior and Lord.

"Could it be that I was ashamed of Him, or was I ashamed of something in myself?

"At length I recovered myself in a degree and said, 'You wish to speak to my parents, I am sure.' 'Yes, Mabel, but I came this evening chiefly to be with you and your young friends for I have often heard you speak enthusiastically in Christian Endeavor meetings about how delightful it would be if you could only have Me visibly present with you.'

"Again the blush came to my cheeks as the thought flashed through my mind that tomorrow was prayer meeting night. I should be delighted to see Him then. But why not tonight on this pleasant occasion? I led Him to my parents, and in a somewhat shamefaced fashion introduced Him.

"They both gave a start of amazed surprise, but convinced by His appear-

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# Bright Flower

BY RUTH ORENDORFF

(Father's Day Story)

A thin, chill November rain dripped from the brim of Emily Grove's hat until her face was as cold and pallid as the mushrooms that spread their frail caps at her feet. It turned the piles of ashes before her into a sodden mass and revealed in stark, wet blackness the charred timbers that marked the ruin of the home for which the Groves had worked and dreamed for years.

Emily sat down on a broken-back chair in the shelter of a lilac bush. A small brown bird cheeped complainingly as she invaded its shelter, but there was no other sound to interrupt the ceaseless, gentle drip of the rain.

Already a rank growth of weeds had sprung up in the once carefully tended flower borders. Growing close against the foundation wall was a single white chrysanthemum, flaunting pale petals amid the desolation like the wan spirit of lost hopes, Emily mused whimsically.

The house had grown slowly, first on paper where her dreamy, impractical father and flighty Chris had drawn impossible palaces. Then it had become reality with the beginning of the excavating which the entire family had watched fascinated, filled with the new intoxication of ownership. There had been a celebration with the laying of the corner stone and another at the housewarming when, accompanied by the good wishes and laughter of a host of friends, the first flames had gone crackling up the new chimney, still smelling of fresh masonry.

Late in August, 1934, had come the burning of the mortgage. Into its payment had gone all the money Mr. Grove had saved over years of humdrum work done cheerfully for the sake of his family. Into it had gone all the little hoardings from Emily's three years of music-teaching—into it and the grand piano which had graced the music room included solely for her in the house.

They had burned the mortgage and then her father, in one of his boyish moods, had suggested that they pile into the family car and wind up the celebration with supper at a place famous for fried chicken and homemade ice cream. This was an unwonted dissipation for the Groves and it was late when they turned again into the familiar street. They found it crossed with long lines of hose, and an excited crowd stood around the shooting flames and the pall of smoke that hung over all that was left of their home.

Afterward Chris remembered that she had left her chiffon scarf draped over the

back of a chair. It had stood near the fireplace where the mortgage had crumpled into ashes that must have hidden a spark.

Emily had hunted up the insurance papers and found that the policies had expired with the final payment on the mortgage just a week before that fateful evening. She found with them the letter from the insurance agency suggesting that they be renewed, found it just as her father had tucked it away, thinking that it would not matter if he delayed the renewal a little while. Her father was like that.

There was no insurance on the furniture and her grand piano lay in the bottom of that dreadful hole, a shapeless mass of twisted wires and charred wood.

Her mother thought she had been too abrupt when she faced her father with the papers, but she had really said nothing. She merely handed them to him with her fingers twitching and her face pale and set with the terrible news of disaster written in it. She had said nothing at all, but he must have noticed the shock she was feeling.

He collapsed at her feet—her gay, fun-loving father, who had romped and joked with his two daughters more as a brother than a father. He was home again now, must remain there quietly for a long time. A nervous breakdown required care.

At least once a week Emily came back to the broken ruins to brood over the trouble which had descended on the once-happy family circle. The spot seemed to draw her, no matter how tired her feet. With her music room destroyed and her piano ruined, she was forced to go to the homes of her pupils to give her lessons. Even if she could have afforded a new instrument, she would not have consented to its use in the Groves' crowded apartment where it would have disturbed her father. Emily prided herself on the tact and consideration she had shown during his illness.

"I knew it would be out! It just had to," trilled a gay, young voice and Emily, jarred out of her gloomy musings, turned sharply to see her sister Chris running across the wet, tangled grass with long, springy bounds.

A scarlet rubber rain cape flew out like wings as she ran and the small red hat tilted on one side of her curly head gave Chris the air of a crested cardinal. She made straight for the nodding chrysanthemum and stretched out eager fingers for it just as Emily rose to her feet and spoke imperiously:

"Don't pick it! Chris! Don't!"

"Sorry, Em, old dear, but it's too late," Chris replied carelessly, turning to display the white chrysanthemum in her hands. "Why the dramatics? This was dad's favorite, you know. I've been watching it for a week."

"You have?" was all that Emily could say. She was surprised to hear that Chris ever came to the place, but she could say no more, for the younger sister was not alone. She seldom was. There were two youths with her and a girl sat in the rickety sports roadster parked outside the deserted driveway. Emily turned away and in silence watched her sister and the two boys trail back to the car.

How could she explain before those callow boys that the single white chrysanthemum had seemed to her a symbol of dead hopes and that it would be almost a desecration to pluck it?

But light-hearted Chris and her friends had broken the spell that had bound Emily to the place. She got up and walked slowly home to the crowded apartment which must be endured until Mr. Grove's recovery, when better quarters could be arranged for.

Mrs. Grove looked up anxiously as her elder daughter came in and watched her fling down her heavy bag of music.

"I lost two more pupils, mother," Emily said in a dispirited way. "To that new man! I think it's just because he's new and a man. They'll come back, but we need them now."

Before Mrs. Grove could reply, Chris whirled into the room, still wearing her red cape. She laid her cheek, cool and glowing from the rain, against her mother's in an affectionate gesture, and sang out happily:

"Guess what, mother! Your angel lamb child is coming up in the world. I'm on the staff of the Garfield Gleam—society editor. I'll have to wade into the social whirl. Jed Pierce is sports editor. We're going to begin our news-snooping by driving over to the carnival at Winston High tomorrow night with the gang."

"How'd you like to go along as chaperon, Em? Don't look insulted. Our crowd never asks anybody who isn't young and peppy."

"I don't see how you can forget yourself in good times while father is sick," Emily burst out, looking hurt. "And with Jed Pierce of all people! You know his father is literally taking the bread out of our mouths. Two of my pupils left me today and I just know they're going to Mr. Pierce."

"Well, if you put on that long face when you're teaching them, I can't say I blame them, Em," Chris retorted. "Anyway, why blame Jed? You'd take his father's pupils fast enough if you could get them. As for father—he never will get well if the atmosphere of gloom that

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# Father's Poems

## My Son

I that had yearned for youth, my own,  
again,  
And mourned the wasteful hours of  
younger days;  
I that had sighed for spring, for summer,  
when  
The snows of winter covered all my  
ways—  
I that had prayed for years (for only  
one),  
Have found that prayer answered in  
my son.

He is myself again, with hopes of old,  
With old temptations and with old  
desires,  
He is myself again—the clay to mold  
Into the man, and all the man aspires;  
Who says that youth returns to us no  
more?

He is as I was in the days of yore.

In my own days, in my own days of  
youth,  
Ah, how I wished a comrade and a  
friend!

To help me keep the quiet path of truth  
And through temptation my own feet  
attend.

So shall I journey onward by his side,  
His father—yea, his comrade and his  
guide.

I that have failed shall shape success in  
him,  
I that have wandered, point the proper  
path,

A signal when the signal lights are dim,  
A roof to fend him from the storms  
of wrath—

So we shall journey upward, I and he,  
And he shall be the man I meant to  
be.

—Douglas Malloch, *American Lumber-  
man.*

## My Daddy

Jest the best thing, daddy is,  
When he ain't got rheumatiz;  
Gives me pennies an' good advice  
'Bout keepin' clean an' bein' nice,  
An' sayin' please, an' don't deceive,  
Handkerchief instead of sleeve.  
Seems jest like daddy knew  
He was once a small boy too.  
Second table for him, I 'spec',  
When he only got the neck.  
And how, he always says,  
"Give the kid the best there  
is."

An' when ma sends me off to bed,  
Daddy takes the light ahead,  
An' holds my hand an' talks, maybe,  
'Bout the things that used to be

When he and Unky was little boys,  
An' all about their games an' toys.  
What am I goin' to be? Gee whiz!  
Druther be like him, I jing,  
Than President or anything;  
He's like ma says angels is—  
When he ain't got rheumatiz.  
—Roland A. Nichols.

## Father

Frances Davis Adams

It isn't the things he brings to you  
When he comes home from a trip.  
It isn't the things he says to you  
When you score in arithmetic.  
It's the feel of his hand  
Like an iron band,  
It's father!

It isn't his smile  
When he calls you son,  
Or his pride in the things  
That your skill has won.  
It's the touch of his hand,  
Like an iron band,  
It's father!

It something that's hidden away from  
sight,  
Something that's strong—it will make  
you fight  
For things that are good, and things that  
are right.  
It's the clasp of a hand,  
Like an iron band,  
It's father!

## Those Little Shoes

You think I choose a subject  
That's strange to speak on here?  
You think it has no reference  
To rum, or wine, or beer?  
Just listen, while I tell you  
A story sad and true;  
It seems to me so touching,  
Perhaps it may touch you.

I heard it from a father  
Who knew the power of drink,  
And felt he had been rescued  
From destruction's awful brink.  
He told it in a meeting  
Much like this one tonight.  
He told it hoping thus to lead  
Someone to choose the right.

He said: "I once was wealthy,  
My father's pride and joy;  
He thought that nothing was too good  
To lavish on his boy.  
The finest education  
That this land can afford  
He gave me, and then sent me  
To spend a year abroad.

"'Twas there I learned to tamper

With wine and lager beer;  
Oh! never touch a drop of them,  
I beg each young man here.  
I came back to my home again,  
Nor dreamed of any harm,  
Old Alcohol knows well the way  
To keep us from alarm.

"I studied a profession  
And married a dear wife;  
With sweetest of fair roses  
I meant to strew her life.  
I felt so strong to battle  
With all ills for her sake,  
Yet day by day was forging  
Those chains so hard to break.

"I need not stop to tell you  
How, as the months went by,  
King Alcohol grew stronger,  
And weak and weaker, I.  
It only takes a few short years  
For a drunkard to grow poor;  
When once the winecup chains him,  
His ruin is most sure.

"I fell as many another  
Is falling every day;  
In youthful days in sorrow  
My wife's brown hair turned gray.  
We moved from out our fine house  
To a hut both poor and small,  
I scarcely earned a shelter  
For my family at all.

"One bitter night last winter,  
I had gone to the old inn  
Where I spent my evenings, then,  
In reveling and sin;  
My wife with bitter agony  
Said: 'Leave me not alone,'  
But I heeded not the pleadings,  
Nor my little baby's moan.

"As I passed through the barroom  
A sound fell on my ear  
Of childish, laughing joy,  
A sound most sweet to hear;  
The landlord's little daughter  
Looked up and me espied.  
'Oh, see my pretty, shiny shoes,  
My new, nice shoes!' she cried.

"Then like a flash of lightning  
It darted through my brain  
That I, who brought my loved ones  
But pain and want and shame,  
Was with my money buying shoes  
For other children's feet,  
And leaving my own darling's bare  
To walk through snow and sleet.

"I rushed out of that barroom  
To my own home once more;  
I found my children huddled  
In a heap upon the floor;  
I clasped my baby's naked feet  
Close in my warm, hard hand;  
Oh! how their cold pierced to my  
heart,

No one can understand.

"I vowed that from that hour,  
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## Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been a reader of the Lighted Pathway for some time and can say that the Lighted Pathway and the Church of God Evangel are the finest reading material that I can get hold of. When the load seems a little heavy and the devil is trying to sidetrack us, all we need to do is to read a little in these papers. There we'll see where there are some precious saints of God holding the banner high. Well, you know how it is, something gets to burning way down in our hearts, and we get ashamed of ourselves.

The state of Idaho is a new field for the Church of God. We have two organized churches here and another brother minister laboring in southern Idaho. Our oldest work that has been opened up again is only three or four months old.

I am not able to give any information concerning the other works in Idaho at this time, but as Brother Vail has appointed me as district superintendent for Idaho, I will know more about them soon.

I am glad to report real victory for Stites, where we are laboring at present. One received the Holy Ghost and others are getting curious and looking our way. We do not have service in a building of our own yet but have sent off the rent for a building so we expect to move in before long.

We have no Y. P. E.'s for Idaho, so I request prayer for us that we may do our best for God here. The Pacific Northwest is certainly a needy field.

I would like to say, "God bless you" to all mothers. My heart was touched by the good articles for mothers. My own mother is in glory, but I have a father still alive and he has been a good father to me.

Young people, remember your father and mother with love and respect while they are with you. When you were small you depended on them in all things for help, now when they are old just let them lean on you. There is nothing that will comfort a dear old father or mother more than to have their own loved ones to depend on.

May God bless the Church of God family till He comes.—Oscar Backman, Stites, Idaho.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We are trying to get the people here in these three states to co-operate more in getting the Lighted Pathway into more homes. We are succeeding by God's grace.

We are planning on having the state

Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention here in Auburn, Washington. We have several new Y. P. E.'s here in the Pacific Northwest organized this year. This convention is to convene June 16-18. We give you a special invitation to attend this convention.—Hilton Vail, state Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent of Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

The Louisville district Sunday School and Y. P. E. convention convened at the Louisville church April 15, 16. The services began at 7:00 Saturday night and the very air seemed filled with the power and presence of God. The Holy Ghost was surely in our presence throughout the convention. The church was filled to capacity.

Brother L. S. Cooper, state superintendent, and Brother Alfred Thompson were in charge of the convention. G. W. Lane, our local pastor, delivered the welcome address. Those rendering specials were Brother Green, Esther Keith, Norman Cassey and J. T. Boman, Thompson Duet, Lockard Duet and Brother and Sister G. W. Lane. Sister Charline Lockard of Mitchell Hill gave a good talk on the Lighted Pathway which was enjoyed by all. Brother L. S. Cooper, state superintendent, brought a message on "The Relation of the Y. P. E. to the Church," which was a wonderful message.

Sunday morning we organized our Sunday School in one large class over which our local pastor taught. Sister Mattie Ray gave a talk on "Holding Our Increase in Sunday School." At noon Sunday we had dinner spread and we enjoyed a feast of good things. In the afternoon service we heard the report from Sister Laswell which showed us that the Lord has been blessing at Crossroads. Then we had an old time praise service and the praises went up to God. Following this Brother Everett Carden delivered an inspiring message on "Recognizing God's Church."

I am sure this convention will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of attending.—Aileene Hocken-smith, Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

As pastor of the Church of God in Ware Shoals, I feel disposed to write you a letter and try to express my appreciation for your unwearying efforts relative to Y. P. E. work.

Were it not for the superior quality of the paper and the good it is doing, I could not make the remarks about the

paper that I am making. I would not be ashamed to present a copy of the Lighted Pathway to the President of the United States. Sister Hunt has placed an order for thirty-six rolls of the May issue of the Lighted Pathway and they will all sell too. Of course we cannot dispose of them all among our church folks alone. Our membership being only 61 we have to sell most of them to outside people and that is where our real profit comes in, not so much in dollars and cents as the good we reap from the good seed sown. We have a brother here who is organizing regular paper routes on the same order the daily papers are delivered. Folks are getting interested in the Pathway and call for the new issue before it comes out. Through this medium we contact people, get acquainted with them, invite them to our church and Sunday School, and then eventually stand a chance of winning them. The paper acts as an introduction, stays with them from one month until the next and is a constant reminder that there is a Church of God in town. When the new issue comes out we then have another opportunity to visit that home, renew the acquaintance and remind them that we are still looking for them at church, if they have not been since we saw them last.

Now as for the material benefits expected from the sale of The Lighted Pathways we cannot overlook. We plan to build Sunday School rooms between now and the Assembly and expect the profits from the Lighted Pathway sales to make the payments.

Sister Hunt is superintendent of Y. P. E. work on this district and she is, by the help of the Lord, stirring up interest in the other churches along this line. We hope this plan not only proves successful here in Ware Shoals but we trust other churches can be and will continue to be blessed through this channel. Your idea of changing designs on cover of the Lighted Pathway is helping wonderfully and we hope you can continue this method.

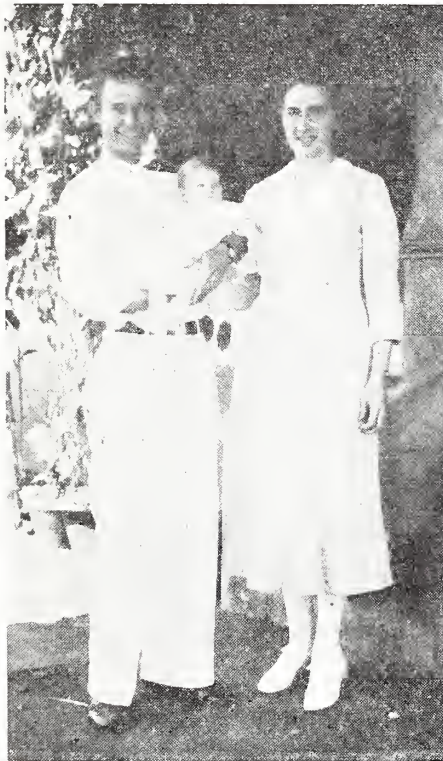
We have heretofore sold pictures, flavoring, pencils, etc., to raise money for the church. Most everything we have sold has been followed with sales of just about the same thing or kind. I do not believe the Lighted Pathway can be duplicated or excelled. So we are devoting all our time and energy to the paper as a means of finance for the church.—Rev. H. L. Hunt.

"If you ever find happiness by hunting for it, you will find it, like the old woman did her spectacles, safe on her own nose all the time."—J. Billings.

"A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles."—Irving.



## Mission Page



MR. AND MRS. HOYLE L. CASE AND  
DAUGHTER, SYLVIA SUE

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading the January Lighted Pathway and feel constrained to write a few lines to you for the paper. I have enjoyed reading the Lighted Pathway for years, but really it seems to me now that each issue gets better. The January issue is very rich. I was in need of help and I feel greatly encouraged and renewed since reading it. It is a treasure chest of information along many different lines and is alive with the activities of the young people at home; therefore, it fans our interest in the undertakings of the young people in their respective fields of labor and spurs our zeal into greater fervency for doing our best in this section of God's vineyard where He has placed us.

I do not think my name is on the Reading Circle list, but I read every issue thoroughly. You may also add the following names to the Reading Circle: John Samuel, George and Paul Cook.

I have organized a Y. P. E. with sixteen members here at our headquarters. All of this group are learning to read, write, and talk English in their school, so they delight in trying to express themselves in this new language. I was greatly surprised, and I'm sure you also would be, to hear them discuss in English the

topics I gave them. We have had three good meetings and are looking forward to more. Of course, conditions here are very different from home and we are not sure the Y. P. E. will prosper here. However, we are experimenting and should it fail to function properly, we will at least have the consolation of having tried. If this plan does not work, we intend to find a plan which will function among those of teen-age. Sunday Schools are organized here for the children and special attention is given the older people in general services and women's meetings, but no particular efforts are launched in behalf of the young people. Personally, I feel a special burden for this group of people. While Hoyle is busy in general evangelistic meetings and the encouragement of the brethren, I feel led to give special attention to the women and young people.

Last Saturday I spoke in the women's meeting not far from here where at least half of the congregation were Hindus. No, I didn't need to ask if they were Hindus; I could readily see they were by their scantily clothed bodies, their naked babies, and their painted faces — not rouge, but the Hindu caste signs smeared upon their foreheads and cheeks. Many were very young women. As you know, these people marry when they are really yet children. At least when a girl is 15, her father must arrange a wedding for her or he invites upon himself and family the disgrace of not being able financially to find a mate for his daughter. The father sets a price upon his son. If the girl's father cannot pay the price required, then the boy's father will not permit his son to marry this girl, but will hold him until someone comes along who can pay the price. The more education the boy has received, the better price his marriage will bring to his father. If the girl's father is able to pay the sum required by the boy's father, then the bargain is sealed and the two fathers arrange for the wedding. The boy and girl may never have seen each other until they meet for the wedding ceremony. Thus it is much more profitable here to have sons than daughters, for when a little girl is born, the family immediately sighs with the thought of their expense of buying a husband for her! This may sound like a fairy tale, but it cannot end in the usual "fairy-tale" way, "And they lived happily ever after," for many times happiness is a veritable stranger in such homes.

Some of these Hindu women at the service listened attentively, others just

stood about talking quietly to one another, aimlessly chewing and spitting their beetle nut (which serves as tobacco for these people), their huge ornaments dangling in their ears, their untidy hair hanging matted about their shoulders or tied in a knot at the back. God has commissioned us to sow the seed. I spoke to them from Isaiah 53 and Matt. 27, pointing them to Jesus, the Savior of the world, and have left the increase with God. His Word will not return void. Please pray that there will be an abundant harvest in that place. A few people there have received the light and are walking in it and doing their best to win their neighbors.

This is not the only community of its kind. Many towns and communities have never heard of Jesus, and in many places where a few have accepted Jesus as their Savior, the persecution is so severe that they must either go back to their idol worship, or leave their homes and families and seek a new place of abode. One such girl is with us now. Just pray for God to give these new persecuted Christians plenteous grace, for in this dark land it means much to give up home, family, support—all to become a Christian. And it takes great faith just to look up to their new-found Savior to supply all their needs in His own miraculous way. But this He has promised to do and His promises will not fail. So, dear readers, don't forget these needy people and please keep us, His laborers here, upon your daily prayer list.—Mrs. Hoyle L. Case, Travancore, South India.

### Tribute to Edmond Stark (Deceased)

Your efforts were so sincere,  
Your aim on truth was stayed;  
And how our minds will wander  
To the place where you were laid.

We wonder of the hardships  
You bore in this old world,  
Before the summon, "Edmond come,"  
To this vile earth was hurled.

No doubt, you've tramped through the  
rain  
And through the cold, cold snow;  
And through the sun and scorching heat  
To spread God's Word below.

But now your hardships are ended,  
The crown of life you've won;  
We know your spirit's yonder  
Much brighter than the sun.

And to the wife that's left behind,  
Our hearts go out in prayer,  
Dear Lord, fill the vacancy with Thy  
love,  
Please bear her every care.

Just put your trust in Jesus,  
Because there is no other

(Continued on page 20)



## Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

### Bible Cake

Use two cups of an ingredient made from something mentioned in Jeremiah 6:20.

Use one cup of a cake ingredient mentioned in Judges 5:25.

Use three of something mentioned in Deuteronomy 22:6.

Use one cup of something mentioned in Hebrews 5:13.

Use two cups of something mentioned in 1 Kings 4:22.

Season with something mentioned in 2 Chronicles 9:9.

Put in a pinch of something mentioned in Leviticus 2:13.

Add two kinds of fruit mentioned in 1 Sam. 30:12.—*Sunlight for the Young.*

### What Caused the Change

A discussion came up about the famous painting of the Lord's Supper. The story goes that the painter was so desirous of having every countenance of the twelve disciples true to the man in the Bible it stood for that he spent much time and took the greatest care in assembling his models.

In time he succeeded in finding the types for all the characters to be shown in the painting except the Christ and Judas. For months he hunted for a face that approached his ideal of Jesus—it must be so pure and so beautiful. One day he found what he wanted, in the countenance of a boy—a singer on the streets—and reproduced it on the canvas for the lovely face of the Master.

The Judas was even harder to find, and for years the painting was unfinished, waiting for him to secure the model for the face of the betrayer. Then, one day he saw the repulsive face that he wanted, and asked the man to come to his studio.

As the model entered the room the painter asked his name, and the man replied, "Why, don't you know me? I posed for you for the Christ. I was the singer."

Horried at the awful change in the once beautiful face, the painter asked what had been the cause, and received in answer the one word, "Drink."—*Sel.*

### Spiritual Temperance

Traveling from England to America a number of years ago, on one of the finest of the liners of that day, the attention of a passenger was attracted by the fre-

quent visits of the captain to the thermometer which hung at the door of the main saloon. Many were gathered in the room, and he seemed to be sharing heartily in their conversation and laughter, yet the watcher observed an underlying restlessness which made him feel uneasy himself. Passing out of the saloon, a moment after the captain had made one of his exits, he first noticed to his surprise, that the ship was running at only half speed, and then heard the captain send an order to the bridge to reduce the speed to "Dead slow!" Alarmed, he ventured to inquire the reason. Though there was no moon, and the night was intensely dark, it was calm and still, and there were no lights of other vessels visible. The captain readily answered: "The thermometer, sir, has been steadily falling all the evening, and in the last quarter hour has been dropping so rapidly that a large quantity of floating ice must be very near." Before midnight the ship was surrounded by great icebergs, through which she slowly made her way in safety. None on board could have seen them until they were dangerously close. The thermometer alone gave warning of their approach. So the Christian must keep watch on the thermometer of his heart. Lowering spiritual temperature is always a sign of grave peril. "I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love." "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha."—*The Alliance Weekly.*

### Is Sanctification Gradual or Instantaneous?

Rev. William McDonald tells of the incident of an aged servant of the Lord who arose in a meeting and testified, saying, "I believe in a gradual work. I am expecting it gradually." The following conversation then took place. "How long have you been seeking?"

"About seventy years," responded the old pilgrim.

"Have you received it yet?"

"No, I cannot say that I have, but I am seeking and trust God will give it to me before I die. This is my faith."

"Seventy years! and not received it yet. How much longer do you think it will require to gain this prize of perfect love?"

"I do not know. I am looking that God may give it to me."

"How much nearer does the blessing seem to you than when you commenced,

seventy years ago?"

"I cannot say that it appears any nearer; but I am hoping and trusting that God will yet fully save me."

"Now, beloved, if I had been seventy years getting nowhere, on the gradual line, by the grace of God I would try the instantaneous, and see if I could not get somewhere."

He came to the altar as a seeker of heart purity, and when he arose from the altar he said, "As far as the east is from the west, so far has God removed my transgressions from me." The Lord had saved him by faith alone.—*Herald of Holiness*

### "Open Thou Mine Eyes"

In Tremont Temple there were two colored men; one of them was Robert. He was born in slavery, never saw the inside of a school, and learned to read only through great effort of his own. But Black Robert knew more about the Bible than any other man in Tremont Temple. Why? I will tell you. For years Black Robert never read his Bible except on his knees. For two, three, four hours at a time he read the Bible on his knees. He never went to bed that he did not put the Bible under his pillow, and when they found him dead in a hospital they found the Bible under his black curly head.

I had the privilege of being under one of the great Hebrew scholars of his day. He would come to his desk, open that old Hebrew Bible, drop his face right down between the pages, and say something like this: "Oh, Lord Jesus, may Thy Holy Spirit teach us Thy Word!" Do you wonder that he knew his Bible? He knew it by the same process that Black Robert knew his. You can't read your Bible aright without the Holy Spirit.—*Rev. Courtland Meyers.*

### A Blind Woman's Gift

A poor blind woman in Paris once put twenty-seven francs into a plate at a missionary meeting. "You can't afford so much," said one.

"Yes, sir, I can," she exclaimed. On being pressed to explain, she said, "I am blind, and I said to my fellow straw workers, 'How much money do you spend in a year for oil in your lamps when it is too dark to work nights?' They replied, 'About twenty-seven francs.'

"So," said the woman, "I found that I could save so much in the year because I am blind and do not need a lamp and I give it to shed gospel light to dark heathen lands."—*Wesleyan.*

What to others are disappointments are to believers intimations of the way and will of God.—*John Newton.*





First B. T. S., Sister Nora Chambers, teacher, standing at extreme right.

## The Church of

Here we are away over here in the Great Smokies at Sevierville, Tenn. We hear much said about the beautiful hills and valleys and the rippling streams of water, over in the Great Smokies. We remember of trips we used to take to these mountains when we were young and it makes us thirsty now to even think of the beautiful, clear, cold streams of water we found there. We remember the lovely rhododendron, the ferns and wild flowers that we enjoyed so much. Is there anything more beautiful? Yes, there is. It is this splendid group of consecrated boys and girls gathered here in this school to obey the command, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth." Did I hear you say, "Oh, this generation of young people, they are growing





## Bible Training School

"e"? Yes, we believe that  
ain class. There is more  
crime today than ever  
t forget that there are  
d, consecrated boys and  
ving their lives to the  
ster. You will find this  
rch of God Y. P. E. all  
, but especially you will  
s splendid school. How  
ur boy or girl this fall?  
and plan for it now.  
Zeno C. Tharp for cata-  
l 1940. As soon as they  
they will be sent to you.

t of a letter from the  
Commercial Department  
ol written to us just be-  
closed this year. Mrs.

Green is not a member of the Church of God:

Truly this is an ideal location for a school. I do not have words to describe the beauty and grandeur of the surrounding scenery any more than I have words to adequately describe the true spirit of the school or the wonderful spiritual blessings we have all received during the recent revival that was held in its auditorium.

At what other school would a group of students pray over twelve hours in succession and only two days later a still larger group pray almost sixteen hours without ceasing?—Henrietta Green, Sevierville, Tenn.

### Notice

All girls who wish to stay in the dor-  
(Continued on page 20)



*First home of the Church of God Bible School*



# J. P. E. Programs

## OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y. P. E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

## BIBLE LESSON

Topic: "FOUR CRISES THAT EACH INDIVIDUAL MUST MEET"

By Grace Churchman

### Thoughts For The Leader

A crisis is a turning point, a breaking point, or an emergency. The world is at a crisis today. Something is going to happen within the next few months or years. What is it? I believe that Jesus will come and catch His waiting bride away, and the Antichrist will set up his rule on earth. As the world is in a crisis now, so each individual must face crises which mean he is an overcoming person, or one who yields easily. What of these crises? How may we always profit by them?

### Opportunities

The first crisis we shall discuss is opportunities. We are free agents. We can serve the devil or God. Say we grasp the opportunity of serving God, our opportunities only begin there. When we accept Jesus we have the opportunity of being a light for Him. And if we continue to serve Him as we should, we will be a light. Prov. 4:18; Matt. 5:16. Although it may seem our light is dim, if

we will let it shine, it will grow brighter and brighter. In any walk of life we have the opportunity of being a light for Jesus.

The formula for success, either materially or spiritually, is work. If we say, "Lord, get someone else," we will find that when we call on Him He will not come to our rescue so quickly. If we fail to use our talent, it will be taken away.

By being a light and being a worker we become soul winners, which is the greatest opportunity in life. What will we do concerning it? Gal. 6:10. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

### Decisions

The Christian prays, sings and pleads for souls to come to Jesus, but it is entirely up to the individual to decide whether he is to serve Him.

Then after we are Christians, there is never a day passes unless we have to make decisions in choosing our associates and in the way we will conduct ourselves.

We find that before each great decision Jesus prayed. If the Son of God had to pray for strength and guidance, how much more do we, who are weak, need to pray?

Sometimes we must decide within a few seconds and we do not have time to go before God in prayer, what then? We need to pray and live so that God can help us to decide which is best for our soul.

Truly decisions are the greatest crises we meet, because we have to take the final step by ourselves.

### Temptation

In James 1:14 we find that man is not tempted of God, but he is tempted when he is drawn away by his own lust and enticed.

Sometimes it seems that temptations come so thick and fast we cannot stand. But think, Heb. 4:15 says that Jesus "was tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

At one time the devil offered Jesus the entire world if He would bow down and worship him. But Jesus answered, "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God." So today when the devil begins to offer you wealth and fame if you serve him you should reply, "God has given me my talent and my life so I shall serve Him."

When we are tempted there is one great consolation. James 1:12, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."

In this life we so often meet with trouble of various kinds. Trouble is a crisis in our life. Let us consider a few of these. First, let us consider sickness. You who have always had good health do not know how to appreciate it. When

one is in bad health and often unable to be up, it becomes hard to pray, especially for other people. Then it is hard to do the work which the Lord would have us to. But probably the most disastrous thing about sickness is one becomes easily discouraged. We should always do unto the afflicted as Job 6:14 tells us.

When our business fails it brings trouble; we know not which way to turn. When a friend proves unfaithful or untrue our heart becomes troubled and full of doubt. It is then I always think of Jesus when Peter denied Him. After having been taught of Jesus he declared, "I know him not." Jesus was only human and I am sure, that although He had foreseen it, it hurt to have a friend deny Him. But He only prayed for him. Death also brings grief, sorrow and trouble into our home. We cannot understand why God calls away the one He does, but the Bible says God's ways are above our ways and some day we shall understand.

Although we may have a great deal of trouble, we should remember that Jesus suffered more than we all.

### Closing Thought

No matter what the crisis, we can rely on Jesus to help us through and to use the crisis to draw us near to Him.

## BIBLE LESSON

Topic: "PRAYER"

By Ione (Watts) Self

### Thoughts For The Leader

Every day we see and feel the need of more and more earnest prayer. First, let us ask, What is prayer? Someone has said, "Prayer is the sincere desire of the soul, either expressed or unexpressed." So we see prayer is not necessarily an elaborate oration nor a continuation of well-formed sentences or "vain repetitions."

### Why Should We Pray?

1. Because it is Christ's commandment. Matt. 26:41. If we would only pray more and keep our minds in an attitude of prayer, we would have less chance for evil thoughts to creep in.

2. Pray for strength. Luke 21:36; Psa. 138:3. We need daily soul strength to meet the trials and temptations of this life just as our body needs food daily.

3. Fervently. James 5:16. We notice that it is the fervent prayer of a righteous man, and not an ungodly man which availeth much, so how careful ought we to live that our prayers may avail much.

### When Should We Pray?

David said, "Evening and morning and at noon will I cry aloud; and he shall answer my voice." In 1 Thess. 5:17 we find that Paul said, "Pray without ceasing." Now that does not necessarily mean to spend twenty-four hours of every day on our knees, nor to be continually praying in an audible voice, but to have a prayer in our hearts. The most effective way to



put Satan behind us is to have a prayer in our hearts. If someone speaks unkind to you or mistreats you, get in connection with heaven via silent prayer and you will be surprised how easy it is to speak sweetly and gently or to do a kind deed in return for an unkind one. If you are sad and discouraged and the sun seems to be behind a cloud, whisper a word to our loving Father, then look up and see how bright the sun is shining through. If you've reached the place where the road forks and you know not which way to go, ask the One who knows and He will make your pathway clear.

#### *Where Should We Pray?*

Let us notice what Jesus said to His disciples. Matt. 6:6. The hypocrites, He said, love to pray standing in the synagogues and on the corners of the streets that they might be seen of men. But if we are in earnest, we are only interested in knowing that God sees us and hears our prayers. Our surroundings mean little to us when we are in real communication with God.

#### *For What Should We Pray?*

1. For what we desire. Mark 11:24.
2. For one another. James said, "Pray one for another that ye may be healed." In Gal. 6:2 we find "Bear ye one another's burdens." What better way to bear them than to take them to the Lord and cast them on Him.
3. Pray for our enemies. Matt. 5:44. Here Jesus commands a prayer that might be hard for some. But what a wonderful feeling when we are able to do that.
4. For sinners. Romans 10:1. We should feel toward sinners as Paul felt toward Israel.

#### *Conclusion*

How awful to think that every day many all around us are dropping into hell. Every way we look we see the horrible results of sin, and such plain fulfillment of the scriptures. We can truly say the harvest is white and the prayers are few. Let us make lost souls the theme of all our prayers.

#### **BIBLE LESSON**

Topic: "SHARING WITH CHRIST"

By Esther Holland

Scripture: John 17:18.

#### *Thoughts For the Leader*

These are the wonderful words of Jesus. Jesus was sent into this world by His Father to do a special work. We are sent into the world by Jesus also to do a special work. Just as the Father sent Him, He sends us. When Jesus had finished His work, He was called back home with His Father; when we shall have finished our work, we too, shall be called home to be with Jesus. Certainly this thought is a great consolation to us as we struggle here below. Let us remember this, too,

that as God shared His life with Jesus while He was down here, Jesus will share His all with us while we are down here. Our service for Him is not only to do the work as Christ did it, but to do it in the very life and strength of Christ. Our very works are prepared for us and inspired by the indwelling Christ. In all our service for Him, He is with us, He is in us. This should fill our hearts with more love for Him. It should drive away every doubt.

#### *Sharing With Christ in Our Sufferings*

Jesus suffers with us in all our trials. He "is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He suffered with Stephen back there when they stoned him to death. He said to Saul of Tarsus, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" We can hear Saul answering back, "I persecute you? When did I ever persecute you, Lord?" Jesus meant that these Christians were so precious to Him that whenever anyone hurt them they hurt Him also. Listen, dear friends, Jesus loves us, and when we suffer, He suffers with us. He cares when you are tried; He feels it when you are persecuted. You do not suffer alone, Jesus shares with you when you suffer. And yet, we are taught by the scriptures that we are to suffer with Him if we reign with Him. And oftentimes we bear the sufferings of those we pray for. When intercession comes upon us, we actually feel their guilt, their burdens in the indwelling Spirit's intercession. Really, it is the heart of Christ suffering in us. It is He sharing with us and we sharing with Him. Isn't that a marvelous relationship?

#### *Sharing With Christ in Our Faith*

Did you know that the power to believe is Christ working in us? He is the Author and Finisher of our faith. He will enable us to believe like He believed. He will impart to us His faith. He will share His faith with us. He will live that faith in us. He wants to give you a faith that is not our faith, but a faith that is His faith. Think of it! Having His faith imparted to you! Faith is a gift. He wants to give you His faith, I say. His faith that trusted in the wilderness; His faith that met the temptations of Satan; His faith that healed the sick; His faith that called Lazarus from the dead; His faith that God would raise Him from the dead when He was crucified. Jesus actually wants to live that faith in you, He wants to share His faith with you. He will help you to have that faith if you will ask Him to. Seek Him for it.

#### *Sharing With Christ in Our Joy*

Christ's life was one of joy. But you say, "Was He not a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief?" Yes, but even in His darkest hours He often "rejoiced in the Spirit." He had God's fountain of joy deep down in His soul. He wants you to have that same joy. "As the father

sent me, even so send I you." He wants to send you out with the same joy that the Father sent Him with into this world of sorrow and trouble. He wants to share His joy with you. He has enough to share and divide with you. Men will not be able to understand our happiness, but we shall be able to rejoice in Him when the world can find no joy. Say, it's great to share this joy with Him.

#### *Sharing With Christ in Our Body*

Just as the Father sent Him and gave Him strength in His body, Jesus promises to send us with the same strength. "As the Father sent me, even so send I you." He wants you to claim it, believe Him for it, accept it right now. "As your days, so shall your strength be," He tells us in His Word. "Strength for your labor," He promises. "Know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" He wants to abide in your body as well as in your soul and heart. Your physical frame can become the abode of the Lord Jesus. Did you ever see someone's face light up with the glory of God when the Holy Ghost came in? Well, that gives just an idea of how God wants to fill your physical body with His resurrection power. "The Lord for the body and the body for the Lord." That's His "share the wealth plan" for you. He wants to possess your body. Your vessel may be frail, but He wants to share His own strength with you. His life in you will lift you up and carry you above your physical weakness. "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead be in you, it shall also quicken your mortal bodies." Not your dead bodies at the resurrection, but your mortal bodies right now. Just as Jesus represented His Father with a strong, healthy body, He wants you to represent Him in a like manner for "As the Father sent me, even so send I you." He does not send us out into this world of sin without proper equipment. His Father gave Him equipment, and He gives it to us. He shares His supernatural equipment with us in our mortal bodies. "Christ in you the hope of glory." He wants to energize you, vitalize you, live in you, live through you, share His very life through you.

#### *Sharing With Christ in His Glory*

Jesus said, "The glory which Thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one." He passes on to us the good things His Father has given to Him. When Joseph rose from the prison to the throne, he was delighted that he could share his glory and wealth with his poor brothers and his father. Why, even we ourselves like to share our good things with others. Jesus is now sitting among the glories of heaven. He is now preparing a mansion for us. It will be great joy to Him to soon pull

(Continued on page 25)



## Contributions by Young Writers

### The Final Judgment

Oh, what sadness for the sinners,  
When the Great Day shall draw nigh;  
They shall cry for the rocks and moun-  
tains,  
And shall find they cannot die.

For their sins shall they be punished,  
Death eternal for them shall be;  
Into the pit they shall be thrown,  
There to spend eternity.

They shall come before the judgment,  
There before the Great White throne;  
As they hear their final judgment,  
Then you'll hear the great loud groan.

Eternal destruction is the judgment,  
Sinner, do you want to go there?  
If you don't then seek the Savior,  
He will save you anywhere.

—Zetta Vanatti, Brazil, Indiana, age 15.

### Our Friends

Somewhere souls are sad without God,  
Through the valley of despair they have  
trod,  
They worry about the cares of this life,  
Their hearts are heavy with trouble and  
strife.

They think there's no use traveling on,  
Life is nothing but heartaches and groans.  
Oh, how they've met with sudden despair,  
And all of life is such a care.

Dear friend, call on the Lord today,  
He can roll all your burdens away;  
He is willing and will forgive,  
And you would be happy for Him to  
live.

Though you'll have temptations too,  
You'll have someone when you're blue;  
And He will be your friend all the time,  
As the road to heaven you climb.

Some day when we all reach heaven's  
shore,  
We'll be happy evermore;  
And you'll be happy and I will too,  
Because we found this friend to lead us  
through.

—Inez Stewart, West Gastonia, N. C.

### Steadfastness in God

While thinking along the subject of  
steadfastness in God, my mind runs back  
to the Biblical character of Job, who at  
one time was one of the richest men of  
the East, yet he was a man who feared  
God and had his steadfast hope centered  
in Him. But the enemy of his soul was  
walking up and down in the land seek-  
ing whom he might devour.

And the dragon accused God of having  
a fence around Job, so God gave the  
dragon the power to do anything but  
kill him. Through his permission the ene-  
my took his children away from him,  
robbed him of all he owned and afflicted  
him with boils. Then it was that his  
wife said, "Why don't you curse God and  
die?" But he proved his steadfastness by  
his reply, "I will serve Him though He  
slay me."

The Hebrew children are a remarkable  
example of those who had their hearts  
fixed in steadfast hope in God. Because  
they would not bow down and worship  
the golden image, they were thrown in  
the fiery furnace. But their steadfast-  
ness in God caused an angel to accom-  
pany them and the king was alarmed and  
said, "Did not we cast three men bound  
into the midst of the fire? . . . yet I  
see four and one has the image of the  
Son of God." Then the king called for  
them to be brought forth and to his great  
surprise not a hair upon their heads were  
singd.

Paul, after being struck down on his  
way to Damascus, became a great exam-  
ple. He at many times showed he had  
faith that could not be excelled.

We remember through his steadfast-  
ness in God he was made an overcomer.  
Many times he was in trying places, such  
as perils, shipwrecks, and in prison, but  
as he came to the end of the way, he  
said, "I have fought a good fight, I have  
finished my course, I have kept the faith;  
Henceforth there is laid up for me a  
crown of righteousness, . . . and not to  
me only, but unto all them also that love  
his appearing."

In my mind these three are the most  
stirring examples of steadfastness in God  
that are recorded upon the sacred pages of  
the Word.

And I would to God, that we as Chris-  
tians of today, would have more faith  
like the Biblical characters of old, who  
were not afraid to trust God. It would  
pay you and me to be more Christlike  
as these perilous times draw nigh and the  
enemy is rampant on every hand. Let us  
put our steadfast hope in the Rock of our  
salvation and be found ready and doing  
when He comes and calls for His own.

—Wrone Christopher, Greenville, S. C.

### Grace Be With You

The grace of God be with you hence  
And the heavenly aid afford,  
To be your shield and sure defence,  
To serve your blessed Lord.

Your life, your health, and all you have,

Your blessed Lord does give.  
He came your precious souls to save  
And died that you should live.

Like faithful soldiers, act your part  
And never yield to sin,  
But seek the Lord with all your heart,  
The precious prize to win.

Remember well the covenant,  
Which you have here renewed.  
To bear the cross, be ye content,  
Your sins must be subdued.

Keep in view the great reward,  
Look to the life to come,  
Which you shall have when Christ your  
Lord  
Shall come to take you home.

Lord, grant us grace, with confidence,  
To bear our crosses here,  
That when Thou callest us from hence  
We may with joy appear.

—Author Unknown.

Sent in by Mrs. Bessie Hart, Lenoir, N. C.

### A Prayer For the Y. P. E.

Lord, speak to me that I may know  
Best how to help the Y. P. E. grow  
In grace and knowledge, Lord, of Thee,  
Led by Thy Spirit may we see,  
Just what within Thy Word will fit  
The Y. P. E., and grant that it  
Be taught by the older ones that they  
Will love it better every day.  
Lord, help I pray that we will work  
In the Y. P. E. service, and none will  
shirk.

Lord, speak to us that we will hear,  
So unmistakable and clear,  
The word of truth Thou hast for all  
Who are willing to accept the call.  
God grant that this little spiritual book  
Will go into all the world, every cor-  
ner and nook,

Its greatness and testimonies be noised,  
Especially to many lost girls and boys.  
Now, Lord, grant that all who read this  
poem

Will come to Thee, nevermore to  
roam.

So now, dear readers, my prayer must  
end,

But think of that long eternity that  
somewhere we must spend.

—Mrs. Rosa L. Doss, East Bernstadt, Ky.

### He Ne'er Forgets His Own

Am I 'mid pain and suffering  
Forsaken and alone?  
Oh no, the Savior's heart is touched,  
He ne'er forgets His own!

Doubts, questioning, will not console,  
My reasoning is vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
(Continued on page 20)



# Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle:

Did you know that when you joined the Reading Circle that you joined one of the most important circles in the world? To read good, sound literature is the most enlightening, uplifting thing that one can do.

Sometime ago a young woman wrote to me saying, "Our church only has two services during the week and the rest of the time we young people do not have anywhere to go." Of course it is too bad not to have anything to do, for the saying is, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," "but oh, my friends, there are so many good things to read in the world today that will lift you up and inspire you to a great life that you need not be idle. But I hear you say, 'I just don't like to read.' You can cultivate a taste for reading. Just read anyway until you learn to like it. A Reading Circle in your church would be grand. Read a good book and meet and talk it over and each one bring out some special thing that impressed you in the book. Or meet in some home one evening each week and read the book together, then discuss it. Just any way so you can get some study in your program of life. A correspondence course from our Bible School would be a good thing to take up in your Reading Circle. The same Word of God that says, 'Pray' also says 'Study.' For one to pray, 'Lord, make me a vessel meet for the Master's use' and then sit down and not try to improve one's mind is useless.

If you would be interested in this Bible course write Brother Clifford Jenkinson, c/o Bible School, Sevierville, Tenn. for information. I'd like to know how many classes of this kind will organize. Just drop me a card and tell me what you are studying.

A young woman came into my office yesterday and said, "I'm going to buy me a book each month for my library, what would you advise?" I said, "Well, there are a number of books we would like to suggest, but to read about the lives of our great missionaries and Christian workers would be a great inspiration to you." So I think that she decided to start her reading course along that line.

I liked something she said; it was this: "I want to read and get good thoughts stored up in my mind so that if I am asked to make a talk, I will not have such a hard time getting it ready." Now isn't

that sensible? I have a big sugar can here in my kitchen and I always try to keep it filled with sugar so when I need some sugar I will have it. The same with flour and other things. It is just as foolish to let our heads and hearts go empty as it is these things. Come on now and let us read. Build you a library.

Here are some books we can recommend:

— — —  
*Church Vacation Bible School*, by Albert H. Gage, \$1.00.

— — —  
**YOUTH'S VICTORY LIES THIS WAY**

Price \$1.00

BY W. B. RILEY, D. D.

What others say of the book:

A good book for thoughtful young people. Gives good counsel and warns against perils that beset the pathway of all young folk, in this age.—*The Baptist Standard*.

Timely messages which constitute a lively setting forth of youth's problems. There is plenty of action here. Leaders of young people and young people themselves should not fail to read it.—*Presbyterian Messenger*.

"*Illustrations from Art*," by William E. Biederwolf, Price 1.00. These illustrations are based on the world's most famous works of art and true incidents connected with them. They are done in Dr. Biederwolf's inimitable manner and each illustration is really a sermon in itself.

— — —  
**A CHRISTIAN GIRL'S PROBLEMS**

By Mary S. Wood. Price 50c.

**AT THE CROSSROADS**

By Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00

**THE GIRL WHO FOUND HERSELF**

By Jack Lynn. Price 50c.

Don't forget that you need *The History of the Church of God*, published by E. L. Simmons. If you belong to The Church of God, you will want one of them in your home to show your friends the great progress your Church is making. Order from the author, Rev. E. L. Simmons, 2519 Trunk St., Cleveland, Tenn.

*Jerry McAuley: An Apostle To The Lost* by Rev. R. M. Offord, LL. D. "If ever there was a story that illustrates the abounding grace of God in a transformed life,—it is found here in the story of Jerry McAuley, a man who began life

as a river thief, and who subsequently became a great and successful missionary among the submerged and depraved classes in New York. It is a story more fascinating than a romance, because it relates in simple terms the life of one of the most remarkable men in the country."

Seventh edition, revised and enlarged. 20 illustrations. Cloth, 304 pp. Price \$1.50.

## A New Play, "HOME SCENES"

We have just finished a new play that we are sure will be a great blessing to your church. Its title is "Home Scenes." It is very touching and will inspire young parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have never tried to read it to others that I did not have to stop and weep. Send 25c for your copy and we will send it to you as soon as it is off the press. It will be perhaps two weeks before it is ready.

This play takes two families, the Bartons and the Jones and follows them from the first evening in their own home down to the evening of life. It portrays the difference in the home that takes Christ as its foundation and the one who has as its goal worldly gain. Plays one hour or more.

Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

Recently a group of ministers appealed to the General Overseer asking that rule number six in the Y. P. E. National Banner Contest be eliminated from the contest. We have contacted the various State Overseers and Y. P. E. Superintendents, and although we have not heard from all of them, we feel safe in announcing to all rule number six will be eliminated from the national contest.

At the same time we earnestly and sincerely insist that you continue to read this good paper.—Yours for bigger and better Y. P. E's, J. H. Walker, General Overseer.

## Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold for May	Sold since Assembly
Alabama	702	5,109
Arkansas	178	1,353
California	112	536
Colorado		19
Delaware	42	183
Foreign	185	1,444
Florida	1,354	9,869
Georgia	2,735	17,486
Idaho	14	84
Iowa	42	198
Illinois	445	2,472
Indiana	98	594
Kansas	56	395



Kentucky	1,023	6,030
Louisiana	112	956
Massachusetts	14	170
Maine	43	155
Maryland	210	1,608
Michigan	140	1,282
Minnesota		1
Mississippi	302	2,181
Missouri	122	901
Montana	98	716
Nebraska		1
New Mexico	91	874
New York		1
New Jersey	28	196
North Carolina	2,356	10,845
North Dakota	56	285
Oklahoma	238	1,436
Ohio	337	2,635
Oregon	42	296
Pennsylvania	659	4,866
South Carolina	4,181	20,615
South Dakota	70	356
Tennessee	1,146	9,008
Texas	440	3,002
Virginia	415	2,828
West Virginia	1,095	8,166
Washington	42	215
Washington, D. C.	14	71



### Read the Bible Through This Year

These are the suggested Bible readings for June:

June	Morning	Evening
1	1 Kings 11-12	Ps. 69-70
2	1 Kings 13-14	Ps. 71-72
3	1 Kings 15-16	Ps. 73-74
4	1 Kings 17-18	Ps. 75-76
5	1 Kings 19-20	Ps. 77-78
6	1 Kings 21-22	Ps. 79-80
7	2 Kings 1-2	Ps. 81-82
8	2 Kings 3-4	Ps. 83-84
9	2 Kings 5-6	Ps. 85-86
10	2 Kings 7-8	Ps. 87-88
11	2 Kings 9-10	Ps. 89-90
12	2 Kings 11-12	Ps. 91-92
13	2 Kings 13-14	Ps. 93-94
14	2 Kings 15-16	Ps. 95-96
15	2 Kings 17-18	Ps. 97-98
16	2 Kings 19-20	Ps. 99-100
17	2 Kings 21-22	Ps. 101-102
18	2 Kings 23-24	Ps. 103-104
19	2 Kings 25-1 Ch. 1	Ps. 105-106
20	1 Ch. 2-3	Ps. 107-108
21	1 Ch. 4-5	Ps. 109-110
22	1 Ch. 6-7	Ps. 111-112
23	1 Ch. 8-9	Ps. 113-114
24	1 Ch. 10-11	Ps. 115-116
25	1 Ch. 12-13	Ps. 117-118
26	1 Ch. 14-15	Ps. 119
27	1 Ch. 16-17	Ps. 120-121
28	1 Ch. 18-19	Ps. 122-123
29	1 Ch. 20-21	Ps. 124-125
30	1 Ch. 22-23	Ps. 126-127

### The Church of God Bible School

(Continued from page 15)

itory and attend Bible School this term 1940, please send your application at once as the dormitory will soon be filled.—Zeno C. Tharp.



Here is Brother Clifford Jenkerson the young man who would like to send you the correspondence course. He makes you this splendid offer: "Any person enrolling as many as three students in our General Bible Course will be given a course free. The price of this course is \$13.00 on terms of \$1.00 down and \$1.50 per month or \$10.00 cash. Also a free course will be given to any one selling as many as three courses on Bible Study in Genesis. Address Rev. Clifford Jenkerson, Bible Training School, Sevierville, Tenn.

### Those Little Shoes

(Continued from page 10)

With the help of God on high,  
No one should ever listen

To my little children's cry

Because their feet were aching

With the bitter, bitter cold,

While I was spending for strong drink

My hard-earned, precious gold.

"And my vow has ne'er been broken,

Though it's been a dreadful fight,

As all who see my face can tell,

As I stand here tonight.

But I thank my heavenly Father

For the warning sent that night

By those little shiny shoes,

To lead me to the light."

O fathers! are you spending

Your money at the bar?

Oh, let this simple story

Live as a guiding star,

To lead you back to virtue

And paths of truth and right;

Then I shall not have spoken

In vain to you tonight.

—Selected.

### Tribute to Edmond Stark

(Continued from page 12)

That can stand by you as He will;

He sticketh closer than a brother.

So keep your obedient hand in His,

And walk close by His side,  
He'll lead you home to Edmond  
Where you shall e'er abide.

—Mrs. Freda Lambert, Eckman, W. Va.

### He Ne'er Forgets His Own

(Continued from page 18)

Some day He'll make it plain.

Though fierce the flame, the gold refines,  
From dross it is set free.

The furnace will not harm my soul,  
His presence is with me.

E'en though I do not see God's plan,  
His counsel now unknown,

In time will show that He was right,  
He ne'er forgets His own.

—Lewis Harold Patmont.

The above poem was sent in by Mrs. W. G. Rankin, Edmond, Okla., an invalid more than twenty years.

### O Word of God!

Teach me to live, O Word of God.

Be thou my shield, my sword, my rod.

Keep my feet on the road you've laid  
straight

From this weary life to heaven's fair  
gate.

Take me to heaven, O Word of God.

Take me beyond this earthly sod.

Take me where waters of life freely  
flow,

Where death and sorrow, we'll never  
know.

O Word of God, my refuge in life,  
My comfort and help in all of this strife,  
Take me to regions of eternal spring,  
Where boundless life lasting joy will  
bring.

—Mrs. Edwin M. Mortenson, Henderson,  
N. C.

### Seeing — Hearing

Mrs. D. J. Mason

Two men were looking at the sea,

But one saw only quantity;

The other's soul was filled with holy awe,  
The handiwork of God is what he saw.

And then the singing of a bird,

The noise is all the first one heard;

The other felt uplifted all day long,

And loved the Lord more dearly for  
the song.

Eyes see so much when opened by His  
touch,

And ears unstopped can hear so much.

—Sent in by Mrs. W. G. Rankin, Edmond, Okla.

The world wants Christianity without Christ; redemption without Blood; salvation without repentance and confession; regeneration without the Holy Spirit, and Heaven without a hell.—J. W. K., in *Evangelical Visitor*.



## The Girl Who Found Herself

(Continued from page 3)

screamed, rising from her chair. "Now go to your room. This matter will be finally settled when your father arrives home at dinner time."

Helen obeyed. Like an angel she moved from her place and went softly through the rooms to the hall, and up the stairs.

She found comfort in Him, the God of all comfort. He was carrying her burden. She heard over and over Bob's words, "His grace will be sufficient."

She read more of Jesus in her Bible. The story of the crucifixion, with its harmony, never had been so clear. They had plaited the crown of cruel thorns and placed it upon His lovely brow. His back was bleeding and lacerated as they scourged Him with the Roman scourge. She sang in tears:

*"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,*

*And all the world go free?*

*No, there's a cross for every one,*

*And there's a cross for me."*

They led Him out of the East gate, the Damascus gate. They laid Him down upon the rough pieces of timber that were to constitute His cross. She heard the crunching of the spikes as they were driven into His hands and feet. Now, the Romans lifted Him in their strong arms, and planted the cross into the hole that had been dugged in the ground.

She heard the crowd hiss and sneer and jeer. Oh, that motley throng ridiculed and mocked, and some spit upon Him. His eyes were swollen and blood matted His hair and beard, and yet He never spake an unkind word. She heard Him faintly say, when a hush had come over the scene, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do!"

Oh—oh—! They pierced His side with a spear, and out came water and blood. Oh, He had given His life. He had sealed with His own heart's blood the new covenant between God and man. He had died for her—for her! It was all so plain now, so vivid! As in a panoramic view, it went before her eyes. She sang again, softly, tenderly:

*"There was One who was willing to die*  
*in my stead,*

*That a soul so unworthy might live;*  
*And the path to the cross He was willing*  
*to tread,*

*All the sins of my life to forgive.*

*"They are nailed to the cross,*

*They are nailed to the cross;*

*Oh, how much He was willing to bear.*

*With what anguish and loss,*

*Jesus went to the cross!*

*But He carried my sins with Him*  
*there."*

When Richard J. Golden came home that evening, he was pale and haggard. He went to his room and remained

without a word until the bell announced that dinner was served. Silence prevailed at the table. It was so tense at times that it seemed unbearable.

Little food was touched by any one, despite the fact that ordinarily they each had splendid appetites. As Mr. Golden pushed back his chair and carefully and laboriously folded his napkin, he began, looking straight at Helen:

"This has been the most trying day of my life. I never want to go through another like it—" He hesitated, like a man that was suffering. "I have only this to say: You give up this Mission, this religion, with Jesus. We are prepared to send you to Europe for a period of months, and possibly by that time this awful gossip will be over—" Again he stopped, trying his best to control his feelings. "Now go to your room, come to your senses, and when the breakfast bell rings in the morning, you come down stairs either fully determined to give up all this nonsense, or dressed and packed prepared to leave our house forever."

"O father—!" sobbed Helen.

"I want no answer now," shortly from him. "Do as I bid you. Go."

This was almost too severe for Helen's mother. Yet it was just like the Richard Golden she had always known. Mrs. Golden kept silent. She knew this plan must have been carefully thought out by Helen's father.

If she had heeded her mother heart, she would have rushed to Helen, and folded her in her arms. But instead she watched her glide from the room, wounded and crushed, and go up the stairs, and then she heard the door of her room close and the key turn.

There was nothing to talk over between husband and wife, the parents of Helen. Both early retired to their rooms, but not to sleep.

Strange as it may seem, Helen had visualized this ungracious home scene as she knelt at the altar in the little Mission. It was to this ordeal that she had literally died. She had said a great big yes—an eternal yes—to the Christ of Calvary, and now the test had come.

"Oh, my Jesus, help me," she sobbingly prayed. "Thy grace is sufficient."

Turning to the little writing desk, she picked up her Bible, and began to read the verse that God had given her. Again and again she read in Matthew's Gospel, nineteenth chapter and twenty-ninth verse:

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

"For my name's sake!" she whispered. "For Jesus' sake!" Again she saw Him hanging on the tree. The suffering, the

shame, the cruel thorns and nails, all came in a panoramic view. "For my name's sake; for my name's sake! Yes, Lord. Yes, yes—"

She noted in her Bible that the marginal note referred her to Luke's Gospel, fourteenth chapter and twenty-sixth verse. She turned to it and read:

"If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple."

She saw that Jesus had anticipated. He, with an all-knowing mind, could understand. Then her eyes fell on the next verse:

"And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

"Oh, my dear Jesus," she cried. "I'll bear my cross and come after Thee."

She fell limply to her knees and she buried her head in her hands upon the side of the bed and cried with a broken heart. Her Bible had fallen to the floor, and opened at the twenty-seventh Psalm. Directly she reached down and picked it up, holding the place. A hot tear fell upon the tenth verse which she read:

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

All these verses and many more were precious promises. She believed them all, and yet the victory and peace which should come to her heart was not present. The enemy of her soul severely attacked her. Maybe she had been hasty. Maybe she had made a mistake. How could her father and mother help from taking the course which they had? Had she not done a radical thing? What would all the people say? Maybe this feeling was a passing thing and would soon be gone. Was it not best to go slow?

And then the devil, the archenemy of the Christ, told Helen Golden while she was on her knees that she was a fool, she was crazy, she was losing her mind, and if she persisted in this matter she would soon be in an asylum.

But God was with her. She saw the happy faces of those who testified in the class-meeting and those who had been at the Mission. She saw the radiance and glory in the face of Bob West. She heard his words, his prayer, his exhortations, his ejaculations of overflowing joy and praise! No, this was real. She could not surrender now.

The old-fashioned antique clock that stood in the hall had struck hour after hour, but Helen had not heard. She had no idea how long she remained upon her knees. But suddenly, a wave of glory from the skies flooded the room and penetrated her heart, causing such unspeakable joy that she could scarcely re-



frain from shouting aloud.

"Oh, praise Him! Praise Him! Precious, precious Jesus!!!" Apparently the shekinah glory of God was in her room. She heard the clock strike. One, two. It was two o'clock in the morning.

"I must hurry and get ready," she whispered to herself. "Then I must get a bit of sleep and be prepared when the bell rings in the morning." She had been tried and found not wanting.

She selected her simplest garments, and laid them out upon a chair. Back in her closet she found a plain sailor hat that she had forgotten was there. Carefully she packed her traveling bag, putting such things as she thought she would need into it. And then, Helen Golden, with victory in her soul, undressed and went to bed and to sleep, asking God to awaken her an hour before the breakfast bell would ring. This He did.

Quietly and softly she made her toilet that morning. The tear stains were gone from her eyes, and her face manifested the fact that God had refreshed her body in the few hours that she slept.

Her traveling bag was all packed. She closed it with a snap. She donned her jacket suit, and carefully brushed it. Her door was ajar now, as she waited for the breakfast bell to ring. She was finishing the adjusting of the sailor hat, when she found herself singing very softly and yet with a clear enunciation.

Her father and mother had not slept. They writhed and turned and twisted in their beds. Her mother was downstairs with a tired body and sick heart. Her father, with heavy eyes and haggard face, was passing down the hall, and started down the stairs when he heard Helen's voice in song. He had never heard her sing so sweetly before. It was wonderful. He glanced toward her room, and saw her through her half-opened door. He listened:

*"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be;  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, and hoped and known;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and heaven are still my own."*

"Oh, it is like an angel," that father said in his heart. "O Helen, Helen—." And he listened again:

*"Let the world forsake, despise me,  
They have left my Savior, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me;  
Thou art not, like man, untrue,  
And while thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love and might,  
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,  
Show thy face and all is bright."*

It was breaking the father's heart. Was this his Helen? That sweet-faced girl who sang with a voice from heaven. Was she the girl he was driving from his home?

But Helen sang on:

*"Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,  
Come, disaster, scorn and pain;  
In thy service pain is pleasure,  
With Thy favor loss is gain;  
I have called thee 'Abba, Father,'  
I have stayed my heart on thee;  
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,  
All must work for good to me."*

Richard Golden, stern man though he was, could stand it no longer. He rushed downstairs and fell into the large leather chair, buried his face in his hands and sobbed inwardly. Mrs. Golden saw, and her heart went out in sympathy, but what could she do. She had known him now for these years. He was a Golden. He prided himself on this fact. Both were undergoing a change of heart.

The breakfast bell rang. Helen picked up her traveling bag, and came softly down the stairs. She saw her mother and her father. They did not look up. Helen stood for a moment without speaking, as tears sprang to her own eyes. Then she spoke softly:

"Father, won't you bid me good-by?"

No answer. The suspense was terrible.

"Good-by, mother," Helen said faintly.

"Good-by, father! I shall be true and you will hear from me, and I know sometime God will let you understand the truth of His precious love. I do not feel hard toward you. I have tried to appreciate your position. Good-by!" And she moved quickly toward the hall in the direction of the front door, for she could not bear to make the sorrow of parting longer.

"No, no, Helen," her father exclaimed. "You can't go." He jumped from the chair and soon had Helen in his arms, kissing her face. "You must stay, my Helen. Stay with us. Make our home a heaven. You can keep your Jesus. Oh, He has done so much for you. Stay with us and teach us about Him! Oh, Helen, I want Jesus, too!"

Mrs. Golden had now arisen and she, too, laid her hands tenderly on Helen. "Yes, Helen, we want you. We made a mistake. Forgive us. We want your Christ."

In her unspeakable joy, Helen found her verse coming to her mind, "Shall receive a hundred fold."

Then, before any of them knew what was done, they all found themselves upon their knees in prayer. The father and mother were crying to God in penitence while Helen interceded for them the best she knew how.

"Oh save them, dear Jesus," she prayed, with her hands lifted toward heaven. "You saved me, please save my mother and father." She cried and pleaded and prayed. "Give up, mother!" she exhorted. "Say yes to Jesus, father. Let Him have you."

That large and spacious room in that beautiful house on Sunset Hill, with its elaborate furnishing, which had so many times been the scene of a society function, was now turned into a prayer-meeting room. God is no respecter of persons or places, and that morning salvation came into that room, and saved that father and mother.

It was true and genuine work. Only the eternal counsels of glory will ever reveal all that it meant.

There might be many ways to end the story of Helen Golden, or "The Girl Who Found Herself," but it must be ended in the way it ended. Mr. and Mrs. Golden really were saved, and the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts. Their salvation was not hid under a bushel. It was known far and wide.

With Helen they remained in their church, and through prayer and faithfulness saw it transformed into a soul-winning institution. Missions were established in neglected parts of the city, even unto other cities. Foreign missionary work took on new life.

An evangelistic association was organized, with workers of approved type, who went into neglected districts, abandoned churches, and new territory, with the pure Gospel of Jesus Christ. Bob West was chosen to be leading evangelist and God made of him not only a capable preacher, but a devout soul-winner.

Helen continued to carry her cross. Many of her erstwhile friends, who sneered and jeered, were converted, and it is rumored that Tom Wilson, who had been gloriously converted in one of the revival meetings that was held in the church, and who in due time became the efficient and lovable Sunday School superintendent—well, it is rumored that Tom and Helen are to be married.

THE END

### Our New Serial

"Under Whose Wings," is the title of our next continued story. We are sure that this story will be a blessing to our young people. As soon as we read it we wished we could put it in the hands of every young person in the country.

There are a few people who say they don't believe in fiction. Now I think it's because they do not understand. All through my life when I would hear a noise in the night instead of lying there trembling and afraid, I would get up, turn on the light and try to find out what the boogaboo was. And I always believe in trying to explain the boogaboos that come along like this one. Webster says fiction is something imagined. We can have a good or a bad imagination. So we can have good and bad fiction.

Above my desk in my office is a beautiful picture of Christ in the garden



praying. The artist never saw Christ. He was not there to take His picture. He painted it from imagination. Shall I take it from the wall and throw it away, or shall we enjoy its beauty and the inspiration it brings to us?

The book "*In His Steps*" and "*The Prince of the House of David*," sold from the Publishing House which have been mightily used in leading men and women to God, are fiction. The Easter plays, the Christmas plays and all other plays sold from our Publishing House, which are being put on in our churches everywhere and are being such a blessing, were written from imagination. The play put on at the close of Bible School was written from imagination and all who were there will witness that it was a sermon in itself.

The story, "*Under Whose Wings*" was written from imagination but we feel, to our boys and girls, it is going to be a real blessing and will help them to realize that the most vital thing in their lives can be guided and controlled by our wonderful Friend Jesus.—Editor.

### The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

mother is more closely associated with the children and has a better chance to mould their lives. It is she who is present to kiss away the tears and bind up their little broken hearts. It is she who has to toil from early till late to keep them fed and clothed, after father has provided the means. It is usually mother who bathes the fevered brow when they are sick and walks the floor with them day and night, if needs be, to bring them back to life, but the sweet, gentle, comforting voice of a good father makes it easy to do this. I believe we should all take off our hats to this woman's father and all other good fathers and set them on an equality with the mothers. God bless the good fathers and mothers!

Young men and women, as you perhaps are planning to start a home in the near future or perhaps have already done so, start your home right. Make it a Christian home. Let God rule your lives. Begin now to sow the kind of seed you want to reap after while. If you want to reap sorrow, then live in sin, but if you want to reap joy and pride in your children in your declining years, then sow seed of righteousness now. The boys and girls who are today behind prison bars or who are filling murderers' graves might just as well have been beautiful characters filling places of usefulness and blessing the world, as to be where they are. The greatest institution this world holds today is the home. If only young men and women, as they start their home, could realize this, this world would be different.

God bless the homes of our land.

### Led by a Little Child

(Continued from page 5)

—tried to crowd out the memories which persisted in returning; for they had thwarted his plans; had tried to halt him in his mad race for riches and fame; had tried to persuade him to give God the first place in his heart and life, and in all of his plans. So he had turned his back upon them all, leaving his happy, peaceful home, and vowing never to return.

And, for seven years, he had kept that vow, crowding out even the memories of his boyhood home. But now, they would no longer be crowded out; for he had discovered, as he listened to Bobby's story, that the sweet, gentle mother—who had borne so many of life's sorrows, and yet, through it all, had been always kind and gentle—was none other than his wavy-haired, blue-eyed sister; and the new mother, whom Bobby had found on Mother's Day, was the girl whom he had loved in the long ago—the someone with the kind, patient face and shy brown eyes.

But Bobby's voice broke in upon his thoughts:

"You'll go back, won't you? Then Miss Margaret won't never have to cry any more."

Strange that Margaret's real meaning should have come to Bruce Knight at that moment; but it did. Across the miles, he seemed to hear her question: "Oh, Bruce, will you not come back—back to your God, your loved ones, and the happy Christian life you once led?" A great longing suddenly swept over him; leaning over the little white cot, he sought Bobby's hands in both of his, while a new light of determination shone in his gray eyes.

"I'm going back, Bobby," he promised hoarsely, "God helping me, I'm going back."

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks later, Dr. Knight's car stopped in front of the green and white bungalow; and little Bobby ran happily up the flower-bordered walk.

Miss Margaret was not there. Neither were the busy hens nor the fluffy baby chicks.

Little Bobby's eyes filled with tears, but Dr. Knight wiped them quickly away.

"Be brave, my little man," he encouraged, "we'll soon find her and bring her back."

And find her they did—in the cheap, little boarding house where she had taken refuge.

Soon, little Bobby's face was wreathed in smiles; for Miss Margaret was going back to the beautiful bungalow, and little Bobby was going with her—to stay forever and ever.

Bobby felt that his cup of happiness

was already running over; but, when he learned, a few weeks later, that Dr. Bruce was to be a member of their happy family, his joy knew no bounds.

"Jesus did more than I asked Him to," he cried happily, "I asked Him to help me to find a mother, and He is going to give me a daddy too."

"He has given me a new view of life," whispered Margaret.

"And He has given me," Bruce's voice was husky with emotion, "He has given me a chance to begin again."

All three members of that happy family have made good use of that chance. Whether in the doctor's big home in the city; or on their vacations in the green and white bungalow; and despite the trials and troubles which must come to all, their hearts are ever full of joy and peace—for God holds first place in the heart of each.

### Encouragement For Clothesline Christians

(Continued from page 6)

and tried," Dan. 12:10.

1. Washing. "Purified." Important, but not sufficient.

2. Rinsing. In the Water of Life.

3. Bluing. "Made white." The cleansing of false conceptions, values, and attitudes.

4. Starching. The forcing through experiences that strengthen the backbone.

5. Shaking out and hanging on the clothesline. A scorching sun or a good freezing bleaches clothes. Often a roasting or a freezing removes the yellow or the off-color from the Christian.

6. Ironing. "Tried." Held by circumstances while hot pressure is applied. Ironing shows one tablecloth has woven into it the pattern of a prickly thistle, another the design of a violet. (The crushing of a flower brings forth the sweetest perfume.)

7. Made fit for the Master's use are those who go through the process with understanding, and without bitterness. Those who rebel, fret, and condemn become too blue, too stiff, torn, and burnt for effective service.

Many years have passed since she asked the heavenly Father to fit her for partnership with Him by making the worst into His best, and the tormenting into equipment. There have been times when she has rejoiced in His gracious washings. To her, His blood is vicariously efficacious. Again and again she has been rinsed in His precious Word. The Water of Life has clarified, revived, and energized. She has been blued, often too blue, for this old world furnishes plenty of bluing, and the circumstances through which she has passed have not always sufficiently stiffened her backbone. She has never enjoyed the shaking-outs, and she fears that more than once she has been blown off the clothesline by the



winds of adversity before the bleaching was completed. She also feels certain that she has demonstrated to those who knew her best that woven within was a prickly thistle rather than a perfume-laden violet. She recalls many days when wrinkles were ironed in instead of out, or when she refused to be ironed and had to be kept in the background and from honoring her Lord.

Now she knows that all of God's colleges are not surrounded by expensive brick walls and a lovely campus, but some of His most valuable classes are held in the kitchen, in the sick room, in the office, on the street, down poverty's alley, and in the valleys of disappointment. Yet, as she looks back over the years of service, and as she thinks of those won to Christ, and of the many definite answers to prayer, she is encouraged, for she also knows that her heavenly Father, by His wonderful grace and power, has used her clothesline experience in making her—in a small degree, at least—"fit for the Master's use."—*Church of Christ Advocate.*

### Tributes to Fathers

(Continued from page 7)

real roses either.

You can give him one of the best roses in the world by being obedient, going to church and living for the Lord. Help him by being kind to him. There are many ways in which one can give roses to father. So children give them to him now before it is too late.—*Jewel Dees, Wau-chula, Fla.*

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for my precious father. He has done so much for me. My heart always yearns for him with a deep love that can never be told. No one will ever know that love but Jesus, and I truly thank my father today for the prayers he has sent up in behalf of me in the past. God has saved my soul from sin and has trusted me with this good blessing and headed me out for heaven my home. I hope and pray that when we come to the last milepost of the way, he and I can meet in that beautiful city to live together forevermore.—*Earl Kirkland, Jacksonville, Fla.*

Those who have been deprived of a father's love and wise counsel have lost one of the greatest blessings that God has ever given. I am so thankful that God, because of His infinite love and mercy, spared my father to be with me through these eighteen years of my life.

Dad's kind advice and warnings will always linger in my memory. His punishment in years gone by, even though it seemed wrong and unfair at the time, is deeply appreciated now; for I know dad was thinking of my own good. I know

my father prayed for me and helped lead me to God and some day I believe that dad, mother and I will be together around God's throne.—*Miss Edna Weaver, Hamilton, Ohio.*

### Bright Flower

(Continued from page 9)

hangs over this place doesn't lift. Where do you think I found her this afternoon, mother? Mourning over the ruins of the old house."

She began to laugh but, seeing the look of misery on her sister's face, she stopped and cried out remorsefully:

"Emmy, dear, I didn't mean to hurt you. And I'll tell Jed Pierce to go jump in the lake if you say so. Only he is a nice boy and he plays the piano marvelously."

She chattered on light-heartedly until Emily felt ashamed not to enter into her mood, but she stole away as soon as she could to see her father.

She was surprised to find him cheerful, almost like his old self. He was reading a magazine, and in a vase on the table at his elbow stood the white chrysanthemum. He touched it with gentle fingers before he turned to his daughter and spoke animatedly:

"That's a great seedling. When we rebuild I'm going to give strict orders that it be protected. Or perhaps I'd better ask Chris to pot it up for me," he added thoughtfully. "Yes, that will be better. I can tend it right here."

Emily smiled, but her face was full of pity. Poor father, planning the rebuilding that looked so far away and beyond reach. He must have realized her feeling, for the smile died out of his face. He picked up the magazine again and pretended to engross himself in it. She patted his shoulder comfortingly once or twice and left him.

She did not go with Chris and her friends to the carnival, but a few days later Chris brought half a dozen of them home with her after school. To Emily's indignation, Mrs. Grove invited them to stay for supper, and they accepted.

Jed Pierce was among them. He was a nice-looking blond youth of eighteen. He had a frank, disarming smile which melted a good deal of the resentment Emily felt toward him when she thought of the gaps his father had put into her music class.

Chris insisted that Mr. Grove must join them at supper. He rarely did that since his sickness, and Emily would have stopped him tonight if she had had time, but Chris and Jed had him at the table before she realized what was happening.

He laughed and cracked jokes with the young people until Emily was sure that he would be unable to leave his bed on the following day. She hustled him off to

his room as soon as she could, inwardly raging at Chris' thoughtlessness in exposing him to the nerve-wracking noise.

She did not venture to disturb him in the morning before she left, but she was so worried over the effects of the evening's excitement that she was abstracted and nervous all day. Little Allie White ran sobbing from the piano when reprimanded sharply over a repeated mistake. Mrs. Robert Noyes explained kindly that she believed she would discontinue her daughter Marian's lessons for a time. The child was getting so nervous that she disliked her music.

The only bright spot in the day was an invitation to luncheon from the Misses Higbee who lived on Maple Avenue where Emily had four pupils. Miss Livia Higbee ran out to her gate, a shawl over her head, to invite the young music teacher in as she passed.

"You poor dear girl," Miss Livia commiserated. "I can't see you pass but what I think of the terrible trouble that has come to you. It wrings my heart to watch you tramping the streets in all sorts of weather instead of sitting in that beautiful home with your wonderful piano that lies in ruin. I was saying to Marthie only yesterday that it minds me of ourselves after we lost mother. We never seemed rightly to get over it, but it teaches us how to sympathize with the sorrows of others. Come right in and have a hot lunch with us. It will put heart into you. Isn't the weather terrible and gloomy today?"

The Misses Higbee still wore black in memory of their long-age loss and their little dining room with its heavy curtains was stuffy and cheerless. In spite of that it was comforting to spend an hour or two with people who really understood the burden she was carrying. The time passed quickly.

When she reached home about four o'clock, she found the apartment empty. She was really alarmed, for her father seldom left the house. Instantly she blamed Chris. The girl's thoughtless indulgence of her love for fun must have sent her father to the hospital again.

In spite of her alarm she found time to empty the mailbox and open the envelope addressed to her in a bold masculine hand. The contents, for a few minutes, made her forget her worry.

"My dear Miss Grove:" the letter read, "Although we have never met, I am presuming to write this note asking for an appointment when I may come to see you to talk over a matter that I think is of considerable importance both to you and to me. Sincerely yours, Hayden Pierce."

She reread the letter slowly, wondering what Hayden Pierce, the music teacher who, since coming to town a scant three months before had taken so many of her own pupils, could want



with her. She wished that she could talk over the letter with the family.  
(To be continued)

**Mabel Ashton's Dream**  
(Continued from page 8)

ance that there was no mistake, my father recovered a degree of self-possession, bade Him welcome, offered Him a seat, remarking that this was an unexpected pleasure, and then after a somewhat lengthy pause, explained to Him that his daughter Mabel, being very closely occupied with her studies and having little variety in life, had been allowed to invite a few of her friends for a social evening with a little quiet dancing by way of healthful exercise. Her friends were all of the very choicest, and he felt that this was a very harmless amusement which the Church had come to look upon in a somewhat different light from that which it did forty years ago. By removing the objectionable feature of bad company it had now made this pleasant pastime a safe indulgence for its young people.

"As my father stammered out to Jesus these words of apology like those which had often fallen from my own lips, I felt myself flush crimson with shame for him and for myself. Why should he apologize at all for what he considered unquestionably right? And how hollow it all sounded there in the presence of the Lord! Did not Jesus know that my studies were not so pressing but that I could keep late hours, sometimes several nights in a week, at parties?

"Then father, anxious to relieve my evident embarrassment, said, 'I am sure that we can leave these young people safely to themselves, and nothing would please me so well as to take you, my Lord Jesus, to my study for a talk.'

"No; Mabel has often invited me and I came tonight especially to be with her. Will you introduce me to your friends, Mabel?"

"Again that miserable feeling came over me. Why could I not say, 'It will afford them and me the greatest pleasure?' Because for some reason I could not feel pleased; I feared you would not be pleased; and I dared not in that presence use the polite but untrue phrase. I simply said, 'Certainly, if you wish.'

"All this time, you, friends, were looking in our direction, wondering at our embarrassment, and perhaps guessing that we had been made uncomfortable by the arrival of a not altogether welcome guest. I led Him first to some of the church members among you, and there was not one of you who looked as comfortable after the introductions as before.

"As it became known who the guest was, faces changed color, and some of you looked very much as if you would like to leave the room. It seemed as if the church members were as unwilling to

meet Jesus as those who were not.  
"One of you came up quietly and whispered to me, 'Shall I tell the musicians not to play the dance music, but to look up some sacred piece?'

"I was at my wit's end. If my original plan was all right, the presence of Jesus ought only to add joy to the occasion; yet here were all my guests as well as myself, made wretchedly uncomfortable by the presence of Him whom most of us called our Best Friend.

"He said, 'You prayed for my presence in the prayer meeting; you do not quite want it here; why not, my dear child? Is it not because you feel that your pleasures do not help you to become like Me and to glorify Me; that they take your time and strength and thought to such an extent that you have less delight in My Word and in communion with Me? You have been asking, What is the harm? Have you asked, What is the gain?'

"It was all plain to me now. Overcome with reproach and profound sorrow, I threw myself on the floor at His feet and sobbed out my repentance. He said, 'Daughter, go in peace', and was gone. 'I awoke and found it was all a dream.'

"And now I want to ask you, my friends, shall we go on with the program tonight, or shall we take these dance lists which we have prepared and discuss for a time with our partners the question, 'What can young people do to make the world better for their having lived in it?'

The vote was unanimous in favor of the latter plan and the social evening was declared the most delightful of the winter.

**Bible Lessons**  
(Continued from page 17)

back the curtains of the heavens and invite us in to share with Him His glory. He's soon to call us to Him. How shall we feel as we fall at His feet and receive those beautiful crowns that He is going to give us? That will be a happy day for us, but it will be a happier day for Jesus. He will rejoice because we rejoice. "It does not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." That means that we shall be like Him. He is now in His glorified state and He will share all that glory with you and me. Praise to His dear matchless name! "As the Father sent me, even so send I you."

**BIBLE LESSON**  
Topic: "WHY WE NEED THE HOLY GHOST"  
By Margaret Jacobs  
Leading Thought

Just before Jesus went to the cross He knew that His followers would need another comforter to abide with them. So He promised, "If ye love me, keep my

commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever," St. John 14:15, 16. Also in verse 26 we find these words, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

*Jesus Knew That We Would Need Power*  
Acts 1:8

1. Power to live the victorious overcomer's life. Temptations, trials, and misunderstandings will come our way, but Christ promised power to overcome.
2. Power to love our enemies.
3. Power to stand for Christ and His cause.
4. Power to testify and preach to an ungodly and unbelieving world.

*Jesus Knew That He Would Need The Comforter To Guide Us Into All Truth*  
St. John 16:13.

We are living in a sinful world. Unbelief, superstition, deceit and falsehood are on every hand. But the spirit of truth will lead us into the glorious knowledge of Christ and His kingdom. The Spirit will reveal the Bible, the Word of God, unto us. The spirit of truth will give faith, and drive back gloom and darkness.

*Jesus Knew That We Would Need a Teacher*  
1 Cor. 2:9, 10

The natural man or the sinner wonders what we see in the good, clean, holy walk with God. They think that we are cranks when we turn our backs on the dance, theatre, swimming pools, petting parties, cards, etc., but He, the Spirit, is teaching us the ways of God. He that is holy is demanding a holy, separated people ready to stand before a holy God and to live in a holy place for all eternity.

*Jesus Knew That We Needed the Holy Ghost Because He Casteth Out Fear*  
Rom. 8:14, 15.

It is a wonderful consolation to know, he that is led by the Spirit of God is a son of God. Just as a child is led by his father, so we can be led by the Spirit. I assure you He will lead you from all questionable places, from evil companions, from all worldly and filthy habits, from slang, also idle jokes and jesting. He will cast out fear, and then the sunshine of God's approval will shine into your soul.

*Jesus Knew That He Would Need The Spirit To Pray For Us*  
Rom. 8:26, 27

So often there are problems, trials, and ambitions that confront us and we do not know what to do or say. If we get on our knees and let the Spirit pray, He will teach us and lead us into what is best. Sometimes a burden seems so heavy;



the way may seem so long, then is the time to let the Spirit pray. The Spirit knows the will of God and He will make intercession for us.

*Jesus Wants His People to Have a Sound Mind*

2 Tim. 1:7.

The world loves its own and not those that are led of the Spirit. The ways of the world and those that are Spirit-filled are different. One day our mind was warped. We loved the things of this world but the Holy Ghost opened our eyes to the things of God and we sought for better things than the world had to offer. Jesus saved us from sin, then He sanctified us and filled us with the Holy Ghost and gave us a sound mind. Old pleasures, desires and ambitions lost their charms and the will of Christ became our desire.

*Jesus Wants Us To Be Enriched With the Gifts of the Holy Ghost*

1 Cor. 13:8-11.

The gifts of the Spirit are for the Church of God. We should humble ourselves then God can use us as a channel to bless others.

God gave His Son, and the Son sent the Holy Ghost. Let us accept this great gift that Jesus wants His people to have. After we have accepted Him, let us yield ourselves to Him, that we may receive the blessings that He has for us.

Remember the Church of God Evangel is the official organ of the Church of God and should be in every Church of God home.

### The Unbroken Circle

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

We have another short play also, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," which you could use in your programs, price 10c. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and do nothing for your meetings and depend on God doing it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—*Editor*.

### Silver Lining

Some have been writing in, asking about the Silver Lining. This is a book of 57 beautiful poems. They make lovely gifts and poetry lovers are delighted with them. Come on and help me put them in the hands of the people. They will be a blessing. We give \$15.00 for selling 100

of them. Please send references, and remember they cannot be returned. Get your Y. P. E. well organized to sell them, giving each so many to sell. They will be easy to dispose of in this way.

### WARNING!

A pamphlet is being distributed by J. P. Hughes in which a request is made for funds under the claims that the money will be used for the Church of God.

This is the same Hughes that was formerly associated with A. J. Tomlinson in a fight against the Church of God. He is the same man who himself alone brought a lawsuit for \$25,000 against the Church of God and certain of its officials about eighteen months ago for not making him overseer of Georgia and all the courts, including the Supreme Court of Tennessee, dismissed the suit and taxed him with the cost of the lawsuit.

He is enjoined under the laws of Tennessee from claiming to be a member of the Church of God or from representing that our Church is not the Church of God and any claims to the contrary on his part is a contempt of Court.

Hughes is not a minister or member of the Church of God and all people are warned not to send him any money under the idea that he is connected with the Church or that the money will be used for the Church.

Associated with Hughes in this appeal is H. W. Poteat, who has also been expelled as a member of the Church of God.—J. H. Walker, General Overseer.

### Mrs. H. L. Hunt

Ware Shoals, S. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

### Honor Roll

Mildred Timms, Anderson, S. C.  
Amanda Fuller, Greenville, S. C.  
C. C. Owens, Kannapolis, N. C.  
James Hicks, Hartwell, Ga.  
Ollie Hill, Atlanta, Ga.  
Mrs. Susie Durham, Middlesboro, Ky.

### Price on Cuts

To any one desiring cuts made, we can furnish a one-column cut for one dollar. If you have your cut made elsewhere, please do not have it made more than one column wide.

### New Gideons

Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Greenville, Ala.  
J. S. Leonard, Henderson, N. C.  
Mary Elizabeth Boyd, Brookhaven, Miss.  
Lucille Harris, Blacksburg, S. C.  
Rachel Conner, Kings Mountain, N. C.  
Miss Adrene Sanders, Harrison, Ark.  
Miss O'dell Yancy, Arp, Texas.  
Vera Roberts, Houston, Texas.  
Gertrude Hayes, Warrior, Ala.  
Miss Susan White, North Tazewell, Va.  
Mrs. Lennie Worn, Bainbridge, Ga.  
Mrs. Harold Tapley, Marietta, Ga.  
Lucy Liles, Buford, Ga.  
Mabel Wilkey, Dayton, Tenn.  
Mrs. Doris Ross, Holcomb, Miss.  
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Mrs. P. C. Laswell, Vine Grove, Ky.  
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Mrs. Lewis Williams, Blossburg, Ala.  
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W. G. Alford, Ferris, Texas.  
Mildred Pharr, Union, S. C.  
Harvey Martin, State Road, N. C.  
R. J. Coulter, Silver Point, Tenn.  
Martin Miller, Barboursville, Ky.  
Clifford J. Keener, York, Pa.  
Miss Naomie Brooks, Marion, S. C.  
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M. L. Lowe, Bigtimber, Mont.  
Mrs. Louise Elliott, Pax, W. Va.  
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Eugenia Fry, Memphis, Tenn.  
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Sarah Woudby, Unicoi, Tenn.  
Mrs. Nada Williams, Bauxite, Ark.  
Mrs. Rosa Bell Cassell, Ninety Six, S. C.  
Margaret Shank, Hagerstown, Md.  
Mrs. Myrtle Anglink, Harrisburg, Ill.  
Esther Daniels, Wapato, Wash.  
S. Annon Burr, Clover, S. C.  
Elsie Gossett, Huntsville, Ala.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who are going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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# Glints of Knowledge

## Used Cars

A sixteen-year-old unlicensed driver had his automobile taken away after an accident in Denver, Colorado, because, police said, it "carried no plates and in addition lacked brakes, lights, fenders, body and other items." Asked where he had acquired his ill-equipped machine, the youth explained that he had paid \$3.00 cash for it—and traded in his old car. Startled, police set out to find the other auto.—*Pathfinder*.

The U. S. Census Bureau reports that American factories in 1938 produced enough shoes to give every man, woman and child in the country three pairs. Of the 390,746,226 pairs the major portion was designed for women.

Charles Evans Hughes has missed only one day in court since he became Chief Justice eight years ago.

Out of 6,000 local option tests since the repeal of the Prohibition Amendment, dry forces have won in more than 5,000 cases; such reversals for the booze business are being recorded every day, reports the *National Grange Monthly*, which goes on to say: "People are opening their eyes to the fact that they are unroariously fooled by the spacious promises that of course we will never have saloons back, and will keep the liquor business strictly under control."

"But the liquor business was never decent, never will be." This Grange organ predicts that "within a decade the legalized booze business will again be wiped off the greater part of the map of the United States."—*The Evangelical Messenger*.

The *British Weekly* relates that a spiritual awakening is coming to Poland, and is advancing into the heart of this great country, which numbers a population of nearly 35,000,000 people, and covers an area of some 150,000 square miles. The large majority of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics, but there are at least 3,000,000 Protestants, and one in every ten of the population is a Jew.

The *Herald of Holiness* says: People are prone to criticize younger evangelistic denominations as "recently organized, highly emotional societies," but statistics prove that the young denomination with its fire and zeal for souls, is the producer. In church schools with figures ranging back to 1926 the older denominations increased in some cases nine per cent but in many cases decreased as low as nineteen per cent while the younger denominations increased as high as six-

ty-seven per cent. In church membership in the old churches there was an increase of from five to thirty-eight per cent while in the younger evangelical societies the increase went up to one hundred nineteen per cent. People want that which has fire to it in spite of the attitude of the modern psychosocial theologian.

"Since 1932 it is reported by trustworthy authorities," says *The Christian Advocate*, "American people have decreased their gifts for church support 30%; for benevolence, 29%; for community funds or chests, 24%, and for colleges, 18%. During the same period, the expenditures for theaters, cigarettes, liquor, jewelry, radios, and automobiles have increased from 25% in some instances to 317% in others."

Six international bridges link Canada and the United States. It is estimated that in a year 41,000,000 persons cross back and forth between the two countries.

Franco's victory means that the aristocracy has another chance at the task of the rehabilitation of Spain. The decline of Spain, after having been a first-class power to a third-rate position, was due to several things: the vast wealth stolen from Aztecs and Incas brought demoralization; the ousting of the Moors and the banishment of the Jews drove out enlightenment and liberty; the cruel and selfish use of power reduced the common people to wretchedness and want. The people have struck the first blow for their liberties; they will strike again, unless the overlords have learned their lesson and now begin to build a new Spain in the spirit of the motto of the Prince of Wales, "Ich Dien" (I serve).—A. B. McCormick.

Someone should be inspired to write "Up Through Slavery to Christianity," when we consider that the largest Protestant church in the world is the Abyssinian Baptist Church (Negro) of New York City situated in the Harlem district. Their gain last year was 1,044 which brings their membership to 14,978. The pastor is Dr. A. C. Powell, Jr. The pastor's father was pastor of this church for twenty-nine years.

According to "The Mennonite," recent missionary travelers in Russia estimate that there are at least 25,000,000 Evangelical believers (Baptist, Evangelical Christians, and others) and 50,000,000 or more Orthodox Catholic Christians in the country. Many of the latter have come to a clearer understanding of sav-

ing faith through terrible hardships through which they are going, and through much contact with the Evangelicals. Other missionary authorities have repeatedly said this, in substance: "If full freedom should be established in Russia, that land today would doubtless prove to be the most Evangelical land on the globe. It would put all other so-called Protestant lands into the shade."

At a time when earnest Protestants are seriously concerned over the weakness of the evangelical press as a whole, the Roman Church is energetically developing this great instrument of propaganda. At the second International Congress of the Clerical Missionary Union, held lately in Rome, it was reported that, since 1919, some 209 new missionary publications had come into being, making the total now 539, with the impressive combined circulation of over 100,000,000 copies. All of these are for use among Catholics generally, but there are also other journals for the missionaries themselves.

This news from Russia should be a tonic to our listless, easy-going Christianity:

In the last six months of 1937, some 15,000 petitions were sent in to the GPU (Secret Police) for permission to found religious parishes. Since for every one such petition twenty signatures are required, 300,000 men in Soviet Russia have had the courage in this way to confess Christ in spite of all persecutions.

Government reports show that in 1937 some 50,000 Americans drew salaries ranging from \$75,000 to more than \$1,000,000 each. The same year 30,000,000 Americans earned an average wage of \$890 each. The highest paid was Russian-born 53-year-old Louis B. Mayer who drew \$1,296,503, the highest salary ever reported to Congress. He was a movie manager.

A religious weekly observes that taxes and crime are running a neck and neck race.

America's tax bill is \$14,000,000,000; her crime bill is \$15,000,000,000.

America has 30,000,000 radios in her homes and in her automobiles.

Our 1938 radio bill was \$500,000,000.

The world has 87,500,000 radios.

Men crossing the ocean are at no time out of radio communication on their way.



# Father's Day Parables

## THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL FATHER

A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of thy time, and thy attention, and thy companionship, and thy counsel which falleth to me."

And he divided unto him his living in that he paid the boy's bills, and sent him to a select preparatory school, and to dancing school, and to college and tried to believe he was doing his full duty by the boy.

And not many days after, the father gathered all his interests and aspirations and ambitions and took a journey into a far country, into a land of stocks and bonds and securities and other things which do not interest a boy; and there he wasted his precious opportunity of being a chum to his own son.

And when he had spent the very best of his life and had gained money but had failed to find satisfaction, there arose a mighty famine in his heart; and he began to be in want of sympathy and real companionship.

And he went and joined himself to one of the clubs of that country; and they elected him Chairman of the House Committee and President of the Club and sent him to Congress. And he would fain have satisfied himself with the husks that other men did eat and no man gave unto him any real friendship.

But when he came to himself, he said, "How many of my acquaintances have boys whom they understand and who understand them, who talk about their boys and seem perfectly happy in the comradeship of their sons, and I perish here with heart hunger! I will arise and go to my son, and will say unto him, 'Son, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight. I am no more worthy to be called thy father; make me as one of thy acquaintances.'"

And he arose and came to his son. But while he was afar off, his son saw him and was moved with astonishment, and instead of running and falling on his neck, he drew back and was ill at ease.

And the father said unto him, "Son, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight. I am no more worthy to be called thy father. Forgive me now and let me be your friend."

But the son said, "Not so, I wish it were possible, but it is too late. There was a time when I wanted to know things, when I wanted companionship and counsel but you were too busy. I got the information, and I got the companionship, but I got the wrong kind and now, alas, I am wrecked in soul and in body and there is nothing you can do for me. It is too late."—Blake W. Godfrey.

## A FATHER'S TEN COMMANDMENTS

And the boy spake all these words, saying: I am thy son whom thou hast brought without regard to his wishes into the land of the living.

1. Thou shalt love thy son with all thy heart and hesitate not to manifest thy interest in, and affection for him.

2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image of thy business, thy career or thy sports nor any likeness of any pleasure, occupation or pursuit in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself before them nor serve them so that thou forgettest to be a pal and a chum to thy son.

3. Thou shalt not take the name of "Dad" upon thee lightly for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless who hath little regard for the responsibilities of fatherhood.

4. Remember thy son's portion of thy time and keep it holy. Many days shalt thou labor and do all manner of work that thou mayest provide suitable for his needs but in that portion of thy day which belongeth to him thou shalt not do any work, neither shalt thou bury thy nose in a book, betake thyself to the golf links or busy thyself according to thine own pleasure.

5. Honor thy wife, thy mother, for I, thy son, lovest her dearly and cannot admire, respect and love thee if thou display not loving kindness toward her.

6. Thou shalt counsel and advise with thy son in all things and share with him the secrets of thy heart.

7. Thou shalt be firm in thy discipline lest thy son stray from the paths of righteousness for the lack of thy guiding hand, but thou shalt not even now hold the reins of the authority too tight nor fail to understand that thy son desireth and needeth more and more of that independence of action which becometh a man.

8. Thou shalt have trust and confidence in thy son and be patient and longsuffering with all his shortcomings.

9. Thou shalt walk uprightly before man and make thy ways clean in the sight of thy God for thy son doth follow after thy example. Moreover, take heed that thy son hath more discernment than thou sometimes thinketh and is more influenced by what he seeth thou really art than by what thou pretendeth to be.

10. Thou shalt not forget that thou wert once a boy, neither shalt thou be unmindful that times have changed much since the days of thy youth.—Roy Dickerson.



# LIGHTED PATHWAY

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

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## Paths

Grace Noll Crowell

So many, many glittering paths  
Lie at your feet today,  
So many far divergent roads  
To beckon you away.

Which shall you choose, O valiant Youth?  
Down yonder road lies fame—  
As clear as if a voice calls out,  
It bids you, "Seek a name."

And this long steep path leads to wealth,  
To banks and bonds and lands,  
Waiting for you to clutch its stores  
With avid reaching hands.

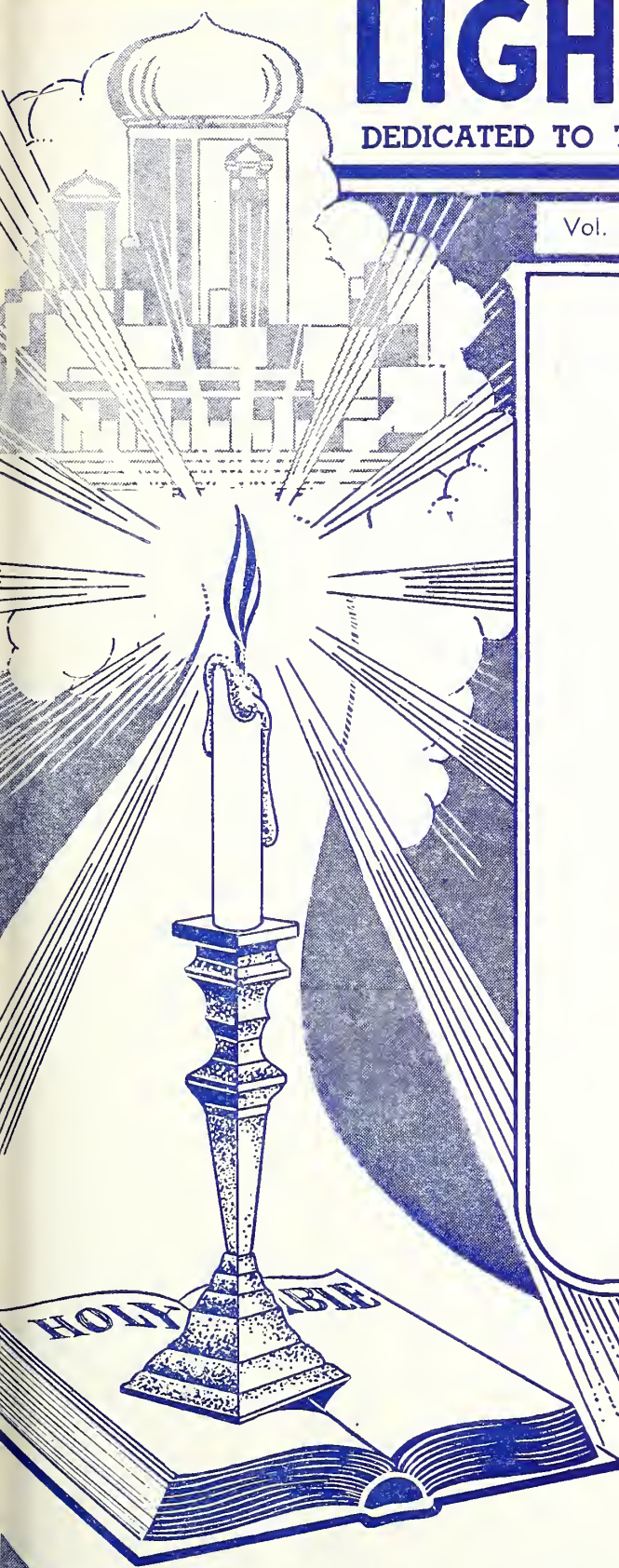
One brilliant way is loud with noise,  
Its glare is blinding, white,  
Where Pleasure bids you drink her wine,  
And dance with her at night.

And there a cool path that leads  
Across the earth's good sod,  
Where in the stillness you can find  
Yourself, and find your God.

So many beckoning paths today,  
With much to gain, or lose,  
O Youth, before you start think long  
And well before you choose.

"Thy word is a lamp  
unto my feet and a  
light unto my path."

Psalm 119:105



sus,  
ne Light  
f the world."



# The Editor's Message

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I am going to talk with you this month about a strange subject and here it is, "Backbone." You all know that it is a terrible thing for one to hear of some



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

one being in an accident and getting his backbone broken. It means perhaps a life of invalidism. Sometimes children are born with a lack of calcium in the bone and must be given the foods that will supply this lack and make them strong. It is

among our young people in their spiritual life. We are all born in sin and need the proper remedies and nourishment to build us up so that we can stand anywhere. What do we need for building up our spiritual bones so that we will not be so weak-kneed in times of temptation?

The first and most important thing is to accept Christ in your lives and let Him cleanse you and fill you with His Spirit. This is the first and most important step in the strengthening of the weak places in the lives of our young people. Then the next remedy for this spiritual backbone is the teaching of the Word of God. Some folks think that all they need is this wonderful experience, the Baptism of the Holy Ghost spoken of in the second chapter of Acts. Well, it does seem that if anyone goes on with God to this extent he would never fail to stand and go through with God, but he should be rooted and grounded in the Word so that when he meets people who do not understand he can give them the "Thus saith the Lord," as Peter tells us we should "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."

It'll not suffice to say to an unbelieving world, "I got it that way; it was true in my life; I know Jesus Christ is divine; I know He was crucified for my sins and yours. He was buried and resurrected from the dead." Of course, testi-

mony is a wonderful thing but an intelligent world wants to know what proof you have from the Word of God. Many of our boys and girls make the mistake of going out to preach the gospel without the proper training and make shipwreck of their lives and bring reproach on the cause. Perhaps it would be a good thing for the pastors to examine the little flock and see if the average young person who has lined up with you knows how to intelligently lead a soul to Christ by the Word of God.

Not long ago a splendid girl in our church here at Cleveland told me this when I was talking to her on this subject. She said, "I realize my need of more study, for not long ago a young man came to our church and I was introduced to him and he asked me if he could walk home with me. I allowed him to do so and as we went home he said, 'I have never been in a holiness meeting before. Will you tell me about it?'" She said, "I knew for myself it was right but I didn't know how to tell him." She was not able to give an answer for the hope that was within her. I have talked to others along this line and find them very much behind with the knowledge that a real Christian should have. Where does the fault lay? It lays at the door of our churches. We have plenty of evangelists but not enough teachers. 1 Cor. 12:28, "And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues." Here we find that teachers have the same important place in God's program that evangelists have, but our Church has, we believe, been a little one-sided on this

question. Yes, we have our Sunday Schools, we have our young people's meetings, which are grand, but such a little time twice each week will not suffice. We have our Summer Bible Schools in some of our states, which are grand for those who can go, but so many of our young people cannot go. We need to have a good Bible teacher in our local churches once or twice each year to stay for two or three weeks for nothing else but teaching, just like we have our evangelists come for a revival, and in my opinion, it should immediately follow the evangelistic meetings in order to fill the new converts with the Word of God and establish them.

There are two extremes in our religious circles these days. One is eternal security and the other is falling from grace. Of course, we believe that one can fall from grace and be lost after he has once been saved, but we believe we emphasize that side too much. If we would talk more to our young people about what we are expecting them to do for the Lord rather than tell them we are afraid they are going to backslide, we would accomplish more. That is, in place of telling our children that it will be impossible for them to make it through high school or college without backsliding, tell them they can, that you have confidence in them and you know that they are strong and that trusting in Christ they can be conquerors over every evil they might meet along the way. I am persuaded that the young man or woman that has to be sheltered and petted all the time will never amount to much anyway.

I well remember a father and mother who would not allow their children to go to high school because they feared they would backslide.

They backslid anyway and are now out of the Church, every one of them. Oh, what weak backbones we are developing in our boys and girls when we talk like this to them. Why not tell them that God's Word says that no temptation will overtake them but that He will make a way of escape. This is a good remedy for a weak backbone.

I know a certain young woman who has gone through high school and college who will soon receive her M. A. degree from one of the best uni- (Continued on page 23)

## Lord, Make Me Strong

*Lord, make me strong—my strength is only weakness—  
Let thy great power possess my inmost soul.  
Give me the grace to show the strength of meekness,  
The might of gentleness and self control.*

*Lord, make me strong against the fret and worry,  
Strong in the patience that can wait and wait,  
Seeing no need for anxious, breathless hurry.  
For thy good plan for me is never late.*

*And make me strong in calmness of assurance  
That Thou art shaping human destiny,  
And, knowing this, my faith shall find endurance  
In calm that knows Thy will is best for me.*

*Oh make me strong enough to be forgiving—  
Like Him who hung upon the cruel Tree.  
For all the failures in my daily living,  
O Lord, I pray that Thou wilt pardon me.—Sel.*



# Under Whose Wings

BY ZENOBIA BIRD

*Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.*

## Hilda Has the Blues

The short winter twilight had come to an end and darkness settled over the city, as Hilda Carroll with a cheery "Good-night" to her associates, and pulling on her gloves as she walked, stepped out into the night and joined the great army of workers homeward bound. She pulled her coat more closely about her to shut out the bleak November air, as she hurried along toward the boarding house where a number of girl workers like herself had found a temporary home.

Had anyone taken note of her, in that moving stream of humanity, they would have discovered an attractive young woman in her twenties, slight of build, with clear, fair skin in spite of her dark eyes, a mouth and chin that betokened a loving, impulsive nature, and a particularly brilliant set of teeth that flashed when she smiled or spoke.

Perhaps it was the dull evening, or the effect of a particularly trying day in the shop, but in spite of her usual sunny self, Hilda would have admitted to almost anyone that she was "blue." For ten years now, since she was the merest slip of a girl, she had been following the same routine. Her work called for a season in the winter and spring and some weeks in the fall. The two and a half months in the great city twice a year had at first been looked upon by the little girl from the quiet country village as a welcome diversion, the liveliest and most interesting time of her life, with new friends and new scenes and a chance to save some money that was very easily and happily spent during the other months of the year. When her season was up she returned to her comfortable home, with father and mother, brother and sisters only too happy to have her back.

But as the years passed by she was finding herself more and more dissatisfied. Her months of absence in the city each year were slowly but surely letting her slip out of the social life of the young set to which she belonged.

Of course they were always glad to see her and to welcome her in all their af-

fairs, but she was away so much that they did not usually count on her for anything. For a while she taught a Sunday School class in the church of which she was a member, and she grew to love it, but too frequent absences weakened her work there and she felt it was only fair to the girls to give them up to a teacher who could be with them faithfully throughout the year. In the city her stay seemed so brief that although for a time she tried to interest herself in a Sunday School or young people's society, after a little she gave it up, and only very occasionally attended a service in a church of her own denomination. Many other girls in the same boarding house had fallen into the same habits, some of them coming from country

## FOREWORD

This book stands almost unique among stories for young people written from a genuinely Christian viewpoint. An amazing characteristic of English literature is that the great love stories of fiction and drama are nearly all treated as though a personal heavenly Father had nothing to do with such matters. In this they are perhaps true to life that is lived without God. But what of Christians who earnestly want God's way in their lives? Stories dealing with this group of people are too apt to be "goody-goody," and appear "pious" in the wrong sense of that word. But Zenobia Bird, with a keen insight into human nature, a remarkable grasp of spiritual truth and its practical application to every day life, has given a series of love stories based on actual life experiences that will fascinate young people, and at the same time show how vital and real and adventurous is life with Christ at the center.

REV. ROBERT C. McQUILKIN,

Dean of Columbia Bible School, Columbia, S. C.

homes and churches where they never thought of missing a service, knowing that they would be missed. But in the great city a stranger in the church now and then was simply one of the crowd, not noticed much when she came, not missed at all when absent. So, like countless others, she faithfully worked and when her business day was done she rested, and killed time in whatever pleasant ways offered themselves at the minute. There were always other girls, and they had some very happy times.

Tonight she went straight to her room, threw her hat and coat on the bed, and sought the dining room. She was hungry, and hoped they had something good for dinner. But as though to add to her already dissatisfied mood, the dinner was unusually uninviting, and accus-

tomed as she was to the best of home cooking, she ate but little and quickly left the table. She was going back to her room, though she did not know what for, when she met her particular friend, Jean Southern. Jean had a room to herself and was also a good one to go to when one was "blue."

"Are you going out?" she asked.

"No, not tonight. I'm glad I am not; it is beginning to rain."

"May I come with you, Jean?"

"Surely, come along. I have some work to do, but you can talk while I work," answered Jean.

But not much work was done that night. Hilda, as soon as she entered her friend's room, exclaimed, "Oh Jean, don't work, let us just talk. I am as blue as indigo tonight. I don't know what you think of me, but I am just tired of it all. What is the use of going on and on living this way, maybe forever, or until I'm old? I tell you, you girls who live in the city all the year round have it a lot better than we who come for just a short time. I know I like my lovely summer vacation and the chance to be home at

Christmas time, but I don't belong anywhere. You belong in your church and young people's society, you have your Sunday School class. I am out of everything. Sometimes I get really disgusted with everything. Do you think it is God's will for me to go on this way, forever?"

Jean smiled. "You have it, bad," she said. "Would you be happier if you gave up your work and stayed home altogether? You would not have to work if you did not want to, would you?"

"Well, if I were sick, or had a good reason to give it up, I suppose I could. Father could easily keep me as far as board is concerned, but he is getting old and must retire soon. He has some little income for himself and mother, but I couldn't ask him to clothe me and keep me in idleness. It wouldn't be right."

"Well, Hilda, you know the other remedy. Why don't you get married? Have a home of your own, settle down and begin your real life."

It was Hilda's turn to smile. "That is just what troubles me. It's about Mr. Levermore. He wants me to marry him, and sometimes I think I will. Tonight if he asked me I would just say yes, and that would settle it."

"Well, why don't you?" Jean asked, all attention.

"Because I'm not sure it would be



fair to him. He is wealthy, and a widower, has one of the finest farms in that part of the country. Of course he is years older than I am, and that makes me hesitate. Do you think a girl ought to marry a man so much older than herself? Most people think I am foolish not to jump at the chance. I would have everything heart could wish to the end of my days, and could take care of father and mother when they were too old to look after themselves."

"Do you love him, Hilda?" her friend asked softly.

"Yes, I think I truly do, sometimes. He is so kind and good to me, he has given me some of the loveliest presents. He takes me riding and sleighing a great deal when I am home, and I love to be with him. He is a dear, good friend, and I think so much of him. But when it comes right down to marrying him, then it seems to me I do not love him,—as I could love,—someone else. For two years now he has been so good and devoted to me, and has been trying to get me to say 'Yes.' And now it is nearly time for me to go home again, and, Jean, I simply must give him some positive answer, either, yes, and then marry him, or no, and send him away from me. It is only selfish, and not fair, to hold a man year after year like that. He needs a wife, with that lovely house and farm. There is just he and his son about fourteen living with the old servant. There are many other girls who would take him quick enough, and maybe that's why I have kept him so long as I have," with a flashing smile. "I hate to throw away such a good chance, just because I am not sure of my own mind."

"Is age the only difficulty? Is there absolutely nothing else that is keeping you from loving him altogether?"

Hilda did not reply for a moment. Tears slowly filled her years.

"Jean, I never told you about Warren, did I?"

Jean snuggled closer; it was a night for confidences.

"No, I don't think I ever heard you mention him. I did not know there was anybody but the widower."

"There isn't, now," Hilda almost sobbed.

"When I was scarcely seventeen there was a young man in the town, Warren Hethrington. He was nineteen. You would have liked him, he was the finest Christian young man I ever knew. He

taught a Sunday School class of little boys, and always took part in the Young People's society. He did not smoke, or go out with the wild young fellows. He was nice-looking, just as fine as he could be. But, Jean, I was not a Christian then, I wanted a lot of fun, and I loved to dance. He wouldn't dance, and he wanted me to give it up, wanted me to join the church and be a real true Christian. When I think how I treated him, I could cry my eyes out! I can see it all now. He was right, and I was wrong. I was horrid to him, called him an 'old crank,' and made fun of his religion. We went together a good bit, but finally there was to be a big dance out in the park and I wanted so much to go. He did not want me to go, so I told him to go, that I would go with a young man who cared for the things I cared for. So he left me that night, and I went to the dance with another man. Soon after

his prayers were answered. Tell me, do you think I am silly to let my love for him,—which is only a memory,—keep me from loving and marrying Mr. Levermore?"

"Is Mr. Levermore a Christian?"

"I think so, but not the kind that Warren was. He goes to church, and he is a good man. But Warren seemed really to know the Lord and love Him and want to please Him. I did not understand him then, but I do now, and I want to be the kind of a Christian he was. I hate the things now that he hated, and love the things he loved. I know I am a better Christian because of his life and prayers. But it is too late. It has been so many years since he left me! There is no occasion that would bring him or his family back in this part of the country again. I'm almost ashamed to think how hard I have tried to learn his address, but cannot even learn whether he is living. Do you think God will forgive me and ever bring him back?"

Jean's sympathies were deeply touched by the story. She only knew Hilda as an unusually earnest, true, Christian girl. It had been this tie that had drawn them closely together almost from the first of their acquaintance, but how Hilda could ever have been so different she could scarcely imagine.

"I suppose you have prayed about it," she said.

"Yes, for years, but now since I have Mr. Levermore I really forget about Warren until it comes to the point of saying that fateful 'Yes,' then I think

of him and I cannot. I know I love Warren best, but does it not seem wrong to let him spoil all my life? I sometimes have prayed that if he is dead, or if he is married, I may be able to find it out. If I knew that, then I think I could and would love Mr. Levermore and marry him. But I cannot even learn that. Isn't that an awful fix to be in?"

"It surely is!"

"Sometimes I think I will give up Mr. Levermore altogether, and trust the Lord either to bring Warren back to me, or someone else, or to guide and keep me if He wants me to go through life alone. But I really do not know whether it is God's will for me to marry Mr. Levermore. Father and mother would be so glad, and so would all the family. They all like him, and they don't know I am still thinking of Warren."

Far into the night the girls talked. In  
(Continued on page 20)

#### PREFACE

"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech" Ruth. 2:3. "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust" Ruth 2:12.

Does God have a hand in the love affairs of His trusting, obedient children? Can the young Christian pray and trust with full assurance that he may have God's guidance in these matters so greatly affecting the whole future life and service? This book is an answer.

"A number of incidents in the book are founded on occurrences in real life. It is a composite picture, many lives furnishing a portion in each bit of mosaic."

#### THE AUTHOR.

To the eyes of man "her hap was to light" on Boaz's field, but an unseen Hand was guiding Ruth on her predestined way; and that same unseen Hand just as unerringly guides every entirely submissive and obedient child of God.—Selected.

that his family moved to the West. I heard once that he had gone through college and was doing well, in business I suppose. But I don't know anything more about him. I suppose he is married now. Jean, I think I loved him then, but I loved my own way better, and I thought he would come around to my way of thinking if I insisted long enough. Three years later I became a Christian, and only then I realized what I had thrown away, but it was too late. I did try to find out where he was, and even sent him a card at Christmas once, but I was not sure of the address and do not know that it ever reached him. For some years I have never heard a word of him. I think that he loved me. That last night when we quarreled he said, 'Good-bye, Hilda. I shall still pray for you.' I am ashamed to repeat what I answered him, but, oh, I would give almost anything just to tell him once that



# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

## Three Brave Princes

In the city of Babylon lived three Jewish princes, who had come to Babylon as captives. But at this time they were favorites of the king and held high offices, which made the other rulers jealous of them. The names of these men are Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego.

The king built a great image ninety feet high and covered it with gold and ordered all his people to worship it. Notice was sent out to all the rulers from all the provinces to come to Babylon to dedicate the statue. A large crowd gathered. A servant of the king cried out with a loud voice and told them when they heard the sound of music they were all to fall down and pray to this great image and if they refused they were to be cast into a fiery furnace.

The signal was given and the great throng fell down on their knees, trembling in fear of the king's command. The three brave princes, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego stood up boldly and refused to kneel before this image. These men loved God and would not worship an idol. This made the king very angry and he gave command for them to be brought to him. He told them if they would not fall down and worship this golden image that they would be cast into the fiery furnace. They answered that the God they trusted was able to deliver them but if not they would not worship the golden statue.

The king gave orders for the furnace to be made seven times hotter than before. The soldiers tied the three Jews and threw them into the furnace. What did the king see? He saw three men loose

walking in the furnace and, "the form of the fourth like the Son of God."

The king commanded them to come out and made a decree that all his people should worship only the true God.

### Questions

What happened to the three brave princes? They were cast into a fiery furnace. Did this kill them? No, their clothes were not burned, nor even their hair singed. After this did they worship the golden image? No, they worshipped God.

## The Baby in the River

Ex. 1:1-2:10

Who is this baby in the river? It is an old, old story and very familiar to the children. This baby's name is Moses.

At this time the children of Israel were living in Egypt. The wicked king was very cruel to them. He made them work hard to make bricks and build towns for him, and what was still worse he ordered that whenever a boy was born to the children of Israel he should be thrown into the river and drowned.

The Israelites grew in number until they became a strong nation. Therefore, the king made this decree to keep them as slaves. Moses was born and his mother hid him for three months. He was getting large enough now so that he would cry and make so much noise that he could not be hid any longer.

Finally she made a little ark of bulrushes and covered it with pitch to keep the water out. Then she put Baby Moses into this little ark and hid it down among some tall flags at the edge of the river and left his little sister to watch him.

By and by the king's daughter came down to the river to bathe. She saw the little ark floating around in the water and had one of her maids to bring it to her. Moses was a beautiful baby and when he began to cry her heart was touched. She felt sorry for him and decided to adopt him. She wanted a nurse for him and his sister brought Moses' mother to the king's daughter for his nurse. The mother was so happy to take her baby home and receive wages for taking care of him. He could cry now and make all the noise he wanted to for he was safe.

### Questions

What became of Moses? He was adopted by the king's daughter. Who became his nurse? His own mother. Who do you think gave Moses' mother wisdom to save his life? God.

## Joseph Sold As a Slave

In Genesis 37 we study about Jacob who had twelve sons and it seems that he loved Joseph better than the others. This caused some of his brothers to hate him.

One day Jacob gave Joseph a present of a nice coat of many colors. This increased their hatred.

Jacob and his sons were shepherds and they had large herds of sheep and cattle. The flocks fed near home until the pasture was gone. Then the ten brothers went to Shechem, fifty miles from home to find something to eat for their cattle.

Joseph did not go with them but later his father decided to send him to see how his brothers were getting along. So Joseph went and when his brothers saw him coming they said, "We will now get rid of him and tell father some wild beast has eaten him."

Reuben, his oldest brother, objected to this and suggested that they throw him into a deep hole near by, intending to rescue him later. Poor Joseph, how he must have felt to be treated so cruelly. There was no one to listen to his pitiful cries. They threw him into the pit and sat down on the ground to eat their lunch. While they were eating, along came a caravan of merchants on the way from Arabia to Egypt.

Judah thought it best to sell Joseph to these Ishmaelites and he would be taken to Egypt and sold as a slave. So the brothers sold him for twenty pieces of silver.

The brothers then killed a young goat, dipped Joseph's coat into the blood and sent it to their father, who believed that some wild animal had killed him. Jacob could not be comforted and said he would go down mourning to his grave.

### Questions

Who was Joseph's father? Jacob. Who was Benjamin? Joseph's youngest brother. How much money was paid for Joseph? Twenty pieces of silver.

## A Shepherd Boy and a Giant

1 Sam. 17:1-54.

In this Bible lesson we study about a brave little boy named David. Most every boy and girl in Sunday School is familiar with the story of how David killed the giant.

Two great armies were encamped on opposite hillsides ready for battle. One army was the children of Israel, led by King Saul; the other was the army of the Philistines.

The Philistines chose one of their greatest warriors—a giant named Goliath. He was nearly twice as large as any other man and the Israelites were afraid of them. Every morning and evening this old giant would walk up and down in

(Continued on page 21)



# Helps for Tempted and Tried

## The "Need Be" of Temptations

Before Peter the Apostle was filled with the Holy Ghost on the Day of Pentecost, he was a man who was easily scared; he was weak and he dreaded suffering. The very suggestion of oncoming sufferings, not for himself only, but for others, caused him to shrink and falter. When Jesus the Lord spoke of His coming suffering, Peter was on board to tell Jesus that this should not be. He could not bear the thought of his Lord going through suffering of any kind, therefore it became needful for his Lord to rebuke Satan in him with what to us may seem like hard words. Satan still is on hand to-day when the Lord's children are called upon to suffer. He tells them that they do not need to suffer such strange things. They can go to some place where they will not need to bear indignities, suffer reproaches, endure persecutions, and such like. He is still at his work to cause the Lord's children to forfeit their divine privileges for the sake of a little easier life, a smoother way, less burdens to bear and what not?

After Peter the Apostle was filled with the Holy Ghost he became a man completely changed. His attitude was altogether different toward suffering after he was filled with the Holy Ghost. Instead of being filled with a dread of suffering, he went right into the place where he was later to receive suffering at the hands of those people. Instead of keeping others out of suffering, he encouraged and exhorted them to be true in the place of suffering. The Holy Ghost in the life does make a great difference, does He not? He removes all desires for pre-eminence. He removes all tendencies of secret jealousies and envies. What a difference!

After summarizing the inheritance and glory which is yet future for the child of God, Peter says boldly: "Wherein ye greatly rejoice (that is, in the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled), though now for a

season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ," 1 Peter 1:6, 7. Notice specially his words: "Though now for a season." "What, for a season?" Manifold temptations! The tendency of mankind is to dread temptations, possibly because too weak to overcome them. To be tempted, to be put in the way of temptations, seems anything but agreeable. Each individual child of God will be called upon to go through temptations in some form or other. He needs the power of God to help him go through victoriously,

or he will be overcome by them. Adam fell under the temptation. Eve gave way to sin when tempted by the serpent. All down through the successive generations mankind has been too weak to resist temptations, if they came in some appealing way.

"Now for a season!" What for a season? "Ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations." The comforting thought in this case is that we are in heaviness through temptations only "for a season." They will not last for always. Your heaviness because of temptations may be for a few days only. It may be for several months. It may last for some years, perhaps. But remember, child of God, you need not go through them alone. There is One by your side who will give you the grace and the patience that you may need along the path.

"If need be." This is the strange thing about the problem — "if need be." They so often "need be" in order to trim us, to prune us, to deliver us from things that are a hindrance to us in our Christian pathway. Times of testing are needful for the child of God. Faith needs to be tried. Temptations are sent not for the purpose of making us gloomy or discouraged, but in order to prove God's faithfulness to us in keeping us right in the very act of being tempted. Temptations will purify the life. They will make us meet to be used for some higher purpose. Child of God, when temptations come, remember they are only "for a season." It is possible to abide the time of revelation so long as the trial is only "for a season." "He is faithful." He will be with you in the furnace. What is more, it will not be long that you will remain in the furnace. He watches for His image to be seen in your life. The moment He sees that perfected He will remove you from the furnace. He tempers the heat. He longs and yearns for you and over you. Quickly say to Him, "Thy will, Lord; not mine."—R.



## FATHER, TAKE MY HAND

My Father, take my hand, for I am prone  
To danger, and I fear to go alone.  
I trust Thy guidance, Father, take my hand;  
Lead Thy child safely through the desert land.  
The way is dark before me; take my hand,  
For light can only come at Thy command.  
Clinging to Thy dear love, no doubt I know,  
That love will cheer my way where'er I go.  
Father, the storm is breaking o'er me wild;  
I feel its bitterness: protect Thy child.  
The tempest-clouds are flying through the air;  
Oh, take my hand, and save me from despair.

—Selected.



## Father's & Mother's Page

### Shining Lights

"For me this has surely been a day of mistakes, Mother," lamented Mrs. Barton as she began to set the table for the evening meal. "It seems as if nearly everything I have attempted has gone wrong, from the making of the breakfast muffins, which are usually so delicious.

"I have, however, one real achievement to my credit, and it has stood out like a great, shining light in the gloom of my failures—the cake which I baked. It came from the oven perfect and has been a constant source of satisfaction and consolation to me during the entire afternoon. Whenever I recall the disappointments of the last ten or twelve hours, the thought of my snowy, fluffy cake put carefully away and waiting to be cut, renders less poignant the hurt of them, pushes them into background, as it were, and restores to me my courage and self-confidence." "That is as it should be, Ann," replied her mother. "We should consider our successes, not our failures, the outstanding incidents of our lives, drawing from one inspiration for another. Our mistakes and blunders we should forget. Contemplation of them but weakens us for future accomplishment, and only the lessons to be learned from them should we hug to us."

"Perhaps you are right, Mother; at least, the thought is a very pleasant and comforting one."

After dinner, when the cake had been tested and found to be every bit as delectable as its appearance had promised, Mrs. Barton started upstairs with Junior.

Taking him on her lap to undress him and looking into his roguish, blue eyes, she said, "What a lot of naughty things you did today, Junior—tore your pretty new suit, broke mother's vase, lost your ball that daddy gave you, wouldn't take your nap like a good boy—"

Junior's eyes no longer held their roguish gleam; instead, they were serious and fixed upon the floor.

Suddenly he lifted his face, now radiantly happy, to hers and declared, "But, Muvver, I bringed you a boo'ful bunch of flowers."

For a moment his mother gazed at him, remembering; then she clasped him to her and answered: "Indeed you did, dear little man, and mother loves them. We will think just about that and not the naughty things, won't we?"

Setting Junior down, she went over to the window and, staring out at the star-studded sky, murmured softly, "O God, let me not dim his great, shining light,

the bright, lovely achievement that stands forth from his misdeeds and illumines his day even as my feathery, white cake sheds its radiance upon mine and comforts me. After all, his naughty acts were but mistakes, like my own, from which he has doubtless gained valuable lessons, but upon the 'boo'ful bunch of flowers,' his redeeming, childish triumph. Mother knew whereof she spoke."—*Isabel Chalfant Allam.*

### The Picture of a Day

"When a child begins to think for himself he should be encouraged. After self-determination has begun to develop within him nothing irritates a child like having his mother's or some older person's voice continually in his ears telling him what to do next and instructing him just how to do it." So Mrs. Brown was trying to tell the young niece who, with her four-year-old son, was a visitor in the home.

"But Aunt Jane," she protested, "you don't know Bobby. He would never get anything done if I did not nag at him continually. He wouldn't even get dressed in the mornings. He waits for me to tell him what to put on next and I have to tell him over and over."

"I am not so sure about that," came the thoughtful reply, "and I am afraid you misjudge your son. Bobby is a bright little boy and very eager to depend on himself if you would let him. At any rate I think it is worth trying."

"But how should I begin?" asked the puzzled young mother. "I have directed him so much he wouldn't know which way to turn without me."

"Then, indeed, it is time you began doing some other way," urged Mrs. Brown, "Before Bobby's initiative is too seriously crippled. I did much as you are doing with Wilbur, my eldest, until my second child came and I saw that I must teach Wilbur more self-reliance. I began to realize that self-control is the control that is worth a great deal to the child for the future use."

"We began by making what we called, The Picture of a Day. I found a large piece of cardboard and began with 'Waking Up.' I printed it at the top and set after it the time Wilbur usually awakened. He caught the idea at once and became very keenly interested in making the picture of his own day. He made the outline very clearly from his own memory, as I feel sure Bobby could do if you tried him out."

"My husband came in before we had

finished and the idea so appealed to him that he wanted to help. He is in the advertising business and is very clever with pen and pencil so very soon we had a splendid picture poster with illustrations for all the major activities of the day, like dressing, eating meals, brushing teeth, washing hands, taking naps.

"I really never had to nag Wilbur any more about his daily duties, though I sometimes asked him to look at the picture and see if he had attended to everything. He soon had it memorized very perfectly and when he was ready for school it was a wonderful help that he knew about the order of a day, about living by a schedule and about fitting himself into a plan."

"You will have to help Bobby make the picture of his day. If you don't want to attempt the drawings you can cut out splendid illustrations from magazines. Also you will have to make changes as he develops, as taking shorter naps, getting up earlier, and including various tasks of household helpfulness."

"Indeed," she laughed, "Wilbur tells me yet that he feels much of his success in life is due to the habit of budgeting his time."

"It sounds like something worth trying," agreed the young mother, "and I am certainly going to give it a trial on Bobby when we get home."—*Frances McKinnon Morton.*

### A Sunday Scrapbook

A Sunday scrapbook is a source of almost unlimited pleasure and profit to children who can read and write. The book should never be brought forth except upon Sunday, though the materials should be gathered during the week. These consist of a fair-sized scrapbook, paste or musilage and brush, illustrated papers or magazines from which pictures can be cut, a pair of scissors, a Bible and a concordance.

Select a picture and cut it carefully from the paper; paste it neatly into the scrapbook, somewhat above the center of the page. Then, by aid of the concordance, select a verse which the picture suggests, and write it neatly below the picture, adding the chapter and verse from which it is taken.

Comic pictures should be excluded, and such as are manifestly unsuitable. Yet it is surprising to see how large a number that a young person would select are capable of Scripture illustration.

A boy of twelve lately chose one of Frederick Remington's, representing a scout upon a rearing horse.

After pasting it in his book and with the aid of the concordance, he wrote beneath the picture the following:

"A horse is a vain thing for safety; neither shall he deliver any by his great

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## The Inner Circle Page

We are very grateful to the Zondervan Publishing Company for the privilege of publishing this splendid book, "Questing Youth," on our Inner Circle page. We are sure that our young people will receive a great blessing from reading it. Please don't miss an issue.

### QUESTING YOUTH

By Frederick P. Wood

Youth today is out, as never before, on a quest for a life of purpose and power. This book will deepen in the heart of youth the desire to live life on the highest plane, and points the way to those secrets of power in Christ whereby alone the ideal can be attained, and the quest be made something more than a pious aspiration.

#### MY QUEST

To love my Savior more and more each day,

To grow into His likeness as I pray,  
To walk and talk with Him along life's way,

And sing His glad, His glad new song,  
This is my quest.

To tell of Christ to those in sin's dark night,

To lead some wand'ring souls into the light,  
To see them safe at last in Heaven so bright  
And hear Him say, "Well done, well done."

This is my quest.

To seek the Kingdom of my Lord so dear,  
To watch for His return so very near,  
To work until from Heaven He will appear,

And then to reign, to reign with Him,  
This crowns my quest.

—F. P. W.

#### PROLOGUE

Youth today is yearning to be and to do, to attempt and to achieve. Adolescence is the period of adventure. Every young man or girl is the Columbus of a new world. Normal, full-blooded youth pulsates with the zest of living. It must find self-expression for all its developing powers of brain and body. Its quest must ever be for the best.

Basil Matthews once wrote:

"To run, to ride, to swim, to eat and drink and sleep and make love; to walk

and talk and laugh with friends, to make things with one's hands and brain, to harbour new ideas and act on them; these are common to youth wherever it is not starved or stunted, poisoned or warped."

The yearnings of youth generally find expression in some slogan or watchword which crystallizes its quest in life. This is strikingly true in all our modern youth movements.

The students of an American college, for instance, dumbfounded a certain learned professor by asking him if he would translate into Latin the motto which they wished to use for their college insignia, and which ran thus:

"Pep Without Purpose is Piffle."

Frivolous? No! Behind it was the quest of youth to express its eager enthusiasm in some worth-while job.

In the handbook of the Young Methodist Movement I read:

"Mankind is paying a heavy toll for the disregard, the virtual overturn of moral standards. Civilization is in peril, yet the dark facts need not daunt the soul. On the contrary they should impel us to the quest of the Kingdom of God, and to daring challenge to the present rule of wrong."

At a Young People's Leadership Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, a manifesto of Christian youth was drawn up in which the following appears:

"We definitely commit ourselves to the earnest pursuit of the abundant life in the fullest sense of the word, realizing that this is a quest in which the laws of love and sacrifice must dominate."

In the Christian Youth Council of America a few summers back, 113 selected young people drew up a statement of Christian conviction in which they said:

"We cannot escape the conclusion that our Christianity has failed. The ways of the world have become the ways of Christians. We have taken our pattern too often from the prevailing life around us, forgetting that it is neither right nor Christian. Thus we have forsaken our faith, and denied our Lord. We are now determined to live henceforth as if the Kingdom were here. The strength of Christ is ours. Divine resources flow through us. He that loses his life shall find it. For us there is no alternative."

I quote these statements to show how youth today is out, as never before, on a quest for a life of purpose and power.

Yet this is nothing new. How many of the great men in the history of the Christian Church went out on a great quest in the days of their youth? John Wesley was a student at Oxford when he formed the Holy Club. Martin Luther was twenty-seven when he climbed the Santa Scala at Rome. John Calvin, in his early twenties, was already proclaiming his message. George Whitefield, at twenty-one, was moving England. Jeremy Taylor, at eighteen, was holding men spellbound in St. Paul's Cathedral. Dwight L. Moody, in his twenties, was being mightily used as an evangelist. Hudson Taylor began his life-work in China at twenty-one.

These and countless others, with hearts pulsating with a desire to make their lives count for God, have expressed in their eager devotion the spirit of Marianne Farningham's words:

"Just as I am, young, strong and free,

To be the best that I can be,  
For truth and righteousness and Thee,  
Lord of my life, I come."

In the following pages I have tried not only to deepen in the heart of youth the desire to live "Life on the Highest Plane," but to point the way to those secrets of power in Christ whereby alone the ideal can be attained, and the quest be made something more than a pious aspiration.  
(To be continued)

#### My Desire

Oh, that I might be occupied  
With Thee alone,  
And that this heart of mine might be  
Thy royal throne.  
There is no place so sweet on earth  
As at Thy feet,  
To look enraptured on Thy face  
Thy smile to meet.

No other place can give me joy,  
Or gratify;  
None other but Thyself, my Lord,  
Can satisfy.  
To hear Thy voice, to do Thy will,  
Is my desire;  
Oh, let this heart be all aglow  
With heav'nly fire.

To gain all this I gladly let  
The world go by;  
To leave all else I would not fret  
Or heave a sigh.  
Down here below there's nought can  
give  
A lasting joy;  
In Thee alone is found the bliss  
Without alloy.

—Selected



# Bright Flower

RUTH ORENDORFF

(Continued from last issue)

The thought brought back to her mind the anxiety over her father. She went to the telephone and called the family physican, but he had received no word from the Grove family and assured her that her father was improving steadily. He pooh-poohed the idea that he should be kept in strict seclusion.

"Time he was getting out," he told her brusquely. "Isn't good for him to mope around too much. You ought to get out more, too, Emily. That would do both of you good." He chuckled, and hung up.

Emily colored and bit her lips in vexation. Slowly she got up and made her way down to the street again. There was one place she could go, she told herself, where she could be alone when her heart was sore.

She pushed past the tall, neglected lilac bushes that guarded the pathway to the old home, but a shriek of girlish laughter made her stop. It was Chris again. Peeping cautiously through the interlaced shrubbery in which last season's leaves had fallen and caught, she saw Chris balancing herself precariously on the remains of the foundation wall. She was swinging her arms wildly and shrieking with laughter while her father and mother and that odious Jed Pierce looked on, admiring.

Emily colored angrily and hurried toward the group.

"Father, what are you doing here?" she cried in an agonized voice, and caught him by the shoulder. "You'll be ill again. Haven't we all tried to keep your mind off the old home?"

They turned silent, all but Chris. Lightly she sprang to the ground and ran toward her sister, protesting tears in her wide hazel eyes. She threw her arms about her father as though she would protect him from Emily's violence.

"Yes," she flashed back at her sister, "You talk as if it were a grave. It was only a house—a thing built of brick and wood and plaster. We lost it, but we didn't lose anything really important. We aren't going to sit around and mope over it any longer. Are we, dad?"

Abruptly as it had blazed up, her anger was over. "Look, dad," she commanded gayly, as she gently turned him toward the weed-and-flower-bordered masonry, "Look! Here's where we're going to build the new conservatory."

They were at it again. They were building daydreams, castles in Spain, that might never come true. Emily turned

away from them and stumbled on down the walk where tiny plants were pushing up between the flagstones, and turned her steps to the street again. She walked with head bent, heedless of her direction.

At the corner she bumped squarely into some one and looked up, ready to make apologies, into the kindly face of a big man who reminded her faintly of some one she knew. Yet she was certain that she had never seen him before. Then, in a flash, she realized who he was, and before she could stop herself, blurted out:

"Why, why you must be Jed Pierce's father! You're so like him."

"And I shouldn't be surprised if you were Miss Grove," he smiled down at her. "Does that introduce us? I hope so, because I've been wanting to meet you. I sent a note to you today."

"Yes," she answered. "I read it not half an hour ago. I've been wondering what you wanted to talk to me about. Shall we walk on together?"

For some reason, unaccountable to herself, she could not summon any of the resentment she had been feeling against the man who, as she considered it, was steadily undermining her work. It must be because of that frank, disarming smile that he had handed on to his son. In spite of herself, Emily returned it.

"I've heard a great deal about you, Miss Grove," he was saying. "Ever since I came here I've been hearing of your courage and the cheerfulness with which you have passed through some very trying experiences. Your family doctor, for instance, tells me that it is to a large extent due to that courage and unflagging cheerfulness that your father has made a fine recovery. 'A bright flower of courage, that little Grove girl,' were his exact words."

"I am thinking of starting a music school here, beginning in a small way. I think there is a place for one. I wanted to ask you if you would like to join me in it. It would mean pooling our talents and resources instead of wasting time and effort in a senseless rivalry."

"You have a large class of small children, I understand. While I accept the children who come to me, I find my best teaching is given to my older pupils. I am wondering if we could not arrange matters so that you could be in charge of the small ones? It takes quite as much talent and careful teaching to start a beginner on his way, you know, as it does to develop his technique when he is older."

He paused a moment before he went

on, looking searchingly at her:

"Probably you are wondering why I am asking a total stranger to join me, and you may think it makes me look careless and unbusinesslike. I should not have dreamed of taking the matter up with you so quickly if I had not heard so much of you—of your character, I mean—your talent for teaching seems taken for granted."

"The girl who can rise above disaster and sorrow with her courage and her gayety undimmed is the sort who would help me to make a success of my school. Will you think it over, Miss Grove?"

Emily could not answer immediately. She realized now that the girl Mr. Pierce was describing, the girl whom the old family doctor had termed a bright flower of courage, could not be herself. It must be Chris. Chris in her bright rubber rain cape bringing the pet chrysanthemum to cheer her father, Chris relating gay stories of her triumphs and funny failures at high school, Chris coaxing the mother and father into new and brighter dreams of the future!

"Would it change your plans," she ventured after a long silence, "if you found that it was my sister, Chris, they meant when they spoke of courage—and gayety?"

"What makes you think that, Miss Grove?"

"Because it must have been not later than yesterday that you heard all those things," she answered honestly, with a painful smile on her face. "If they were to say those things to you tomorrow, it might be me they meant, but not yesterday nor any day before that."

Then, because he seemed so kindly, she found herself pouring out the whole story of the black despair and worry that had filled her heart and made her resent Chris' efforts to help her—to help all of them—to forget past trouble, and to plan for a brighter future. Was it too late? Had she learned too late to be like Chris?

"Would it change your plans, Miss Grove," he smiled down at her, "if I told you that your honesty and the new attitude toward life that will be yours now are just the attributes I want in the young lady who will help me with my school? Because if it won't, I want to talk things over with you say, tomorrow morning."

## Unbelief in Prayer

A Quaker, speaking in the open air, was opposed by a man who ridiculed the idea that there was a God who answered prayer. The Quaker stopped and asked the troubler quickly, "Friend, dost thou pray?" "No, not I," was the reply. "Then what dost thou know about it?" said the Quaker.—*My Pocket Companion*.



# From My Scrapbook

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

## Such As I Have

Peter stood at the temple gate, as the cripple begged outside;  
 "Give of your alms to a needy one" the helpless beggar cried;  
 But Peter was poor, as the world holds wealth: no silver or gold had he,  
 While the crowd dropped coins with lavish show, for their fellowmen to see.  
 Yet Peter stretched forth his empty hands to answer the pleading call,  
 (And I think the cripple looked and knew his gift would excel them all).  
 "In the name of Jesus, rise and walk henceforth in health to live:  
 "Silver and gold have I none," he said,  
 "But such as I have I give."  
 Down the ages the call rings forth its message, that all may heed,  
 Silver and gold, in this world of ours, is never the greatest need;  
 There are tears, and sorrows and troubled hearts abroad in the world today,  
 That all the silver and gold on earth never could drive away;  
 Every day we may give ourselves in friendship to those we meet.  
 The clasp of our hands, the smiles of our lips, the service of willing feet.  
 However small it may seem to us, it may help some soul to live,  
 If we mould our lives on Peter's rule,  
 "Such as I have I give."—*Sel.*

## The Unfinished Prayer

"Now I lay me—say it, darling."  
 "Lay me," lisped the tiny lips  
 Of my daughter kneeling, bending—o'er her folded finger tips.  
 "Down to sleep," "To sleep," she murmured,  
 And the curly head went low.  
 "I pray thee, Lord," I gently added,  
 "You can say it all, I know."  
 "Pray thee, Lord," the words came faintly,  
 Fainter still, "My soul ter keep."  
 Then the tired head fairly nodded  
 And my child was fast asleep.  
 But the dewy eyes half opened  
 When I clasped her to my breast,  
 And the dear voice gently whispered—  
 "Mommie, God knows all the rest."—*Sel.*

## I'll Stick to You

By Rev. W. L. Bone

I'll stick to you, my friend, so true,  
 For you have been the purest kind!  
 You stuck to me when I was down,

And not another friend could find.  
 You stuck to me, believed in me,  
 When self-respect was almost gone,  
 When things were blue, 'twas only you  
 Who cared, and came to cheer me on.

I'll stick to you because you knew  
 I needed such a friend as you,  
 To turn that cloud, a stifling shroud,  
 And show the silver shining through.  
 You are a friend, true to the end,  
 Who knows me wholly, in and out,  
 Sees things to shame, but just the same,  
 Your love for me I cannot doubt.

Yes, to the end, my truest friend,  
 I vow that I will stick to you,  
 Sometime I may, perchance repay  
 The debt with love as pure and true.  
 How rare to find a friend as kind,  
 The friend you always find true blue;  
 Some friends grow cold, but you are gold,  
 And so, old pal, I'll stick to you!

## Prayer

Dear Lord, upon my knees I ask  
 For strength to do each given task;  
 For graciousness of heart and mind  
 To be not only just but kind;  
 For hope that sees through blinding tears  
 The mystery beyond the years;  
 For faith that ever stronger grows  
 Like Job's, in spite of anguished woes;  
 For courage that will make me sing  
 No matter what the harsh days bring;  
 For wisdom to be finding worth  
 Within the simple things of earth  
 And loveliness in shaded nooks,  
 In flowers, trees and running brooks,  
 In meadow, hill, woodland and glen,—  
 For these things, Lord, I ask. AMEN!

—Edgar Daniel Kramer

## "Where Shall I Work?"

"Father, where shall I work today?" And  
 my love flowed warm and free;  
 Then He pointed me out a tiny spot, and  
 said, "Tend that for Me."  
 I answered quickly, "Oh, no, not there;  
 why, no one would ever see,  
 No matter how well my work was done;  
 not that little place for me."  
 And the word He spoke, it was not stern,  
 He answered me tenderly,  
 "Ah, little one, search that heart of  
 mine; art thou working for them or  
 Me?"

Nazareth was a little place, and so was  
 Galilee."—*Selected.*

## Thy Face

By Breta Voorbees Frank

When faith would falter, lead me to that  
 place  
 Where I may glimpse the glory of Thy  
 face;  
 That quickening light which makes the  
 blind to see  
 Will give my fainting heart new surety.  
 Should courage fail when treasured plans  
 go wry,  
 When failure comes, no matter how I  
 try,  
 Then help me climb, I pray, as Moses did,  
 And find new courage where Thy face is  
 hid.  
 For when I'm tired, the love that's in  
 Thy face  
 Will hold me fast and give me needed  
 grace,  
 Will strengthen me and turn me back  
 again  
 To be a mirror of Thy face to men.

## The House Inside

I have a house inside of me,  
 A house that people never see,  
 It has a door through which none pass  
 And windows, but they're not of glass.

Sometimes I like to go inside  
 And hide and hide and hide and hide,  
 And doctor up my wounded pride  
 When I've been treated rough outside.

And sometimes when I've been to blame  
 I go inside and blush for shame,  
 And get my mind in better frame  
 And get my tongue and temper same.

I meet my heavenly Father there,  
 For He stoops down to hear my prayer,  
 To heal my wounds and cure my care,  
 And make me strong to do and dare.

Then after I am made quite strong  
 And things are right that were all wrong,  
 I go outside, where I belong,  
 And sing a new and happy song.

And then I hear the people say  
 "You're blithe and bonny, good and gay,"  
 And it's because I feel that way,  
 But they don't know the price I pay.

You have a house inside of you,  
 Where you can fight your battles thru',  
 And God will tell you what to do  
 And make your heart both strong and  
 true.—*Selected.*

"Across the field of yesterday  
 He sometimes comes to me;  
 A little lad just back from play,  
 The lad I used to be.

"And yet he smiles so wistfully,  
 Once he has crept within;  
 I wonder if he hopes to see  
 The man I might have been."—*Selected.*



# Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to be a Gideon. Would you please send me a roll of the July Lighted Pathway? I want to work for Jesus and I think this is a grand way of spreading Christ to the lost. Really the paper is the best I have ever read. I surely praise it to other folks. God will bless you I know for your good work. Please pray for our Y. P. E.—Love in Jesus' name, *Mary Dickison, Alvin, Ill.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' dear name. Some time ago I wrote you a letter and it seems you had it published in the Lighted Pathway, although I am not taking the paper at this time and did not see the letter, however, our readers and dear young people in other lands did see it and have written me so many loving, cheering letters and cards that I can't possibly answer them all personally and take this means to thank them. The beautiful expressions of love expressed in those cards and letters have shown me what it means to have those dear young people working for Jesus. They are our leaders for tomorrow, and it gives me joy to know that in their joyous youth they can give their young lives to Jesus our Savior and are so willing to share their joy and prayers and to send a bit of cheer to an old lady in her wheel chair. I am fifty-eight years old. When I was three years of age I was stricken with that dreaded disease, spinal meningitis, and never walked another step. But while my cross has indeed been heavy, I've had some joy too. I became a Christian at an early age and seventeen years ago came into the Church of God. I never was able to go to school but acquired an education at home enough to enable me to read and write and that is lots of pleasure to me. I can read music, play the organ and piano and have taught music for several years but don't teach any more as the chores of my little home take about all my time. I do take time to learn new songs and help every way I can in God's service. I would just love to add two short verses that Hattie Jackson of Calhoun, Ga. sent me recently:

"God hath not promised skies always blue,  
Flower-strewn pathways all our lives through;  
God hath not promised sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain.  
"But God hath promised strength for the day,  
Rest for the laborer, light for the way;

Grace for the trial, help from above,  
Unfailing sympathy, undying love."

Now, dear young people everywhere, also the wives and mothers who have written, I am so grateful for your prayers and feel wonderfully helped. If it is God's will to heal me through your prayers I know He can; if it is not His will, "I'll be like Job of old, I'll trust Him anyway. Now to one and all my friends out there and you too, dear Sister Harrison, I will say, God bless you. So we wish you all of brightness life possesses for can there any joy at all be thine, unless God blesses?

God bless you, so I breathe a charm,  
Lest grief's dark night oppress,  
For how can sorrow bring you harm,  
If it's God's way to bless?  
—Mrs. Loretta Hudson, Cromwell, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We are proud to announce that we have organized a Y. P. E. here at the Wesley Chapel Church of God because we feel that there is a great need of something being done among the young people of our community.

We haven't very many enrolled yet but feel that God will work it out all right. I am not a bit discouraged. We all enjoy the Y. P. E. meeting and desire the prayers of every one. We use the Lighted Pathway and do not plan a Y. P. E. meeting without it. May God bless you.—Mrs. Clairette West, Crockett, Tex.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have begun reading the Lighted Pathway and find it a great help to the young people of today. It gives us new light on different things.

When I bought my first Lighted Pathway, I was greatly discouraged. I went home from church and began reading. It was not very long until I took new hope.

The story, "The Narrow Path," was food to my soul.

I am a member of the Church of God at Hope Mills, N. C. Also I am superintendent of the Sunday School. I have a great interest in church work.

Please pray for my wife and me that we will receive the Holy Ghost as Cornelius' household.—Frank Parker, Cumberland, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

This morning finds me saved and I have victory over sin. The Lighted Pathway means much to me. By reading it I feel closer drawn to God and encouraged

much to go on. My whole heart is out for the work and to see young people brought to the Lord. I think the Y. P. E. is one of the greatest ways in which young people can be won for Christ.—Mrs. Chessie Williams, Cropwell, Ala.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus' name. Being corresponding secretary of the Church of God Y. P. E. in Portland, Oregon, I am writing to tell you how the Lord is blessing us. On Jan. 26, 1939 we had a meeting. The young people from Salem were here, also from Independence. Grande Ronde was represented by Brother and Sister Schiewek.

We had a very good time in the Lord. Praise His name. Pray for us and we will surely pray for you and your work. The Lighted Pathway is surely a gift from God to us. God bless us.—Marlene Muldoon, Portland, Ore.

Dear Sister Harrison:

We are still thanking God for you and the Lighted Pathway which are helping us along our way. With great joy I can report to you of the improvement in our Y. P. E. When we started our Endeavor we had the services on Thursday night but it was not improving so we changed it to Sunday evening and we are now having wonderful times in the Lord. We are having members to add each Sunday.

Our good superintendent, Elder L. W. Higgins, helps us out. We certainly appreciate him.

I am one of the Good Cheer Committee members pledged to our Endeavor and unto God.

May God bless you in His blessed work day by day.—Enid Campbell, Philadelphia, B. W. I.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Again we are writing to you. Sometimes we think that it is needless for us to write you. We are sure you receive so much mail; yet if every one felt that way surely the Lighted Pathway would soon cease to be, and we are sure our dear Editor would feel that her efforts were not bearing fruits.

The Lighted Pathway grows dearer to me. Although my life is filled with cares and toil and I have two little children to care for, I still find time to read. Your messages have given me comfort many times.

Our Y. P. E. here is doing nicely. Our attendance was small until a few Saturday nights ago we changed it from Saturday night to Sunday evening and our attendance has been better. —Willie Waters, Pelzer, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

The Lighted Pathway is one of the best little papers that has been on the press  
(Continued on page 24)



## Mission Page



Easter Sunday at Petion-Ville. Twelve couples you (Brother Tharp) helped to marry, standing in front of the mission.

Persecutors had thrown black paint on walls of the church. These twenty-four men and women were among the seventy-two Christians to be baptized in water and brought into membership. Three hundred members from our churches near-by also took part in a beautiful service of the Lord's Supper.—*John P. Kluzit, Haiti.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in Jesus! Thanks for your kind letters. When we receive such nice letters we close our eyes and imagine ourselves for a few minutes back in our homeland, dear old U. S. A. It is so nice to know that we have such prayer warriors like you folks. This is worth more than thousands of dollars to us, in this land of demon-possessed people. We certainly need your prayers.

Sister Downing of the Miami, Fla. church visited our missions in Haiti and it was certainly encouraging to have had her with us. As she has repeatedly said, "To really understand the situation in Haiti, a person must actually visit here and see for himself." We know that she feels the great need of this people and has them upon her heart. When she spoke to the natives it was always with a compassion and heartfelt interest.

Brother Paul H. Walker also made a tour of all our missions this past winter. His cheery presence among us has been one of the big bright spots of the year—inspiring us and encouraging us greatly in the Lord. He won his way into everyone's heart with his songs and uplifting messages. The next time he comes back he will find the people in the mission at Bizoton singing in Creole, "I'll Be Satisfied," the song which they loved to hear him sing over and over again.

This work of the Lord goes on in spite of all kinds of persecution. The Lord

blessed us particularly this past month when we opened up four new missions. One mission has an enrollment of seventy-five adults and eighty-three children. Our evangelist to this mission has to walk fast over narrow paths, up mountains and across valleys, to reach there in four hours. Many Sunday mornings he gets up at 3:00 a. m. to start services at 7:30, then at noon he continues on to another mission to start the afternoon service at 3:00 p. m. By the time he descends it is quite late at night. Pray that the Lord may provide means for sending out some of our Bible School students to live in these new missions and to take care of this ever-increasing new work.

We are praying that the Lord will open up the way to have more than 100 converts baptized in water for Sunday, July 2. This will be the day when the Catholics will celebrate "St. Peter's Birthday." Great throngs of people coming on pilgrimages will pay their homage to St. Peter's statue here at Petion-Ville just in front of our mission. You have no idea what a huge gathering of people generally attends this occasion. I remember how we hustled last June to finish this church in order to open up the doors for "St. Peter's Birthday" and all the hostilities that the Catholic priests let loose upon us that day when they came parading around the statue. What a day that was—not even a year ago! People returned to their homes telling how the Protestants had finally built a church in Pe-

tion-Ville in spite of much opposition and protests. But the Lord has been blessing us mightily ever since. Even now, there are more than 100 converts waiting to be baptized in water, but who cannot be baptized until they are legally married. These people we have been helping by the Marriage Fund that you have been supporting. By this means we have already helped more than seventy-seven couples to be married. In Fort Jacques alone we have thirty more couples hoping to be married at this next big service. Pray for funds to come in to marry these thirty couples at Fort Jacques. Also pray for two well-educated native workers to be called of God to work in our city missions. Our first convert was a well-educated Catholic school teacher who was called of God to preach His Word and he is now the pastor of the mission in the capital city of Port-au-Prince.

God can certainly call two more like him. Also pray for a piano for our missions. Last Sunday there were two baptized in the Holy Ghost in Petion-Ville, another one in Port-au-Prince, and this week one in Bizoton. Three people came to the Lord for salvation in Port-au-Prince this past week. How wonderful it is to watch them walk in a sanctified life and then to see the fire fall! Oh glory! It is worth it all, a thousand times! Thank you for your prayers. It is good to know that often when we return home tired and can't pray as much as we would like, that we have prayer warriors like you upon whom the Lord can put burdens of prayer for Haiti. Oh, do pray for our persecutors. They are saying all kinds of things against us in the newspapers, even writing false things about us to the government. "But He that is within us is greater than he that is in the world." When I saw how they had thrown black paint all over the walls of our Mission at Petion-Ville, I was nevertheless comforted greatly by the Lord's words: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Oh, it is truly wonderful to feel yourself completely in His hands. We never know what the day will bring, but we continually pray that all things said and done by us may be for His honor and glory for ever. Continue your prayers for us that we may at all times willingly and humbly be instruments of God for the Holy Spirit to work through us mightily in this great harvest in Haiti. — *Brother and Sister John P. Kluzit.*

### Clothes to Be Shipped to Haiti

"I was . . . naked, and ye clothed me . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."—

Matt. 25:36.

(Continued on page 21)



## Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

### Do You Stay Away From the Lord's Table Because Some Untrue One Is at that Table?

An official of the church was visiting a church with whose members he was not well acquainted. He was asked to be one to distribute the bread and wine, and he noted that certain persons sat aside from those who expected to receive these emblems of our Lord's body and blood. He took his part in the service, and observant saw with surprise that among the noncommunicants sat a deacon he knew sufficiently well to feel sure he was a good man. After the service this official asked the deacon why he had not been one at the Lord's table. The reply was that he regarded one of the members of that church as untrue and indeed felt this had been proved in certain money transactions he had had with that member. The friend quietly said, "Do you consider yourself better than the Savior? He sat down at His own table with Judas, who, He knew, was a thief." That deacon thought over this and also examined himself lest he be the one at fault in the money transactions. He discovered that he himself was partly to blame, and he made up his differences with that church member; he did not continue away from his Lord's table. — *Rewritten and condensed from "Illustrator."*

### Boy Holds Up A Train

Dr. W. E. Biederwolf said at one of his meetings: "It seems as if some men are determined that they will not be saved. A little three-year-old lad held up a train on the Erie Railroad, over in New Jersey, the other day. He had wandered away from his home, and was walking along the tracks dragging a tin horse. The train approached him from the opposite direction. The engineer blew his whistle, but the child kept right on. The engineer whistled and whistled, and at last the train was brought to a standstill. The trainmen got down, but the child was rebellious and tried to whip the engineer. And that's the way with you. Against every purpose and plan of God to save you, you make a stand and fight."

"Where can we get a good evangelist?" "Can you recommend a man for our meeting?" "We are dying for a revival at our church. Our last revival was a failure, or it did not meet the need." "Our last evangelist was a good preacher but his messages were powerless. He was

a policy man,—afraid to preach the truth, or he was raspy and drove the people away." "Where can we get a man with a fearless passion for souls, with a tender heart and a gripping message? Our last evangelist preached the truth but he killed the church with his demanding spirit. He had a lot of wit and sarcasm and made the people laugh, but the altar services were dead or empty." "Can't you send us a Holy Ghost evangelist?"

"Our churches all over the country are dying for revivals. What is wrong? What can we do about it? Has God shut Himself up from the masses of preachers until they cannot lead in a campaign for an old-time revival? Is there any way out?" — *Rev. A. L. Vess in Wesleyan Methodist.*

A praying man will ask favors from God in any time of need, but he will understand that the greatest favor he can ask or receive is that of holy companionship with God as his constant Friend.

Luther prayed three hours a day. That was keeping close to God. That was doing more than making a petition now and then. That was realizing the meaning of prayer as companionship with God. — *W. F. Whallon.*

### Freedom for the Individual

The Ram's Horn was a quaint, fiery religious newspaper whose epigrams and cartoons made religious history in the nineties. It once recounted the fact that Julia Ward Howe, in carrying on her efforts for freeing the slaves, asked help from a certain United States senator in liberating a particular slave. The senator replied, "Madam, I am so busy with plans for the benefit of the whole race that I have no time for helping individuals." Mrs. Howe used her reply as a text for many a moving appeal before the American public. She said, "When last heard from, our Lord and Master had not reached this attitude." — *Westminster Teacher.*

### Certainty Through Faith

Michael Faraday, the great physicist, was found one day by his friend, Sir Henry Acland, in tears, with his head bent over an open Bible. "Why, oh why, will not men believe the blessed truths here revealed to them?" he exclaimed. Most of our greatest scientists would say, as one who may well speak for them all, "The more I study and the more I learn of the mysteries of this world, the more sure I am of God and the more unreasonable unbelief becomes." Jesus knew that

it was hard for the wise and learned to accept Him in simple faith, yet He demanded that. (Luke 18:17).—*Verda Von Hagen, in Sunday School Young People.*

### Contentment

A bishop who was contented and cheerful through a long period of trial, and asked the secret of his contentment, said: "I will tell you. I made a right use of my eyes." "Please explain." "Most willingly," was the answer:

"First, I look up to heaven and remember that my principle business is to get there.

"Then I look down upon the earth and think how small a space I shall occupy when I am dead and buried.

"Then I look around and see the many who are in all respects much worse off than I am.

"Then I learn where true happiness lies, where all our care ends, and how little reason I have to complain."—*Selected.*

### John Philip Sousa's Favorite Story

He was sitting in his hotel room one summer evening when he heard a hand organ on the street just below his window. It was playing his favorite march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever." But the manner in which it was slowly dragged from the organ enraged him. Finally he could stand it no longer and dashed to the street.

"Here, here," he called to the sleepy, lazy grinder, "that is no way to play that march!"

He seized the handle of the organ and began whirling it vigorously. The old martial spirit surged into the music.

The venter of airs bowed low and smiled.

The next night Sousa heard the organ again. This time the tune was crashing out in the right tempo. He looked out of his window, mildly amused, but to his surprise saw a great crowd had gathered around the fast grinding player. He went down again to see what it was all about. He quickly saw. Over the organ the grinder had his name on a large card and under it in equally big letters had been added:

"Pupil of John Philip Sousa."

Friend, does your life speak to others the fact that you have been with Christ and learned of Him?—*Selected.*

### Conscience

An Indian's definition of conscience, given by a missionary, is not only amusing but very significant:

"It is a little three-cornered thing inside of me. When I do wrong it turns round and hurts me very much. But if I keep on doing wrong it will turn so much that the corners become worn off and it does not hurt me any more."—*Samuel M. Zwemer, in "It Is Hard to Be a Christian."*



# J. P. E. Programs

## OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y. P. E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

### BIBLE LESSON

Exelma Holley

Topic: "GOD'S GOODNESS"

### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

How glad we are that we have had the privilege like David to taste and see that the Lord is good. Psalms 34:8. Then we can realize that all things work together for our good. We are limited in expressing His goodness. It is no wonder we desire to be like Him. For He is good to all and remains the same throughout all ages. It is good for us to be in His presence.

### SLOW TO ANGER

Psalms 145:8

It is the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed. How glad we are that He is slow to anger. And many times He has been as real to us as He was to the children of Israel. "But He, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all His wrath," Psalms 78:38. Yes, He remembers that we are dust (flesh) and shows compassion toward us.

### MERCIFUL

Psalms 86:5

Yes, He is so merciful; He is just what David said—plenteous in mercy. Lamentations 3:23, 32, "They are new every morning; But though He cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies." Just think how merciful He is, not only to us but even to His enemies. Surely He deals patiently with us.

### GOOD TO GIVE

James 1:17

And He is so good to give us life, yea abundant life. He was good in giving His Son for our redemption. When He looked upon His handiwork He saw it was good. Genesis 1:31. He is good to let the sun shine upon all, and send the rain upon the just and the unjust. He not only gives these, but also joy unspeakable, peace that compasseth all understanding, the Holy Ghost, and gifts of the Spirit. So we join in with James by saying He is the giver of all good and perfect gifts, even though we are not aware of it many times.

### GOOD TO SINNERS

Psalms 25:8

God is so good that He will take sinners, though they be despised by many, and place them upon the sure rock foundation. Though they be unlearned He will teach them the way of holiness and will keep their feet from slippery places. Though they make mistakes He is ready to forgive. Sinner friend, if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John 1:9. Come now and let Him prove to you His goodness.

Song: "Honey in the Rock."

### BIBLE LESSON

Topic: "THE CHOICE OF MOSES"

Scripture, "Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season," Hebrews 11:24-27.

Moses did not act rashly nor unadvisedly in his choice. It was made when he was forty years old, and therefore in the full maturity of his powers.

### I. WHAT HE REFUSED

To be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.

To identify himself with the people of Egypt.

To sanction their policy of oppressing the Hebrews.

To continue in the service of the court.

### II. WHAT HE LOST

A high worldly position and a life of magnificence and ease.

Opportunities for gratifying the highest human ambition.

"The pleasures of sin for a season."

### III. WHAT HE SUFFERED

He shared the reproach, the trials, and afflictions of the people with whom he identified himself.

He encountered the dangers of delivering them from bondage and leading them to liberty.

He had to flee for his life and endure a forty years' exile.

### IV. WHAT HE GAINED

The favor of God.

The liberty of his people.

A life of highest usefulness.

A blessing for all mankind.

The riches of heaven.

### V. HOW HE DID ALL THIS

By that faith which endures as seeing Him who is invisible.

By that faith which has respect to the recompense of the reward.—Selected in Gospel Banner. — — —

### BIBLE LESSON

Ottis Hewett

Topic: "THE MAGNETIC CHRIST"

Scripture: John 12:32.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

Everyone has seen a magnet work and noticed how it drew little pieces of steel to it, and too, every piece of steel will be affected and there is something in the steel that responds to the drawing power of the magnet. Christ is a magnet and instead of steel, draws lost humanity to Him. Humanity, once having felt the personal magnetic power of Jesus, responds to that pulling force of Jesus Christ. He possessed the most dynamic personality the world has ever encountered. Psychologists have much to say these days concerning the personal magnetism of one personality upon another. No one has ever made quite the impact on every generation as Christ. This was so in the earlier days of the Church when Pharisees like Nicodemus, doctors like Luke, teachers like Gamaliel, soldiers like Cornelius, women like Mary, publicans like Zacchaeus, fishermen like Peter, outcasts like Mary Magdalene, and thieves like the dying malefactor felt the dynamic, drawing, magnetic, pulling attraction of the Son of God, Jesus Christ. God draws everyone. Some accept and go to heaven while others reject and throw themselves into hell. Which will you do?

### CHRIST'S RANGE OF MAGNETISM

Through every generation He has attracted every age, race, type, character, ability, and social standing, and alike, He has called aristocrats and artisans, educated and illiterate, saints and sinners. Through all the civilized world today men are glad to be numbered with the ones who love and hold the banner of Jesus high. In every period of life we have felt the pull of Christ with His almighty dynamic power. Time, the undaunted destroyer, is unable to annihilate the sacred magnetic flame coming from God. Modernists would have you believe that



it is "the sum total of natural laws," "humanity," "social experience," "own better self," or "matter" and go on with the list that they think is God, but youth today is looking for the real "McCoy." We have it in the power and presence of God. With a faith that functions, Christians can win lost, fallen, depraved, desolate humanity from their sinfulness for God. Youth will not accept religion as a tradition and as one that is put on with a top hat and cane, but rather, a religion that is real. The reality comes through the magnetism of Jesus over all the people.

### THE PRACTICAL JESUS

In the youthful years, one is prone to hero worship. The adolescent is looking for a man strong of limb, alert in mind, quick in sympathy, deep in understanding, fearless in danger, undaunted by difficulties, unerring in wisdom, unflinching in suffering—such a man was Jesus. What a man! No wonder the story of Jesus stands out as the great inspiration for youth. Everything is admirable, nothing wrong. Even His enemies had to say that He did nothing amiss. We will hear people say, "I cannot attain the goodness of Christ so why try at all?" Christ's perfection naturally repels a man but He is the Son of God and has all power and draws us to Him. Weakness is ever attracted by power and strength. If He is really alive forevermore, and has all authority in heaven and earth, then, after all, why should He not change our weakness into strength, or inadequacy into power, and our hopelessness into blessed assurance? The magnetism of the divine Christ consists in His aliveness. The divine Christ is attractive.

### CHRIST THE SAVIOR

Now we come to the most important part of the life of our hero, Jesus. We must forget the fact that He had the perfect life for us to copy; He was always the Victor, character unspotted. We forget to the extent that the greatest thing that we retain is the thought that Jesus is the Savior and will save and cleanse from sin. The thought of this sinless, lovable personage causes us to feel a sense of guilt, in that we have failed to have such a life, but at that you can contrast the life of any nobleman and the life of Christ, and the nobleman's life is broken down with the conviction of sin. We have known the better and done the worse. Under this conviction that everything seems sinful except the excellency of Jesus, we take the cross of Calvary and hear the divine call, "Come now, and let us reason together saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. 1:18.) It is Christ who lifts drunkards out of the ditch. It is Christ who takes the taste of

opium from the dope addict. It is Jesus Christ who makes a perfect home for husband, wife and children. It is Jesus Christ who saves from sin and cleanses inside and outside by the precious blood of Calvary.

### BIBLE LESSON

Grace Churchman

Topic: "AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

Gen. 4:9. We find the Lord asks Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?" whom he (Cain) had killed. Cain asks God, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But the Lord answered, "Thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." Cain tried to justify himself before God by asking this question, but he did not go unpunished. Today when someone drifts back into sin, we ask, as did Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, we are our brother's keeper. Of course, they may disregard the keeper in every respect and drift into sin, but then and only then, after we have tried everything to help and keep, are we not his keeper.

After answering "Yes" to the question, we might ask, "How am I my brother's keeper?" These shall be our topics for tonight.

### KEEPER OF HIS INFLUENCE

Many people think that the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," implies only to the actual murder of a person. But it may and does imply in other ways. There are many people who may be termed as dead, although physically they are very much alive. They are dead because their influence is dead. They may have killed their influence, or it may have been killed by some brother or sister in the Church.

### ONE'S INFLUENCE IS A POWERFUL FACTOR

It is an asset that once lost can never be obtained to so great an extent as it once was, no matter how good a life we may live. So we should not talk and ruin our brother's influence, but if it is killed may we be clear before God of any responsibility.

### KEEPER THROUGH FRIENDLINESS

"A friend loveth at all times," is the scripture found in Prov. 17:17. And truly we are our brother's keeper through friendliness. When we see a brother (or sister) beginning to drift and associating with ungodly people and straying away from services, we should be friendlier than ever. Invite them to your home and make a greater effort to get them interested in the Y. P. E. Now I do not mean to pat them on the back and say, "That's all right," but there is something finer and more noble about this Christian life than there is in the so-called pleasures of the world. We must endeavor to open their eyes to these blessings. Through

friendliness we can do thrice more good than we can through harsh words.

### KEEPER THROUGH ASSISTANCE

In Luke 10:25-37 we find the parable of the good Samaritan. In this parable the Samaritan who helped this man was his brother, and he was also his keeper, for we can be our brother's keeper through assistance. They may ignore our friendliness, but if we continue to do good unto them at each opportunity, they will probably notice their mistake and ask God to forgive them. If we help a brother in need, they probably will never forget it and will be willing to help us in any way they can.

### KEEPER THROUGH PRAYER

The last phrase of discussion is "keeper through prayer." Our brother may ignore our helping to keep his influence, our friendliness, and our assistance, but in prayer we are talking to God. God hears and understands and if we will just continue to hold to the prayer bells of heaven God will undertake. He will deal with the brother and impress upon him what he is doing by not walking in the light. We need to talk more to God about our brother and less to other people. The Lord has said, "Whatsoever we ask believing He will give it to us," so we need to pray more earnestly for our brothers and sisters in Christ as well as the unsaved people.

### CLOSING THOUGHTS

We are our brother's keeper, therefore, we must be careful how we treat him. If we do everything we can to help our brother and yet he drifts away, God will in no wise hold us responsible, but we should remember we are his keeper and "give him a lift."

### Asket Basket For Y. P. E.

By Lillian Lemons

Have questions on slip of paper in a basket. Let each one draw a question from basket, as his or her turn comes and hand to leader who asks the questions. If he cannot answer, the others are given a chance. If no one in the group can answer, then give the audience a chance.

Let someone keep score and announce the ones who get the largest score.

For five boys and five girls

Have two questions on a slip. This counts one point. One question counts one-half point.

What woman led an army? Deborah. To whom did the bleating of sheep bring sorrow? Saul.

Who won an army by the breaking of pitchers? Gideon's army.

Whose donkey talked? Baalam's.

How old was the oldest man? Nine hundred sixty-nine years.

Who tied the three hundred foxes' tails together and let them run through the

(Continued on page 21)



# Our Church



## A Child's Idea of Church

"It's very hot in church today,  
And very sleepy too;  
And the minister's talking and talking  
away,  
As ministers always do.

"I can never get the thred  
Of anything they say,  
Both when ther sermans are being red  
And when they start to pray.

"If I could have church the way I like,  
The minister wouldn't be ther,  
And wed have no serman or reading from  
Jobe,  
An only a littil prair.

"And we would sing all the hymns so  
glad  
And then read a littil text,  
And if we got tired of the seet we had  
We would go and sit in the next."

—Sel. (Written by a child.)

## That Dangerous Former Pastor

I cannot understand why a former pastor would ever be a "thorn in the flesh" to his successor or present pastor. A man who has been a pastor should be very sympathetic, because he can still remember his own pastoral troubles and how that he hungered for the sympathy, love and co-operation of his people. I feel that any former pastor would be mean and unchristian who would show any jealousy or any lack of friendly co-operation to his successor or to his present pastor.

For the former pastor to be a hindrance to his successor must be a rare exception, for in my three long pastorates my predecessors have remained in the church as active members and were among our best members, and were always sympathetic to the pastor as far as I knew.

During the years of my ministry I often thought that it would be a joy to be one of the congregation in order to have a chance to be a friend to the pastor, and now that I have lost my voice and I may never be able to preach again, I will have a chance to sit in the audience and to be a friend to the pastor and I expect to be his friend.—H. F. Loomis, in *The Florida Baptist Witness*.

## The Minister's Attitude Toward His Task

A good minister or a good church is often spoiled by the wrong attitude on the part of one or both toward the other. Let a minister get the idea that everybody is against him and he will find injury where none was intended. Or let a church establish the notion that no man can serve effectively after a certain period of years and the best will be set at naught there. Most of our pastorates are much too short. We preachers are always running away from our jobs when the work becomes too hard. Instead of staying with the job until we find a solution to our perplexing problems, we say our work is done and look elsewhere for a living. The same problem comes up in every pastorate in that church because no man had the courage to stay with the church until the problem was solved once and for all. Fortunately, moving these days is none too easy. Some who heard whispers that they ought to move on had no place to go and stayed on doing their best until they found themselves once again in popular favor. They found the fault was in themselves and corrected it, or found a way to cope with the trouble they thought could not be corrected.

It is so easy for a minister to take his trouble to his pulpit with him and try

to preach his grievances out upon his people. It is so easy for a minister to make a martyr out of himself, when he really is no martyr at all but simply a man who has not yet learned to be big enough to forget his hurts. He nurses his injuries, hugs his hurts close to him, and goes about sulking. Instead, he ought to wrestle with himself, work out the problems until he has solved it both for himself and his congregation. He ought to wrestle in agony in the garden until he can say with his Lord, "Arise, let us be going," and then show himself a bigger man than his enemies. As ministers, each of us needs to learn how to conquer personal irritation with love.

Far too many resort to the defense mechanism of belittling the other fellow to make themselves seem great. How often has the pulpit been used to denounce a fellow servant who may be doing a bigger work than the denouncer. Our intolerance in the ministry has lost us many a hearer and supporter. The man in the pulpit must learn to be fair and see the good in the man who differs from him in beliefs and practices.

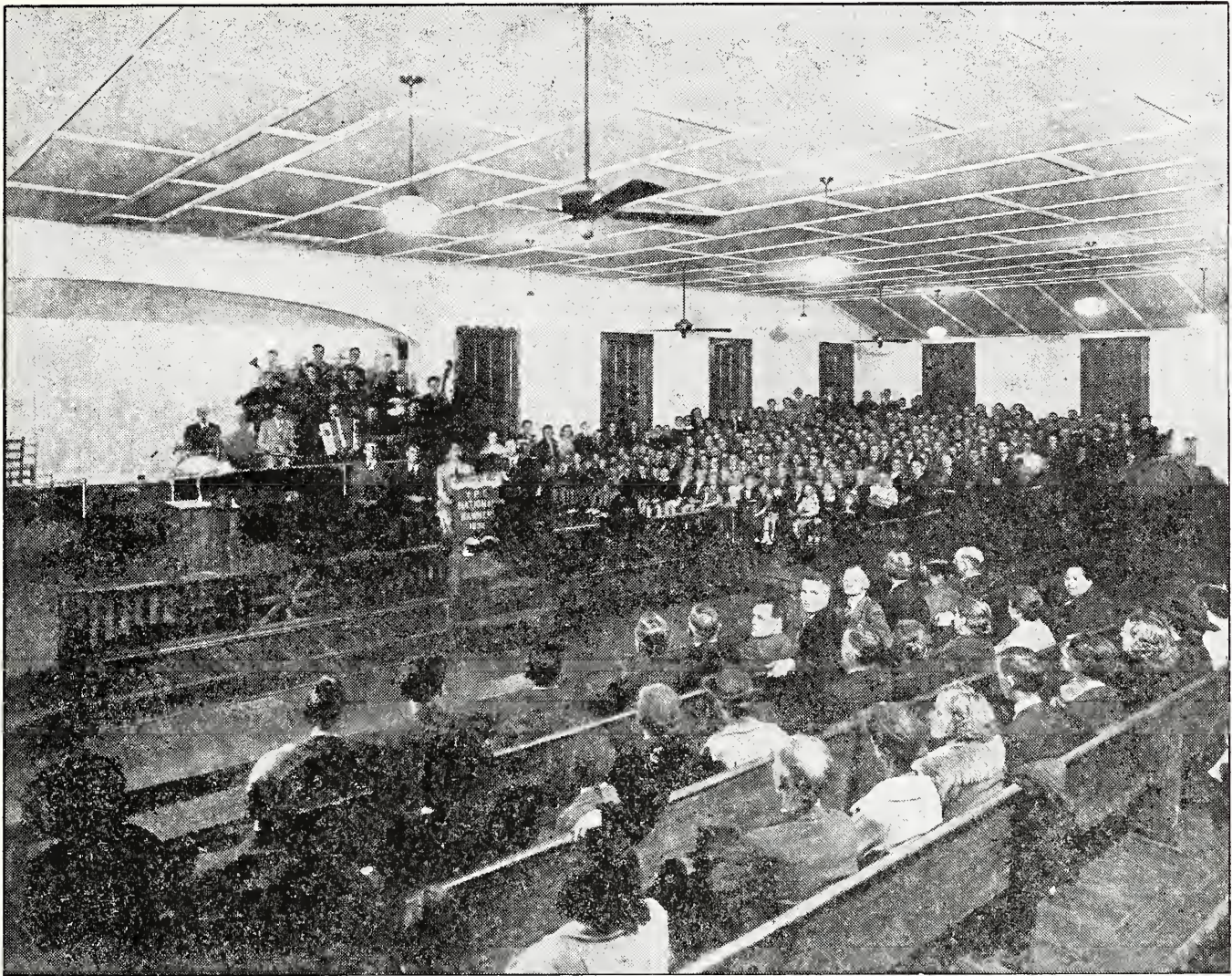
It is the business of the preacher to bring about changed lives. First of all he must change his own from day to day until he becomes more and more Christlike. Unless Christ dwells in the preacher's own heart his preaching will be in vain. Whenever we lose this spirit of Christ we cease to be effective as preachers who have a gospel that can change lives of all non-Christians. Changing lives like that takes time. It cannot be done overnight. The pastor who would do it must be content to make his ministry a long haul, and settle down to live and be a part of his people until together they make for more Christlike lives within the fellowship. — Carl A. Metz, in *The Watchman-Examiner*.

## Preacher as General Manager

The story is going the rounds in our Church that a member of a Presbyterian congregation in one of our synods said the most important thing his pastor did was to go for his mail twice a day. Certainly the preacher ought to be the busiest and most effective man in every community. Certainly preachers are committed back to God and man by most solemn vows. Certainly they desire to deliver an abundant service. They ought to be given a full chance by being encouraged to serve as spiritual managers for sessions and congregations of people who, in turn, will hold the preachers responsible for aggressive leadership.

We need to look upon our pastors as general managers of our churches in a way to which a board of directors in a banking house or business establishment looks upon its president or manager. Just  
(Continued on page 25)





### GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENDEAVOR

Under the leadership of Brother L. W. McIntyre, our present president, and Brother Raymond Morse, our former president, with the assistance of our pastor, Brother E. E. Paulk, the Greenville Y. P. E. is building up a good record and doing some real work.

Realizing the need of a good piano for our enlarged auditorium, the Y. P. E. voluntarily purchased an eleven hundred dollar grand piano. A clever business which the Y. P. E. operates provides adequate funds to meet the payments on the piano, and no one is being burdened financially.

This business consists of wholesaling and retailing religious pictures. Many churches in our section are benefiting materially from the profit derived from the sale of these beautiful pictures. They purchase the pictures from our Y. P. E. at low wholesale prices and retail them in their respective communities, enjoying an attractive profit from them.

Keeping step with the elder folk of our church has been remarkably demonstrated in the Greenville Young People's Endeavor. The lawns of our recently en-

larged church have been greatly beautified by our Y. P. E. Expensive shrubbery, grass and cement walks are only a few of the constructive projects sponsored by our young people.

Our Y. P. E. services have a widespread influence and prove a blessing to all who attend, both old and young. A varied program, consisting of music by the orchestra, songs by the quartet and the Jolly Three trio and sermons by the young people prove a great blessing to the hundreds that attend each Saturday evening. Recently in a regular Y. P. E. service four received the baptism with the Holy Ghost. We praise the Lord for the victories we are enjoying in Him.

We also have a large Junior Y. P. E. that meets each Saturday evening to learn of Jesus and His work. Pray for us in Greenville.—Clyde Case, Greenville, S. C.

#### Important Notice

Don't miss the August issue. Our Lighted Pathway will be ten years old in August. We are putting out a birthday number at that time. Also October is the

birthday of our National Y. P. E. organization. In this birthday issue we are giving what we know about this important work.

Not long ago we attended the fiftieth anniversary of the Methodist young people's society and it was very much like the beginning of our own. Forty years from now when you want to celebrate your fiftieth anniversary you may need this August issue.

We are making a special request of each of our Gideons. Please try to double your order for this August issue and please let us know by the fifth of July how many you will need. Let us make the next three months of the year the very best. We have set our goal for 25,000 circulation by the Assembly.

Listen coworkers, will you please get all information and money in by the 5th instead of the 10th? Our printer tells us that since our circulation is getting so large we must begin earlier so that we may get it out by the 15th of the month. Thank you.—Editor.



## Contributions by Young Writers

### God's Call to the Young People

By Pauline Jackson

*"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," Eccl. 12:1. "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," Lam. 3:27.*

The Lord has called us to follow Him. *"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest, take my yoke upon you, learn of me for my yoke is easy and my burdens are light."* Oh, if we could just get the young people around us to take heed to the call of God, get acquainted with Jesus, learn of Him, they would find His yoke so easy and His burdens light. It is so easy to serve Him. You will find more joy, peace and happiness in following Jesus than you will yoked up with the world, with its fashions, pride and society of today.

I hear a voice calling me, *"Go ye."* How well I remember in my childhood at the age of twelve years, I heard the voice of the Lord calling, *"Go ye."* I was in the sixth grade in school. So many times in the afternoons, coming home from school with my little schoolmates, we so often went to the grove to pray. Many of our people go to the groves to pray now, or to the prayer room. We built an altar in the grove where we could have our services. Yes, we had a young people's service there.

One afternoon we had a special service. While we were in the altar pouring out our little hearts to the Lord, heaven opened, it seemed, and filled my soul with the glory of God. My whole body was charged with power from heaven and in the meantime there was a big hand just reaching down from heaven resting upon my head.

I knew nothing about this good way and what the real power of God was at that time. I only knew I had received a great blessing from the Lord. Later on at the age of twenty-two I received the Holy Ghost and came into the Church of God. Then I began to hear the Lord calling me and that *"Go ye."* The burden for lost souls, my call to the ministry was just as real as old time conviction when I repented of my sins and was gloriously saved.

I can look back to the grove in my youth where I built an altar unto the Lord at the age of twelve. There is where God laid His hand on me and called me to Go—

Does it pay to begin early in life? God called David when he was just a child. In his youth he was an athlete, 1 Sam.

17:4-36. He was a fine musician. His reputation was such, he was sent to play before the king. 1 Sam. 16:14. His poetic genius was of the very highest order. He wrote some of the greatest masterpieces of spiritual literature. A large number of the psalms are accredited to him. He has generally been considered the greatest king of Israel. He displayed unusual wisdom in administration government. His early life was spent on the farm with his father in Bethlehem. He was the youngest of eight sons of Jesse. 1 Sam. 16:10. As a little shepherd boy he showed great courage in protecting the flock. He was divinely chosen to succeed King Saul and anointed by the prophet Samuel. 1 Sam. 16:12-13. We see David's next appearance as champion of Israel. He kills the giant Goliath which results in a great victory for God's people, 1 Sam. 17:25.

If our young boys and girls today would listen to the call of God, give their time and talent in the service of the Lord, they would have greater victory.

We find Jesus in the temple just in His youth. He was about His Father's business. He began early in life to fulfill the mission His Father sent Him on.

Are you ready to answer the call? 1 Sam. 3:1.

Samuel was called in his youth, 1 Sam. 3:4. The Lord called Samuel and he answered, *"Here am I."* And Samuel grew and the Lord was with him and did not let any of his words fall to the ground. Today we have some of the finest young men and women in our Y. P. E. and some of the greatest talents that there are anywhere. Are you using that talent for the Lord? The Lord needs good musicians on the field. Can you say, *"Here am I?"* The harvest is ripe and the Lord needs laborers on the field. People are lost and dying without God. Can you feel that call? Can you say, *"Here am I?"* And there are those in the foreign lands who do not know about Jesus and this wonderful plan of salvation. The Lord needs more missionaries to go who are willing to sacrifice their homeland, fathers and mothers and go answer the call. Can you say, *"Here am I, Lord, send me?"*

### My Savior

Jesus is my loving Savior,  
He has a heart that's brave and true;  
He is our great, careful Shepherd,  
He is willing to be yours, too.

He will take us home to glory  
Where He is seated on His throne;  
There the elders will be shouting  
To the great and Holy One.

Won't that be a glorious meeting,  
At that wedding in the sky?  
Oh! what a happy invitation  
That He gave to you and me.

I heard Him say, *"Oh come ye blessed,  
In my kingdom enter in."*  
By His blood, His cross on Calvary,  
He will wash away your sin.

On the resurrection morning  
When the dead in Christ shall rise;  
What a blessed happy meeting,  
For we shall meet Him in the skies.

—Author, Zetta Vanatti, Brazil, Ind.,  
age 15.

### At the Y. P. E.

When someone gives you a part,  
Try to do it with all your heart;  
If you are kind and patient, you will see  
Things will be fine at the Y. P. E.

If everything isn't done your way,  
Don't fret and pout the livelong day,  
Just ask God to help and you will see  
Things will be fine at the Y. P. E.

When someone is sad and blue,  
Just try to encourage them and help  
them pull through;  
You'll never regret it and you will see  
Things will be fine at the Y. P. E.

—Agnes Zalock, Clarksville, Pa.

### The Lighted Pathway

Have you found the Lighted Highway,  
The road that leads to home?  
Not a modern concrete highway,  
With two directions home.  
Let's call it happy highway,  
Because it leads to joy;  
It is God's own byway  
And takes you to His side;  
No crossroads to confound you,  
Nor traffic from the other way,  
Where you will never stumble,  
'Tis always light as day;  
No traffic cops to stop you,  
For angels guide the way.  
It is the "Lighted Pathway,"  
Take it now, today.

—Albert G. Beauchamp, Ont., Can.

### Help Us

Help us on our way, O Shepherd,  
Though the path be rocky and steep,  
We'll ne'er give up till we reach the top,  
We wish to be Thy humble sheep.

We wish to do Thy blessed will  
While climbing, climbing every day;  
We wish to help the lost ones—  
Sheep that have strayed away.

Help us as we climb the mountains,  
Help us as we scale the heights,  
Help us! Help us! O dear Shepherd,  
Make blessed day of the dark night.

—Lucile Lee, Townsend, Tenn.



# Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle members:

I presume you noticed in the last issue that the Reading Circle would be dropped from the rules of our national contest. This does not mean that the Reading Circle has been dropped for we want you to be just as enthusiastic as ever, this Reading Circle work is counting much among our young people. While it does not count in the contest it is counting in your lives. I am suggesting some books below. Keep on storing up good thoughts for future use.

*The Royal Invitation or Thoughts on Coming to Christ.* Price 50c. By Frances Ridley Havergal.

*The Ministry Gifts of Christ*, by Donald Gee. Read Rom. 6:8. Price 50c. This book will build you up.

*Missionary: African Jungle*, by A. M. Anderson. Price 75c.

If you are interested in missions please read this book.

*Mary Slesson: The Missionary Heroine of Calabar.* This story will thrill you. By Esther E. Enock.

*At the Crossroads*, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.

*The Girl Who Found Herself*, by Jack Lynn. Price 50c.

*Church Vacation Bible School*, by Albert H. Gage, \$1.00. Order this good book, it will be good for you in your children's work even if you do not have a Church Vacation Bible School.

*Jerry McAuley: An Apostle to the Lost*, by Rev. R. M. Offord, LL.D. "If ever there was a story that illustrates the abounding grace of God in a transformed life, it is found here in the story of Jerry McAuley."

## Don't Forget

that you need *The History of the Church of God*, by E. L. Simmons. If you belong to The Church of God, you will want one of them in your home to show your friends the great progress your Church is making. Order from the author, Rev. E. L. Simmons, 2519 Trunk St., Cleveland, Tenn.

## A New Play, "Home Scenes"

We have just finished a new play that we are sure will be a great blessing to your church. Its title is "Home Scenes." It is very touching and will inspire young parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the

Lord. I have never tried to read it to others that I did not have to stop and weep. Send 25c for your copy, it is now ready for mailing.

This play takes two families, the Bar-tons and the Joneses and follows them from the first evening in their own home down to the evening of life. It portrays the difference in the home that takes Christ as its foundation and the one who has as its goal worldly gain. Plays one hour or more.

Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.

## MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF EXPERIENCE

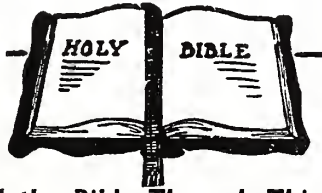
### or THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By Alda B. Harrison

For a long time I have been planning to write the story of my life. So many friends have asked me how I came to be in the holiness way and my husband a Presbyterian minister. I have tried to answer this question in this book. It will be good to put it in the hands of your friends for whom you are praying.

This book will have the Editor's childhood picture, her picture at 20, the picture of her present home and family, the picture of our baby whose death led the Editor into the way of holiness.

I wonder how many orders we can have by July 15, at which time we are expecting this book to be ready. Price 35c.



## Read the Bible Through This Year

These are the suggested Bible readings for July:

July	Morning	Evening
1	1 Chron. 24-25	Psa. 128-129
2	1 Chron. 26-27	Psa. 130
3	1 Chron. 28-29	Psa. 131
4	2 Chron. 1-2	Psa. 132
5	2 Chron. 3-4	Psa. 133
6	2 Chron. 5-6	Psa. 134
7	2 Chron. 7-8	Psa. 135
8	2 Chron. 9-10	Psa. 136
9	2 Chron. 14-16	Psa. 137
10	2 Chron. 14-16	Psa. 138

11	2 Chron. 17-18	Psa. 139
12	2 Chron. 19-20	Psa. 140
13	2 Chron. 21-23	Psa. 141
14	2 Chron. 24-25	Psa. 142
15	2 Chron. 26-28	Psa. 143
16	2 Chron. 29-30	Psa. 144
17	2 Chron. 31-32	Psa. 145
18	2 Chron. 33-34	Psa. 146
19	2 Chron. 35-36	Psa. 147
20	Ezra 1-2	Psa. 148-150
21	Ezra 3-4	Prov. 1
22	Ezra 5-6	Prov. 2
23	Ezra 7-8	Prov. 3
24	Ezra 9-10	Prov. 4
25	Neh. 1-2	Prov. 5
26	Neh. 3-4	Prov. 6
27	Neh. 5-6	Prov. 7
28	Neh. 7	Prov. 8
29	Neh. 8-9	Prov. 9
30	Neh. 10-11	Prov. 10
31	Neh. 12-13	Prov. 11

## Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold in June	Sold since the Assembly
Alabama	734	5,843
Arkansas	158	1,511
California	112	648
Colorado		19
Delaware	42	225
Foreign	238	1,682
Florida	1,332	11,201
Georgia	2,877	20,363
Idaho	14	98
Iowa	42	240
Illinois	539	3,011
Indiana	104	698
Kansas	70	465
Kentucky	875	6,905
Louisiana	140	1,096
Massachusetts	28	198
Maine	46	201
Maryland	228	1,836
Michigan	182	1,464
Minnesota		1
Mississippi	325	2,506
Missouri	146	1,047
Montana	126	842
Nebraska		1
New Mexico	119	993
New York		1
New Jersey	28	224
N. Carolina	2,149	12,994
N. Dakota	56	341
Oklahoma	251	1,687
Ohio	379	3,014
Oregon	42	338
Pennsylvania	816	5,682
S. Carolina	3,780	24,395
South Dakota	98	454
Tennessee	1,029	10,037
Texas	434	3,436
Virginia	401	3,229
W. Virginia	1,106	9,272
Washington	14	257
Washington, D. C.	14	95

The name of no one will be so well preserved after decease as he who writes his name in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.



### Under Whose Wings

(Continued from page 4)

a few weeks Hilda must return home, and no longer could she delay the answer that her lover had so patiently awaited. She did love him, he was all her heart could wish, and the difference in their ages was at least not very evident, for he was young looking.

The thought of another ten years, perhaps more, of her present unsettled existence, tonight seemed unbearable. She was domestic in her tastes and loved housekeeping. Once she was settled in the big farmhouse, she believed she would be perfectly happy.

What should she do?

#### A HAPPY AFFAIR

Three days later was the big party and entertainment by the Friendly Club, an organization of the girls in the great boarding house, for mutual fellowship and fun, and also to help take care of the lonesome, homesick girls who often were to be found in such a place.

The warm-hearted, motherly woman at the head of the establishment encouraged the girls in their social affairs, and knowing that some of them would have outside friends as guests, had planned an unusually good dinner. From five o'clock until six and after, the girls came trooping in, laughing, chatting, on their way to their rooms, and then crowding to the dining room. Quick to voice their complaints among themselves, they were also quite as prompt to exclaim over the good dinner, while Mrs. Boling herself walked through the room, with a word and a smile here and there.

Back in their rooms the girls hastily donned their prettiest dresses, for the "boys" were invited to this party. This always meant more excitement than the frequent little affairs among themselves. Bertha Linton and Persis Jordan were engaged to students at the near-by college, and when these young men came, as they undoubtedly would tonight, they often brought a friend with them, and Bertha and Persis were very popular with the other girls on such an occasion as this.

Many of the brightly lighted rooms stood with wide open doors, and girls passed in and out on many a pretext, waiting for the hour for the entertainment to begin, while some who were expecting callers preferred to wait for them in the reception room downstairs.

Hilda was in unusually high spirits tonight. She had a sweet voice, and had been asked to take an important part in the musical program. She looked her prettiest, in a simple little silk dress of her own making, and with cheeks flushed with excitement. She was in Jean's room, watching her friend put on the finishing touches while they chatted happily about the evening's program. Jean played a violin, and was to take part in the "orchestra."

They had practiced well and really had some good numbers. There was to be a sketch by a number of the girls, and Sarah Rankin, who was taking lessons in elocution, was to give a reading, and there were to be special musical numbers. The Club prided itself on its ability to give a really good entertainment with as nearly as possible "home talent," as the girls in the house was called.

As Hilda and Jean were about to go down to the large living room where the entertainment was to be held, Betty Milford, a rather quiet girl who secretly was a great admirer of both Hilda and Jean, came into the room.

"I am going to have a friend here tonight. No, not a boy friend," she laughed, fancying she saw surprise in the faces of the girls. "But I want you girls to meet her. She is a dear, Ruth Birnie, and she is a student at the Bible Institute. Have you ever been there?" she suddenly interrupted herself.

"No, I never have," answered Jean.

"One of the girls from my town went there for two years," said Hilda, "and she said it is a wonderful place. Jean, why can't we go sometime? Couldn't we take one of the evening courses?"

"That would be great, wouldn't it? I guess we just never took the trouble to hunt it up, that's why we never have been there."

"I will see that you meet Ruth tonight after the entertainment, and she can tell you something about the evening classes, though she is a day student. Now I must run down to watch for her. Don't forget," and Betty was off down the hall.

The entertainment was a great success, the room was packed to its utmost capacity and the adjoining reception room as well. There was a generous sprinkling of men though the girls were greatly in the majority. Mrs. Loring had co-operated with the girls and assisted in serving light refreshments.

As the different groups gathered here and there, Betty Milford was seen making her way through the crowd, followed by a tall, fair girl with an unusually sweet, fine face, not strikingly beautiful, but thoughtful and earnest, whose whole being radiated a rare combination of gentleness and strength. She was introduced to Jean and Hilda, and it was not many minutes before the conversation turned to the school where Ruth was an enthusiastic student.

"Girls," she said, "I can't begin to tell you what the school has meant in my own life. I was a Christian, of course, before I went there, but I did not know my Bible, and while I read it as a duty, I did not enjoy it, and I am afraid it did not make as much difference as it should in my life. But the teachers at the school are wonderful, and the fellowship with the students is so helpful. We have prom-

inent Bible teachers too who come there for a course of lectures every once in a while, and missionaries often. It certainly gives one a vision of what life is meant to be and the part we ought to take in it. And we learn to love our Bibles more and more. Every part of the book means so much when it is understood. I used to find it hard work to teach my Sunday School class and interest them in the things they ought to come to Sunday School for, but it is a joy to teach it now."

"Oh, please forgive me," she suddenly exclaimed, "for going on this way about the school. I don't suppose you are interested, but when I begin talking about it I cannot help getting enthusiastic. You know you asked me to tell you."

"We certainly did," Jean answered heartily. "You told us just what we wanted to know. I think it must be wonderful, and Hilda and I are thinking seriously of taking one of the evening courses. But, oh dear, Hilda, you will be here only a few weeks more, won't you?"

"Yes, that is the trouble with everything I want to do," broke in Hilda.

"Really, girls, if you can only come for an evening now and then, you would get a lot of help and enjoy the Bible study too. Of course you get much more out of it if you attend regularly."

"We'll come right away, and until Hilda goes home at Christmas time. Tell us what would be the best evening to come, and what class we should go in, and who is the teacher, and what is the lesson?"

They all laughed, but Ruth was able to give such a clear idea of the different evening classes that before the girls separated it was agreed that very week they should go to the school and at least get a taste of it. Betty and her friend soon crossed the room to meet some other girls, and Hilda and Jean turned slowly to leave the room, as the hour was late.

They had just reached the door when they came face to face with Charlotte Hart, whom both of them knew but slightly. With her was a tall, good-looking youth, whose blue eyes at once seemed to meet Hilda's with a smiling challenge.

They spoke to Charlotte as they were about to pass, when the young man with a bow of mock deference blocked their exit, exclaiming, "I have the honor to meet two of our brilliant entertainers tonight, have I not?"

For a moment Charlotte seemed slightly annoyed, but Hilda's merry laugh covered any confusion the girls felt, and as gracefully as possible she introduced Victor Lamont, ex-soldier, athlete, football player. It was very evident that it was Hilda that Victor wanted to see and talk to. He had been watching her all the evening, had given Charlotte all sorts of hints to let him meet her, but the girl



either could not or would not take the suggestion. She was the daughter of an old schoolmate of his mother's and his mother had asked him to call when passing through the city, and as fortune would have it, he chanced to come to see her on this particular night of all others. She had rather gloried in the admiring and somewhat envious glances in her direction during the evening, for she was not a popular girl. Hilda on the contrary was on friendly terms with almost everyone, and her vivacious, merry mood, and lovely smile had evidently captured the young man before he met her. Whether it was on some pretext of his that he should be standing almost in the doorway when Hilda was about to leave the room, nobody knew, but within five minutes they were chatting away like old friends, while Jean excused herself and retired, and Charlotte sat moodily by, trying hard not to show her disturbed and unhappy feelings.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## UNDER WHOSE WINGS

By the Editor

I feel that I should write a brief note in regard to our new serial. It is indeed hard to edit a paper and please everybody. We would like to be able to do so but since we are not we are studying how we may please God and help our young people. We want to get down and try to live with them and meet their needs. This story may not be as interesting to a certain class of people as the revival type we have just used, "The Girl Who Found Herself," but the girl who finds herself has many problems to face and there are many sides to the lives of our young people. In this story we find how God can lead and guide and solve the vital problems of life. We are trying to make this paper a well-balanced paper to meet the needs of all concerned. As soon as we read this book we wished we might place it in the hands of every young person in the world and we thank the author and publisher for this privilege.

## A Shepherd Boy and a Giant

(Continued from page 5)

the valley and dare the children of Israel to fight him. He said, "Now choose me of your men and send him to fight with me. If I kill him, then you shall become our servants; but if he kills me, then my people will become your servants." Forty days passed by and no one volunteered to fight him.

David was guarding his father's sheep and one day he sent him to the camp to take his brothers something to eat. When he reached the scene he saw the giant parading in front of the Israelites mocking them. He offered to fight Goliath. The king told him he was too young, but

after David told how God gave him strength to kill a lion and a bear, he told him to go, "and the Lord be with thee."

Taking his sling and five smooth stones which he found by the brook, he went out to meet the giant. Goliath laughed and sneered at David and told him he would give his flesh to the birds and wild beasts. David answered: "I come in the name of the Lord of hosts. The battle is the Lord's; and this day He will give you into our hands." Before the giant could strike him with his sword, David put a stone in his sling, whirling it with all his might. It struck the giant in the forehead and he fell upon his face to the ground. David ran and stood upon him, and drew out the giant's sword from his side and cut off his head. The Philistines fled away and David gave thanks to God for his great victory.

### Questions

What happened to the giant? David killed him. What became of the Philistines? They fled away. Who was it that gave the victory in this battle? God.

## Clothes to Be Shipped to Haiti

(Continued from page 12)

There has always been a heavy burden of prayer upon our hearts that the Lord would open up a way for mission clothes to be entered into Haiti without custom duties. We had made many requests to the government officials here, but apparently without success.

What was our joy to learn that a new law has just been passed allowing used clothes sent for charitable distribution by churches, to be entered into Haiti without government taxation. For this we praise the Lord as a victory won in His name!

If you could but see the misery of the people walking in the streets of even the capital city—dirty, filthy, in rags or practically naked—your heart would melt and you would certainly want to do your best for Jesus' sake in this cause. We have many members of our churches here who cannot come to the services because of lack of clothes to wear. So please help us meet some of these needs by **SENDING YOUR OLD CLOTHES.**

We know that many of you were willing to send some things to us during this past year, but were told not to do so because of the heavy duty. Now we shall make it easy for everyone to help by having you send your old clothes to NEW YORK where they will all be re-arranged for shipment.

This will save you the trouble and additional expense of shipping these things yourself directly to us. As you send your bundles of old clothing to the address given below, consecrated Pentecostal workers of this Mission Club will be ready to receive them and place them in larger shipping boxes. As soon as one or

two large boxes are filled, they will be sent to us immediately.

**WHAT TO SEND:** "Any old clothes"—suggestions: dresses, shirts, shoes, coats, trousers, underwear, blankets, felt hats, ties, suits, stockings, socks, sheets, pillowcases, towels, etc.

**HOW TO SEND:** Small bundles large bundles, cardboard boxes, wooden boxes, etc.—according to what and how much you have to send.

**WHERE TO SEND—To:** Mrs. S. Sarkissian (Mission Circle) 62 Morning-side Drive, Croton-on-Hudson, New York.

**WHEN TO SEND—"Any time"**—as boats leave New York each week for Haiti. Do it NOW! Start NOW to make up a bundle.

We are thanking you in advance for your efforts to help. We know you will take this to your heart prayerfully, and may the Lord bless you.—Yours on the battlefield for the King, John P. Kluzit, overseer of Haiti.

## Asket Basket

(Continued from page 15)

Philistines' corn and ruin it? Sampson.

A stitch in time saves nine. Is this Scripture? No.

Wine is a mocker. Is this Scripture? Yes.

Whose bones were carried up out of Egypt? Joseph's.

What woman played for the royal dance? She played the cymbal. Miriam.

Who held up Moses' hands during a battle? Aaron and Hur.

Who cut Sampson's hair? Delilah.

Peter was crucified upside down. True or false? True.

Paul at one time was a fisherman. True or false? False.

Who was the first person to paint her face? Jezebel.

What prophet was put in a dungeon, marred up in the mud, and was rescued by a black man? Jeremiah.

Who was the meekest man on earth? Moses.

Who was the wisest man on earth? Solomon.

Who prayed three times a day against the king's decree? Daniel.

Who was weighed in the balance and found wanting? King Belshazzar.

Birds of feather flock together. Scripture or not? No.

Abel was the first murderer. True or false? False.

Who wrestled with Jacob all night long? An angel.

He that saith he liveth and sinneth not,



is a liar and the truth is not in him. Is this Scripture? No. The right quotation, 1 John 1:8.

Who cured the death in the pot? Elijah. A woman drove a nail in a king's head. True or false? True.

What woman laughed at something the Lord told her concerning herself. The Lord had promised her something and she didn't believe it and she laughed? Sarah.

Is the speckled bird a type of sin according to the Bible? Yes.

What great man in the Bible married a black woman? Moses.

Who said there was no God? The fool.

An ax floated. True or false? True.

Who, while on his way to see his girl, ate honey from the carcass of a lion? Sampson.

Who walked on the waves? Jesus.

Who landed a large whale? Jonah.

To whom did a rooster preach a mighty sermon? Peter.

Who built a monument in the middle of the Jordan river? Joshua.

Who ate and drank out of the forbidden golden vessels? Belshazzar's people.

Who ate butter and honey that He might be able to choose the evil from the good? Jesus.

NOTE: We are giving you a sample of this for your Y. P. E. You may follow this outline from time to time, choosing your own questions.

### Contributions by Young Writers

(Continued from page 18)

#### A Good Name

Just now as I sit here and let my thoughts and mind wander, thinking of a passage of scripture that came to my mind several days ago, I was thinking of things that people of this world are doing to gain some of its wealth. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." As the days pass this continues to cross my mind. Thoughts come to my mind as I sit and meditate on this scripture.

We look around us and see many people who are seeking to gain fame and riches of this world, seeking to have their names written in lights to stand out underneath the starlit skies to be viewed upon by millions of people as they hurriedly pass to and fro in this world. I recall another scripture just now. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you," Matt. 6: 33. I am glad that I have sought the Lord and found Him. My name is not

only written in lights beneath the starlit skies, but it written above in the Lamb's book of life, but at judgment will shine out to this world as a token of Jesus' love for me, if I stand true to His teachings which I have purposed in my heart to do.

I may not possess much of this earthly goods, but thanks be unto God, Jesus and His love are ringing within my soul. I may not rise to high fame in this world with publicity like we know of some today but I am seeking for a name more precious than silver or gold.

We look down into history of great men and women and pursue its pages; we find those who have been laid beneath the clay, but their names are written there to be read by people of this world. We see men and women like John Wesley, Martin Luther, Bob Jones, Fannie Crosby, Helen Keller and many others too numerous to name, have given to this world good thoughts for others to pattern after. As we turn another leaf, we see men like Bob Ingersol and others we won't take up space to mention, who have fought against God and given themselves a name, that will not stand in the judgment to come. By this world they are only referred to as an example of what will happen to men and women, boys and girls who will choose to take their example of life.

We also have great men of the Bible: Paul, who seems to be the most outstanding; Stephen, John the Baptist, who came preaching before Jesus; John, who wrote the book of Revelation, and many others. All who have names, we like to refer back and pattern after. We all would like to have names like those of the Bible to be looked upon by this world.

We find many people today who will do anything in order to gain possession of some of the riches this world offers. They'll scandalize their names (so to speak) then try to hide it from this world. We may hide things awhile but they will soon leak out. Then they're ruined both earthly, physically and spiritually. Many lives are taken and crimes committed each day because of the failures men are making, seeking for riches and fame in this world, when they should strive to seek a name that will have fame and favor with Jesus Christ their Judge at the judgment.

We should crowd out evil thoughts and schemes the enemy tries to put into our minds by reading and doing those things Jesus would have us do when we are laid beneath the clay. We will have a name left behind that will speak for itself. We may find the temptation great in this life as we strive to win a name the Church would be proud to give to this world.

Young people, let us use this as our motto in life, "A good name is rather to

be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Speak words of kindness as you go along life's way, and let them be as this saying, "Words fitly spoken are as apples of gold in pictures of silver." We will gain many friends like that.—*Geneva Morgan, Morgantown, Miss.*

#### Corbin Y. P. E.

Corbin Y. P. E. is grand,  
Corbin Y. P. E. will stand,  
If for Christ we'll do our best,  
Try each day to stand the tests.

We do not say that we're the best,  
For we're just numbered with the rest,  
But we all try our cross to find,  
And keep old Satan far behind.

We can say we do not pout,  
And when the Lord says, Shout, we shout,  
We love the Lord with all our might,  
And work for Him both day and night.

The Lord is always good to us,  
We never, never have a fuss,  
We just pray to God above,  
To guide us in His perfect love.

Of assurity we can say  
We'll be on top some coming day,  
Because with Christ we're going through,  
We know the other road won't do.

One thing that we all want to do,  
Is make our Y. P. E. go through,  
It may not win because of size,  
But a faithful few can win a prize.

We welcome you to our Y. P. E.  
And we'll all try our best to see,  
That you are treated fair and square,  
And may God help you is our prayer.

—Paul Elam, Corbin, Ky.

#### Ye Must Be Born Again

A Jewish ruler, Nicodemus by name,  
To Jesus by night, for reasoning came;  
That Jesus was a teacher from God he knew,  
Yet to be "born again" did not seem true.

"Marvel not," said our Savior then,  
"That I tell you ye must be born again;  
Except ye be born of water and Spirit,  
Ye cannot the kingdom of God inherit."

Of how to be born again Jesus then spake:

"To believe in Him, Christ, whom God gave for His sake,  
That whosoever believeth on Him  
Should not perish, but eternal life win.

"Now he that believeth not on the Name  
Of God's Holy Son who for lost sinners came

Is condemned because he loved not the



light,  
But darkness, that his evil be not brought  
to sight."

This then is the message of salvation to  
man:

To truly believe on the great I Am,  
That born of the Spirit you then may be  
And in heaven above spend eternity.

—Mrs. F. M. Renner.

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### The Gospel Train

Won't you get on the gospel train,  
And on to glory go?  
Then you can meet your loved ones,  
Upon the golden shore.

If you'll get on the gospel train,  
And be a soldier true,  
Jesus is the engineer,  
He'll carry you safely through.

Hark! I hear the whistle now,  
Get on or you'll be late,  
If you miss the gospel train,  
The fire will be your fate.

Get on the gospel train, my friend,  
While she's passing by,  
Don't take a chance on life,  
And then forever die.

Jesus is the engineer,  
And He's calling you,  
If you take the gospel train,  
He'll carry you safely through.

Sinner, won't you listen,  
And hear the gospel call?  
Jesus is your Savior,  
He died for one and all.

—By Mrs. Joe Buck, Augusta, Ga.

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### The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

versities of our land and a few days ago  
we read a letter from this girl to her par-  
ents. Here is the beginning of this let-  
ter:

Dear Mother and Daddy: It is a lovely  
day today. I am listening to some beauti-  
ful music on the radio, and altogether  
I think this world is a lovely place. I'm  
thankful that I'm alive and life is full.  
I am thankful for a wonderful God that  
is so loving and compassionate. I am in a  
very grateful mood this afternoon. Per-  
haps, it is the rest I have just had, or the  
soft, lovely music or the lovely sunshine  
that has made me more conscious of the  
greatness of God."

There are thousands of our boys and  
girls who would like to have a college  
education but have been discouraged be-  
cause of the higher criticism taught in  
some of our schools. There are colleges  
where God's Word is taught in its purity.  
Choose one of them, perhaps there is one

in your community.

Hundreds of our boys and girls are  
going through high school and coming  
out on victory's side. If you talk victory  
to them, if you make them feel that you  
are depending on them and furnish them  
the right Christian influence in the home  
and the church, they will develop a back-  
bone and come out on victory's side. Are  
we doing this for our young people?

The mail has just arrived and with it  
came the Moody Monthly. I opened and  
glanced through it hurriedly and noticed  
this heading, "College or Calvary." Here  
is the clipping: "Lord Guthrie tells how  
he spent a Sunday in London hearing the  
great preachers and could not remember  
a single sentence of the sermons, but he  
could never forget a sentence he heard  
the same Sunday morning as he passed an  
open air meeting. It was uttered by a  
young fellow, 'I have never been to col-  
lege but I have been to Calvary.'" A  
college education without a Calvary ex-  
perience is a failure from the standpoint  
of meeting the spiritual needs of the  
world, but both together make a wonder-  
ful combination. It is impossible for some  
of our precious young people to go to  
college, but, thank God, they can all go  
to Calvary and God can use any life  
wholly surrendered to Him.

Another of the things we need to stress  
in order to strengthen the spiritual back-  
bone is this, as we said before we should  
not emphasize backsliding so much and  
keep our young people filled with fear.  
We know some young people who, every  
time they make a slight mistake, perhaps  
in an unguarded moment say something  
or do some unkind act toward someone.  
They might get angry or something that  
would be very easily fixed up with God  
and the one toward whom the sin was  
committed and others who know about  
it, then they could go on their way re-  
joicing, without bringing reproach on the  
cause of Christ by going to the altar, as  
a backslider, every time a revival comes  
their way. People soon begin to say, "Well  
there surely isn't much to their religion  
as they have to be warmed over every  
year." God's Word says, "If we sin we  
have an advocate with the Father." An  
altar is a good place to go if that is the  
only place you can get the victory. Per-  
haps you might call the pastor to your  
home and let him pray with you just  
like you do when you are sick. He will  
understand and will sympathize with you  
while the outside world will only stumble  
over you. We are told to be careful lest  
we become a stumblingblock.

Perhaps time and again you were stub-  
born about doing the work God called  
you to do in the Church and you have  
gotten under condemnation. Go to your  
pastor and to God and ask them to for-  
give you and go forth from then on to  
be an obedient child. It is now under the

blood. Perhaps you'll need to say to the  
Church, "I've made a new resolution that  
I'll be more obedient from now on and  
be a greater worker for the Lord. Pastor,  
I'm behind you in this great work."

It may be you have been disobedient  
in the home, or you've been cross and  
crabby and you've gotten under condem-  
nation. The first thing to do is to go  
to those concerned and to God. The  
rest of the world does not need to know.  
It is none of their business. Public con-  
fession is good when it has been a public  
offense but otherwise it causes great  
harm.

Another thing that we want to men-  
tion is sunshine for the strengthening of  
the physical body. It is said that sun-  
shine is the greatest remedy for human  
ills. Certain diseases are cured by the  
sunshine. We have a machine being used  
which manufactures sunshine and can  
give one a real sun-tan. Now we need  
sunshine for our young people, spiritual-  
ly speaking, to build them up and make  
them strong. They need the sunshine of  
encouragement. We need to watch for  
their good qualities and give them the  
commendation they deserve instead of  
watching for all the flaws we can find  
in them and criticizing them so much.  
Sometimes you criticize and the word  
reaches them and covers them with a  
cloud. You may have misunderstood their  
motive. Never criticize unless it is in  
love and is constructive criticism, and  
then be sure God is leading you. You can  
easily do the right thing at the wrong  
time, unless guided by a higher power.

When someone is sick, if we are wise  
we will not go in and tell them they look  
bad but we will be cheery and try to  
build them up by encouragement. We  
one time heard of a mischievous crowd  
of boys who determined to try an experi-  
ment on a certain boy who was working  
with them. We will call this boy Jim.  
Well, John came in and said, "Jim, you  
don't look like you feel well this morn-  
ing. Is there anything wrong?" Jim said;  
"No, not a thing." In a short while Tom  
came in. He said, "My, Jim, you are pale.  
Aren't you well today?" "Yes, I'm all  
right." Another and then another made  
similar remarks and in a short time Jim  
had asked to go home. He was sick. When  
we go into the sickroom we know better  
than to tell them that they're not ex-  
pected to live. We'll always say, "God  
is able to bring you through." The same  
is true in the spiritual life. We need to  
inspire faith in our young people. We  
need to watch for our discouraged ones  
and help them along the way.

Young men and women, you may be  
working in a factory, a store, or an of-  
fice where those around you are as vile as  
can be. The whole thing is repulsive  
to you. Right there is where your light  
is needed. Let it shine. You may be in a



community where there is no holiness church. If you go to church you must go where they are not in sympathy with what you believe. Perhaps that is where your light is needed. Go there with your little light. Let it shine. Don't get offended if they slur your religion, just let it shine the more. Don't get up and try to defend the cause. Jesus can do that. Just shine. Don't try to make a big noise in shining. The right kind of a light shines gently. When we used to burn oil lamps at my childhood home I remember sometimes the lamp would begin to sputter and on one or two occasions we picked up the lamp and threw it out the window, because it was dangerous. And so when we get to sputtering and fuming and fretting because people don't see like we do, we are just giving ourselves away. Just smile and shine on. When we go to our neighbor's house for dinner and they have chicken, we eat the chicken and throw the bones away. And the quicker we learn to do that in spiritual things the better we'll get along.

I hear you say, "Is it all right to go to a church where people oppose you and ridicule you?" Yes, if you have a strong spiritual backbone, but if you haven't you'd better stay away. If you have a strong backbone and the love of Christ overflowing in your soul, you might cause them to see you are not so bad after all. Let me say in closing, just shine, shine on and leave the rest with God.

### The Church of God Camp Meeting

By E. L. Simmons

Where the Christians get together,  
Be it dry or rainy weather,  
Not discussing which or whether,  
That's the Church of God camp meeting.

Where the burdened heart is lighter,  
And the bands of love are tighter,  
And the Spirit fire is brighter,  
That's the Church of God camp meeting.

Where the unity is sweeter,  
And the rhythm flow is fleetier,  
And the fellowship completer,  
That's the Church of God camp meeting.

Where you feel no condemnation,  
And the theme is full salvation,  
And each move is inspiration,  
That's the Church of God camp meeting.

Where the saints of God are singing,  
And the hallelujahs ringing,  
And the testimonies winging,  
That's the Church of God camp meeting.

Where the singing lifts you higher,  
And the preacher is on fire,  
And the best is your desire,  
That's the Church of God camp meeting.

Where the saints in prayer beseeching  
Listen to the preachers preaching,  
And with joy accept his teaching,  
That's the Church of God camp meeting.

So as time is drawing nigher,  
Every heart is feeling sryer,  
And the spirit rising higher,  
For the Church of God camp meeting.

Get you ready and be going,  
Where the milk and honey's flowing,  
And the luscious grapes are growing,  
To the Church of God camp meeting.

Now from Memphis unto Nashville,  
And from Bristol back to Knoxville,  
We'll soon see you at Sevierville,  
At the Church of God camp meeting.



### Divine Healing

Mrs. Dan Nelson of LaFayette, Ga. writes: "Here is the picture of our little boy who was born with leakage of the heart. He would take spells and turn blue all over and the only way we could get his blood to circulate was to pick him up by the feet and beat him in the back. One night my husband, sister-in-law and I were here by ourselves and he had a spell. Husband said, He is nearly gone; let us pray that God will heal him. God heard our prayers, and wonderfully healed our baby.

"The doctor said he wouldn't live over three days and there was nothing he could do. I am so glad we are serving a true and living God. I later took him to the doctor and he examined his heart and said it was as good as anybody's heart. I praise the Lord for His wonderful power to heal. I desire your prayers that husband and I will stay humble before the Lord."

### Exchange Page

(Continued from page 11)

and we praise the Lord for it. You who haven't been reading it are certainly missing a blessing.

I am in a revival here in Mt. Holly, N. C. now. God is surely blessing both young and old. There have been about ten saved, eight sanctified and five filled with the Holy Ghost. The altar is full each night and mostly with young boys and girls.

I have been preaching for about two years but didn't have my whole heart in the work until about a year ago. The devil tried to discourage me because I was so young, only eighteen years old, but I just couldn't be satisfied on my job. I could hear that still, small voice saying, "Feed my sheep." The Lord helped me to gain victory over the enemy and I am now in evangelistic work. I have forsaken family, friends and home in order to carry the gospel to the lost and dying. My heart goes out to young folks who are being entangled with the world.

When you don't have any money or friends; when you are hungry and don't have anything to eat; when you don't have a home or any place to lay down to sleep at night, the Lord of heaven will come down and bless you.

I praise God for sending Brother S. C. Chambers through Blacksburg. He helped me to see my sad and ruined condition in sin.

Please pray for us that we will stay humble at the foot of the cross so that we may at all times be found pointing lost sinners to the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world.

Sister Harrison, we are praying for you and are boosting your little paper every chance we get. Remember us in your prayer.—W. O. Babeler, Mt. Holly, N. C.

### A Sunday Scrapbook

(Continued from page 7)

strength" (Psa. 33:17).

Another was a scene in a hospital ward. A poor boy in a bed, several poor people standing by, and the physician and nurse in attendance. Under the picture was written:

"The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness" (Psa. 41:3).

A party of children wearing snowshoes. Verse: "He giveth snow as wool. He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes" (Psa. 147:16).

Again. A picture of a fair English mansion, with pleasure grounds. This was called "The Mansion House." Instantly the boy exclaimed: "I know a verse for that. 'In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you'" (John 14:2).

This employment cultivates the imagination; the hand gains skill. Great facility is obtained in finding Scripture references, while the verses are unconsciously committed to memory.—Selected.



## OUR PICTURE GALLERY



MR. AND MRS. H. L. HUNT, WARE SHOALS, S. C.

We are reprinting the letter of Brother H. L. Hunt from last issue and here are their pictures.

Dear Sister Harrison:

As pastor of the Church of God in Ware Shoals, I feel disposed to write you a letter and try to express my appreciation for your unwearied efforts relative to Y P. E. work.

Were it not for the superior quality of the paper and the good it is doing, I could not make the remarks about the paper that I am making. I would not be ashamed to present a copy of the Lighted Pathway to the President of the United States. Sister Hunt has placed an order for thirty-six rolls of the May issue of the Lighted Pathway and they will all sell too. Of course we cannot dispose of them all among our church folk alone. Our membership being only 61 we have to sell most of them to outside people and that is where our real profit comes in, not so much in dollars and cents as the good we reap from the good seed sown. We have a brother here who is organizing regular paper routes on the same order the daily papers are delivered. Folks are getting interested in the Pathway and call for the new issue before it comes out. Through this medium we contact people, get acquainted with them, invite them to our church and Sunday School, and then eventually stand a chance of winning them. The paper acts as an introduction, stays with them from one month until the next and is a constant reminder that there is a Church of God in town. When

the new issue comes out we then have another opportunity to visit that home, renew the acquaintance and remind them that we are still looking for them at church, if they have not been since we saw them last.

Now as for the material benefits expected from the sale of The Lighted Pathways we cannot overlook. We plan to build Sunday School rooms between now and the Assembly and expect the profits from the Lighted Pathway sales to make the payments.

Sister Hunt is superintendent of Y. P. E. work on this district and she is, by the help of the Lord, stirring up interest in the other churches along this line. We hope this plan not only proves successful here in Ware Shoals but we trust other churches can be and will continue to be blessed through this channel. Your idea of changing designs on cover of the Lighted Pathway is helping wonderfully and we hope you can continue this method.

We have heretofore sold pictures, flaring, pencils, etc., to raise money for the church. Most everything we have sold has been followed with sales of just about the same thing or kind. I do not believe the Lighted Pathway can be duplicated or excelled, so we are devoting all our time and energy to the paper as a means of finance for the church.—*Rev. H. L. Hunt.*

### Preacher as General Manager

(Continued from page 16)

as these boards of directors sit with their managers and plan a year's program under his expert guidance, so should our sessions sit through thoughtful and prayerful, purposeful meetings, under the expert guidance of the man whom they, with the congregation, have called to be the spiritual manager of the church.

Not only should the session be willing to do this, but the pastor must become such an expert in knowing what ought to be done, in order to make a group of God's people an effective agency for local, national and world-wide evangelism, as that his leadership and administration in spiritual things will be happily sought.

All this means that a church, through its session, led by its pastor, must have an effective and well-planned program, in order to be dynamic. If the task of a Christian church is evangelism and education, why should it be thought unwise or extraordinary for a church to have a definite program, which can be thought out sufficiently clear to be printed one year ahead?

Whose fault is it? Are the preachers so uninterested, so uninformed, that they cannot serve as leaders of the people? Or is it because we are so accustomed to pattern phrases of our forefathers touching the danger of power in the hands of ministers, that we are unwilling to trust these men with definite leadership? Or is it because our attention has not been sufficiently called to the fact that we need to do church work with the kind of intelligence that we use in ordering our business and professions?—*Presbyterian of the South.*

### The Conscience Bell

Minnie E. Ludwig

Bobbie was a very clever little boy, eight years of age, and he was usually at the head of his classes in school, but there was one lesson that he had not yet learned, he did not always have courage to say, "No," when he was tempted to do wrong.

One day on his way home from school Bobbie met Seldon, a boy about his own age, who spoke to him and said, "Look, Bobbie, what I have in my pocket."

Then Seldon drew from his sweater pocket several cigarette stubs about an inch long. Showing them to Bobbie he said, "I have some matches, too."

"Well, what about it?" Bobbie returned indignantly.

"Let's go into the alley and smoke them," Seldon replied. "No one will ever know about it."

"I don't want to smoke," Bobbie said, and started for home.

"All right then, you little sissie boy," Seldon said with ridicule, "I guess you are



your mamma's baby darling and you are afraid that she might see you smoke—I'm not," and Seldon, with an important air went strutting into the alley.

Just then the large bell in the tower of the church began to ring, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

Quickly conscience began to ring its faithful little bell, and to Bobbie it sounded as if the bell was saying, "It's wrong, it's wrong."

Bobbie stopped and listened—yes, the big bell was really saying what sounded to him like the words, "It's wrong, it's wrong, it's wrong."

Suddenly Bobbie turned around saying to Seldon as he left the alley, "I'm not a sissie boy, and I'll show you that I'm not. My teacher says it takes courage to say, No, to temptation, and sissie boys do not have courage to do that—good-bye Seldon, I'm going home."

With these words Bobbie started for home. He had walked only a few steps when he saw a robin, that had shortly returned from the Southland, hopping along by his side on the yard fence, and then perched itself on a near-by tree and began to sing a merry tune that sounded to Bobbie as if were saying, "You did right! You did right! You did right!"

With smiling face and happy heart Bobbie went skipping home. He was now very happy, and that very moment he decided that he would always have courage to say, No, to temptation. He faithfully kept his promise and grew up to be a fine Christian business man.

#### Mrs. H. L. Hunt

Ware Shoals, S. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

#### Honor Roll

Mildred Timms, Anderson, S. C.  
Amanda Fuller, Greenville, S. C.  
W. T. Reynolds, Kannapolis, N. C.  
Ollie Hill, Atlanta, Ga.  
Walter Helms, Charlotte, N. C.  
Herman Clark, Woodruff, S. C.

#### FIFTY DOLLARS IN PRIZES

\$50.00 given in prizes for subscriptions—\$25.00 first prize, \$15.00 second prize, \$10.00 third prize. You must have twenty-five subscriptions to enter contest. Price of subscription, \$1.00 per year. Our goal is 1,000 subscriptions by October 1. If you do not reach twenty-five subscriptions we will give you \$1.00 for ten subscriptions. Anyone not reaching twenty-five subscriptions may keep ten cents for every subscription, that is, for ten subscriptions. Send \$9.00 and keep \$1.00. Every subscription obtained in this contest will count twelve papers for the national contest.

Come on and help us reach our goal. Many will not be able to subscribe and

your Gideons should not be hindered in their work.—Editor.

#### SILVER LINING

Order the Silver Lining,  
And use it in your plays.  
In fact, I find I use the book  
In many, many ways.

Its poems draw me nearer heaven,  
Make temptations lighter grow.  
And if you'll read the book,  
You'll buy it sure I know.

Twenty-five cents is the price,  
And yet it's worth more money;  
By reading it you'll want to go  
To the land of milk and honey.

—Mrs. Eva Davidson, Shelbyburn, Ind.

#### Silver Lining

Some have been writing in, asking about the Silver Lining. This is a book of 57 beautiful poems. They make lovely gifts and poetry lovers are delighted with them. Come on and help me put them in the hands of the people. They will be a blessing. We give \$15.00 for selling 100 of them. Please send references, and remember they cannot be returned. Get your Y. P. E. well organized to sell them, giving each so many to sell. They will be easy to dispose of in this way.

Send 25c for sample copy.

#### The Unbroken Circle

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

We have another short play also, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," which you could use in your programs, price 10c. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and do nothing for your meetings and depend on God doing it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—Editor.

#### Notice

To all on the McVeigh, Ky. district who would like to have a picture of the Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention, please send your order for the picture to E. T. Stacy, Freeburn, Ky. The price of the picture is 30c.—John H. Adair, Pinsonfork, Ky.

As long as we expect to receive a revelation different from the teaching of the Word of God from any source we hinder and block the will of God in our lives.

#### New Gideons

Mary Elizabeth Boyd, Brookhaven, Miss.  
B. L. Phelps, Meece, Ky.  
Louise Solomon, Crab Orchard, Ky.  
Edna Culpepper, Cocoa, Fla.  
Robert P. Culpepper, Cocoa, Fla.  
E. E. Coleman, Shannon, Ga.  
S. J. Smith, Lindale, Ga.  
Daniel Coley, Lindale, Ga.  
Eugene Ammons, Rome, S. C.  
Ernest Cordell, Lindale, Ga.  
Carl Knight, Paw Creek, N. C.  
Brother Cassels, Candler, N. C.  
Ruth Carroll, Tallapoosa, Ga.  
Effie Byrd, Twila, Ky.  
Mrs. B. M. Woolwine, Marion, Va.  
H. U. Maxwell, Albert Town, Jam., B.W.I.  
Sarah Goforth, Asheville, N. C.  
Arthur Yarbrough, Una, S. C.  
Maggie Lou King, Lancaster, S. C.  
W. C. Hill, Perry, Okla.  
Bertha Deibert, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Payne Weeks, Copperhill, Tenn.  
Iva Foster, Birmingham, Ala.  
Mrs. Lorraine Bell, Easton, Md.  
Myrtle Burrell, Diablock, Ky.  
Norris Roberts, Terre Haute, Ind.  
Ernest Anders, Asheville, N. C.  
Dennis Dixon, Liberty, Miss.  
Carrie A. Miller, Blairsville, Ga.  
J. L. Kay, Liberty, S. C.  
Froncy Berry, Rugby, Tenn.  
Beatrice Black, Alden, Ala.  
Faye Davis, Chattahoochee, W. Va.  
Paul Teague, Soddy, Tenn.  
Rosa Herley, Dunlap, Tenn.  
Geraldine Crews, Macclenny, Fla.  
Theodore Martin, Knoxville, Tenn.  
Ruth Stewart, Ridgely, Tenn.  
Gettie M. Clitwood, Lavonia, Ga.  
Mrs. Dellie Bolick, Salem, S. C.  
Arbutus McKay, Franklin, N. C.  
Mary Zell Connell, Eupora, Miss.  
Miss Oma Chriscoe, Asheboro, N. C.  
Ruby Green, Waynesville, N. C.  
Miss Dorothy David, Erwin, N. C.  
Elizabeth Tucker, Erwin, N. C.  
Myrtle Patterson, Chester, S. C.  
Myrtice Frost, Rayville, La.  
Mrs. Sallie Conkwright, Winchester, Ky.  
Wanda Hickey, Sparta, Tenn.  
Hazel E. Stafford, Taylorsville, N. C.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who are going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

#### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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Cleveland, Tennessee

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# Glints of Knowledge

## The Bible in China

Over 2,000,000 copies of the Scriptures were circulated in China during 1935 by the American Bible Society, according to a report received from the China agency of the society. For the fifth year in succession more complete Bibles were put in circulation last year by the three societies at work there than in any earlier year. The total number issued was 83,389.

Another thousand Bibles were sent to the Chinese in the Philippine Islands and similar quantities of Chinese Scriptures to other parts of the world.—*Selected from God's Revivalist*.

To prepare 24,864 deaf Americans for life in a hearing world, 2,700 instructors teach in 79 public and private schools for the deaf, while special classes are operated in the public school systems of 186 cities. Foremost institution in this educational field is Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C., the only college for the deaf in the world.

After preaching as guest pastor at Terminal Island prison near San Pedro, Calif., the Rev. Silas A. Thweatt reported that when he asked prisoners who felt the need of a Savior to rise, Al Capone, former Chicago gangster, was the first to stand up.

Men today use almost 3,500 languages and dialects. There are 800 separate modes of speech in Africa, 130 in India, 87 in the Philippine Islands, 46 in Europe, and "42 languages are heard on the streets of Jerusalem." The growth of the English language is remarkable. A hundred years ago we were told that it was spoken by 20,000,000 people. Today it is the language of 250,000,000, and with 60,000,000 who are able to use it sufficiently for business purposes, some believe that English "bids fair to become the universal speech."—*Waltber League Messenger*.

Planting by the C. C. C. of a million young trees a day was announced a few days ago as important to the nation's food control. Last year the total number of trees planted was 500,000,000. It was more than three times as large as all national plantings, including federal, state, local and private, aggregated prior to 1933. "Total plantings of 1,035,000,000 trees for the period April 5, 1933 to January 1, 1937 means that approximately 1,000,000 acres of land have been reforested by the C. C. C."—*The Watchman-Examiner*.

Are we reaching a point of national

decadence that will permit every form of vice to be paraded even before children, chief patrons of the residential motion picture house? The child-mind is presented with the most degraded of all life under the flimsy pretext that there is a moral hidden somewhere in the filth paraded over the celluloid. — *Detroit News*.

## Ministerial Faithfulness

"The Pope requests a Dominican bishop to repair to Florence and answer the abbot's (Savonarola's) sermons. 'Holy Father, I will obey; but I must be supplied with arms.' 'What arms?' 'This monk,' replied the bishop, 'says we ought not to keep concubines, commit simony, or be guilty of licentiousness. If in this he speaks truly, what shall I reply?' 'What shall we do?' said the Pope. 'Reward him, give him a red hat, make a cardinal and a friend of him at once.' Savonarola kindly receives the papal messengers and for three days listens to his arguments, but is unconvinced. The tempting bribe is then offered. 'Come to my sermon tomorrow morning and you shall hear my answer.' How great was the emissary's surprise at hearing more daring denunciations than ever from Savonarola, who exclaimed, 'No other red hat will I have than that of martyrdom, colored with my own blood' (Newman Hall). It was a noble eulogium that Louis XIV passed on one of his preachers, Massillon: 'I don't know how it is: when I hear my other chaplains I admire them; but when I hear Massillon I always go away dissatisfied with myself.'"

A bit of remarkable news comes from Greece, where the Zoe Movement has brought about the organization of many Sabbath schools, which are giving definite Christian teaching to thousands of children. High dignitaries have been impressed, and many priests of the Greek Church have been led to advocate widespread reading of the Scriptures. An account of this vitalizing movement has his striking remark: "There has been a strange awakening of priests to the significant influence of the Scriptures upon the people, while they themselves have been fettered by dead formalism for so many years."

## The Handicap of Youth

Sir George Newman, the great British educational authority, tells the Royal Commission:

"There were over a million boys and girls at school in Great Britain unable to take adequate advantage of facilities for elementary education because of the terrible handicap placed upon them by

three outstanding factors—strong drink, venereal disease, and evil-mindedness. The first factor was often causative to the other two. There were 20,000 blind babies in Great Britain who, but for the factors of strong drink and venereal disease, would probably have had normal sight."

## "Dance-Mad" America

This is not the comment of a religious authority. The Literary Digest makes the statement:

"The United States seems to be going dance-mad." The craze has gripped all ages, children and adults alike, and all types: society people, professional and business men, politicians, et cetera. One school reports no fewer than 32 octogenarians enrolled, and 650,000 persons taking lessons by mail. "The peak of the dancing craze," says the Digest, which preceded our entrance into the world War, "is comparable to the beginning of the present one."—*The Alliance Weekly*.

## Russia

Dr. Guest tells of a church of Moscow in which he found a congregation of 1,500 standing (for no seats existed) for an hour and a half packed as closely as in a subway at rush hour. Other churches in Moscow he learned were equally crowded. His view is that the Soviet Government has succeeded in destroying the grosser forms of superstition which were so rampant in the orthodox church, but that they have not destroyed religious belief.—*C. U. Herald*.

## Luxuries or Necessities?

An investigation of the statistics covering items of money spent by the great American people last year included:

Over \$1,000,000,000 spent for cigarettes. An average of \$7.50 per person. Manufacturers spent over \$38,000,000 advertising four different brands of cigarettes.

Over \$275,000,000 for perfumery and face paint, and over \$650,000,000 for jewelry, and \$700,000,000 for candy.

Over \$1,000,000,000 for theaters and movies.

Over \$90,000,000 for chewing gum.

Nearly \$1,000,000,000 for ice cream and soft drinks.

Uncle Sam is authority for the statement that the American people spend more every year for candy than they contribute to all their religious organizations.

If we add up all the items above, it will make a sum greater than the cost of all our churches, schools, hospitals, asylums, and philanthropic societies put together.



## Suppose, Mr. Drinker

*Supposing your child should leave its own yard  
For a romp or in search of a ball,  
If its mother were busy and had not the time  
To step out and give it a call.  
Supposing some drinker should race down your street,  
As if he were taking a dare—  
And crush the life out of your little child;  
Mr. Drinker, do you think you would care?*

*Supposing your mother was crossing the street—  
Your mother now feeble and old,  
And some reckless driver should knock her aside,  
Leaving her lifeless and cold.  
Could you find an excuse for his careless act?  
Would you really think it were fair?  
Now, putting yourself in this fellow's place—  
Mr. Drinker, do you think you would care?*

*Supposing a loved one you hold very dear,  
Were a victim of some drinker's game;  
And lay in bed just day after day,  
All crippled and helpless and lame.  
Supposing he never could walk any more,  
No longer your pleasure could share;  
Just lay there and suffer day in and day out—  
Mr. Drinker, do you think you would care?*

*How little you care for the other man's pain  
In your reckless pleasure and greed;  
How little you care when it costs someone else,  
As you travel at dare-devil speed,  
But just let it strike in your family some day  
For you and your loved ones to share—  
Then you'll slacken your speed and you'll take time to think  
And then, Mr. Drinker, you'll care.—Anonymous.*



# The Sighted Pathway

Vol. 12 AUGUST, 1939 No. 8



## THE BRIDGE

(By Will Allen Dramgoale)

An ald man going a lane highway  
Came at evening, cald and gray,  
Ta a chasm, deep, and vast, and wide.  
The ald man crassed in the twilight dim;  
The sullen stream had na fears for him;  
But he turned when safe an the other side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.  
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,  
"Yau are wasting your time with building here,  
Yau never will pass again this way.  
Yaur jaurney will end with the clasing day.  
Yau have crassed the chasm, deep and wide,  
Why build yau this bridge at eventide?"  
The builder lifted his ald gray head,  
"Gaad friend, in the way I've come," he said,  
"There fallaweth after me today  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
This stream that has been naught ta me  
Ta the fair-haired youth might a pitfall be.  
He, taa, must crass in the twilight dim;  
Gaad friend, I am building the bridge far him."

"JESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."



# The Editor's Message

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

This month, our August issue, we are celebrating the tenth anniversary of our work for the young people. In our remiscences this morning we are going to



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

dwel l on t h e mountain t o p s and then go down into the valleys, f o r everything that is worth while in this life has its mountain top and its valley experiences. Things worth while are not all accomplished in the sunshine but the shadows must fall sometimes on our way to make us appreciate the sunshine.

While laboring in Lawton, Okla. with the Church of God young people, God spoke very definitely to me about the needs of our young people. As we prepared the lessons for them each week and as we saw the blessing that the organization of our young people was bringing at that place a great desire was planted in my heart to see the Church in general enjoy the same blessing. Many have written to us asking for an account of the beginning of the Y. P. E. in the Church of God. Right here we want to emphasize the fact that God was back of it all and as He could find little instruments all over the world to use He did so. Individuals here and there had organized little bands and were doing their best. After the work was made a national organization some of the dear saints of God said to me, "I have been praying for this for years." Perhaps many who are hidden away behind the scene will have a greater reward than some who have been in the limelight. Who knows?

Not long ago we attended the fiftieth anniversary of the Epworth League, the young people's organization of the Methodist church. They had some data concerning the beginning of this work. Perhaps forty years from now you will be glad to have this Lighted Pathway to use as data as to how the work started and the progress it has made. Put it away. Preserve it.

We planned at first to give an account of only the Lighted Pathway in this the tenth anniversary issue but as we thought of it we found it was impossible to give an account of the Lighted Pathway without the Young People's Endeavor or as they were so closely connected. Then October is the tenth anniversary of

the national organization of the Y. P. E. also and we hope to celebrate our tenth anniversary of this organization at our 1939 Assembly.

There is just a little known by the writer about God's great work that has been accomplished for our young people. And all we claim in His great program is that we tried to be a yielded vessel in His hands and that He chose to give us a small part in this great work.

As God was laying the burden of the young people on my heart in Lawton, Oklahoma my burden became a burden for the multitudes and I began to see a great sea of faces before me. In every crowd I would happen to be in the young people stood out before me, not only Church of God young people, but young people everywhere.

When I was a girl I used to pick a great many blackberries and at night after I would go to bed I would see blackberries before me and would dream blackberries at night. So it was with young people. I thought about them by day and dreamed of them by night.

One day while in Lawton I received my copy of the Church of God Evangel and in that paper I saw a poem, "The Bridge," which you will find on our cover page this month. As we read this God spoke to us and said, "I want you to help me to build this bridge." Oh, how much that little poem has meant to me, as I have stood through these years working on this bridge. On the day this organization was passed upon at our Assembly, the bridge was built nationally and since then we've been busy in all parts of the world trying to get our young people on this bridge. This bridge is built across the awful stream of worldliness and sin and is shielding thousands of our boys and girls from being swept in by its waves. In our Bible lesson department in this issue you will find a lesson program on this bridge.

In 1928 we attended the state convention in Weatherford, Texas and while there we talked to Brother F. J. Lee in regard to a national organization and got his promise to work toward that end. He afterwards visited us at Lawton and we had the pleasure of having him in our home for dinner and we talked again on this subject and he promised to take it up and advocate it. We were disappointed when God took him home during the Assembly of the same year, but God is not dependent on any one man. We are all just little instruments in His hands and we must never feel so important that we think God's great cause will go down if we are called away. Of course we all felt our loss in Brother Lee's going away but

God was and is still on the throne.

We then decided we'd write an article to the Evangel and see how many people would respond. Just one man responded, Brother R. P. Johnson. Now others were interested but Brother Johnson was the man God had chosen to do this work. In the summer of 1929 at the Florida camp meeting he got his little group together and started the work in Florida, of which state he was overseer. At the following Assembly his enthusiastic group from Florida brought their enthusiasm to this Assembly and the National Church of God Young People's Endeavor was adopted by the Assembly.

In the summer of 1929 we moved from Lawton, Okla. to Johnson City, Tenn., for the summer months and placed our daughter in the Teachers College there. We occupied an apartment there in the home of a Mr. Mitchell on Pine Street. Here is where the first Lighted Pathway was published. Pictures of the different homes of the Lighted Pathway will be seen on another page.

Wherever I went God kept the burden upon me and kept talking to my heart and one day He spoke very definitely about putting out a paper for the young people. I did not have to think much about it for the plan and the name just came to me, and now when people try to give the credit to brains I always tell them that brains cannot have the credit but it was just being obedient to the heavenly call and the voice of the Holy Spirit.

When I announced to my husband that I was going to put out a paper, he said, "You are very foolish to think you can put out a paper here right in the midst of the depression. Didn't you know that many of our great denominations are having to discontinue some of their papers. Some of them are combining two or three in order to make them go." Well, that had no effect on me for God had spoken and I had yielded to Him and His will.

We did not have one cent to start with and had no idea where our money would come from. We had five hundred copies made of our first issue. It was an eight-page paper. It cost us \$20.00 and my dear old father, S. S. Haworth of Temple, Oklahoma, who is now in the glory land, paid the bill and he helped with the second one also. The second issue we made a sixteen-page paper. We will not be able to tell you much about how it was paid for, after that, but God carried us through somehow. We had to skip some months because of funds, but from the very first God raised up some young people.

(Continued on page 23)



# Under Whose Wings

BY ZENOBIA BIRD

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NOTE: We have decided not to run a synopsis in this paper as it takes so much space. Anyone not receiving the first part of the story may send five cents each for the back issues. Perhaps in many cases you may be able to borrow your neighbor's paper.

It was very late, past the closing hour on even one of these special occasions when greater liberty was allowed, when the young man after a kindly, formal "Good-bye" to Charlotte and a lingering one to Hilda, finally tore himself away. But not before he had, in a seeming effort to recall her name, had her repeat it twice.

"Hilda Carroll," he repeated after her. "One of the best fellows on our football nine my last year was named Carroll. Cousin of yours, or brother maybe?"

"No," answered Hilda, "I have two brothers, but neither of them went to that college."

"Of course he wasn't your brother," he laughed at his own joke. "Now that I think of it, Carroll was his first name, Carroll Hethrington. Great name, that! Dandy fellow though."

Hilda hoped nobody had noticed the little, almost unconscious start she had given when that name "Hethrington" was mentioned. Did he know anything of the whereabouts of Warren Hethrington? It was this slight hope of some such clue, perhaps, that made the usually reserved Hilda seem to meet this bold young man half way.

She was pretty tired when she finally climbed the stairs to her room, but how she had enjoyed the evening, every moment of it! Jean's room was dark when she went past it, and her roommate was fast asleep when she crept into her own bed to drop asleep as soon as her head touched the pillow.

The next evening she was again in Jean's room and telling with much amusement of her capture of Victor Lamont.

A tap on the door "Is Hilda Carroll in there? You are wanted on the phone," came the girl's voice as she went on down the hall.

Hilda hurried down to the phone, and a man's voice, strangely familiar, asked: "Is that Miss Carroll? So glad I caught you in. This is Victor Lamont. I find I have to stay in the city over tomorrow and I should love to see you again. Could you go out with me tomorrow night? Take you to a good show. Aw, say yes! Please do."

Poor Hilda was in a turmoil. What

should she do? She wanted to see this extraordinary young man once more at least in hope of learning something about Warren. But since she had become a Christian she had dropped the "movies" as she had dancing. She knew there were some good ones and she sometimes attended the educational ones or travelogues and a few others. But she knew only too well that the girls who loved the "movies" were never the ones who cared very much for spiritual things. Then, too, she had once heard a speaker say that those who were accustomed often to have their feelings stirred even to tears by the pictured woes on the stage were always the

## FOREWORD

This book stands almost unique among stories for young people written from a genuinely Christian viewpoint. An amazing characteristic of English literature is that the great love stories of fiction and drama are nearly all treated as though a personal heavenly Father had nothing to do with such matters. In this they are perhaps true to life that is lived without God. But what of Christians who earnestly want God's way in their lives? Stories dealing with this group of people are too apt to be "goody-goody," and appear "pious" in the wrong sense of that word. But Zenobia Bird, with a keen insight into human nature, a remarkable grasp of spiritual truth and its practical application to everyday life, has given a series of love stories based on actual life experiences that will fascinate young people, and at the same time show how vital and real and adventurous is life with Christ at the center.

REV. ROBERT C. McQUILKIN,  
Dean of Columbia Bible School, Columbia,  
S. C.

most blind to real distress in the actual lives round about them. While she did not blame others for attending this form of entertainment, yet to the protests of her friends she would say, with a sunny smile, "I am going to show that there is one girl who can be perfectly happy without the movies." But deep in her heart she felt that the sweeter, closer life of communion with her Lord was well worth all the sacrifice this stand had meant to her.

But tonight, what should she tell this stranger over the telephone? She tarried awhile to give herself time to think. But finally, as he asked her again,—she had reached her decision,—she said, in a rather small timid voice, "I would rather not go to the show. I do not care for them."

"Oh, well," he laughed easily, "then all right. How about the Boston Symphony Concert? It is in the city tomorrow night."

Hilda caught her breath in an ecstasy. She hardly knew how to answer him. Didn't she want to go to hear that wonderful concert, the finest music that ever came to the city! She had forgotten all about it, though she had seen it advertised.

She could hardly keep the gladness out of her voice enough to answer him with the proper decorum!

Yes, indeed, she would be delighted to go. She had never heard this orchestra and had always wanted to. Was he sure he could get tickets at that late date? Yes, that was fortunate that he knew the manager and would be perfectly able to make a last hour arrangement somehow for tickets. She would be ready when he called.

With her heart bubbling over with glee, she again sought Jean and told her everything. "How glad I am that I had decided not to go to the show, even to please him. And now see, God has given me something ever so much better than I could possibly dream of. Isn't it wonderful?" she added, softly.

The next evening was one of unalloyed pleasure to Hilda. She had carefully planned out her course for finding out if Mr. Lamont had ever known Warren or if he knew anything of his whereabouts now. Victor Lamont was so happy spending the evening with this bright attractive girl that he was on very good terms with himself and the world in general. He evidently suspected nothing and talked as frankly as Hilda could have desired about Carroll Hethrington. Yes he had a cousin attending another college who visited him once. Seems his name was Warren or William or something like that. Hilda almost timidly asked him what he looked like.

"Do," he laughed "give me something easy. Ask me to describe a girl, and I might do it. But a man! They all look alike."

Nevertheless he gave enough of a description to make Hilda feel that possibly this was Warren. But beyond that she could learn nothing. He had never heard of Carroll Hethrington since he had left college, though he recalled a rumor that Carroll had died. He could not even remember the town from which he came. So although the evening was a pleasant one, the real object of it so far as Hilda was concerned was as far from attainment as ever.

## AN EVENING AT THE SCHOOL

A few evenings later Hilda and Jean found their way to the Bible Institute. Ruth had invited them to come right from work and take supper at the school as her guests. There was an arrangement by which young people in business could use their evenings to the best advantage and avoid the long ride home and then to the school, and many bright young



men and women were availing themselves of it. A simple but wholesome meal was served at cost.

They asked for Ruth at the office and she came in a few minutes later, giving them a hearty welcome and at once taking them to the dining room. The large room was well filled, and the girls thought they had never seen such a group of happy, earnest faces. They had scarcely found their places when someone started a chorus in which all joined and then one of the teachers, a tall, dark man at the head of the table, asked a brief blessing and the supper proceeded.

There was a quiet buzz of conversation throughout the room, with here and there a ripple of merry laughter, and the spirit of friendliness and good fellowship among the students was a joy and a revelation to the girls there for the first time.

"I never saw anything like it," whispered Hilda. "Somehow you feel that these people have found real life and are happy. They seem jolly enough, but there isn't that undertone of restlessness and discontent that we find so often at the boarding house and at the store."

"They seem thoughtful and well read too, whether or not you would call them highly intellectual or finely educated," added Jean.

They found Ruth a pleasant companion, and she told them much more about the school and its work. The supper hour seemed all too short.

Jean noticed the tall dark teacher at the head of one of the tables looking in their direction, and as most of the students seemed well acquainted she wondered if it was because they were evidently strangers that they had attracted the attention of this man.

"Who is the tall man with the piercing dark eyes, sitting over there?" she asked Ruth.

Ruth's fair, sweet face flushed with a little more rosy color as she answered, "That is Rev. Robert Tiegan. He is one of the faculty. He was a missionary for several years but came home on account of his health. He takes all his meals with the students, and he has several evening and day classes. He is a wonderful Bible teacher."

She then changed the subject and began telling about the special speaker who was to take one of the class periods that evening, a missionary from the heart of Africa. The girls had decided to go with Ruth into one of the regular Bible classes, and then afterwards the whole school was to assemble to hear the missionary. As they were leaving the dining room they met the tall teacher and Ruth introduced them as possible students. He greeted them most warmly and urged them to come again. But was it fancy, Jean thought, that she detected a look of special tenderness in his dark eyes as they

rested for only a moment on the face of Ruth?

The group in the dining room supplemented by a number of students who had come in from outside, now divided about evenly into two classes in different parts of the building. Hilda and Jean and Ruth went into the class taught by a prominent Bible teacher who gave one night a week for three months during the Winter.

They noticed that most of the students carried their own Bibles, many of them in neat black leather cases, with notebook and pencil. Ruth had her own, but managed to find one for each of the girls from some that were evidently kept for the use of those who like themselves had come as visitors. They were not long in learning why Bibles were needed, for this teacher taught them not so much about the Book as the Bible itself. Hilda envied the girls, who without the slightest dif-

formed, not only to study this book more and more, but to give their lives more fully to Him who had loved them and redeemed them with so great a redemption.

When the lesson period was over and they rose to go into the chapel where the missionary was to speak Ruth turned to them to say something about the feast they had enjoyed but the look on the faces of both girls stopped her. She knew something of what they were passing through—she had been there herself and with a silent prayer for God's blessing upon the message to these two new friends of hers they passed on into the room in almost perfect silence.

Hilda was sorry there was another hour to follow this one. She wished she could go straight home now. She felt she had all she could hold for this time and she wanted to go away and think it over. She found herself hoping that her roommate would be out when she returned, or better still, in bed and fast asleep. She longed above everything to be alone with God, to look up into His face and thank Him, to tell Him of her new desires, to pour out her heart while this new sense of His greatness and goodness, His nearness and yet His majesty, was so strong within her.

Jean too was deeply moved, and reproached herself that she had not long before this found and attended this Bible Institute. She knew of course that not all the teachers had the same gifts and the power to lead them into the Holy Place as this man had done, but they all, she knew perfectly well, did lead the students into the fathomless but hidden treasure of God's Word.

No one knew what was before them in the missionary hour, as this man was a stranger to all except one of the members of the faculty. The spell of the first meeting was still upon the student body as following an opening song and prayer, the missionary from Africa stepped forward and began to speak.

Hilda had another surprise. She did not see how this man could possibly grip her as had the other, or how he could at all compare. He did not. There was no comparing the two men. That was a scholar, this a rugged pioneer with years of service in the heart of a wild, uncivilized country. Rugged too was his message. His vivid descriptions made them all see what he had seen, as he "prospected" for souls as others might for gold! A keen sense of humor that saw the amusing side of the most trying situation set them off into gales of laughter again and again, to find their eyes blinded with tears the next minute as he pictured the pathos of a people without God or hope in this life or the next.

They seemed to lose all sense of time  
(Continued on page 21)

#### PREFACE

"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz, who was of the kindred of Elimelech" Ruth 2:3. "The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust," Ruth 2:12.

Does God have a hand in the love affairs of His trusting, obedient children? Can the young Christian pray and trust with full assurance that he may have God's guidance in these matters so greatly affecting the whole future life and service? This book is an answer.

"A number of incidents in the book are founded on occurrences in real life. It is a composite picture, many lives furnishing a portion in each bit of mosaic."

#### THE AUTHOR.

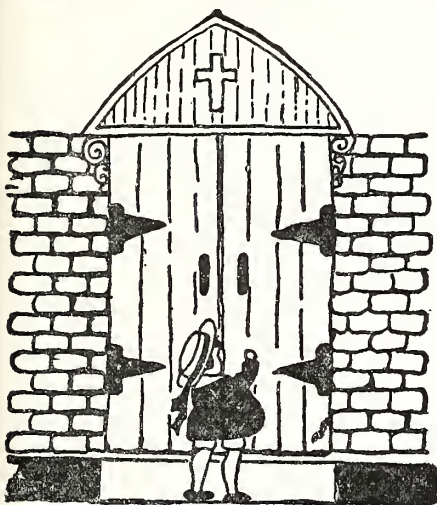
To the eyes of man "her hap was to light" on Boaz's field, but an unseen Hand was guiding Ruth on her predestined way; and that same unseen Hand just as unerringly guides every entirely submissive and obedient child of God.—Selected.

ficulty, could at once turn to every passage asked for. She never realized until tonight how little she knew about this book, although she had read it in a desultory manner all her life and had even tried to teach it.

This man, whose profound reverence for the Book impressed everyone almost as much as his gigantic intellect and his knowledge of the Word, seemed to open up passage after passage in a way the girls had never dreamed could be. They seemed to catch glimpses of some of the mighty thoughts of God for His people. Every verse seemed rich with meaning and as the teacher broke it up in its different parts they seemed to see God as they never had before and their hearts melted with such a sense of His goodness and their own unworthiness that almost unconsciously there welled up within them a new gratitude for the wonderful salvation, the scope and plan and purpose of which they felt they had never fully known. New resolutions were



# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

LESSON NO. 1

## A Little Girl Raised From the Dead

Mark 5:22-43

While Jesus was at Capernaum a ruler of the synagogue by the name of Jairus came running to Him looking very much distressed. He fell down at Jesus' feet and cried, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray thee, come and lay thy hands on her, that she may be healed; and she shall live." He started at once. While on the way they met a servant from the ruler's home, who told them the little girl was dead. When Jesus heard this He said to the ruler, "Be not afraid, only believe."

At the ruler's home many friends and neighbors had gathered to comfort the bereaved mother. Jesus told them the girl was not dead, but sleepeth.

She was twelve years of age. When Jesus entered the room she was lying on a couch. Taking her by the hand He said, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise." She opened her eyes, and sat up. Jesus told them to give her something to eat. The people were astonished at this great miracle.

### Questions:

What did Jairus ask Jesus to do? To heal his little daughter.

How old was she? Twelve years of age.

What did Jesus say when He took her by the hand? He said, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise."

What happened then? She opened her eyes and sat up. She that was dead was made alive.

## BIBLE LESSON NO. 2

### A Wonderful Dream

Gen. 28:10-22

Jacob had robbed his brother of his birthright and to escape his anger he was leaving home to go to his Uncle Laban, who lived at Haran.

Jacob never saw an automobile or train or street car. He lived in the days when people took long journeys on foot.

He said good-by to his old father and mother. For miles and miles he walked. Then the sun went down. He stopped. He must have felt very lonely. There was no house in sight, no bed—not even a pillow to lay his head on. He found a hard stone to put his head on, and lay down to sleep. Boys, how would you like a pillow like this? He must have been very weary for he soon fell asleep. In his dream he saw a ladder reaching from earth to heaven. The Lord stood at the top of this ladder. He saw beautiful angels climbing up and down the ladder. The Lord told Jacob that He would give to his children all the land he saw; that He would take care of him, and be with him wherever he went, and in time bring him safely home.

When Jacob awoke from his dream he saw no one, but felt sure that he was not alone, because the God of his father had promised to be with him. He took the stone he had used for a pillow, stood it upright and poured oil upon it. Then he made a vow and promised God that He would give him a tenth of all he made. Today we do like Jacob, give a tenth of our income to the Lord and He blesses us.

### Questions:

Where did Jacob go? To Haran.

What was his pillow? A stone.

In his dream what did he see? A ladder.

Who was at the top? God.

How much did Jacob promise to give God? A tenth.

## BIBLE LESSON NO. 3

### How a Beautiful Girl Became Queen

Esther 1, 2

Esther, the Jewess, was a little orphan girl and lived in the home of her cousin Mordecai. He loved her and was very kind to her. She grew up to be a beautiful lady. The king of Persia made a great feast in his palace and invited all the nobles and rulers. On the last day of the feast which continued for a week the king sent for his beautiful wife to come in his presence where the guest could behold her beauty. For some cause she would not grant his request and this made the king very angry so that he refused to let her be queen any longer.

Then he sent commands through all his kingdom that the most beautiful young women should be brought to his palace where he might choose one to take Queen Vashti's place.

Mordecai sent Esther to the palace. She was brought before the king and she pleased him so much that he placed the royal crown of Persia upon her head. She lived in his palace and had many servants to attend her. Then the king gave a great feast for his princes and nobles and published the fact that Esther had been chosen as the new queen.

### Questions:

Who was Esther? She was a cousin of Mordecai. What did the king of Persia do? He gave a great feast.

What made him angry? Because his wife refused to come in his presence. Who became queen in Vashti's place? Esther.

## BIBLE LESSON NO. 4

### A Wedding Feast

John 2:1-11

At a funeral, people are sad and mourn but at a wedding people are supposed to be happy and merry. In this lesson we study about a wedding which took place when Jesus was on earth. He did something that will never be forgotten.

In Cana, a little town of Galilee, some friends invited Jesus and His mother to this wedding. In those lands it was the custom to spend several days eating, drinking and having a good time.

In our country today an event of this kind does not last long. Sometimes as soon as the ceremony is performed the bride and groom hurry away from the building to escape the shower of rice which may follow them.

In those days they had large grape vineyards and could have plenty of nice, unfermented grape juice to drink.

At this wedding the wine gave out, and there was no more for the guest to drink. The mother of Jesus called Him aside and told him there was no wine. Then she told the servants whatever He told them to do to obey Him. In this home they had six large stone jars. Jesus said to the servants, "Fill the waterpots with water," and they filled them up to the brim. They obeyed and when they drew out the water from the jars they saw it had been turned into wine.

This was the first miracle Jesus performed and many believed on Him.

### Questions:

What took place at Cana? A wedding.

What happened to the wine? They did not have enough for the feast. What did Jesus tell the servants to do? To fill the stone jars with water.

Did they obey? Yes.

What happened then? The water turned into wine.

(Continued on page 25)



# Helps for Tempted and Tried

## A WEALTHY PLACE

N. E. GRABILL

"For Thou, O God, hast proved us: Thou hast tried us, as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou laidest affliction upon our loins. Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads; we went through fire and went through water: but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place" (Ps. 66:10-12).

In reading the above Scripture passage you will notice that it is God that brings us into a wealthy place of soul and life enrichment. It is also He that takes us through some narrow and hard places in order that we may have this enlarged and wealthy place. There are many Christians who are spiritually poor and destitute and who have never gotten into the wealthy place because they are not willing to pay the price, and go through the hard places that bring us into this wealthy place.

We must first face the hard things in life, endure the cross and hardships of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. There are rough and steep roads to travel, many storms to weather, fierce battles to fight, some heavy burdens to bear, dark tunnels to pass through. The voyage may be rough and stormy, and it may seem that we will sink beneath the waves and billows that are passing over us; for we are not promised smooth sailing, but we are promised a safe landing. Yes, God has promised to be with us in all the hard places in life and bring us "through," and not let us stick or sink. "We went through fire and through water." And when we get "through" into this wealthy place we will be doubly paid for all we have endured and gone through, both in the enrichment of our own lives and what it will mean to other lives.

In the above Scripture passage there are several hard and adverse things mentioned through which God took His people in order to bring them into this wealthy place.

### Fiery Trials

As silver and gold are tried in the fire, so the Lord tries His people by fierce and

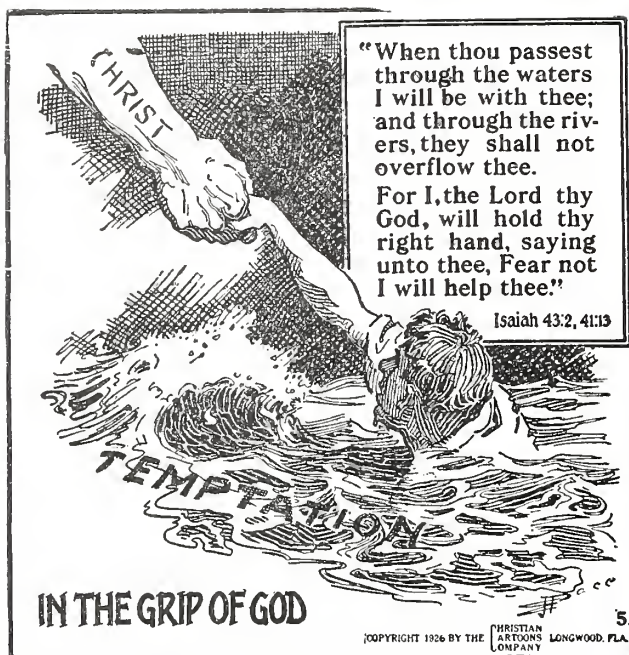
fiery trials, in order to rid them of the dross and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, and make us more precious than gold tried in the fire. Yes, God is still in the refining business, and takes His time and sits down for this important and delicate task (Mal. 3:3). He knows just how much heat is needed to purge and refine us, and will not suffer us to be tried above that which we are able to bear. Let us not think it strange concerning the fiery trials, for we need to be purged by fire as well as by the blood.

### Close Quarters

"Thou broughtest us into the net." God permits us to get into close quarters and narrow places and to our wit's end and where we see no way out, but God always has a way out for His people. God had a way out for Israel when they were sorely oppressed in Egypt. He had a way for them at the Red Sea, and in the trackless wilderness. He made a way for them at the overflowing Jordan and brought them into a wealthy place in the promised land. It is pressure that enlarges and makes for power. In Ps. 4:1 we read these significant words, "Thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress."

### Sore Afflictions

"Thou laidst affliction upon our loins." The Lord does not willingly afflict His people, for we read that in all our afflictions He was afflicted. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. 4:17). These "light afflictions" are our servants, and work for us, and bring us eternal profits and glory. So we must be willing to let them work for us, and suffer a little while now, with Christ, that we may also share in His glory. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with  
(Continued on page 23)



### GIVE ME THY HAND

Give me thy hand if thou wouldst know the way,  
Long, steep and lone,  
That leads from darkness into endless day.

Walk not alone;  
But, with thy hand, thy faith, and fear no more  
For I have walked the thorny path before.

If heavy seems thy yoke, my child, take mine  
And learn of me;  
And to thy soul will come that peace divine,  
Faith bringeth thee,  
Walk not by sight but by the trust alone  
Thy journey endeth at the great white throne.

Abide in me. There is no grief, no pain I have not known;  
And I would bear and suffer all again to keep my own;  
These know my voice and follow where I lead  
To failing strength I give the aid they need.

Take up thy cross; I'll gladly lead thee in the way divine;  
Though heavy seems the cross; your hand keep  
Placed in mine;  
And I will guide thee safely home  
Where love abides and ye shall no more roam.

Just bear my cross; I one time bore the cross for thee  
On Calvary's rugged mount, that ye from sin  
Might be set free.  
O heed the call to work and hasten to obey—  
Give me thy hand and walk the narrow way.



# Behold What God Hath Wrought

REV. R. P. JOHNSON, Assistant General Overseer

Having more than a casual interest in the Church of God Young People's Endeavor, also the Lighted Pathway, from their foundation to the present moment, I count myself happy in this privilege of contributing a few lines to this issue which represents the tenth anniversary of both the Lighted Pathway and the Y. P. E.

**LOVERS OF BOTH HAVE** every good reason to be grateful, pleased, and even jubilant as they glance back through the past ten years and see the road over which this God-ordained organization, and this God-inspired and guided paper has traveled, from what a great many believed to be a very insignificant beginning, with very little opportunity for future good, but their works are their answers to their critics. It was the

## SECOND

Thursday in June, 1929, that the Y. P. E. was founded, however that was not the beginning of young people's work in the Church of God, as numbers of pastors and churches had been working together, and had organized young people's missionary bands, societies, etc. But it was on the above date that a group of ministers, and possibly 100 young people, in co-operation with their state overseer, laid the foundation, and launched a program for a state-wide organization, choosing the present name. Then in the 1929 General Assembly it was made an international organization, and thus it became the official Young People's Endeavor. From that meager start it has grown to a weekly average attendance of better than forty thousand. We attribute this marvelous growth to the fact that it has met with divine favor, and to the untiring efforts of those who love and appreciate the young people.

Time and space will not allow the mention of all who have watched with anxious eye and heart, laboring night and day, but there is one whom I feel that our Lord would have me mention, Sister Alda B. Harrison, editor of

## THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

For it was she whom God moved upon and inspired to edit and publish this paper, dedicated to the young people or the youth. He even revealed the title for the publication. While the General Assembly did not oppose her in this new undertaking, yet it made no provision for her assistance. So with nothing but faith in God, and some encouragement from individuals, along with a strong purpose

of heart, she plunged into her God-assigned and heaven-ordered work. Then for several years her greatest reward for her effort was the sweet satisfaction that she was working with God to the blessing of what appeared to be a neglected group of His children whom He would soon call to greater responsibility. Then after years of service had been rendered and worlds of good had been accomplished, it was evident that the paper could be made even a greater blessing providing it could become the property of the Church, and it was in the 1937 Assembly that a move was set on foot to make a deal with Sister Harrison for the paper, which was done to the satisfaction of both the Church



Rev. R. P. Johnson

and Sister Harrison, and, of course, she was retained as editor, and since the paper has become the property of the church, the editor seems to work harder (if possible) than she did when it was her private property. The growth and popularity is its best testimony as to what the people think of it. A great deal of the marvelous success made and being made by the Y. P. E. is due to the invaluable service rendered by the Lighted Pathway.

## SINCE

the Y. P. E. is a Church of God Young People's Endeavor, with Church of God state overseers as state superintendents, and Church of God pastors as local presidents and Church of God members as lo-

cal officers and leaders, it stands to reason that the PURPOSE of the organization is and must continue to be in harmony with that of the Church, its teachings, doctrines and program. Its design is just as holy as that of the Church. Its aims are to be just as free from worldly and other hurtful entanglements as that of the Church. Both officials and laymen recognize that it is an essential auxiliary of the Church, entirely dependent upon and subject to the Church, looking to the Church for succor and support. It looks to and appreciates the officials of the Church, submitting to their wise council and guidance. It proposes to support the Church and its program to the extent of its ability and opportunity. Its desires and aims are to put on such programs and be active in such, and only such, as will be for the highest general good of the Church. It has not, neither could have, the remotest desire of acting or being independent of the Church, any more than the Church desires to be independent of its head.

## FURTHER

those who love, esteem, and watch for the souls of the young people have not, nor ever will, agree to anything being injected into the activities of the endeavor which is not conducive to a life of prayer, praise and holiness, without which its members would be put to shame here before men, and there before the Lord at His coming. Our godly young people neither ask for, desire or expect any liberties that would not meet the approval of their Lord, and endorsement of His faithful ministers.

## HOWEVER,

there may be those who hold the opinion that the Y. P. E. is and should be somewhat independent of the Church, or not entirely subject to its overseers, pastors, etc., thinking that they should not be consulted as to its activities. Some may even think that its founders had in mind an organization, the main purpose of which would be to that of promoting the social life of the young people. That they had in mind programs, plays, games, the nature of which is to entertain and amuse, and that such plays, programs, etc., should not be burdened with much religious flavor as such might offend sinner members, and therefore would not win the world. If you are one who holds such opinion, you certainly are out of harmony with the purpose of the Y. P. E., and for anyone to advocate such error is a tragic mistake which would reduce this heaven-blessed and God-ordained institution to a worldly society, which would be cursed and sent to the tribulation.

(Continued on page 23)



# The Inner Circle Page

## QUESTING YOUTH

BY FREDERICK P. WOOD

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### God's Best

"God has His best thing for the few  
Who dare to stand the test;  
God has His second choice for those  
Who will not take His best.

"It is not always open ill  
That risks the promised rest;  
The 'better' often is the foe  
That keeps us from His best.

"And others make the highest choice,  
But when by trials pressed,  
They shrink, they yield, they shun the  
cross,  
And so they lose His best.

"I want in this short life of mine,  
As much as can be pressed  
Of service true for God and man—  
Help me to be Thy best.

"I want among the victor-throng  
To have my name confessed,  
And hear the Master say at last—  
'Well done! you did your best.'"

### The Quest For the Best

Modern youth is perhaps none too careful in its use of adjectives. Superlatives are sometimes indulged in to the point of exaggeration. Telling how she had the misfortune to miss a bus one day, a "young modern" said, "You know it was utterly devastating."

Just a bit extravagant in her way of putting it! Eh?

I remember at a summer conference taking a party of young people to one of the beauty-spots of Wales. On reaching the summit of the mountain, a view of almost unsurpassed beauty met our gaze. They all began to express their delight with their pet adjectives, "glorious," "beautiful," "top-hole," "wonderful." Each one vied with the others in his choice of a fitting word. Then some wise-acre in the party remarked, "We use our adjectives so glibly that when the really wonderful thing comes along we have no words left to use."

Now have you ever noticed how superlative are the adjectives always used for every gift which God promises to us in His Word? But qualifying words in the Bible are never exaggerated. The pardon is abundant. The peace is passing all understanding. The joy is unspeakable

and full of glory. The love is passing knowledge. The Gift is unspeakable. The riches are unsearchable. The life is more abundant. The fact is, there is never any stint with God. He always gives lavishly. Super-abundance is always a characteristic of His blessings. He gives "good measure, pressed down and running over." What He bestows is always the best.

The tragedy is that we do not always make God's best our quest. So often we nibble at the crumbs from His table, when He has spread a feast of fat things. We paddle in the shallows, when the deeps are available in which we might swim. We are like ferry-boats, content to ply backwards and forwards in our narrow river, when we should be like liners, sailing out into the ocean of new experiences.

"God has good and He has better  
Blessings for us here below.  
Thou canst choose to be His debtor,  
Thou canst much or little owe.  
Trust Him fully. Break the fetter  
Which now binds thy spirit,  
Lest getting good or even better,  
Thou shouldst miss His very best."

We shall never make much of life until the quest for big things is our primary aim. The temptation comes to us all to fritter away life in things which are common, small and mean. There are people all about us whose quest is for the paltry, petty and passing. The man who aims at nothing usually hits it!

A luxury liner set sail recently on "A Cruise to Nowhere." No one minded where the ship went. Those on board only wanted gaily. "A Cruise to Nowhere" is about the sum total of many folks' lives. This is all the more tragic, not to say criminal, in these days of tremendous challenge and opportunity.

Wherever we look today we see a situation furiously demanding the service of youth. This is not time for slacking. The call of the hour is for the concentration of all our powers and energies upon some high and holy quest.

Young men and women, you are living in one of the most critical periods of the world's history, in a time when the whole of our Christian civilization is being threatened by sinister forces; when all the glorious heritage of the past, won for us by the tears and blood of the saints and martyrs, is assailed, and when at any time all that we hold dear may be overwhelmed by the cataclysmic disaster of

another world war.

Today the world is reeling in uncertainty; democracy is fighting for its very life; "men's hearts are failing them for fear;" the river of iniquity is overflowing its banks; the forces of righteousness, the truth and purity are being violently assailed, and the day of Gospel opportunity is fast running out. Has youth any business in such a time as this to fritter away the golden days in the little nothings which make life trivial?

When youth is being captured by anti-Christian forces of Communism and Fascism; when a materialistic philosophy of life holds sway in the hearts of multitudes; when a secularistic blizzard is blowing over the world, sweeping youth into a dark and stark paganism; when to meet such a situation the call of Christ comes with insistent, persistent appeal for every power, every talent to be dedicated to His cause in the world; when things are as they are, I say, can we, dare we live our lives with any other quest than the one to which Christ calls us?

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," Matt. 6:33.

Paul repeated the challenge in the words, "Seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth," Col. 3:1-2.

"Too fast? We live too slow!  
God! fight we not within a cursed world

Whose very air teems thick with leaguered fiends—

Each word we speak has infinite effects—  
Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell—

And this our one chance through eternity

To drop and die, like dead leaves in the brake,

Or like the meteor stone though whelmed itself

Kindle the dry moors into fruitful blaze—

And yet we live too fast?

Be earnest, earnest, earnest; mad if thou wilt:

Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,

And that thy last deed ere the Judgment Day.

When all's done, nothing's done. There's rest above—

Below let work be death, if work be love."—Charles Kingsley.

(To be continued.)

You cannot escape it, wherever you are. Some duty awaits you, some good you should do—

There is something the world is expecting of you."—Sel.



# The Editor's First Message

## Small Beginnings

In introducing our little paper, "The Lighted Pathway," to you, we use this poem to bring the thought of what beginnings sometimes mean. For several years God has been laying the young people of our land upon my heart and has given me such a desire to help them that this desire has blossomed into this little paper which I am sending forth into the world to touch the lives of the precious young people who are groping in darkness along the way.

We see so few boys and girls who are giving their lives for the service of the Master these days, that we feel there is a reason somewhere, and that if the right chord was touched in their lives multitudes of them would surrender their lives to the Master. The aim of this paper is to touch that chord and help the hungry hearts to find their place in the great harvest field instead of spending their lives aimlessly with the pleasures and frivolities of this life with no sheaves to lay at the Master's feet when this life is ended.

There is a great wave of criticism sweeping through our churches today in regard to the younger generation, and truly it is sad to see so many beautiful lives being wasted in this day of wonderful possibilities for lives of usefulness, but what are we doing to give them a glimpse of this beautiful side of life? Our criticism will not bring results. It is only the love that beams out through our very countenance and actions toward them that will give them a desire to reach out for better things.

We so often hear the expression, "Oh, this younger generation," but perhaps God is not censuring them as much as you and I. I have been in some localities where the young people have no young people's meetings and where seemingly no interest whatever is being taken in them and this is one thing we hope to stimulate through this paper.

We plan to publish each month prayer meeting topics for the young people, so that the most backward community may carry on their young people's meetings.

Oh, for leaders in the different localities who will get them on their hearts and pray and work until a training class of some kind is organized and the young people put to work, where they will feel they have a part in the great work of evangelizing the world. What are the young people of your church doing? Are you pushing them forward and training them so that they will be ready for your mantle to fall upon them when you are

called away? Let us pray, "Lord, raise up consecrated leaders filled with the Holy Ghost, who will launch out in transforming deserts into rose gardens."

## OUR AIM

In our great department stores we find they use system and order in displaying their goods. The farm tools and machinery are in one place, the automobile parts in another, the household goods in another, and so on down the line, until the

## SONG OF LIFE

A traveler on a dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at eventide,  
To breathe its early vows;  
And age was pleased in heights of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs.  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore—  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the  
grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary men might turn.  
He walled it in and hung with care  
A ladle on the brink,  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again, and lo! the well  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues  
And saved a life besides.

A nameless man amid the crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love  
Unstudied from the heart.  
A whisper on the tumult thrown,  
A transitory breath,  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
Oh germ! oh fount! oh word of love!  
Oh thought at random cast!  
You were but little at the first  
But mighty at the last.—Sel.

needs of the whole human race, temporarily speaking, can be found under one roof.

It is our aim to use this same system and order in our paper as it grows and develops. We want a page for the parents of these precious young people, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, and whose hearts have grown weary and tired many times as they toiled and prayed for them to be all that they desired.

We want a page devoted to our pre-

cious children to enable us to plant a few seed in their little hearts that will save them from the pitfalls that are awaiting them out in the future somewhere.

A page will be devoted to questions and answers so that our puzzled and perplexed young people can ask questions and they may be answered through these columns for the benefit of others.

It may take us a little while to do all we want to do, but this is our aim. I am sure that many of you who will receive a copy of this first issue are going to want to help me reach the goal I am longing to reach.

Now may I ask you to especially pray that like the acorn in our poem, this little paper may grow as the great oak tree, spreading out its branches so that many toil-worn, tempest-tossed ones may find shelter and rest, and as the little spring, that the multitudes may drink from its pages and be refreshed and led on into a closer place with the One who has promised that out of our innermost being shall flow rivers of living water, which means that we can be so filled with the Holy Spirit that this Spirit will flow out to others.

We especially desire that love spoken of in the last verse, will be our theme throughout its pages until every word will be saturated with it, for it is love that is going to win the world for Christ.

## MY HIGH RESOLVE

(Our first cover page)

I dedicate my life to redeeming deserts into rose gardens. I shall take time to feel the tragedy of emptiness in the lives of people I meet. I shall seek by all means to bring showers of refreshing to fall upon sands of truth and kindness. I shall seek to turn deserts into rose gardens.

The unawakened are everywhere. They are asleep to their possibilities. Equipped for lives of service and a great destiny, they wander aimlessly on.

Hedged in by the stone wall of their own frailties and faults, they see not the world of opportunity that reaches beyond the stars.

It shall be my high resolve to awaken and inspire.

It shall be my aim to lift them up to where they shall see the great world of beauty, love, and inspiration.

Desert minds and barren hearts shall be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I shall bide my time, though it may take years of effort and sacrifice. I am resolved to see every desert within my reach and influence become waving fields of grain and gardens of flowers, and landscapes of rich vintage.

—Heart Throbs of Truth.



## Some of My Coworkers



MINNIE BELL (JAGERS) CLAYTON  
*My First Secretary and Little Helen Alda*

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers:

You will notice that I did not write "Dear Sister Harrison." I feel that I'm not writing to her, but most of what I have to write will be about her. God bless her! Praise God, how He has blessed her. How the Lighted Pathway has been blessed through her faithful service, her ceaseless energy and never lagging interest. Having been associated in direct personal touch with her for three years I, as her first secretary in the work, should know whereof I write.

The first of the year 1932 I began working for and with the Editor of the Lighted Pathway. And I shall be delighted to tell the readers the way the Lord led me into this great work. Praise the Lord for answered prayer. That is the secret of everything that is done for God. If we obey Him and ask of Him, acknowledging Him in all our ways, He will direct our paths.

Just a little less than two years I had been saved and the Lord had blessed me much along the way. One way He did bless me was by The Lighted Pathway. Our sponsor at the time, Sister Fuller, had seen to it that I received one each month after she started getting them. You see she wanted to keep me saved, and that is a splendid way to help somebody keep saved. Just give her or him a Lighted Pathway and pray for God to use it for His glory. He surely will as He did that time. He inspired me through the good Editorials, and in fact the entire magazine, to want to serve Him better and to be more established in the way so I could help somebody.

The desire seized me to give myself over full time to some kind of work for the Lord, so I began to pray and God saw fit to place me in the hands of one of the greatest leaders of young people there ever was, to do what little I could to help. Night after night I was tossing on my bed and agonizing with God when the household was sleeping. Praise God, prayer changes things, I was soon to find out. While I prayed she was praying too, and in the January issue of the paper she wrote in her Editor's Message the one line that sent me to prayer again, this time to pray for God to help me write the kind of a letter I should.

That line was something like this, "If the Lord doesn't give me a helper soon, I will have to give up the paper." The letter was written to tell her how I had prayed and what qualifications I felt I possessed to help her. Just before this time I had been helping put out a daily file sheet from the courthouse and I knew she had plenty to do and was really telling the truth when she wrote that her hands were full.

Soon I was to find out just how full they were because in three weeks from the time I wrote the first letter to her offering my service, I was on the train speeding up there. The trip took an all night and all day ride and late in the evening about six o'clock the train stopped at the little suburb town of Jonesboro, Tenn. where she was then living.

The place was quite different from what I was used to. The mountains of East Tennessee are beautiful and I learned to love them as I do the swamps of North Louisiana. I had not been with Sister Harrison long before I knew the Lighted Pathway would prosper faster if the office were located at Cleveland where it was published at our Church of God Publishing House. She knew this too, but arrangements could not be made till the first of the year 1935 to move it down there.

I never have seen a person do more work under adverse circumstances than she did, however, she made everything so very pleasant for me and I was made as a member of the family. Indeed she was always making things pleasant for somebody else, as you who know her can verify.

Besides all her activities as the wife of a Presbyterian minister, she had prayer meetings organized among the women and also the children and had been active with young people's groups also. Nobody has ever had a better neighbor than she was either. She never neglected anything she could do for her neighbors. I do thank God for the privilege of learning

so many useful things from her really, truly, living for God. Although the paper work that was done received small pay momentarily there were so many personal benefits that I felt that I was richly repaid for giving up the job that was offered me as a legal stenographer. After all money is not the only requisite of life.

How many hours we spent in prayer that God would do for the little paper just what He has done! Glory to God! Back there when she was only having from one to two thousand printed and finally reached three thousand we both dreamed of, prayed and looked for the time to come when it would be the greater blessing that it is today. Thank God for an Editor with backbone enough to go through thick and thin to keep the inspired work of the Lighted Pathway going until such time as God could work things out and place all the work at Cleveland. Before I left the work she placed me down there to take care of the business till she could arrange to be there permanently.

Now the paper is going by leaps and bounds and is such a wonderful paper that it makes me stop sometimes and think back upon the paper as it used to be. How honored I feel to have once been a small helper in the work that has such a wide influence as it has today.

Space would not permit me to go into detail and tell you of the way we worked together in the early days—many of you readers, no doubt, will remember how Sister Harrison visited the conventions and inspired the young people and others as well. Some of you know, too, the times when we went out to the churches and helped the young people to organize.

Then there would be times we were at home for weeks planning and sorting and searching for things that would beautify the paper and still keep it spiritual and uplifting in its contents. Just to tell you how inspired the Editor was for the work—many, many times I would be in another room from where she was at work and would hear her weeping and pretty soon it would turn into praises to the Lord and talking in tongues. I would not have long to wait before the reason for such would be explained. My name would soon be called and she would say, "Here, Minnie Belle, type these Editorials, I want to see how they are going to look," and she gave me page after page she had written under such inspiration as that. You don't wonder that I was eager to do such typing. But I longed for these messages to reach more young people. Now they do.

The paper with its beautiful pictures, illustrations of art and lovely cover pages, just the paper that the first secretary used to see away out in the future (which doesn't seem as far away as it



seemed then). You can look upon the Lighted Pathway and read it as the answer to the prayers of its Editor and her first secretary. — *Minne Bell (Jagers) Clayton.*



RUBY WALES

Although I worked for the Lighted Pathway only a short time before being transferred to the transcribers and proof-reading department of the Church of God Publishing House, yet I feel that I still play a little part in its output.

After the material is compiled by the Editor and secretary of the Lighted Pathway, it is handed to the transcribers to be corrected before going to the typesetters. Thus the proofreaders and transcribers read the Lighted Pathway from cover to cover three times, word by word, before the rest of the world knows what it contains.

As I have known the Lighted Pathway since 1935 I can truly say that it has made great strides to success and has grown both in size and circulation. I wish for the Lighted Pathway many years of just such success and progress as it has had these years.

I give the credit for the success of the Lighted Pathway to Sister Harrison who has had it on her heart all these years, and her coworkers, and to the young people, also elderly people, who have co-operated with her to put it into the hands of the people everywhere.—*Ruby Wales.*

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers:

I count it a great pleasure to speak a few words in behalf of the Lighted Pathway and its Editor.

On December 1, 1935 I began work here in this office. At that time the paper was small, about 3,500 being printed. Many times the Editor and I would call upon the Lord in behalf of the paper. At that time I stayed in her home and we always made it a point to have prayer for the paper before coming to work each morning. Though the work moved along slowly at that time, the Lord wonderfully blessed.



GENEVA (PREVO) CARROLL  
*My Present Secretary*

One thing I wish to say about the Editor. I have never met anyone who has more will power and determination to put a thing over. If she had not possessed these qualities the paper would have never survived its infancy. When one starts out for a certain enterprise he receives much criticism, knocks and blows on every side. Sister Harrison received her portion of this and I think she deserves roses for her great courage in this work.

I appreciate her confidence vested in me and by the Lord's help I am doing this work to the best of my ability.

It is very encouraging to watch the paper grow and today we have reached the 22,000 mark.

When I first began work here the paper was only a sixteen-page magazine. Finally in January, 1937, eight more pages were added, making twenty-four pages, and in April, 1938, a new cover page was added, making the paper twenty-eight pages.

This year for Easter, Mother's and Father's Day issues, special cover pages have been designed and this Birthday issue also has a special cover page.

The Editor has set her goal for 25,000 papers by the Assembly. Come on, young people, and let us make this possible.—*Geneva Carroll.*



SISTER NORA CHAMBERS

Dear Lighted Pathway Readers:

We are glad to have the privilege of taking part in helping to celebrate the birthday of the Lighted Pathway, which is one among the best papers in the world today. Had you ever stopped to think of the battles and struggles for existence this little paper had in the beginning? No, I am sure you have not as you have not heard much about the battles fought and victories won.

It happened to be my lot to be one among the number to know something of the dark days when the Editor was discouraged; when at times her heart was heavy; when the tears ran down her cheeks; when she hardly knew which way to turn. Where could she expect help? The depression was on; no church to back her financially; no board of councillors to advise; even her own husband telling her that with all the opposing powers against her that it was impossible for her to make a success of the paper. I tried to speak words of comfort to her, but when I looked at her frail body and saw the dark clouds rising up like mountains before me, I wondered if the paper could survive the trying hours. But with undaunted courage she looked beyond human aid and heard a small voice from heaven saying, "Be strong; be of good courage; be not afraid, hold on; don't give up; I will be with thee; I will go before thee, and never forsake thee." With this strong arm to lean upon our brave Editor went forward with new courage and today she has proved a blessing to thousands of people and the

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## Mission Page

### THE PRICE OF JUNGLE JEWELS

By Sister Fannie Fosbee

"Good-bye, mother," cried Mary as she threw her arms around her mother and kissed her.

"Good-bye, dear child. I hope you are happy in your work, there," her sweet-faced mother replied, as she wiped a tear from her eye. "Gerald, do take good care of her for you know what she means to us. You must be careful too, dear. I am sure the work there will be hard on you both the very best you can do. I can't help but dread that awful climate for you children. But we will be praying for you. Good-bye, Gerald, may God bless you dear." Gerald kissed his mother-in-law and thought that he had never seen a more beautiful, godly-looking mother in his life. His own mother had died when he was a baby and he had never known what a mother could mean to him until he and Mary had married six months ago. Since that time Mrs. Williams had been a real mother to him and he could see now what he had missed. He told them all good-bye again and took Mary by the hand and started on board the ship. Then turned back and said, "Please, mother, don't worry about us. It will be hard but remember, 'He giveth more grace,' and another, 'my grace is sufficient for thee.' These blessed promises of the Lord will help us to overcome all obstacles. Do pray for us."

The giant steamer slowly pulled out of the harbor and Mr. and Mrs. Williams watched it as it bore their children away on their errand of mercy to the heathen of South America. How lonely they felt as they realized, as only parents can realize, the price one has to pay in giving up one's children to this noble work. Would they ever return? Or would some dreaded malady, some disease of the tropics, cause their death before they could come home?

They got in their car and drove back to their little cottage. As the car came to a stop in front of their home they were all deeply absorbed in thought. Charles and Betty Sue, the only remaining children of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, got out and walked sadly up the steps, and sat down on the porch in the cool evening air. Mr. and Mrs. Williams sat in the glider in deep meditation.

"Mother, it's going to be lonesome here now, without Sister and Gerald. Just knowing that they are gone makes me feel so lonesome. I did not realize that a brother would mean so much to a boy. But Gerald has been such a pal to me,

that I am beginning to see what I've missed by not having a brother," Charles said sadly.

"Yes, dear child, we will miss them, even more than we now realize. I do pray that God will keep them well. Those tropical diseases are the cause of so many missionaries' deaths! As for Gerald, the dear boy will be missed almost as much as Mary." Mrs. Williams turned her head away, as she spoke, to keep them from seeing the tears in her eyes and added, "Somehow I feel as if I shall never get to see her alive again. That came so forcibly when I was telling them good-bye." She buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

### PICTURES FROM OUR MISSION FIELDS

Brother Paul H. Walker, our foreign mission representative, paid Cleveland a visit on his way from his field of labor to Minot, North Dakota where he attended the camp meeting and convention.

While here he showed his pictures and gave a very instructive lecture about our work on the foreign field. Our new church at Cleveland was full and all expressed their appreciation of this service. Our mission fields and workers became very real to us and it made our hearts glad to see the change Christ is making through the efforts of our foreign missionaries. If you have a chance to see these pictures don't fail to do so.—Editor.

Mr. Williams put his arms around her and tried to comfort her but if he had told her his feelings he would have had to admit that he also had the same presentiment. He waited until her sobs had subsided somewhat, then spoke, "Dear, you must cheer up. You remember how we prayed for God to have His way with her when she was a baby? It came to me then that perhaps God would use her for a missionary. You know, dear, that we talked about it then and both said that we would be willing by the Lord's help. How well we know now that it takes the Lord's grace to really be willing. But she is in God's hands and we surely can trust His wisdom in guiding her life. Remember that the Psalmist says, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He will bring it to pass.' So it is ours to commit her to the Lord and

then trust Him to take care of her."

"Daddy, do you suppose that this was the way Abraham felt when he was bidden to offer up his only son for a sacrifice? I am sure it was not an easy thing to do, but Abraham did not question God at all. He immediately went about preparing for the trip to the mount of God to make the sacrifice. He must have had a lot of faith in God's wisdom. I only wish that I could have a faith like that. Well, if we could only remember the promise of God: 'All things work together for good to them that love the Lord,' maybe we could also accept without question the workings of the Lord," Betty said, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Betty, you are right. God asked Abraham to make a much greater sacrifice than He asked us to make and I am afraid that we are not pleasing God in questioning Him. May God give us that unquestioning faith in Him," Mr. Williams answered.

Out several miles from the harbor, Mary and Gerald sat on the deck watching the lovely sunset. In their minds many things were being carefully gone over. So long they had looked forward to this moment, when they could answer the call of God by really giving themselves to the conversion of the heathen. Their hearts were full of sorrow at having to leave those who were so dear to them, and of joy to know that they were soon to be in the land of their calling. For a long time they neither spoke. Finally Mary said, "I feel so sorry for mother. She seems to have aged several years since we have been planning this trip. Dear, did you notice how tired she looked today when we told them good-bye? She looked at me so pitifully and it made me feel like . . . Well, like she thought she would never see me again. O Gerald, I . . ." Here she paused as she tried hard to choke back the hot tears that kept coming in her large brown eyes.

"Yes, dear?" Gerald encouraged.

"I couldn't help thinking that I might never see any of them again. And when I left them there to go on board the ship, I felt that I was seeing the American soil for the last time."

"Please, Mary, don't talk like that. Of course we may never live to see any of them, but, dear, didn't we settle all that long ago? I know it's hard, but remember, 'He giveth more grace.' Let's cheer up and feel honored that God has counted us worthy to suffer . . . yes . . . suffer to carry God's Word to a few of the dear people of South America."

"I know, Gerald, that I must not feel this way. Dear Lord, forgive me I pray," she said as she buried her head in her

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## Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been planning to write you for a long time so here I come.

I hope you are feeling fine. I think of you so often. You know when I study about this great God we are serving it makes my heart rejoice and thank Him for answering prayer.

About fifteen years ago or longer I began to see the need of a young people's Endeavor. I talked to our state overseer about a work of this kind but it seemed we could not get anything worked out. I just kept praying so God gave me the plan just as it is worked out in the little book "How to Organize and Conduct Young People's Endeavor," and also the scripture lessons as they are in the Lighted Pathway.

In August, 1929, at the hotel where we were visiting in Lawton, Oklahoma, on the desk was the answer to part of my prayer. Of course I picked the paper up and began to read. I read everything in it and on finding the Editor's name I realized we were already old friends. She gave her address, Knoxville, Tenn., my home town, so you see I have a right to praise the Lord. I just don't feel like I could do without the Lighted Pathway. I believe I have every copy that has been printed.

Last Winter I was sick and was shut in for some time. I would get those back numbers out and read them. I enjoyed them so much I began to study how to protect them. I took twelve issues, put them together and put them in a loose leaf note book. I made two holes in the papers and reinforced the holes. You see I am saving the papers for my enjoyment in my old days and I can pass them on to my grandchildren.

You know the little acorn you planted ten years ago is getting to be a good size tree and has taken such a good root that it will keep growing. Thank the Lord. I always read the paper from cover to cover. I enjoy the continued stories very much, of course all the paper is good.

Sister Harrison, I don't know why I am writing this to you, but I was impressed this past Winter to write you along this line so I began little by little and here it is.—Mrs. Florida McLain.

NOTE: Sister McLain did not know about our birthday number of the paper. She says: "I do not know why I am writing like this." Why of course she was writing it for our birthday number, even if she didn't know it.

When I organized the Y.P.E. in Knoxville nearly ten years ago, she said to me,

"I have been praying for this for years." God bless Sister McLain.

Dear Sister Harrison:

This month, May, 1939, completes five years of continued selling of The Lighted Pathway each month as a Gideon and I hope to add many more years to this record. If there is any Gideon who has a longer continued record than this I would be glad to know who they are.—Rev. Marvin E. Porter, Marion, Va.

Brother Marvin has truly been a faithful helper down through these years.—Editor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I still love the Lighted Pathway and you. I was thinking after reading about the Lighted Pathway's birthday of the time when you first started with the paper, what a struggle you had and how you held on so faithfully. I am reminded of the scripture that says "Despise not the day of small things." You obeyed that and surely you are happy to know that the work has been an overwhelming success. When you think of the thousands and thousands that are reading the Lighted Pathway and not only reading it but being blessed by it, surely your heart is made to rejoice. I wonder if your dreams have been realized or have you received exceeding abundantly above what you hoped for or even thought could be? I can truthfully say that the Lighted Pathway has been a blessing to me all these years and such a blessing that I have tried to share them with others. I have given them out, mailed them to different friends and acquaintances, and have sold some along too. I wish I could have done more for such a worthy cause but I had many other things to do too.

One writer said, "Give me the roses while I live." So I would like to give you a little bouquet too, Sister Harrison. I can't tell you just what your sweet life and interest in the young people have meant to me. I don't only thank you for what you have meant to me but for others as well for I am interested in humanity more than anything in all the world and when you are a blessing to others that blesses me.

I, too, love young people and want to help them and since I could not do what I would like to have done I am so glad that you have. I want to help bear others' burdens in these awful, evil, hard days. When we love folks it isn't hard to bear their burdens. I heard the story of a small boy carrying a larger crippled

brother. When asked if his brother was not too heavy for him to carry, he answered, "No, he is my *brother*." Truly love covers.

May the dear Lord richly bless you for all your labors and keep you well and happy is my sincere prayer.—Lula (Caldwell) Watson, Atlanta, Ga.

Note: I was so glad to receive this letter in time for the birthday number. It brings back precious memories of Sister Lula Caldwell (as I knew her then) who so faithfully stood by us in our struggle in earlier years.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading your message to the young people. It gave me such an inspiration that I could hardly wait to write and express my appreciation for this wonderful message which appears in each issue of our Lighted Pathway. As I read I could feel the sweet presence and power of God. I praise God for His wonderful power, His power to awaken and to save. I praise the Lord for the wonderful awakening that I have just received. We young people at this place have had a struggle but things are beginning to look brighter now. I sometimes think that the Lord has been putting us to a test to see if we could stick together. Friends, it takes effort on our part if we expect to receive help from God. Though I have been backslidden I am glad that I have received a spiritual awakening. I had gone on, not thinking how cold I was until one day something seemed to say to me, "You must live your own life. How are you living it?" I am sorry to say that I was living just as the devil would have me live. But praise God, I've changed my course and I mean by God's help to live a life from this day on as He would have me.

As I was reading what you had to say about high school and college concerning a spiritual life, it brought to my mind something that I learned in the study of salesmanship—Never present a negative suggestion to anyone, always make them positive. When you tell a person that he will backslide in a place like high school or college he immediately agrees, "Yes, I will backslide, I can't live the life among a crowd of unbelievers as they are." While if this person were told to hold on to God and he could live right, that would give him greater zeal to try to live for God, because he would feel that someone believed in his ability to live right. I want to make it clear right here that I blame no one for my backsliding in high school but myself. I want everyone who knows God to pray a special prayer for me and the Y.P.E. at this place. Well praise the Lord for the Lighted Pathway which helped to light the pathway to my heart. May God bless

(Continued on page 25)



## Y. P. E. Programs

### OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y. P. E. meeting. At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

### BIBLE LESSON

By the Editor

Topic: "BRIDGE BUILDING"

Scripture Text: John 9:4

#### Introduction

In our text Jesus said, "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work." Jesus went away and left His work unfinished and is expecting us to finish it for Him. When I first began to hear the call of God to work among the young people I found the little poem which is on our cover page, and it suggested to me the necessity of building a bridge for our young people.

I have used this subject many times in my talks to the young people in the different conventions and at places where I have been called to organize, but I seem to get around so slow to give it verbally, I feel the importance of heralding this great work that Jesus has left us to do, so I am giving you a lesson on the building of this wonderful bridge, hoping that you will realize that the night is coming, and is not far distant when no man can work.

#### Organization

We all know that everything needs to be organized to be able to accomplish anything. The devil has his forces organized, and they are busy at work. We see around us everywhere his organized army of workers. Why are God's children so careless? No wonder the world is growing worse. Let us wake up and organize our forces and build a bridge across the great stream of sin and worldliness that is sweeping our young people in on every side. We are using the bridge to illustrate to you what our young people's organization should be.

#### Foundation

1 Cor. 3:10-13

We all know that in building a bridge it is very important to have a solid foundation. We remember a few years ago of reading of a fine bridge being built in Chicago and before it was finished it was condemned on account of the foundation. This was very hard on the company's reputation and kept it from getting the contract for another bridge it was bidding for at that time. So we must be careful to see that the bridge we build for our young people is on a solid foundation. You see also that the different materials for bridge building must be assembled and placed together before we can derive benefit from them. Laying a foundation alone will not help us unless we build thereon, and it takes several kinds of material with which to build. The above scripture tells us that Jesus Christ must be our foundation. People are trying to build on every other kind of foundation these days, except Jesus Christ. Some have their hopes on education but we see some of our best educated men and women who have fallen, their foundation would not stand. Others are building on wealth but we find that it is easy for wealth to be swept away and to leave them desolate and alone.

#### The Pillars—Faith

Heb. 11

We hear so much talk of the worldliness of the present day young people and so much criticism of their actions that it is alarming, but if we build this bridge and use as our pillars faith, we will find that faith will have the same results as it had in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. If Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever, then a bridge built with Jesus Christ as the foundation, and faith in Jesus Christ as pillars, will carry our young people across this awful stream. But still the bridge is not complete enough yet to carry them over. We must build a good, solid floor across these pillars.

#### The Floor—Love, Patience and Wisdom

Love is the greatest need. When God puts the right kind of love in our hearts for the boys and girls of our land, it will be easy for us to win them for Christ.

The man or the woman who obeys the scripture, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," will be looking after other boys and girls just as carefully as their own and with the same burden for their souls. They will be anxious to help to build this bridge. Do you know the world is dying for a little bit of love?

#### Patience

Patience is another kind of material we must have in this floor. It takes lots of it to work with young people and win them for Christ. Some folks think they can take young people and make them like old folks. It is impossible. We would not want them to be. God made them different and we must be patient and direct that young enthusiasm in the right direction. The boy and girl that comes into your congregation and laughs and talks during the service should be handled with care until you have done everything possible to win them for Christ. Have your friendly committee to work on them patiently and let the pastor show an interest in them. Visit them in their home and work with them gently until you have won their heart. A little patience mixed in with this floor mixture will work wonders in making a strong floor for our bridge.

#### Wisdom

Oh, how we need it to work with the youth of our land today. There is no need of our not having it for James says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." We may love our young people and have a degree of patience and still lack wisdom to know how to deal out this love and patience so that it will have the desired effect. I have seen many well meaning people tear down as fast as others built up.

Now you see we must have some banisters around this bridge to keep our boys and girls from falling off. So here is what our banisters must be made of:

#### Encouragement and Service

Encourage your young people by organizing them and putting them to work. They need to be kept busy. "The idle brain is the devil's workshop." Give them a job to do for the Church and let them feel that it is their very own and when it is finished they will look with pride at what God has helped them to do, and then they will not be satisfied until they have another one laid out for them. If you want a new piano, or want your church repaired or a new one built, ask your boys and girls to take the job and watch your church grow and flourish. God needs the strength of youth to take hold of the great tasks today. Uncle Sam always selects the youth of our land to do his bidding in time of great conflict, and surely God needs strong-hearted young people to carry on His



work in this time of great conflict with the enemy.

#### *Keeping the Bridge in Repair*

This completes our bridge. Do you have one in your church? If not, no wonder that you see your young people backslide and fall into this great stream of sin that is sweeping all around you. Better get busy and work hard to build this bridge. Listen! some of you may have built a bridge or organized a group of young people in your church and it failed. You had better examine and see where the defect lays. Surely not in the foundation, Jesus Christ never fails. Perhaps it might be that your faith has grown weak, it might be for lack of love and patience and wisdom, or it might be you did not encourage your young people enough and did not give them work to keep them interested. How about looking over the bridge and finding the defect and keeping your bridge in repair? Jesus Christ has plenty of material to repair with and He can make it just as good as new.

#### *How to Tear Down*

Perhaps sometime some one might want to tear this bridge down and you want to know what kind of a tool to use. We can tell you the best tool available for this work. It is criticism.

#### BIBLE LESSON

By Mrs. Viola Sloan

Topic: "OBEDIENCE"

#### *Leader's Thought*

Obedience is one of the fundamentals necessary to the Christian life. Faith in itself is simply a form of obedience, while the more active forms of it are in keeping and also doing the commands of God. Jesus is our example. We can easily see in His life passages where the human side of Him asserted itself and where, tempted as we are, the human man in Him was put to the test. And yet He came forth through the trials obedient even unto death.

#### *Obedience of Christ*

Mark 14:33-42

A sublime illustration of His obedience is to be found in His prayer in the garden of Gethsemane to have the cup of sorrow and death pass from Him, if it were God's will. We see in this the strivings of the human nature against the awful agonies. He knew what he was to undergo on the cross. But—"And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," Phil. 2:8.

Adam disobeyed and many were made sinners but the second Adam, which was Christ, obeyed and many are being made righteous.

Sometimes we learn obedience by ways and means which are not pleasant for us. Heb. 5:8, "Though he were a Son, yet

learned he obedience by the things which he suffered."

#### *Blessings of Obedience*

Deut. 28:1-6

As long as we are in God's will we may rest assured that God's blessings will rest upon us. There is more to it than keeping the commandments. We are also required to do them. Matthew 7:21, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter in . . . ; but he that doeth the will . . ."

Obedience is a little gate we just must go through before we can get to heaven. John said in Rev. 22:14, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

#### *Obedience Preferred Before Sacrifice*

1 Sam. 15:22

Not that the Lord was displeased with the burnt offerings and sacrifices but just merely that obedience comes first. We may sacrifice one-half of all we make and give to every needy cause that we can but that won't get us very far if we are not obeying the voice of the Lord. It is good to sacrifice and give and God requires it of us but obedience comes first.

#### *Domestic and Governmental Obedience*

Have someone that is capable talk on the following scriptures: Eph. 6:1; Titus 2:50; Eph. 6:5, 6; Heb. 13:17.

#### BIBLE LESSON

By Esther Holland

Topic: "LET US"

#### *Thoughts for the Leader*

From the time we first began to talk we find that we said "let us" do so and so, and we have heard it on down through our lives and even those who are old and gray are still saying the same thing. But I fear that these are some things that we are taught through these two small words that have been sorely neglected by many, if not by all of us, yes us Christians. And yet, these two words seem so important when we read the writings of Hebrews, and we wish to study some of these at this time.

*Let Us Fear:* Heb. 4:1

"Let us therefore, fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." Surely this is a warning as well as an exhortation to be always mindful of the promises of God, remembering the failures of the children of Israel through unbelief, murmurings and disputings, for if they, the chosen of God, failed to enter into the land of promise through unbelief, what of you and me who have had the blessed privilege of receiving the baptism with the Holy Ghost? Even though we have received this great blessing, we must be very diligent to do those things

commanded us by our Lord lest we should fail to reach heaven. If there is a promise that we have fallen short of appropriating to ourselves, then this verse reminds us to fear lest we should come short of it. There are those who claim it is easier to claim the promises of God for someone else than for themselves, but this seems rather strange, for if we can't appropriate God's Word for self, how can we help someone else to do it? Let us be careful to remember this and then to do it that we may share the heavenly home with Jesus after this life is over.

*Let Us Labor:* Heb. 4:11

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief." We must not only have a fear of missing by failure to accept the promises of God, but there is work to be done by each individual if we expect to enter in. Faith is necessary, but James tells us that faith without works is dead, so then there is a time of labor and that time is while we are here in this earthly tabernacle and if we toil and fight against the powers of evil and of darkness and continue working for the Lord, working to increase our faith, working to live a more holy life, working to become a more perfect example to others, working to please our Savior, then we are assured that there is a rest that we shall enter into after death. Truly we have the rest in the Spirit here, but we must still labor after we shall have received the Spirit in order to live in the Spirit, so let us labor on till life's day is over, then eternal rest without interruption will be ours.

*Let Us Come Boldly:* Heb. 4:16

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." If we fear God as we should, and if we labor to please Him in all that we do, then we can come boldly unto the throne of grace and find there that mercy extended to us daily, yea, when darkness seems to hover round about us, and not only God's great mercy, but there is sustaining grace that He gives that will carry us through every trial, every sorrow, every time of testing. His grace is sufficient at all times. And so long as we are true to Him and walk in His way, we can always come boldly unto Him and know that He will hear each petition, however small it may seem to us. He is ever mindful of His own and enjoys seeing His children come unto Him in prayer, but His greater joy is in giving unto us that which we ask for and then something more than our petition calls for.

*Let Us Go On:* Heb. 6:1

"Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto (Continued on page 22)



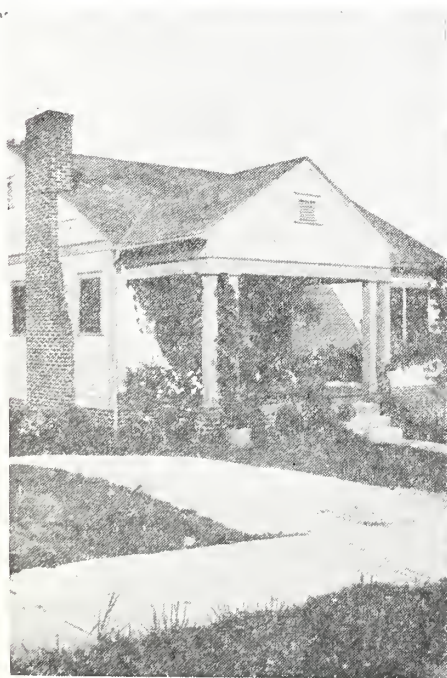
# Former Homes of the Lighted Pathway



*The home where the first Lighted Pathway was published, Johnson City, Tenn.*



*Presbyterian Manse, Jonesboro, Tenn., home of the Lighted Pathway for four years*



*The second home of the Lighted Pathway on Harrison St., Knoxville, Tenn.*



*The Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn., present home of the Lighted Pathway*



# CHURCH OF GOD BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL



*Home of the Bible Training School in the Great Smoky Mountains, Sevierville, Tennessee*



Here is Brother Clifford Jenkerson, the young man who would like to send you the correspondence course. He makes you this splendid offer: "Any person enrolling as many as three students in our General Bible Course will be given a course free. The price of this course is \$13.00 on terms of \$1.00 down and \$1.50 per month or \$10.00 cash. Also a free course will be given to any one selling as many as three courses on Bible Study in Genesis. Address Rev. Clifford Jenkerson, Bible Training School, Sevierville, Tenn.

Look at the above picture and think for a moment. It's our very own school. God has been good to give it to us, and now we want to equip it with the things that will make it one of the best schools in the country. It will not take long if we will all get under the load and lift. Do you ask, what is the need? Most of all, right now, we need a library. We must have a good library before our school can be accredited. Come on, young fathers and mothers, do your best now so your children will have the benefit a little later. Come on, young and old, great and small, and lift this load over the top for Jesus.

We are going to imagine that we are standing before an audience of 45,000 people, for surely each paper is read by an average of at least two people and the circulation is now 22,000. If I have in my audience 45,000 people and I should ask for a shower of dollars, surely 1,000

out of the 45,000 readers would give me a dollar in this offering. Then another 1,000 would likely give fifty cents, and the balance should give twenty-five and ten cents until we would have our library right away. Don't you see how easy?

Or some one might have some books, commentaries, histories, or other good books that he does not need. These would be appreciated.

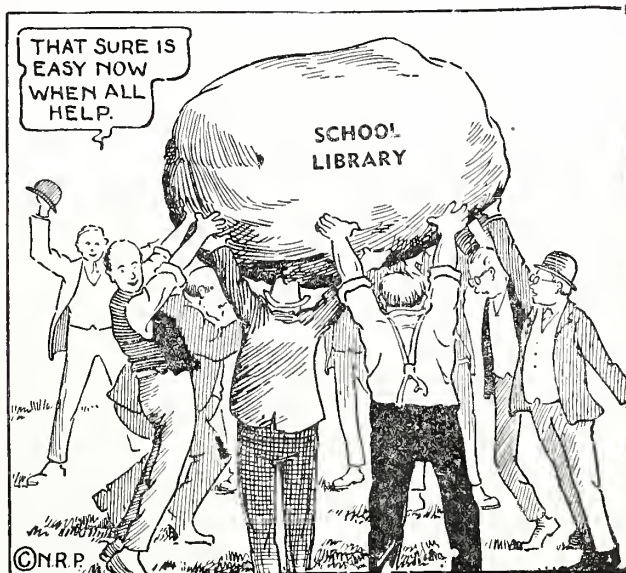
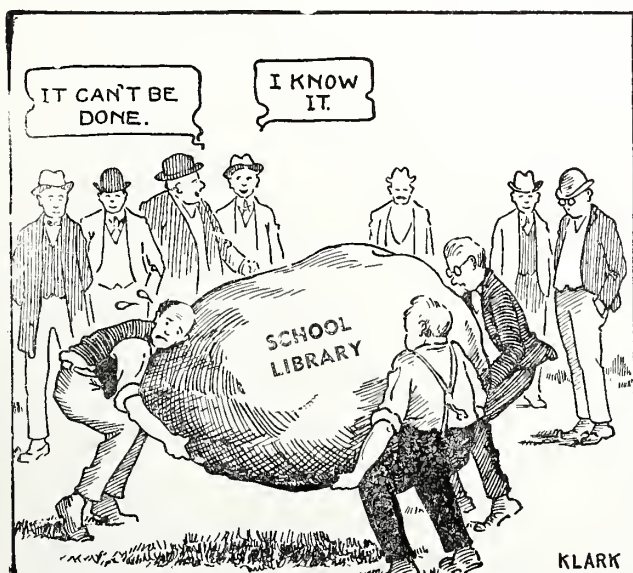
Brother Tharp is now teaching down in Florida. How about surprising him with a nice library fund when he returns. Now if everybody depends on everybody else we cannot lift this load. Come on, here we go. Here is my dollar.

Send for catalog of the school and send all funds to Rev. Zeno C. Tharp, Bible Training School, Sevierville, Tenn.

Yours for a well equipped school for our young people. The Church of God needs the best.—Editor.

*"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," 2 Timothy 2:15.*

The scripture above is just as binding as any other verse in the Bible, and God expects us to obey it. If we do not we are crippled in our usefulness in the Master's service. This is the Bible School motto. Memorize it and let it become a part of your daily meditation.



Just look at these lazy, indifferent folk standing around, looking on while the others carry the load. This must be Brother Tharp over here at the left under the load. Two more have joined him. How about you and me joining him and seeing our new library go over the top?



# Y. P. E. and Lighted Pathway Decade of Development! Decade of Blessings!

## (OFFICIAL BEGINNING)

Ten years ago the General Assembly established an organization among our young people known as the Church of God Young People's Endeavor (C. of G. Y. P. E.). Thank God for this outlook of faith, confidence and love expressed in and for our young people throughout the world.

## IN THE BEGINNING

there was a great need of special services where our precious young people could take an active part and develop their talents for the Master's service. At different places throughout the nation our pastors were seeing the need, and efforts were made to meet this great need.

About eleven years ago in the Spring of 1928, during my visit to Detroit, Mich. while helping in a revival conducted by Brother S. W. Latimer, we were introduced, by Brother M. P. Cross, to the young people's organization which had been established in the local church there. Brothers Houston and Hughes Morehead were among the ardent supporters of the new organization. As I remember, Brother John Zochales, a draftsman, had printed the rules on a large placard. I have heard there were other local churches which had begun young people's meetings, possibly without any special rules however, even before the state of Florida met and organized.

## FLORIDA STATE WIDE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ORGANIZATION

It was my happy privilege to be present at the June Camp meeting in 1929 when the ministers of Florida discussed the need of, and immediately organized, a state-wide organization for our young people in Florida.

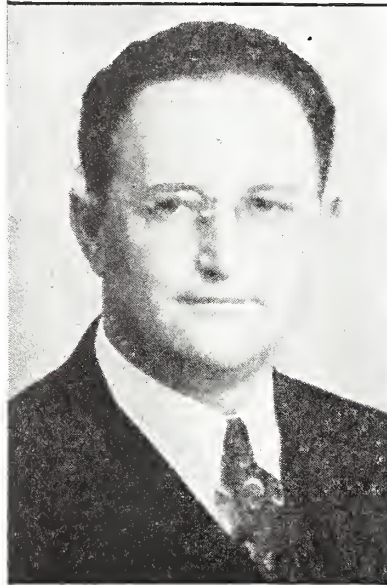
The following Assembly a national organization was established, and it has continually grown since that time. Now, many hundreds of local organizations have been established which has been the means of many hundreds, yes thousands, of young people finding the Lord and being constantly encouraged to press forward.

## MOST WONDERFUL PROGRESS

This year the Y. P. E. and Lighted Pathway have made the greatest progress in numbers of any department of the Church in all its history.

## THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

The Lighted Pathway, which was begun by its faithful editor, Sister Alda B. Harrison, for years had its extreme hard



REV. J. H. WALKER, General Overseer

battles and at times it looked as if it would lose, but how could it when its founder, its mother, its lover, watched so carefully and attentively over it day and night until it began to grow more and more and meet the need of our young people everywhere, thus winning the esteem and appreciation of the young people so that the General Assembly gave it to them officially. This month the circulation has increased until it has reached 22,000 which is nearly 10,000 more copies than were published the same month last year.

God is most wonderfully blessing our young people and the greatest progress is being made in almost every state in the Union.

May God continually bless our precious young people. Remember, He cares for you and you have wonderful opportunity to prove a great blessing to the Church.—J. H. Walker, General Overseer.

## Just a Glimpse

I am on my way to heaven,  
To that mansion in the sky,  
Where we'll ever be with Jesus  
And we'll never say good-bye.  
I long to hear the singing,  
As we gather 'round the throne  
To be at home with Jesus,  
Nevermore to roam.

There is glory, yes glory,  
In that home beyond the sea.  
There is glory, yes glory,  
There my loved ones wait for me.  
When our cares of life are over

And we've left this world of sin,  
Just one glimpse of Jesus' face  
Will be worth everything.

I am glad I started homeward,  
From this path I'll never stray,  
For my Savior, He is with me  
And will lead me all the way.  
No worldly pleasures tempt me  
His praises I will sing,  
For just one glimpse of Jesus  
Will be worth everything.

I will follow, follow Jesus,  
I will ever Him obey.  
He will never, never leave me,  
I can trust Him day by day.  
He may lead me o'er the ocean  
Or perhaps across the plain,  
I'll always trust in Jesus,  
Praise, oh praise His name.

Oh sinner, come to Jesus,  
Repent of all your sin  
For this is what He tells us  
If we would enter in.  
You will find Him ever near you,  
He will cleanse you from all sin.  
With a change of heart He'll give you  
Victory within.

Seek Him now while He is near you  
For tomorrow may be too late.  
He is waiting to receive you,  
Won't you start for heaven's gate?  
And we'll journey on together  
Ever trusting Him and sing,  
For just one glimpse of Jesus  
Will be worth everything.

—Aurilla A. Studley,  
Thomaston, Me.

## God's Conditions For Us

God, long ago, gave this promise to His ancient people, Israel. Belonging to them—and they frequently proved its truth—it also has meaning for us. Let me repeat again the old time promise of revival: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

## An Aid to Concentration

The late Dr. Elmer R. Gates, of Chevy Chase, Md., created more than two hundred useful patents. He got his ideas by going into a darkened room, relaxing and concentrating on his problems. Before him was a small table with a pencil and a pad of paper, and on the wall a switch controlling the lights. He sat in the darkness and in silence until the ideas flashed—then he turned on the lights and made his notes. "The Lord my God will enlighten my darkness," Ps. 18:28.—*Friendly Adventurer*.



# Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle Members:

Perhaps you noticed in a recent number of the Lighted Pathway that Rule No. 6 in our Y. P. E. contest for the National Banner has been stricken from the list. Now we want to assure you that does not do away with our Reading Circle. We are still marching forward to encircle the globe, but it just means that this will not count in contest.

We believe that our Reading Circle has meant much to our progress in our young peoples' work this year. When people read good literature they will be inspired to do things. You are still on our reading circle list and we will still count you as a member until you write us to take your name from our list and you will still be responsible for the pledge you took to read the paper through each month until you drop us a card saying, "Take my name off the list." When you do this we will remove your name. This will enable us to know how our circle is coming along. We will be glad to add new members all the time. Our aim is religious education and training for our young people, which is the greatest need of our church. Has our reading circle meant anything to you? If so, drop us a line and tell us.

Quite a few letters have come in to us lately saying, "Please suggest some good books for us to read," when each month we have a list published on this page. This proves the necessity of everybody reading the paper through so as not to miss anything of importance.

Come on, young people, and improve your minds, you'll be glad in later years if Jesus tarries, and He says, "Occupy till I come," which means don't just sit down and wait for Him to come, but do what your hands find to do "until He comes."

Here are some suggested books this month. Some of them may have been on our list before but we will keep emphasizing our most important ones each month.

Join our reading circle. Read the paper through. You might miss something important.

### Here are the Books for Your Library

- "Today in Bible Prophecy" by L. Peres Buroker, price 25c.
- "How to Prepare Sermons" by Wm. Evans, price \$1.25.
- "Personal Soul-Winning" by Wm. Evans,

- price \$1.25.
- "Thinking Youth's Greatest Need" by Dan Gilbert, price 50c.
- "Evangelism of Youth," a spiritual book for pastors, by Albert Gage, price \$1.
- "At the Crossroads" by Minnie E. Ludwig, price \$1.
- "Church Vacation Bible School" by Albert H. Gage, \$1. Order this good book. It will be good for you in your children's work even if you do not have a Church Vacation Bible School.
- "The Girl Who Found Herself," by Jack Lynn, price 50c.

### Don't Forget

that you need "The History of the Church of God" by E. L. Simmons. If you belong to The Church of God, you will want one of them in your home to show your friends the great progress your Church is making. Order from the author, Rev. E. L. Simmons, 2519 Trunk St., Cleveland, Tennessee. Price \$3.00.

### A New Play, "Home Scenes"

We have just finished a new play that we are sure will be a great blessing to your church. Its title is "Home Scenes." It is very touching and will inspire young parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Send 25c for your copy.

This play takes two families, the Bar- tons and the Joneses, and follows them from the first evening in their own home down to the evening of life. It portrays the difference in the home that takes Christ as its foundation and the one who has as its goal worldly gain. Plays one hour or more.

Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.

### Mountain Peaks of Experience or

### The Story of My Life

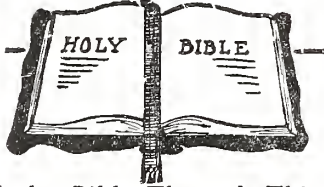
By Alda B. Harrison

For a long time I have been planning to write the story of my life. So many friends have asked me how I came to be in the holiness way and my husband a Presbyterian minister. I have tried to answer this question in this book. It will be good to put it in the hands of your friends for whom you are praying.

This book will have the editor's childhood picture, her picture at twenty, the picture of her present home and family,

the picture of our baby whose death led the editor into the way of holiness.

Send for your copy now. Address Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn., price 35c.



### Read the Bible Through This Year

These are the suggested Bible readings for August.

Aug.	Morning	Evening
1	Esther 1-2	Prov. 12
2	Esther 3-4	Prov. 13
3	Esther 5-7	Prov. 14
4	Esther 8-10	Prov. 15
5	Job 1-2	Prov. 16
6	Job 3-4	Prov. 17
7	Job 5-6	Prov. 18
8	Job 7-8	Prov. 19
9	Job 9-10	Prov. 20
10	Job 11-12	Prov. 21
11	Job 13-14	Prov. 22
12	Job 15-16	Prov. 23
13	Job 17-18	Prov. 24
14	Job 19-20	Prov. 25
15	Job 21-22	Prov. 26
16	Job 23-24	Prov. 27
17	Job 25-26	Prov. 28
18	Job 27-28	Prov. 29
19	Job 29-31	Prov. 30
20	Job 32-33	Prov. 31
21	Job 34-35	Rom. 1
22	Job 36-37	Rom. 2
23	Job 38-39	Rom. 3
24	Job 40-41	Rom. 4
25	Job 42	Rom. 5
26	Eccles. 1-2	Rom. 6
27	Eccles. 3-4	Rom. 7
28	Eccles. 5-6	Rom. 8
29	Eccles. 7-8	Rom. 9
30	Eccles. 9-10	Rom. 10
31	Eccles. 11-12	Rom. 11

### The Mind

The mind of man is distinctive of him; the use to which he puts it is at the same time his glory and his shame. None other of God's creatures is permitted the free and unhampered use of his powers as man. He may either use it for high and noble thoughts or low and base thoughts. George Elliot says in "Felix Hole," the mind of a man is as a country which was once open to squatters who have bred and multiplied and become masters of the land. But then happeneth a time when new and hungry comers dispute the land; and there is trial of strength, and the stronger wins. It is with the individual as to what kind of "squatters" shall occupy the "land of the mind." A famous psychologist says that for merely functional purpose of the body you require 1-20 of the brain. The other 19-20

(Continued on page 25)



# Y. P. E. Conventions

## Y. P. E. and Sunday School Convention

The McDowell District convention of the Sunday School and Young People's Endeavor convened at Hartwell, West Virginia, May 20, 21 inclusive. The services started at seven o'clock Saturday night under the able management of our beloved state superintendent, Brother T. F. Blackwell, Charles Blankenship and Alton McNeil, district superintendents.

The services opened with concert prayer and songs by choir. The welcome address was given by local pastor, Brother Ova Combs. Responses were given by Carl Little, Wilcoe; Pearl Johnson of War; and Sister Arthur Day of Wilcoe. The power of God fell and all were made to feel welcome by his presence. Wilcoe quartet sang "He's Coming," a good song by wonderfully talented singers. At 8:00 o'clock a message on "Youthful Sobriety" was given by James Leslie, pastor of Wilcoe church and a great worker among young people.

The message was enjoyed by all and much benefit was derived from those who were present. A special song was given by Sisters Ogle and Ruth Thompson, from Hartwell. A few remarks and announcements were given and the service was adjourned for the evening.

Sunday morning we all met again with a larger crowd and God's presence was still with us. A special musical program was given with the following people taking part: Duet by Bill Ogle and Theodore Hankins from Hartwell; Wilcoe Trio; solo by Brother Gordon from Bradshaw; duet by Alice Kiser and Elizabeth Blankenship from War. The Thomas quartet from Elbert also sang a wonderful song. We have many talented young people over the district and they are willing to take an active part in anything they are called upon to do.

At 10:45 a message was given by Brother T. F. Blackwell on "The Sunday School." The congregation then stood and sang "Sweet By and By."

At 11:30 Brother O. W. Thomas from Elbert preached on "The Visible and Spiritual Effects of Sunday School."

The West Virginia people both young and old appreciate Brother Blackwell and love to cooperate and work with him. We know that it was by his untiring efforts and our cooperation that we won the national Sunday School banner last year at the Assembly. We expect to retain the Sunday School banner and win the national Y.P.E. banner this year.

We hope that West Virginia can retain Brother Blackwell as our state superintendent until he is called to his reward in glory.

At twelve o'clock we were dismissed for lunch.

In the afternoon we heard the reports from Elbert, Wilcoe, Eckman, and Ennis.

A program was given by Hartwell Y.P.E. They gave a play, "Awake and Arise," which contained some good thoughts. Bradshaw and War were also represented. War gave a fine play, "Anybody Home on Sunday Morning."

I am sure everyone enjoyed the convention and we are hoping to meet some day where there will be one endless convention.

Brother Blackwell gave a closing message to the young people which was very helpful.—Pearl Johnson, Hartwell, W. Va.

## Y. P. E. and S. S. District Convention a Great Success

The Pulaski, Virginia district Y.P.E. and Sunday School convention was held at Radford, Virginia, March 19th. It was the first Y.P.E. and Sunday School convention ever held in the State of Virginia. I had been told that it was impossible to have such a convention in this state, that people wouldn't attend it, but I found it different. To say it was a success and well attended would be putting it mild. Every church on the district was well represented and all were getting along well. The large church was filled to its capacity and many were forced to stand for lack of more seats.

There were many enjoyable features of the convention that we could mention, among which was the good music rendered by the different bands. Mr. Harrall Morris, manager of the Kittinger School of Music, had his electric amplified orchestra and rendered some very enjoyable and inspiring music. We appreciate Brother Morris and his co-partner, Brother Johnny Saunders, who are laboring to build up such orchestras for the work of the Lord.

The Roanoke Y.P.E. band was also present and rendered some nice music. This band has only been organized a short time, but for the time they have been together they are doing fine and we expect great things of them in the future.

The Radford Quartet played and sang a number of songs which were enjoyed by all. There were several other duets, trios, etc., too numerous to mention.

The Hon. John Goldsmith, Commonwealth's Attorney, gave an inspiring talk to the young people and told them what it meant to be a real Christian.

Brother Harrall Morris also gave a wonderful talk, which I feel was not only enjoyed but was profitable to the hearers.

I feel that the Y.P.E. work is just beginning in Virginia and I am looking forward to many more of these wonderful conventions.

Much of the success of this convention was due to the untiring efforts of Brother Robert Faye, district Y.P.E. and Sunday School superintendent and Brother Vance Perkins, district overseer, as well as to the good cooperation of the pastors and churches of the district and the visitors from other districts.

When you pray remember the Young People's Endeavor and Sunday Schools in Virginia.—W. H. Ward, state Y.P.E. and Sunday School superintendent.

We are very sorry that this article has been mislaid and we are late in publishing it but we feel it will be good for you to read this splendid report from Brother Ward as it is the first Y.P.E. convention held in the state of Virginia.—Editor.

## Kentucky Convention

Another convention has come and gone into history. It was said by many that it was the best convention for this district in the history of the Church.

Sermons began May 12, 1939, ending the 14th.

After the announcements were made the following were in charge: L. S. Cooper, state superintendent; E. T. Stacy, district superintendent. John Adair was in charge of music and singing.

After the devotional service, Brother Ewell Rice gave the welcome address followed by responses from John Adair, Sena Bassham and Lucille Tomlin.

Some special numbers were rendered by Freeburn Y.P.E. Sermon by Juanita Steel, altar call by Elizabeth Booth, and many were blessed.—Geraldine Fletcher.

## Forget It

If you see a tall fellow ahead of the crowd,  
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud  
Would cause his proud head to be mournfully bowed,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away  
In a guarded closet and kept from the day,  
In the dark, and whose sudden display  
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-long dismay,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy  
Of a woman, a girl or boy,  
That will wipe out a smile, or, at least, may annoy,  
Or lightness of heart or good spirits destroy,  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—Cora Carr.



### Under Whose Wings

(Continued from page 4)

as they listened to the stirring words. Finally the missionary closed with a passionate appeal for young lives to be dedicated to the Master's service.

"As I left for the coast, to come on this furlough" he went on, "an old man followed me, leading his little grandson by the hand. 'White man of God,' he said, 'tell me, tell me truly, does Jesus satisfy? You say yes He does? Don't lie to my poor aged head and my broken heart. You were long, long time coming with this news but it is good news. I love it and I try hard to believe it but my head is so dull and my heart so hard. When you go away how can I keep on believing it is true? White man of God, come back soon and bring someone to teach my little grandson here about Jesus before it is too late, too late, and the head is stupid and the heart is cold. Tell your people we are hungry, so hungry. Come give us bread for our souls!' Who will go, will you?"

Abruptly the missionary closed and took his seat, burying his face in his hands as though to shut out the vision and memory of those pleading souls lying on beyond, where his weary steps had as yet been unable to reach with even a single ray of Heaven's light.

He had spoken more than his allotted time, and the hour was late. The leader of the meeting stepped forward with lifted hand, the students rose to their feet, and with bowed heads and hushed hearts listened to the brief, impassioned closing prayer and the benediction, and turned to go out as silently as they had come.

Hilda and Jean said good-bye to Ruth at the door of the school, simply saying they could not begin to tell what the evening had been to them and that they were coming back again.

Hilda was glad to find her roommate sound asleep. She tiptoed about the room and hastily prepared for bed, putting out the light as soon as possible, and dropped on her knees at her bedside. A new epoch had begun in her Christian life.

The next week, and the next, the girls went, each evening giving them some new vision of truth or understanding of the Word. One evening in answer to an inquiry from one of the students the question of guidance came up. Is it right to ask God to guide us by a sign? He guided Gideon thus, with the fleece that was to be dry when all around was wet and wet when all around was dry. He asked for the sign and God gave it.

The leader of this class was a wise man, and gave them a sound, clear understanding of at least some phases of this subject. God may give a sign to faith but never to unbelief. He may give guidance by means of a sign if He knows

the heart is truly seeking to know His will in order to do it. He does not make known His will simply in order that we may then decide whether or not we want to obey it!

"If you wish to know God's will for you in a certain matter, say as a young man might wish to know which of two courses open to him he should follow, there are three ways God may guide: By His Word, by circumstances or providences and by making the way clear to our own minds and hearts in answer to prayer. If God's Word and His providences agree then the believer who has obediently walked in all the light that God has given him may confidently expect that He will make the way clear, perhaps in some unusual manner, and he may even ask for some special guidance such as a sign. But, let me warn you, don't trifle with God in this matter of guidance. Be always willing to follow where He may lead, and He will lead, never fear."

It was Hilda's last night at the school. The Christmas holidays were near and she was going home next week. She and Jean and Ruth were standing together in the office of the school talking over the happy fellowship which the past weeks had brought them. As they chatted together and looked over the books which were there offered for sale, Mr. Tiegan came into the room for some books.

He hesitated a moment, walked to the farther end of the room, and turning saw that Ruth was not just then talking directly with the girls.

"May I see you a moment, Miss Birnie?" he asked.

"Certainly," Ruth answered, going to him.

"It is a wonderful night," he said with a smile. "The most brilliant moonlight, and it is not at all cold. Wouldn't you like to take your two friends home tonight in my car? It is right at the door, and I need the air and I think you do too. It is a lovely ride through the park and it will not take us long to run them home and be back here again. Come, say yes. I heard Miss Carroll say this is her last evening as she is leaving the city. Will you ask them, or shall I?"

As Ruth looked quickly up to thank him, she was startled at the look of tenderness in his fine, dark eyes. Her own eyes fell for a moment, and when she again lifted them to this face, there was only the same kind, friendly interest she had always seen there, and she thought perhaps she had been mistaken.

She was a little abashed at her discovery, but like the sensible girl that she was, quickly dismissed it from her mind, and with only a little heightened color expressed her pleasure at the plan if the girls approved. He had shown his friendliness to her in many little ways but this

would be the first time for them to be out alone together. But she liked him and had always admired his fine high character and he was a wonderful Bible teacher. She had never thought of his caring for her in any special way.

They walked over to the book table together and as Ruth did not begin Mr. Tiegan said, "Miss Carroll and Miss Southern, would you like to take a ride tonight? It is a glorious night, and my car is at the door. I would be so happy to take you and Miss Birnie for a ride through the park and take you both home. It will only take a little while. Shall we go?"

If Jean hesitated Hilda did not. She gracefully and happily accepted the invitation for all three and thanked him, her evident delight in the pleasure offered winning her a quick grateful look from Mr. Tiegan.

They were soon in the car, Hilda and Jean on the back seat, though Ruth did not know how it happened that to her was left the seat beside the driver. Somehow Mr. Tiegan had made her feel that the girls were her guests on this ride quite as much as his, and of course helped them into the car first.

The ride was a delight to them all, for the girls readily consented to making it a little longer and they followed the winding driveways through the great city park, going as far from the city lights as possible to "see the moonlight," Mr. Tiegan said. It was a perfect night, and with a full moon glistening on the few inches of new fallen snow that lay undisturbed in the great stretches of the park.

The two girls thanked him heartily when he finally left them at their boarding house and drove away with Ruth Birnie. They wondered if he took an even longer road home.

### A THRILLING ADVENTURE

When Robert Tiegan left Hilda and Jean at their boarding place that evening he had no thought other than going straight back to the school. What whim was it that led him as soon as he had said good-night to the two girls to suddenly decide to go home a very much longer way? He knew it was getting late, and they could have been back at the school in a very few minutes. But one look at the sweet face of Ruth Birnie beside him, and the man took a sudden rash resolve.

In all those long months together at the school he had never before been able to get Ruth alone. Was it that she wished to avoid him, or was it simply circumstances and the presence always of other girls that kept them apart? He wondered. His early marriage, followed so shortly by the death of his adored young wife, and then the years of hard discipline on a difficult mission field had



made him seem older than he really was. He had a natural reserve and dignity that was often mistaken for coldness. Perhaps she thought of him only as one of the instructors and had never even guessed at his secret.

But tonight! He had never seen Ruth so animated, so winsome, so unconsciously friendly and so thoroughly at ease in his presence. And he had her alone and by his side! What man would not prolong the happy hour? He knew it would be returning Ruth to the dormitory later than she was supposed to be out without leave. But he counted on his own position as sufficient guarantee to have her excused if need be.

He deliberately turned toward the park and the open country beyond. The moon was now high and full and he knew the country beyond the glaring city lights was almost as bright as day. Through the park they passed and into the quiet suburban country before Ruth realized where they were going. She was enjoying this evening so much. She had been confining herself too closely to her studies and to the mission work that was part of the practical training of the school. She had not realized until tonight that it had been a long while since she had had much outdoor air or been away from the heart of the city with all its pressure and rush and stir. And then she shyly admitted to herself she did like this strong capable man beside her. She had always admired him though rather fearful of him but she had never seen him as she saw him tonight so friendly and entertaining, so altogether delightful.

They were going through a very lonely road now, on one side a patch of woods and now on the other an open field. In the country there still lay a light snow on the ground and the moonlight glistening on the wide expanse made it almost like day. Mr. Tiegan had slowed down a little, the scene before them was so wonderful in its Winter beauty. Ruth was beginning to protest that they ought to be going back, when they were startled to see suddenly sit up in the snow at the side of the road what seemed to be an old man.

(To be continued)

### Bible Lessons

(Continued from page 15)

perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God." There is a continual progress in the Christian's life, and failure to go forward means that there will be a stagnant experience or profession. But let us not stand still, let us not be satisfied with that which we have already received, but let us go on to higher ground in Christ Jesus, let us climb higher each day that we may attain the heights of His love and mercy and grace before our earthly life is over. Let us go

on out into deeper water where there is more power underneath us and where we can see more of the wonders of God and more of His mighty acts in creation. There we find that He walks on the sea to calm the storm, He never forgets us, He never forsakes us, but His all-seeing eye is ever watching over us and He will guide us if we will follow on.

*Let Us Draw Near and Hold On:*

Heb. 10:22-23

"Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised." As we go on unto perfection in Christ, we draw nearer to Him and as we draw near to Him, let us hold fast to the ground that we have covered, let us hold fast to the strong arm that protects us from danger and harm, let us hold fast to that faith which has been given unto us from on high for without that faith we can not fight the wicked one whom we shall encounter daily. When we claim a promise of God, then, let us hold fast to the faith that we have, knowing that we are a child of God and that we are heirs to His precious promises, and as we hold fast to that faith, more will be given, and we will draw nearer to God and find there a sweeter experience than we have had before. So as the days shorten and as the sun of our lives bends lower, let us draw nearer unto God and hold on more fast than ever, for the powers of the wicked one are strong, but God's power is stronger and He will help us to overcome.

### BIBLE LESSON

By Edith Brous

Topic: "CHRIST AND HIS BRIDE"

*The Elopement*

1 Thess. 4:14-18

Just as the elopement of a couple is unexpected to relatives and friends so will the coming of Jesus to take His bride be an astonishing occurrence to many. The rapture of Christ's advent to mid-air for His bride will be an event unknown to many nominal church members. His coming will be as a thief in the night to those who have not been living in direct communion with Him. 2 Peter 3:10a. The bride-elect is that body of believers who are possessors of the fullness of salvation and have met every requirement of the gospel.

*The Marriage Supper*

Rev. 19:7-10

As the relatives or friends usually prepare a feast in honor of the newlyweds so the Father will make ready a supper for the bride and groom. What a glorious privilege to dine at the Father's table

with the faithful followers of the Lord! Let us begin now to make preparation for that notable occasion and be fully attired in the wedding garment. The bride's trousseau will be of fine linen which is the righteousness of the saints and we must retain our integrity with the Lord if we are prepared to attend that bountiful feast.

*The Honeymoon*

Rev. 20:1-5; Isa. 11:6-10

Christ and His bride journey from Father's house to the earth for a honeymoon of one thousand years before they settle down to life in their "new home." Their descent to this world is in power and Jesus will set up a peaceful kingdom after overriding the bitter enemies who have arrayed themselves in battle. With His foes overpowered and Satan bound in the bottomless pit, the heavenly monarch will rule the earth in righteousness—He and His bride enjoying a honeymoon of perfect happiness.

*The Wedding Gifts*

Rev. 1:6; 5:8-11

With holiness triumphant in the land the world will be transformed into a paradise. The Father has included gifts for the royal couple—He will give them full possession of the earth and endow His Son with power to reign as a mighty sovereign during the Millennium. The bride, that body of saints, will be presented with authority to rule as kings and priests over their subjects.

*The Servants*

Rev. 3:9; Isa. 49:23; 60:14

Servants will be provided to do the service of the bride and Groom. Those who have previously persecuted the saints of God will be made their servants. Ruled with a rod of iron they will be forced to reverence and obey them. Compelled to worship at the feet of the saints, they bitterly acknowledge that those whom they serve are the children which God loves.

*The New Home*

Rev. 21:1-5

When the honeymoon has ended the Father will prepare the world as a home for His Son and the bride.

First He will remodel the earth—renovating it with fire, it will be purged and purified. 2 Peter 3:10b. The earth will be made anew for the abode of the "new home"—the Holy City, New Jerusalem. They inhabit their "new home" and there they will permanently reside. Happy forever—because the Father will be ever present and shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

### Daily Vacation Bible School a Success

The Church of God at Williamsburg, Pennsylvania, observed the commencement of its Daily Vacation Bible School



on Friday night, June 3, with a large crowd in attendance. We are delighted to report that the school was a real success. Much good was accomplished during the nine days the school was in session. Classes were in session from 9:30 a. m. until noon, and from 7:30 until 9:30 p. m. each day. An average of one hundred and fifty students were in attendance. We are so well pleased with the results of our first Daily Vacation Bible School that the church has already decided to have this school each year as long as the Lord tarries His coming. Pray for the work here.—Mrs. C. H. Shaw.

### Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

ple to help us. And as I send out this anniversary number I hope it falls in the hands of these young people and I want them to realize that they have a greater part in this work than they'll ever know, for many times when we were discouraged and almost ready to give up we would get a letter from some boy or girl saying they had been greatly blessed. This would spur me on and I would press on a little further.

In the year of 1934 the Publishing House decided it would lift the burden from my shoulders. They combined the Evangel and Lighted Pathway. The number of pages was not changed but was published as sixteen additional pages to the Evangel once each month. This was carried on for a few months but was considered a burden to the Evangel. It was then changed and three or four months it was put out as a young people's paper using the name Church of God Young People's Endeavor. After a trial as a separate paper the Editor of the Evangel, E. C. Clark, and the General Overseer, S. W. Latimer, decided it was not a paying proposition and decided to discontinue its publication. This almost crushed me and I begged permission to take it back as an independent paper. That privilege was granted and I paid \$10.00 to have its former name, "The Lighted Pathway," restored.

From that time on until October, 1937, we published the paper, trusting in God alone for our assistance and building our circulation up to 6,000. Thanks to the good loyal friends on the field whom God used to help and cheer our pathway. We would mention some of them but we fear we would miss someone as it is difficult to remember them all just now, but God remembers and that day when He hands out His rewards, there will not be one left out.

In 1937 the Publishing House again took the paper over and the young people as an organization put their shoulder to the wheel and today the circulation is 22,000, an increase of 16,000 since October, 1937. Hundreds of letters are com-

ing in telling of the blessing they are getting from the pages. Souls are being saved, backsliders brought back to God and young people are being inspired to greater service. We have tried our best to give God the glory for all that has been accomplished.

The story of how God gave me my first secretary is found on another page, also my other secretaries. You will also find the picture of Sister Nora Chambers who stood by us during this time and who mailed out my papers from the Publishing House for years, never charging a cent for the work. Her husband, Brother Fred Chambers, also deserves honorable mention.

In this article we have given the history of the Lighted Pathway and the Y. P. E. as nearly as possible so that you may have it for future references. On another page you will find our first Editor's Message.

Since working on this birthday number we have had come to our memory, other organizations that were organized before we had a national organization. Brother E. L. Simmons organized a band of young people in Miami, Fla. in 1926 called the Y. P. M. A. "Young People's Missionary Association"

The writer organized in Cleveland in 1922. This organization was called, "The Missionary Band."

Vivian Haworth Bloomingdale organized in Lawton, Okla. in the year 1928, this was named the "Volunteers."

Rev. M. P. Cross organized in Detroit, Mich. in 1928, called "The Young Harvesters Club."

So you see no man or woman can claim the honor, thank God, for the precious Holy Spirit was whispering to hearts everywhere in the interest of the Church of God Young People. Perhaps there are others if we knew about them. God knows and will reward every man according to his works.—Editor.

### A Wealthy Place

(Continued from page 6)

the glory, which shall be revealed in us" (Rom. 8:18).

#### Men Riding Over Our Heads

This experience of men riding over our heads is not a pleasant one. It seems to be one of the hardest things to bear. Yet many of our trials come to us through our fellow men, and sometimes from members of the same church. Why is this a hard trial? Simply because we fail to see the hand of God in it, as in other trials. Can't we hear the Lord say to us under such circumstances as of old, "This thing is from Me"? Our text plainly states, "Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads." This treatment of our fellow men could still be much worse. They might not only ride over our heads,

but do something much worse.

Did ever anybody spit into our face, or mockingly bow before us? Were we ever thorn-crowned, or our backs lacerated with deep furrows? "The servant is not greater than his Lord" (John 15:20). If God permits men to ride over our heads, let them do so, and if we keep down low enough they will not hurt us. Perhaps our heads are too high and we need just such experiences to make us stoop a little lower at Jesus' feet, and bring us to this wealthy place. For the meek shall inherit the earth; and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

### Through Fire and Water

In order to get into this enlarged and wealthy place, it is necessary that we pass through the fire and water. Job passed through it and came forth as gold. The three Hebrew children passed through the fire and were promoted. Israel passed through the floods of the muddy Jordan into the wealthy place of the promised land. It is a comforting thought to know that the Lord will go with us through the fire and water experience and that we shall not be hurt (Is. 43:2).

And then God has purposed to bring us "through" the hard and difficult places in life, and not let us go down under the trial nor let us stay there always, but bring us safely "through" and give us an expected end.

Bless God forever! He is able to give beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness, and bring us into this wealthy place of soul enrichment in faith and love for God, and sympathy, patience, and comfort for our fellow men. "That we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God" (2 Cor. 1:4).—*The Missionary Worker*.

### Behold What God Hath Wrought

(Continued from page 7)

tion with the world when Jesus comes.

#### IN VIEW

of the foregoing, it must be the duty and high privilege of every lover and supporter of the Y. P. E. to defend and preserve it by insisting on officials and leaders safeguarding it by prayerfully, carefully, and diligently assisting in selecting materials for its programs, by encouraging members to a close walk with God, by refusing to burden it with parties, entertainments, etc., (let individuals have such in their homes and be responsible for same and not the Y. P. E. For the Y. P. E. seeks not to be entertained, but rather to serve, for young people, like older ones, get more real deep abiding joy out of a life of service than they do from a life of frolic and fun). We certainly ap-



preciate the fact that, generally speaking, the Church of God young people are the freest from the world and the freest in the Spirit, happiest and most contented lot to be found upon the face of the earth for they love the Church and its fair name better than they do the world with its fun, frolic, and shame.

#### NOW

let us again call your attention to the day ten years ago. See how the Lighted Pathway sprang from a spark of faith in one saint's heart unto its present reality of better than twenty thousand circulation. See how the Y. P. E. has grown from a small hope to a membership of more than forty thousand. Let every reader of the Lighted Pathway say, I must be a friend and worker for the Y. P. E., and let every member of the Y. P. E. purpose in his heart to be a booster of the Lighted Pathway, and see the Y. P. E. membership mount to the one hundred thousand mark, and the Lighted Pathway to fifty thousand within the next five years. I fancy that I hear you say, Amen! loud and long, and my heart leaps for joy as I meditate on the blessed possibility and the glorious probability of such increase. Let us bear in mind that ours is not a work of show before men, nor vain glory for ourselves, but whatever we do and all the gains that we make must be for the glory of the Lord. Amen.

#### Some of My Coworkers

(Continued from page 11)

Lighted Pathway has gone by leaps and bounds at a rapid rate. The dark cloudy days are past and the sun is now shining. To God be all the praise.

When I first began to work for the Lighted Pathway we were mailing out about fifteen hundred copies. If we had known then that ten years later over 22,000 copies would be printed we surely would not have had any cause for discouragement.

On another page you will notice the Editor's high resolve where she says: "I shall seek to turn deserts into rose gardens, and desert minds and barren hearts shall be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose." Little did she realize ten years ago that this prophecy would be fulfilled. Now there are thousands of young people whose hearts have been made to rejoice and blossom as a rose through her influence in reading the Lighted Pathway.

When we look into the bright shining faces of our young people at our annual Assembly we are reminded of the beautiful rose gardens. Our Editor truly dwells in the midst of these deserts which have been transformed into waving fields of grain and gardens of flowers and landscapes of rich vintage.

We notice in reading the biographies of famous men and women that they be-

came great because they were called to do a special work to bless humanity. It has been proven beyond a doubt that Sister Harrison has had a definite call to work for the young people.

We may not be able to comprehend the fact now but in years to come her name will be written in the pages of history as one among our great women. She was not thinking of honor and fame when she launched out in this great work. The only motive was to heed the call of her Master.

Come on, young people, we must not wait until Sister Harrison dies to cover her casket with flowers, but let us give her the roses now while she is living by telling her how much we love her and how much we appreciate her self-sacrificing life of trial and labor for the young people.

Let us give three cheers to show our appreciation of our brave, noble consecrated Editor, who has surmounted every obstacle and difficulty and worked so hard and faithfully to make a success of our dearly beloved paper, the Lighted Pathway whose readers circle the globe today. — *Sister Nora Chambers, Cleveland, Tenn.*

#### The Price of Jungle Jewels

(Continued from page 12)

hands.

The morning that followed was a happy one. The captain had invited the young missionaries to take charge of the Sabbath morning service, which they did. The presence of God was there to bless and Gerald felt that he must give an opportunity for those who were not saved to pray. There were tears in most everyone's eyes when Gerald had finished his message to them. There were several who knelt to pray and some were evidently blessed. How happy they were to be of service to God in this way. The captain announced that there would be an evangelistic service each evening and that the missionaries would have charge. The services were well attended and many a hard-hearted sailor was seen to kneel at the altar and pray until his face would light up with the joy of salvation.

Then when they were five days out, the wind began blowing and the water became more and more choppy. A storm was soon in full sway and lashed the ship as if it were only a toy.

Gerald and Mary sought refuge in their room. They soon had to lie down, for the tossing ship plunging and rocking from side to side made standing impossible.

In only a short time they were both very sick. It had rained for hours now and the storm was getting more and more fierce. They seemed to rise to an immense height and then just drop into a

deep trough until they were kept breathless. The agony of it all was almost more than they could bear.

"If only Jesus would say, Peace be still!" cried Mary above the roaring storm.

The next day the storm soon passed on and the sun came out. Never had the people seen the sun when they appreciated it more. But it was several days before Mary and Gerald could be out on deck again.

The country was becoming more beautiful with every mile, it seemed. The days went swiftly and soon they had come to the Panama Canal. They passed through and went on towards the Amazon river down which they still had many miles to go. They changed ships when they arrived and took a smaller one to make their journey up the river. The farther they went the more magnificent the scenery. The trees were so tall and were draped with lovely lace moss which hung down to the ground. Indeed the place looked more like a fairyland than a reality. The tropical trees such as coconut and palm-nut, along with the banana trees, made the place very interesting to one who had never seen the tropics. Also the ground was covered with lovely ferns of unbelievable size.

They were steaming down the river one day and of course they spent every moment they could on deck so they would miss nothing of the beauty of the place.

"Oh look!" cried Mary to Gerald as she pointed to a large tree across on the opposite bank.

"What is it, Mary?"

"Why, it's an ape, isn't it? It surely is a large one. Say, there are a lot more of them too!" Mary exclaimed.

"Say, look at those brilliant colored birds flying overhead.

I have never seen such beautiful creatures," Gerald cried as several birds came flying over them.

The days were full of interest, as they passed cities, towns and villages. The farther they went inland the fewer the villages. Many of the huts were built on tall poles now for protection against the water rising and washing their huts away unless they were built high. There were large plantations where some one had come and cleared away the jungle and planted large fields of coffee and rice.

Finally the ship stopped at the place where they were to land and they were taken ashore in a small row boat. They were met by some native Christians, the former missionaries having died the year previous.

It was a busy time as they saw all their things unloaded and reloaded in the small row boats which would take it to the



shore.

It was not long until they were on their way to the heart of the jungle. It was a long way and had to be made by foot. They had donned their heavy tropical helmets and they felt good to them even if they were extremely heavy. The sun was beating down in all its strength and when they plunged into the jungle where the sun's hot rays could not be felt they all walked single file down the well-beaten trail. It took several days to make the trip so each night they camped in their small tent.

When they at last arrived they were surprised to see so few huts and so many people. They couldn't help wondering where they all stayed. But their first night they learned their first lesson about the primitive red man. They wondered where they would sleep as they had no place as that they could see; when the native pastor came and said they were ready to retire. They followed him without a word. He led them to a hammock under a large tree where they were bidden to sleep. They lay down and were covered with a mosquito netting. Then to their surprise they were being hoisted up higher and higher until they were right up under the branches of the giant trees.

"Well, well Mary, what do you think of this? This is what I call sleeping high. This hammock is not altogether comfortable either. Oh, well, I'm very thankful not to have to sleep on the ground after knowing how the wild animals prowl around here." Gerald was trying to get comfortable as he spoke.

"Indeed, it's a good thing that I can't see the ground for if I could I'd sure fall out. It must be a long way down there. Say, what is that?" asked Mary in alarm.

"Why, I suppose it's monkeys. They sure do make an awful noise, chattering and squealing! There must be a hundred of them. Say, listen at those mosquitoes! From the sound of the buzzing there are plenty of them. How thankful I am that we have a net over us else there would not be very much of us by morning," said Mary, laughing.

The days and months slipped quickly by and many were the hearts that were made happier and lighter for having had the missionaries to live among them. They were busy from morning till night, scattering gospel tracts and portions of the Bible. They went to the neighboring villages and preached to many who would never have heard the gospel story. Many times their lives were in danger and often they were tossed by burning fevers, but they worked on, happy to be of service to their God.

The work had grown at the end of five fruitful years to such an extent that they were badly in need of help. The strain was telling on them both when they received word that no help

could be sent because of a lack of funds, they pressed doggedly on, determined that if it took every ounce of their strength they must get the gospel to the many who were crying for help. Across the mountains and for many miles there came the pitiful cry for help and Mary and Gerald could not sit idly by. They packed their things and were on their way to a distant village across the mountains. The way was such a treacherous one, but they must go.

(To be continued)

Exchange Page

(Continued from page 13)

you.—J. Paul Dorman, 419 Elm Ave., S.E., Roanoke, Va.

God bless you, Paul, we are glad you have come back to the Lord.—Editor.

Children's Page

(Continued from page 5)

An Explanation

We recently received a letter from a certain minister on the feild calling attention to the poem on page ten in Father's day issue, "My Daddy." This poem has two slang words in the second verse which we entirely overlooked. We are sure we do not advocate slang in any form. Here is a note to the children.

Dear Children:

Did you get a Father's day issue of the Lighted Pathway? If you did, run right now and get it and read the little poem "My Daddy," on page ten. We want you to notice in the second verse, how this little boy used two slang words, "Gee whiz," and "I jing." I didn't notice this until after the paper was all ready to send out to you. Now while this isn't really swearing, yet such words as these lead on to that and so you must be careful what you say.

Now, if we are Christians, when we see something wrong, what do we do about it? Why, we try to make it right of course. Now I guess this little boy was so excited about his daddy in telling us how much he loved him that he forgot what he was saying. So as this is such a nice poem we just can't throw it in the wastebasket—how about fixing it up? So here is what I suggest: Write this poem over and use two nice words, or fix it up some way so as to discard these two slang words. Send them in to me and we will publish the best one sent in. Now isn't that all right.—Editor.

The Mind

(Continued from page 19)

are free to be used for the higher purposes of the brain. Who is using that 19-20 aright? Sir Arthur Keith, an English Anthropologist says that probably the ablest man living today uses about half of his brain capacity. Wanted! Men to use their brains to their fullest capacity!

Right Association

We get many of our thoughts from those with whom we associate. He who would improve his mind must be sure that those with whom he associates can provide him with worthy and uplifting thoughts. Phillips Brooks truly said, "There is as yet no culture, no method of progress known to men, that is so rich and complete as that which is ministered by a truly great friendship.

Right Use

The psychologists and physiologists say that the brain improves in quality with use; that new cells form and new nerve fibers sprout when the brain is actually functioning. The great trouble is that men do not think. Sir Joshua Reynolds rightly described every man when he said, "There is no expedient to which a man will not resort to avoid the real labor of thinking." And Bertrand Russell is perhaps right when he said, "Men fear thought, as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more than death." Use the brain and use it on the right thoughts, and it will improve the mind.

"Devoutly look, and nought but wonders shall pass by thee;  
Devoutly read, and then all books shall edify thee;  
Devoutly speak, and men devoutly listen to thee;  
Devoutly act, and then the strength of God acts through thee."

Lighted Pathways Sold

	Sold for July	Sold since the Assembly
Alabama	1,068	6,911
Arkansas	191	1,702
California	98	746
Colorado		19
Delaware	42	267
Foreign	261	1,943
Florida	1,451	12,616
Georgia	2,495	22,858
Idaho	28	126
Iowa	28	268
Illinois	462	3,473
Indiana	210	908
Kansas	70	535
Kentucky	1,114	8,019
Louisiana	154	1,250
Montana	126	968
Massachusetts	28	226
Maine	42	243
Maryland	308	2,144
Michigan	140	1,604
Minnesota		1
Mississippi	420	2,929
Missouri	168	1,215
Nebraska		1
New Mexico	105	1,098
New York		1
New Jersey	28	252
N. Carolina	2,331	15,325



N. Dakota	56	397
Oklahoma	353	2,040
Ohio	317	3,331
Oregon	42	380
Pennsylvania	617	6,299
S. Carolina	4,257	28,652
S. Dakota	105	559
Tennessee	1,247	11,284
Texas	385	3,821
Virginia	343	3,572
W. Virginia	1,059	10,331
Washington	42	299
Washington, D. C.	14	109

### A Correction

Since printing our cover page we notice some mistakes on the Glints of Knowledge Page. The three outstanding schools, John Hopkins, Vanderbilt and Duke. The last Glint in column 1 in the last line should read, "decency and humanity in human nature."

### Come to Tennessee's First Camp Meeting

Sevierville is a beautiful little town on highway No. 35, twenty-five miles out of Knoxville, at the gateway to the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. In this town, facing the highway, is the Church of God Bible Training School. Its administration building is beautiful and very spacious. The campus stretches out in a semicircular shape between the panorama of buildings and in the highway.

In this lovely setting, in a large tent seating more than one thousand people, and with all the facilities of the school at our command, will be held the first Tennessee State Camp Meeting, July 20-30.

To whom it may concern:

I have changed my address from 2002 E. 17th St., Long Beach, California, to 852 W. 60th St., Los Angeles, California.—Elmer Boyd, state Y.P.E. superintendent.

### Notice

To the young girl from Tennessee who wrote to me asking for help, please send me your name and address as I have lost it. Will help you some.—Miss Bernice Thompson, Lakedale, N. C.

### The Unbroken Circle

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y.P.E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25 cents.

We have another short play also, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," which you could use in your programs, price 10 cents. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them

if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and do nothing for your meetings and depend on God doing it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—Editor.

### Silver Lining

Some have been writing in asking about the "Silver Lining". This is a book of 57 beautiful poems. They make lovely gifts and poetry lovers are delighted with them. Come on and help me put them in the hands of the people. They will be a blessing. We give \$15.00 for selling 100 of them. Please send references and remember they cannot be returned. Get your Y.P.E. well organized to sell them, giving each so many to sell. They will be easy to dispose of in this way. Send 25c for sample copy.

### Mrs. H. L. Hunt

Ware Shoals, S. C., is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

### Honor Roll

Amanda Fuller, Greenville, S. C.  
Mildred Tims, Anderson, S. C.  
W. T. Reynolds, Kannapolis, N. C.  
Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga.  
Ellis Michael, Lexington, N. C.  
Beulah Osborne, Aiken, S. C.  
Susie Durham, Middlesboro, Ky.  
Beulah Osban, Aiken, S. C. and Susie Durham, Middlesboro, Ky. tied this month and we are giving them both sixth place.

### \$50.00 Given Away

Come on, young people. Get one of these prizes. Do you want to go to Bible Training School this Fall? If so, get your friends to help you and win one of them. It will be easy if everybody helps. You must have twenty-five subscriptions to enter the contest. \$25.00 first prize, \$15.00 second prize, and \$10.00 third prize.

### IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR GIDEONS

There is some misunderstanding among our Gideons about the sale of the first three rolls of papers. Each month three rolls of papers must be sold before you can get them at the 5c rate. After the purchase of three rolls each month, at \$1.00 per roll of 14, you may have all the papers you can sell for 5c each. If you want to make profit on these papers you must sell all of them at 10c each. The sale price of the paper is 10c, and if you sell them at the sale price you will make a profit of \$1.20 on the first three rolls and the papers you get for 5c you will clear 70c on each roll of 14, or you will clear 5c on each paper. We hope this will make it clear to our Gideons. We give this reduced price to our Gideons as a prize for selling as many as three rolls each month.

Remember, God's program is going over. Ecclesiasticism may hinder it. The devil may hinder it. He hindered Paul, for you remember Paul said, "I would have come to you, but Satan hindered me." Yes, there will be many hindrances, but the program's going over.

### NEW GIDEONS

Mrs. J. H. Crowder, Wake Forest, N. C.  
H. C. Collins, Sandersville, Ga.  
Anna Lou Soots, N. Wilkesboro, N. C.  
Harris Parks, Granite Falls, N. C.  
Anne Haag, Bismarck, N. Dak.  
G. E. Ramseur, Concord, N. C.  
Carl J. Jolly, Elkin, N. C.  
Blanchie Acree, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.  
Alford Baker, Enigma, Ga.  
Pearl McMurray, Hendersonville, N. C.  
Mrs. Leola Parker, Cullman, Ala.  
Franklin Tollison, Laurens, S. C.  
L. D. Bailey, Glen Morrison, W. Va.  
D. B. Myers, Bryan, Texas.  
Mabel Gannon, Holly Grove, Ark.  
Mrs. Annie Russell, Atlanta, Ga.  
Rev. Ross Chambers, Rockmart, Ga.  
Elizabeth Roger, Lonaconing, Md.  
Mary Sue Dupree, Marietta, Ga.  
Frank Sides, Springville, Ala.  
Willie Grace Wilson, Perdido, Ala.  
Geraldine White, Maud, Okla.  
Mrs. C. W. Goforth, Asheville, N. C.  
Gordon Mize, Cartersville, Ga.  
Ruby Garfield, Calhoun, Ga.  
Ruby Cook, Calhoun, Ga.  
Effie Dupree, Calhoun, Ga.  
Mrs. A. H. Batts, Rome, Ga.  
Mrs. Dan Carrelser, Eden, Alabama.  
Gay Story, Terre Haute, Ind.  
Lewis Cater, Eudora, Ark.  
Sam Harvell, Greenville, S. C.  
Mrs. Charles Muller, Walhalla, S. C.  
Miss Eldora Dalehite, W. Durham, N. C.  
Miss Alberta Sharp, Morley, Mich.  
Ruby Hoover, Baldwin Park, Calif.  
Bonnie Collins, Red Boiling Springs, Tenn.  
Paul Clouse, Blue Diamond, Ky.  
Mrs. D. E. Barnes, Ruskin, Fla.  
Oscar Wall, Marion, N. C.  
Ruby Player, Camden, S. C.  
Mrs. C. J. Tharp, Miley, S. C.  
Miss Estelle Holman, Schoolfield, Va.

To be a Gideon you may order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who is going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

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Cleveland, Tennessee

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# Glints of Knowledge



A little sermon to preachers by a sixteen-year-old girl who knows the perils of the weed Marihuana, is published in the *Presbyterian*:

These preachers standing around and telling us how fine and splendid we young people are! They either do not know, or else do not care what we do. Some day I'm going to kidnap one and take him on one of our parties. I'll bet his next sermon would be about SIN. And that's what we need.

In Germany to pray for peace and righteousness is treason.

During the recent crisis the confessional pastors arranging services of intercession for peace was interpreted as a treasonable proceeding by the Nazis and they stopped the salaries of Pastor Muller, chairman of the Council, and about thirty-eight of his associates. The German government has declared that it is treason to pray for peace and righteousness.

Pastor Schmidt, an Aryan, was arrested for giving the communion to a Hebrew Christian minister and publicly praying for him.

Pastors with Jewish antecedents have recently been sent to concentration camps.

Duke University, known as "the Harvard of the South," has an endowment of more than \$30,000,000 and is the tenth richest university in the nation. It has 50 buildings. Duke hospital is the largest general hospital in the South and the university library, with more than half a million books, is the second largest in the South. It has 386 full-time teachers, 3,500 students from 44 states and 14 foreign countries. The South's three outstanding schools are Holms Hopkins, Vanderbilt and Duke.

"Europe is more savage today than it has been for a thousand years," declares the Bishop of Chelmsford in his "Diocesan Chronicle." In an outspoken article the bishop writes: "A civilization which can give birth to the shameful persecution of the Jews, the spraying of mustard gas upon Abyssinian villages, the lying and dishonesty which make a mock of treaties and agreements, is a civilization not worth preserving. Western civilization must be cleansed, or else it had better make way for something better. A panic closely resembling insanity is running like an epidemic over the whole world, crushing out all chivalry, decency and humanity inhuman."—*War Cry*.

A group of church leaders in Florida

have protested the inequalities of salaries between educators and officials of the racing interests. A newspaper in the state says: "The racetrack veterinarian gets \$650 a month during the racing season; the President of Florida University gets \$600, having made the mistake of not becoming a horse doctor. The President of the Agricultural College gets \$300 a month, while the racetrack investigator makes \$520 a month during the racing season. The Governor of the state is paid \$625 a month, while the state's Racing Superintendent is paid \$750."

The records of the Federal Bureau of Investigation show that crime is increasing; that murders, manslaughters, robberies, sex crimes, automobile thefts are greater than ever before. Today there are in America over 4,300,000 criminals actively at work, plundering and murdering. There is an aggregate of 1,330,000 serious crimes and a national crime bill of \$15,000,000 a year.

## Six Hundred Years of Peace

Portugal has just entered into a new agreement with Great Britain to keep the peace and to join in mutual service. Six hundred years ago these two nations made a pact of peace together, and it has never been broken. From time to time it is renewed, but the old peace still stands.—*A. B. McCormick*.

Officials of the Boys' Athletic League of New York City recently sought to tabulate the likes and the dislikes of about 50,000 boys and girls between the ages of six and sixteen, in an annual child-preference study. According to the inclinations expressed by these children, President Roosevelt is loved more than anyone else. He received thirty-nine per cent of the boys' votes and forty-seven per cent of the girls'. Second place in both groups was awarded to God!

Remember, if you should happen to read that the Hitler youth prefer "Mein Kampf" to the Bible, that a recent investigation conducted by the most successful public opinion survey machinery in our country indicated that our youth prefer "Gone With the Wind," "Anthony Adverse," "The Citadel," "How to Win Friends and Influence People," "The Good Earth" and other similar books, to the Scriptures. Only six per cent of those interrogated who were under thirty even mentioned the Bible.—*The Presbyterian*.

"Teaching of temperance in Michigan's public schools will be mandatory in the future as the result of a bill passed re-

cently by the legislature and signed by Governor Luren D. Dickinson. The temperance measure was the first bill of major importance to be signed by Michigan's new governor."—*Wesleyan Methodist*.

American magazine standards are low and lax, when compared with the reading regulations of other peoples, including some pagan nations. At the beginning of this year the Australian government placed a ban on seventy-two American magazines. Canada, we are told, barred more than a hundred American magazines, a figure four times as large as the total number of prohibited magazines from all other countries together. Now comes the Japanese Home Office, with instructions to the editors of children's magazines directing them to exclude from their publications stories of gangsters and criminals and gamblers, three of the most prominent figures in magazines issued by American publishers. Surely the Lighted Pathway is needed in times like this.

We often speak of the Southern Baptist as the most evangelistic of the major denominations. They have 28,000 churches and 12,000 of them had no revival in 1938. Do you know of one holiness church that had no revival last year?

## Ten Thousand Liquorless Towns

Indications that one-fourth of the chartered communities in the United States will be dry again by next fall, revealed in a survey just announced by Country Home Magazine make inspiring news. Ten thousand liquorless towns should strengthen the Nation's moral fiber.—*Wesleyan Methodist*.

## The National Parole Conference Reports

More than 1,000,000 persons spend some time each year in the nation's penal institutions. The average daily prison population stands close to 150,000 men and women.

Of every 100 in prison, 97 must eventually be released and placed again in society. Between 60,000 and 70,000 persons are released from Federal and state prisons each year.

More than half the number of persons in prison today have been in prison at least once before, indicating that reform efforts behind bars or during parole have been seriously deficient.

"There is no part of the United States which has not been benefited by prohibition."—*Evangeline Booth*.



# The Mills



I walk up to a machine and say—"Hello, what kind of a mill are you?"

"I am a saw mill."

"What is your final product?"

"Lumber."

"What's your raw material?"

"Logs."

"Is lumber worth more than logs?"

"Yes."

"Then you create value and you are a good industry. What is your power?"

"Steam, water or electricity."

"All right, turn on the power and let us hear the music of your wheels."

"Hello, what kind of a mill are you?"

"I'm a paper mill."

"What is your finished product?"

"Writing paper; fine linen paper."

"What is your raw material?"

"Old rags and straw."

"Linen paper worth more than old rags and straw?"

"Yes."

"Then you create values and are a good industry?"

"All right, turn on your power and let us hear the machinery buzz."

"Hello, what kind of a mill are you?"

"I'm a grist mill."

"What do you manufacture?"

"Flour and meal."

"What is your raw material?"

"Wheat and corn."

"Flour and meal worth more than corn?"

"Yes."

"Then you create value?"

"All right, turn on the power; the noise of your wheels makes me music."

"Hello, there, what kind of a mill are you?"

"A gin mill? Well, I don't like the looks of you, and don't like the way you smell, but what do you manufacture? What's your finished product?"

"Maudlin, blear-eyed, drunken sots."

"And what's your raw material?"

"Boys; mothers' boys, the bright-eyed, promising youth of the land."

"My, my, do a thing like that with my boy?"

"Yes; I've got to have about 200,000 of 'em a year."

"And I turn to you, good people, and say, 'Come on, let's furnish boys for this business,' and you begin to cry, 'Hold on, don't take my boy, he's mine.' Yes, but I say if this business is to run it must have boys. Every fifth family must furnish one, and if you don't furnish yours, then your neighbor's got to furnish two. Come on with your boy. But you say, 'No, not mine; he is the joy of my heart, you must not ruin him.' All right, but you ought to go further and say, 'Not my neighbor's boy, either.'"

"And I say, gin mill, you've got no right to run; you're not a legitimate industry and this hellish business must stop."

"What's your power?"

The writer says the votes of the church members and professing Christians, but that is one of the basest slanders ever uttered.

"What is the power? It is the worship of the Golden Calf. It is the love of money."—**The Christian Work.**



The

# LIGHTED PATHWAY

DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

Vol. 12

SEPTEMBER, 1939

No. 9

## A Boy

"Well, what is a boy? Just this! A boy is the person you are absolutely dependent upon to finish what you have started.

"A Boy—The time will come when he will occupy the chair at the desk where you are working now; he is going to do the work that you are doing now, but he is going to do it in his own way.

"A Boy—He will be the father of a family, a farmer, a mechanic, a lawyer, a doctor, a poet, a musician, an artist, a professor, a surgeon, a jurist, a minister of the Word of God. Who? . . . A Boy.

"A Boy—You may formulate policies and devise plans, but whether and how they will be carried out, rests with him.

"A Boy—Make all the laws that you wish, negotiate treaties and form leagues. With the boy rests the power to amend, to repeal or annul them.

"A Boy—He will occupy your seat in the Senate and sit on your bench in the courts of the land. Your village, your town, your city, your state and the nation will soon be subject to his will.

"A Boy—He is going to take over and manage your schools, universities, colleges, hospitals, charitable institutions, prisons, and corporations. All your labors and your plans are going to be studied and judged; then praised or condemned by him.

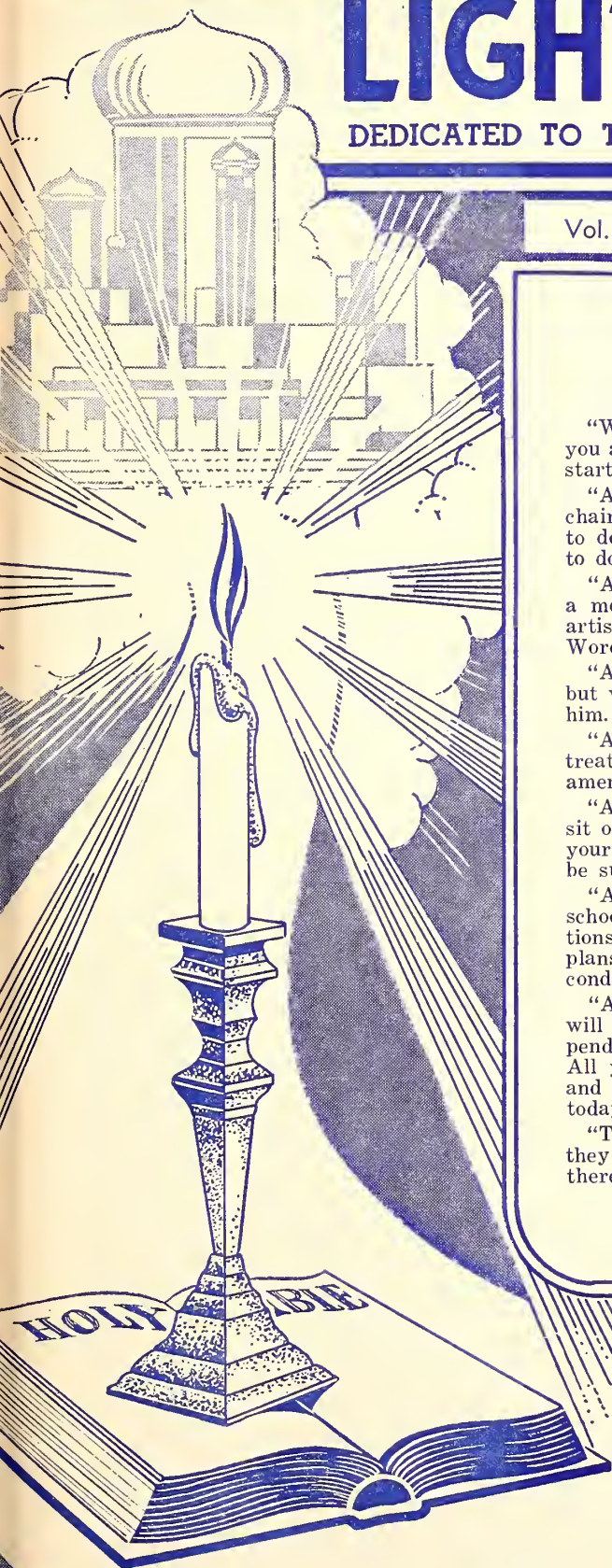
"A Boy—Whether your name and your achievements will be gratefully remembered and honored by him depends upon his estimation of you and your achievements. All your work is for him and the destiny of the nation and the fate of humanity rests in his hands. The boy of today is the man of tomorrow.

"There are more than ten million boys in the U. S. If they are right, the country will be right. If they are wrong, there is neither hope for us, for our country or for them."

—Anon.

"Thy word is a lamp  
unto my feet and a  
light unto my path."

Psalm 119:105



us,  
e Light  
the world"





# The Editor's Message

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

For months we have been impressed with the subject, "A Well Balanced Life." It would perhaps insult you or me if some of our friends should come to us and say, "You are unbalanced," but this is the case with many people, both old and young, today. Now we do not mean that they have lost their mind as the expression might imply, but later you will see what we mean.



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

A great deal is being said today about a well balanced diet and it is a known fact that if strict attention is not given to this, that the body will be deficient in some way. Experiments have been made which prove this very decidedly and doctors have discouraged the use of so much medicine and give more attention to the diet. The vitamins A, B and C have been recognized for several years as important factors in prevention of what are known as the deficient diseases. It has been definitely proven that a lack of these vitamins will bring about a certain diseased condition and that giving food known to contain the vitamin will cure the disease. Now this is for the body and this is very important for the life, as a sick body cannot serve the Lord to the extent that a well body can. We will touch on this a little later.

## THE SPIRITUAL SIDE

First and most important is the spiritual side of life. This brings to us joy and peace and makes us useful in the Master's service in this life and a home in heaven when this life is over. And all the way through our message we want you to bear this in mind. We hold this up above all the other needs of life, but we want to see how other things are needed to go along with our spiritual life. There are two extremes in our church circles today. Some hang too far over the line and dwell almost entirely on education which is our next subject. They are depending too much on Christian education to win the children and young people to Christ instead of teaching them that "Ye must be born again." Even Christian education, training, etc., will not win a soul to Christ unless he is led on into a real born-again experience. To know and not do is worse than not to know.

There are churches that I know right

in this Christian land where you would not recognize them as a place of worship, but education and dress and caste are uppermost in their minds and hearts. A poor person would feel entirely out of place there. The real power of God would be unwelcome. However with all we can say about some of our denominational churches going to extremes along this line, we Church of God people are trying to measure up to the spiritual parts of God's program, but are we doing all we should do along the line of religious education? The Christian education of our young people will do much to establish them and keep them on the bridge we have builded for them. The time will

## GIVE OF YOUR BEST TO THE MASTER

Give of your best to the Master;  
Give of the strength of your youth;  
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing  
ardor

Into the battle for truth.  
Jesus has set the example;  
Dauntless was He, young and  
brave;

Give Him your loyal devotion,  
Give Him the best that you have.

Give of your best to the Master;  
Give Him first place in your heart;  
Give Him first place in your service,

Consecrate every part.  
Give, and to you shall be given;  
God His beloved Son gave;  
Gratefully seeking to serve Him,  
Give Him the best that you have.

Give of your best to the Master;  
Naught else is worthy His love;  
He gave Himself for your ransom,  
Gave up His glory above:  
Laid down His life without murmur,

You from sin's ruin to save;  
Give Him your heart's adoration,  
Give Him the best that you have.

MRS. CHAS. BARNARD.

come in their lives when they begin to think for themselves and they must know the "Thus saith the Lord," in order that they may be able to meet the world with all of its infidelity.

## THE EDUCATIONAL SIDE

There is a class of people today who have been so in earnest on the spiritual side of life that they have almost entirely dismissed the thought of education. If only we can strike a happy medium we will have a more efficient band of young people to carry this wonderful latter rain gospel to a dying world. So our Church of God, which is so determined to stand for the whole Word of God rightly divided, should get a vision of the educational side of life and co-operate with

our officials in making our schools the best to be found anywhere. We can do it if we all put our shoulders underneath the load.

We need educated people to carry this gospel to the educated. Paul who studied at the feet of Gamaliel, was called to the educational centers of his time. But I hear you say, Oh, when people get hungry for God they will go anywhere and listen to any one who preaches the gospel in order to get this wonderful salvation. This is true, but many need to be made hungry before they are willing to go anywhere.

If we should ask our ministers, who are preaching the gospel, whether or not education is needed, we would hear a great chorus of voices saying, "I wish I had more." So I think we will all vote for education.

The next need in a well balanced life is the need of a well preserved, strong body with which to serve the Lord. We have tried life with a weak body and we know what we are talking about. God needs strong bodies to use in the great army of workers in the battle against evil. When our country calls for soldiers to go to the battlefield all the diseased are set aside. While this is not always true in God's army, for God has mightily used some who were feeble in body and many shut-in soldiers of the cross have been a wonderful blessing to those around them, however we imagine if we should ask them they would say, Oh, I wish I had been strong and able to do more for God. So I think we'll all vote for a good strong body in the service of the Master. How can we have it? we ask. Some of the things we have already discussed. Our food should be correct. And this should begin in infancy. It is up to young fathers and mothers to give their children the right start in life by seeing to it that they eat the right kind of food. Exercise is also essential to good health and we should study to know what they need in the early years of their lives and see that they have plenty of recreation of the right kind, as they grow into young men and women.

Clean habits and thoughts will do much toward making one strong physically, Phil. 4:8. And to have clean thoughts and habits one must watch carefully his associates, and this connects us with our last subject, the social side of life.

We realize that we are treading on dangerous territory when we speak of social activities for there are a few people in our ranks who are unfriendly toward that word, because it has been associated with so many worldly amusements, but we are not using it in this sense. Social

(Continued on page 23)



# Under Whose Wings

BY ZENOBIA BIRD

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Any one desiring the previous chapter of this story may send 5c per copy for back issues. The story began in July issue. Space forbids us giving a synopsis.

Their first thought was of bandits, for there had been numerous hold-ups recently and they were far from any house. The man by the side of the road may have been on the look-out, or a decoy to get them to stop. With a silent prayer that was scarcely more than a cry for help and safety, Robert Tiegan put on all the power at his command and dashed by the spot. But not too quickly but that they both heard the man call piteously, "Help. Oh, please help."

They were half a mile from the spot before either spoke and the car slowed down a little.

"Seems sort of hard to go off that way, when he might be hurt or sick or in difficulty, doesn't it?" he asked, voicing the unspoken thought of them both.

"Oh, Mr. Tiegan, I was thinking that too. Aren't we like those people in the story of the good Samaritan, to go off and leave him lying there?"

Tiegan glanced quickly at the girl, it was so like Ruth to think of all things in the light of the Book. He brought the car to a standstill.

"Do you think we ought to go back?" he asked slowly. "You know there might be accomplices of his hiding in that wood just opposite."

"I know, but he called for help so piteously. Perhaps he is hurt. He seemed like a well dressed man."

"But what could he be doing out there so far from everywhere at this time of night?"

"I don't know. It does seem very strange."

Mr. Tiegan looked at Ruth with a deep anxiety in his face and his voice. "If I were alone," he said slowly, "I would go back, but I cannot bear to take any risk of bringing you into possible harm and danger. Do you think we could go on to some house where I could leave you and get a man to go back with me? If it were not so late!"

"No, indeed, I am not afraid, really I am not." She smiled reassuringly at the man's troubled face. "Let us trust God to take care of us, and go back. It is awfully cold for him to sit there in the snow, and it might be an hour or more before you could get anyone who would be willing to go back with you, and he

may be suffering terribly."

"I would not mind going back alone, Ruth, if I could leave you in safety." He had called her by name for the first time and seemed unconscious of it.

"No, let me go back too. You may need me. Let's pray very definitely about it and ask God to make it plain to us what we ought to do." Then she stopped suddenly, embarrassed at the thought that she had ventured to suggest to the Rev. Robert Tiegan that they pray. She thought of him calling her "Ruth" a few minutes before. This adventure of theirs, with its element of fear and anxiety, was quickly breaking down the bar-

## FOREWORD

This book stands almost unique among stories for young people written from a genuinely Christian viewpoint. An amazing characteristic of English literature is that the great love stories of fiction and drama are nearly all treated as though a personal heavenly Father had nothing to do with such matters. In this they are perhaps true to life that is lived without God. But what of Christians who earnestly want God's way in their lives? Stories dealing with this group of people are too apt to be "goody-goody," and appear "pious" in the wrong sense of that word. But Zenobia Bird, with a keen insight into human nature, a remarkable grasp of spiritual truth and its practical application to everyday life, has given a series of love stories based on actual life experiences that will fascinate young people, and at the same time show how vital and real and adventurous is life with Christ at the center.

REV. ROBERT C. McQUILKIN,  
Dean of Columbia Bible School, Columbia,  
S. C.

riers to their acquaintance which the life at the school had until now seemed to increase rather than diminish.

He looked at her gratefully and with a growing admiration. He knew she had spoken but the natural language of her heart, for she was leader in the deep spiritual prayer life of the school. But what gave him a thrill of peculiar pleasure, she had for a moment forgotten him as one of the teachers and spoken to him as a friend and equal.

"Yes, let us pray for a moment." For a few minutes they were both silent. "I feel we ought to go back to him and trust God to take care of us."

"So do I," Ruth answered with firm conviction.

He backed the car a little, turned around and going rapidly back over the way they had come, he slowed down a little as they drew near where they thought they had seen the man. He was not there, and nowhere in sight! Ruth

was trembling from head to foot, not so much from fear as from excitement.

Puzzled at this new turn of affairs, they peered carefully on both sides of the road, the man's anxiety becoming even greater as he realized that they had probably fallen into a trap of some kind. Never on the mission field had he prayed harder than he did now, and he knew Ruth was doing the same.

He was about to put on all his speed and leave the spot in the shortest possible time, when Ruth exclaimed, "There he is now, beyond that tree. I was sure it was just beyond this tall one."

A feeling of relief surged over them both. "We ran away from him farther than we thought we did," he smiled grimly.

As they brought the car slowly to the spot where the man now lay at full length on the ground, an awful fear seized them. What if he were dead? A thousand possibilities rushed through the minds of both. Had some awful crime been committed, and what should they do if this man had been killed? Or had he been overcome with the cold since they had passed him a short time before? The temperature had dropped many degrees since nightfall and it was bitter cold. Was he intoxicated or was he only ill?

To their relief as the car drew up beside him he again tried to sit up, saying feebly, "You did come back. I had given up hope, and lain down to die."

Mr. Tiegan sprang from the car and went to him. "Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"My ankle is sprained or broken, I don't know which. It did not seem so very bad, but I have been lying here for hours in the cold, and I guess I am about done for. Two other cars passed me and I called to them, but they were evidently afraid to stop. Afraid I was a bandit decoy, I guess. I live not far from here, can you take me home?"

He seemed so weak they were afraid he would lose consciousness, and quickly asked his name and address. "Frank Loring," he said, and gave an address in the most exclusive section of one of the pretty suburban towns not far away. Mr. Tiegan was a strong man, but this elderly gentleman was heavy and so nearly helpless from cold he could hardly move. It took all the strength of both Ruth and Mr. Tiegan to almost lift him into the back seat of the car, where he seemed to lose consciousness for a time, though Ruth insisted on sitting on the back seat with him, chafing his hands and face in an effort to bring some warmth back into the cold form.

In a few minutes, though to Ruth it seemed like hours, they drew up to the house whose address Mr. Loring had given. Ruth almost feared the man was dead,

(Continued on page 21)



# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 1

### A Man Fed By Ravens

1 Kings 17:1-16

Once long ago in the land of Israel, there was a wicked king named Ahab. He was so wicked that God sent the prophet Elijah to tell him there would be no rain for several years, except as Elijah should give the word. This was to punish him for his sins.

Ahab's wife, Jezebel, was even more wicked than he was. She had come from a country where they did not know God and she worshipped Baal. Jezebel hated Elijah because he was a good man and loved God.

When the king heard there would be a famine and drouth in the land, it made him very angry and Elijah had to flee for his life. He hid away in the wilderness down by the brook Cherith. While the famine was on God took care of Elijah by sending the ravens with food every morning and evening. While the wicked Israelites were hungry and thirsty Elijah had plenty to eat.

Finally the brook Cherith dried up and there was no water to drink. Then God told Elijah to go to Zarepath where he would find a widow who would sustain him. When he came to the gate of the city, behold, a widow was there gathering sticks to make a fire. All she had was a handful of meal left in the barrel, and a little oil in a cruse. She and her son were going to eat this and starve to death. Elijah told her to bake him a cake first and that the meal and oil would last until the rain came. She obeyed him. Elijah lived at the home of the widow for a long time, "And the barrel of meal

wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail."

### Questions

Who was Elijah? He was a prophet. Who was Ahab? A wicked king in Israel. Where did Elijah go? To the wilderness. How did he live? The ravens fed him.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 2

### In Giving

Mark 12:41-44

The Jews in Jerusalem kept a money box in the temple and all who passed by were expected to put some money in the box whether they were rich or poor. This money was used for the care of the temple and for the priest who had charge of it and kept up the worship of the Lord.

The Jews were liberal givers and some were very wealthy. One day they were passing by the box and some were throwing in large sums of money, while others did not have very much. Among this number was a poor widow who had nothing in the world but two small coins, called mites. She came to the box and threw in her small amount. As she saw the wealthy giving large sums, no doubt she thought her little coins would not be noticed. But it happened that day that Jesus was standing by and saw the large gifts of the rich, and saw the little gifts of the poor widow. Listen what He said. He told the people standing by that she had given more than all the rest, for she had given all she had.

This simple story has been told thousands of times. There is no one so poor but what can give as much as this poor widow.

You might say I am just a little boy or girl and have nothing to give. I know of a small boy who has a little bank and when he is given money for candy, ice cream, chewing gum, popcorn and toys, he puts this money in his bank. He says he is saving his pennies for an education. You would be surprised to know how many dollars his bank contains. You children save your pennies and see how much you can give to the orphans, Sunday School, missionaries, and to help spread the gospel. The Lord will bless you and you can be happy in giving.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 3

### A Prayer Meeting in Jail

Acts 16:16-40

Most of us would not feel like singing and praising the Lord in prison especially if we had been beaten by an angry mob and the blood was running down our backs. But in our Bible lessons we study

about two men by the name of Paul and Silas who had this experience. These men were Christian missionaries to Philippi. They had done nothing wrong but were being persecuted because they were preaching the old time religion.

A slave girl, having an evil spirit dwelling in her, followed these men. She was what we might call today a fortune-teller. The men who owned her for a slave were becoming rich. One day Paul cast out this evil spirit and she could not tell fortunes after the evil spirit departed. This made her masters mad and they had Paul and Silas taken before the rulers. After they were cruelly beaten they were cast in jail. Their feet were put in stocks. As the hours passed by they began to sing the old songs of Zion and praises unto the Lord. The other prisoners could hear their voices singing out with a joyful sound. They could not understand why they were so happy.

At midnight there was a great earthquake and the foundations of the jail were shaken; all the doors were opened and every one's bands were loosed. The jailer came rushing in and called for an old time prayer meeting. He and his family were saved and baptized that night. Paul and Silas went on their way rejoicing.

### Questions

What happened to Paul and Silas? They were cast into prison. What happened at midnight? They prayed and sang praises unto the Lord. What else took place? An earthquake. What happened to the jailer? He and his household were saved and baptized.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 4

### A Fishing Excursion

In Luke 5:1-11 we study about a subject very familiar to you children. You have stood on the banks of the river and caught fish. Perhaps you had a fishing pole and caught one fish at a time. But you never had the experience like these men. They had nets.

Peter, Andrew, James and John were fishermen. They used to go fishing at night in boats in the beautiful lake of Galilee.

One night they had been out all night trying hard to catch fish but none would come to their nets. Next morning they saw Jesus standing on the bank with a great crowd of people around Him. He called to Simon Peter to come and take Him into his boat so He could sit in the boat and teach the people without being crowded.

When He had finished His sermon He told Simon Peter to go out into the deeper water and let down their nets. Peter said, "Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." And

(Continued on page 5)



## Children's Story Page

### Whispering Footprints

"Eddie, where are you, dear?"

"Here mother," came a shrill little voice from the backyard.

"Come here, dear; I want you to do something for me."

Then the back door opened, and Mrs. Taylor heard the soft thud of bare feet along the passage. But when Eddie entered the sitting room and stood by his mother's sewing table she only said, "Why, Eddy, what's the matter?"

Now there were no cuts or bumps or bruises about the boy. Why should the mother think anything was the matter? Because his brown eyes, which generally looked right up at you, like two little birds flying out of a cage, now had an uneasy look—neither here nor there, but away.

"Nothing's the matter," said Eddy, looking out of the window. "What did you call me for, mother?"

She had wanted him to run down to the village post office to mail a letter, but the letter was forgotten now. Mother was silent for a few minutes; then, seeing something between her table and the door, she spoke.

"I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me by going to the apple bin without leave." Eddy gave a little start. "The reason God put me here as your mother, Eddy, is because He thinks I know better what you ought to do and ought not to do than you do yourself."

Eddy did not answer. He was asking himself how mothers knew everything a fellow did.

"I am especially sorry that you should disobey me by sneaking through the coal room window," said Mrs. Taylor. "I would much rather have you say, 'I won't mind you,' and go in before my eyes than to go in by telling a lie."

"Why, mother, I didn't," began Eddy, glad of a chance to defend himself.

"Do you think you only talk with your lips?" interrupted his mother.

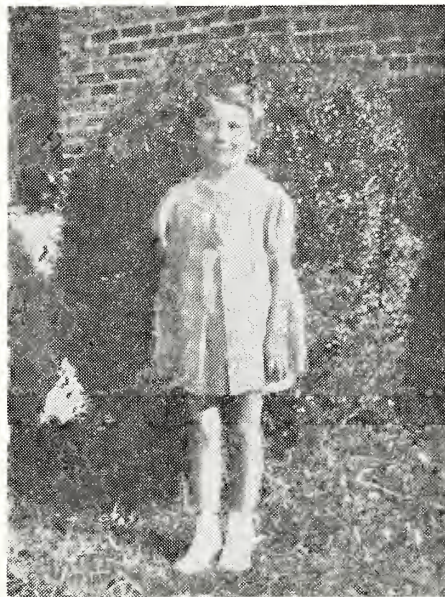
"You can act a lie as well as speak one. You know you signed the pledge when you became a Loyal Legion boy. If you drink wine or beer or cider, you break your pledge and you are not a temperance boy. If you disobey your mother you are not her obedient little boy even if mother does not find it out. Now, what do you suppose has whispered to me that you had been in the apple cellar and that you went through the coal room?"

"I can't imagine," said Eddy, honestly. "Look behind you."

The little boy looked, and there be-

tween him and the door were five coal-dusty footprints on the white matting! Mother could not help smiling at the look of surprise on the little face, but it was a rather mournful smile.

"Do not think we can ever do wrong, Eddy, and not leave marks of it somewhere."—*The Water Lily*.



Naomi Ruth Blackwell, little daughter of Rev. and Mrs. T. F. Blackwell, and sister of Mrs. Mildred Case, missionary to India.

I think Naomi Ruth wants to say hello, Mildred.

### What Makes a Man

Denny curled one of his little legs under his small body and dropped his rosy cheek into his hand.

"'Course," he said, "there's the old woodbox to fill. Always is an old woodbox to fill when Saturday comes. If Ma only thought so, she could fill it herself and let me do something that'll make me a man. Ben Lee says it's doing stunts and going fishin', and things like that, that makes you a man."

Then suddenly Denny straightened his shoulders. "I'm going to do something toward being a man," he said. "I'd like to ask Pa the best thing to do, 'cause he'd know. I s'pose I might as well go fill that old woodbox."

When he reached the kitchen he found his mother and Aunt Sue there. The very first words that his mother said, were: "Denny, I wish you'd hurry with that wood, and then Aunt Sue wants some peas. You'll have to get them for her, dear."

So, when the woodbox was full, Denny gathered the peas and started back to the house. Aunt Sue started to meet him and smiled as she said: "Mother's half sick, Denny, boy. Try to help her as much as you can today."

Denny looked this way and that. Across the fields the boys were doing stunts. Beyond the hill Ben and the other boys were fishing. Then he swallowed twice, very hard. But, of course, if she was sick—then he marched up the path to the house.

After the peas were shelled there was a stack of baking dishes to be wiped. He noticed how white his mother was, and he said: "I can wash those dishes as well as wipe 'em, if I am a boy. You can go and lie down. I'll stay around and answer the door."

When he caught sight of the look that came into her eyes, it seemed at once as if he were at least two inches taller. The dishes done, he wandered into the garden and weeded a while. "Might as well," he said, "as long as I've got to stay around; then I won't have to do it tonight."

Before he knew it he was whistling. It seemed to him he never felt so good. He had no idea it was five o'clock until he heard some one say, "Mother's been telling me that our boy is the best thing ever." Looking up he saw his father holding out his hand. "Denny," said he, and something in his voice made Denny wink very fast, "here's my hand to the lad who's on the straight, sure road to becoming a man."—*Unknown*.

Don't forget to send your offering for Bible Training School Library

### A Fishing Excursion

(Continued from page 4)

instantly the net was so full of fishes, that they called for John and James to come with their boat and help them. Both boats were full of fish, and ready to sink with the weight.

When the boats came to land Jesus told the four fishermen that they were to leave their business and follow Him, for He would make them fishers of men. They threw down their nets and followed Him.

### Questions

At this time what was the occupation of Peter, Andrew, James and John? They were fishermen. What did Jesus tell them to do? He told them to cast their nets into the deep water. When they obeyed Him what happened? It took both boats to take the fish to land. Did they go fishing any more? No, they forsook all and followed Him.

The persons who spend no money on their heads but for hair cuts and hats may have plenty on them but will have very little in them.



# Helps for Tempted and Tried

## Turning the Thorn Into a Pearl

Not all men and women are inclined to turn their "thorns" into "pearls" of great value and beauty. Pearls are nice stones. Many value them greatly and become possessors of them for value and beauty's sake. It is almost impossible to imagine that the pearl of beauty was one time nothing more than a mere grain of sand. It became lodged in the inside of an oyster shell. It caused an irritation and therefore had to be dealt with as all irritations must be dealt with some time or other if they are to be kept from causing soreness. The grain of sand caused both pain and suffering in the inside of that oyster shell. The oyster had to deal with it in some form or other. To relieve itself of the pain and suffering, the oyster gradually covered it with a liquid of smoothness which eventually formed the grain of sand into a stone of value and beauty. How we do value the real pearl stone! They are beautiful in color, and those who can afford them love to display them upon their person in some form or other.

Reading Paul's experience in 2 Cor. 12, we notice how he learned to turn his "thorn" into a "pearl" of value and beauty. Just as that grain of sand lodges in the oyster shell and causes irritation, so a "t h o r n" lodged in Paul's life. It pricked him grievously. What was this thorn? The Word of God states plainly and clearly that Paul's thorn was the "messenger of Satan" buffeting him. False brethren caused irritation and pain and suffering in Paul's life. They hounded him. They brought a false gospel, a gospel of law, a gospel of works, and thus they hindered the work of Christ from having free course in the lives of men and women. When Paul exalted the Gospel of Grace, these false brethren were on hand with their false gospel of law and of works. They tried to undermine the work

of Paul and sidetrack men and women whom Paul had led into the track of faith. This became a "thorn" in Paul's life. Three times he besought God to have this "thorn" removed. All the comfort and satisfaction he received from God was: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness," 2 Cor. 12:9.

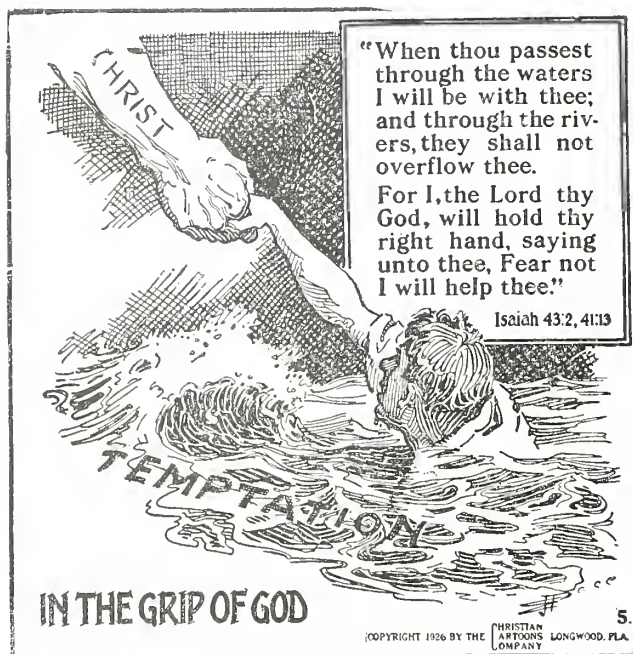
Paul did not continue the work of complaining as so many do these days. He turned right around and began to wrap or enclose his "thorn" with glory. In substance, Paul said: "Most gladly

therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Paul's thorn became a gem of rare beauty in his life. It became a valuable "pearl" before the eyes of the saints in Christ Jesus. The Lord may permit a thorn to prick your very spirit. You may not be aware of its presence until you feel the pain caused by the sharp pricking of its presence. You may have thought you were reaching for a rose, but the thorns pricked your fingers. You thought you were accomplishing a great work for God, but man's disapproval of it caused great grievances, great sorrows, great burdens.

If you desire to have the approval of God resting upon your heart and life, why not begin to rejoice in failures, in weaknesses, in the self-abasement? Why the defeats? Why the miserable failures? Turn your "thorns" into roses. Turn your "thorns" into "pearls." Are you doing it? Paul did it, and how blessed the great results. Permanent failure will be the result of those who refuse to turn their "thorns" into "pearls."—R.

Undoubtedly the expression in the Thessalonian Scripture, "the patience of Christ," refers not so much to His patience in the days of His suffering here upon the earth, as to His patience now. "This man having offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down at the right hand of God, from henceforth expecting"—literally, patiently waiting—"until His enemies be made His footstool" (Heb. 10:12, 13). For Jehovah's Word to Him was, "Sit Thou at My right hand, until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool" (Psa. 110:1). The Father's purpose in regard to the patience of His children during this present evil age is that it should be exercised "unto the coming of the Lord."

Sometimes submission will rush things up, when pushing would slow them up.



*I know that Jesus understands,  
As He holds my trembling hand.  
New grace to me He will impart,  
When He looks into my troubled heart.*

*Jesus my hope from day to day,  
As I walk the narrow way.  
I'm secure from every harm,  
While leaning on His blessed arm.*

*My prayer, dear Lord, is unto Thee,  
While sailing life's tempestuous sea.  
Oh hold me with Thy precious hand,  
Until I reach the better land.*

*When I pass through the gates of gold,  
You first, dear Lord, let me behold;  
Let me kneel at Thy dear feet,  
Then my joy will be complete.*



# Father's & Mother's Page

## THE TOY-STREWN HOUSE

Give me the house where the toys  
are seen,  
The house where the children  
romp,  
And I'll happier be than man has  
been  
'Neath the gilded dome of pomp.  
Let me see the litter of bright-eyed  
play,  
Strewn over the parlor floor,  
And the joys I knew in a far-off  
day  
Will gladden my heart once more.  
Whoever has lived in a toy-strewn  
home,  
Though feeble he be and gray,  
Will yearn, no matter how far he  
roam,  
For the glorious disarray  
Of the little home with its littered  
floor  
That was his in the by-gone days,  
And his heart will throb as it  
throbbed before  
When he rests where a baby  
plays.—Selected.

## EMILY DISCIPLINES HERSELF

BY JENNIE E. STEWART

"I used to get so angry whenever one of my children disobeyed me or did something for which I believed they should be scolded or punished, that I often did and said things that were far too harsh for the occasion," Emily confessed.

"Then one day I punished little Beth for something I afterwards learned she had done as a surprise for me, thinking in her generous little heart that she was doing me a special favor. Her grief was something I shall never forget. I decided then and there to curb my hasty temper, and I have improved greatly, I am happy to say.

"First, I decided to practice counting ten every time I found myself provoked at one of the children, before I said or did anything. Then I tried to put myself in the child's place. I asked myself why I should have acted so when I was a child. Having acted so, what would I have expected the grownups to do about it?

"I asked myself if the act was really worth making a fuss about. If so, what should I say that would really help to prevent such things occurring in the future? Did the child know he was doing something wrong? Was punishment necessary, or would talking the matter over serve a better purpose? If punishment was indicated, what type should be best?

"I began letting the child propose his

own punishment. I found that fitting the punishment to the crime worked far better than my own blind, angry nagging or hasty punishments had ever done.

"For the most part I stopped punishment entirely as a cure for faults. If a child spoiled something valuable because of carelessness or by a willful act, he made amends by replacing the object from his own spending money or by giving up something of his own to the person to whom the spoiled article belonged. If he played truant and wasted his own time or that of someone else, he had to make it up in some way, usually in a way suggested by himself.

"If a child used objectionable language or was saucy or disrespectful, an apology was usually all that was required and was usually worked out by the offender himself, after talking the matter over in a friendly manner with mother.

"The children are far more obedient, much more dependable, more polite, and far, far happier than they were before, and, as for myself, I am not so nervous or excitable as I used to be, and am as happy over the change in my methods of managing the children as they could possibly be."

## What the Home Owes Your Children

*God send us a little home,  
To come back to when we roam,  
Low walls and fluted tiles,  
Wide windows, a view for miles.  
One picture on each wall,  
Not many things at all.  
God send us a little ground,  
Tall trees standing round,  
Homely flowers in brown sod,  
Overhead, thy stars, O God.  
God bless, when winds blow,  
Our home and all we know.*

—Florence Bone.

Isn't that just what we would all like best—"a little home to come back to when we roam?" Of course, each of our homes would be different; some of us wouldn't care so much about the "fluted tiles," or we'd want not "one picture on each wall," but many of them. But we'd all love it because it was ours.

You don't have to own a home though to make it yours. While nothing gives quite such a feeling of security and well-being as knowing that it belongs to you, a real home-maker can make a real home anywhere, and out of the very barest necessities.

No true home-maker thinks of her beautiful labor of making a home as just

tasks to be done over and over again, day in and day out. She thinks of it as hours and minutes and days invested in the happiness and good health of her children.

Speaking of the children reminds me that many of you must feel your own children to be a great problem. And one mother has written to me: "They are disrespectful and impertinent and selfish. They think only of their own good times. And what we used to call a good time doesn't satisfy them. They think home is just a place to eat and sleep. What can we parents do about it?"

You might like to know what I told that mother. Would you?

The first thing I told her was to stop blaming the children. It isn't usually their fault. Partly, it is the times in which we live, and partly, it is the fault of the mothers and fathers. For there are lots of homes, as you and I both know, that are just places in which to eat and sleep.

Children are like flowers. If you want them to grow in a place, you have to plant them there and see that the roots go deep! You should begin when they are small, so tiny and helpless that home and mother are their whole world. Give them love, deep, tender, protecting love. Show them then that the home is theirs as well as yours. As soon as they are old enough, give them little duties to perform. Make them feel that mother can't run the house without their help. Then as they grow and make friends outside, encourage them to bring these friends home. Let them feel that home is just the jolliest place to be. Open your home and your heart to all their friends. You don't have to have money to do this. Whatever is good enough for your family is good enough to offer company. Suppose you haven't any cake made or dessert planned. Sweet crackers from the grocery will please them just as well, if your welcome is genuine. It may be a bother to have your neighbor's children at your house a lot, but if it keeps your children at home and out of mischief you ought to be glad.

Don't nag at your children. Tell them a thing once and let them know you mean it. Don't be such a poor housekeeper that they are ashamed to bring their friends home. And don't be such a particular, fussy one that they are afraid of musing things up when they have a good time.

As your girls grow old enough to have callers, see that they have a pleasant place to entertain them. If you don't, they will go where they can see them undisturbed. And you can't ever tell just where they may be!

Respect your children's confidence and their privacy and their personal belongings.

Above all things, expect the best of your children always and they will live up

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## The Inner Circle Page

### QUESTING YOUTH

By FREDERICK P. WOOD

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(Continued from last issue)

Thank God there are signs that youth today is realizing that they have "come to the Kingdom for such a time as this." All who work amongst thoughtful youth are profoundly impressed by its response to the challenge of the present situation.

A young Oxford student said recently,

"As the Elizabethan age had a sense of adventure and growth; as the Stuart age had a sense of romance; as the Puritan age had a sense of sin; as the Victorian age had a sense of respectability; as the post-war generation had a sense of futility; so this modern generation is developing a sense of purpose, a sense of vocation and of urgency."

What a striking picture of this "sense of purpose" our Lord drew when He said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it," Matt. 13:45, 46.

The merchant man seeks not only for pearls, but goodly pearls, even the pearl of great price. His is the quest for the best. He seeks not only for big things, but for the bigger amongst the big, and for the biggest amongst them all. He discriminates between the pearls. He recognizes one as beyond all the others in beauty and value, and at any cost he will have it. He sees gradations of value, even among good things, and he will not let there be no substitutes, no imitations, no alternatives. His heart is set upon "the pearl of great price."

Only the best is good enough for him.

I am thinking of a girl who, some years ago, was sorely tempted to lower her ideals. By force of circumstances she had been thrown into the company of a man who, though married, had shown affection for her. Lonely to a degree, longing for a home of her own, getting past the years of youth, the temptation caught her on the most tender spot, and she was within an ace of yielding. The thought of taking from the other woman that which was her right did not seem to matter.

Then the Lord intervened. She went to a house party at Keswick, and there she saw a young couple, recently married, radiant in their new-found joy, and as

she watched them, she thought, "My love could never be like theirs. With such an ideal before me how can I accept this man?" Then followed a talk, one of those heart-searching, soul-surgery talks, when the hideousness of her sin was laid bare. She faced it, counted the cost of it, saw the dire results that would follow, and then with a determined shake of her head she said, "If I can't have the best, I won't have it at all."

She had seen the ideal of human love right there before her eyes, and the counterfeit of it which was tempting her seemed worthless in comparison. With her, as with the merchant man, nothing less than the best was good enough.

"The kingly Christian," said Jowett, "is known by his pursuit of the best; not luxury but contentment; not a big house, but a big satisfaction; not accumulated art treasures, but a fine artistic appreciation; not a big library, but a serene studiousness; not a big estate, but a large vision; for the really big things are not 'the things which are seen' but 'the things which are not seen.'"

Knowledge is good; prudence is better; wisdom is best.

Acquaintance is good; friendship is better; love is best.

Respect for others is good; self-respect is better; a fine untroubled conscience is best.

Love for lovers is good; love for neighbors is better; love for enemies best.

Church-going is good; Christian service is better; doing the will of God is best.

So the true Christian life is one in which we are always in search of something beyond. "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect . . . but I press toward the mark."

There is ever a loftier height to be reached, a better pearl to be found, a richer inheritance to be possessed, a wider vision to be obtained, a deeper experience to be enjoyed.

In ancient days a prince once sent a gift of great value to his future bride. On opening the parcel she was astonished to find an iron egg. Her first reaction was to be disgusted, but curiosity made her examine it. All at once she unknowingly touched a secret spring which flew open, and there was a brass egg. Touching another spring, this opened and revealed a silver egg. Within that was a golden egg, and then still another spring flew back, and she found the real gift—

a necklace of pearls.

How like the Christian experience! If only we would "press on," we should find that the quest for the best was full of amazing surprises, and that our Lord has always some yet more wonderful and unexpected blessing in store for us.

*"Glories upon glories bath our God prepared,*

*By the souls that love Him one day to be shared."*

The merchant man finds the goodliest amid the goodly pearls. Such prizes are not for the loafer, the loiterer, the "fiddler" along life's way. Strolling tramps do not find the high-priced jewels. Our Lord's parable challenges us to express in our Christian life that keen, alert, active, "on-the-spot" spirit which is so essential in every successful man of business today. The trouble is that so many of us are more like useless loungers, or unemployed scroungers, than like busy "go-ahead," open-eyed, far-seeing, up-to-the-minute merchants.

Oh, for such zest in our quest for the best! Can we not get the enthusiasm, the driving force, the enterprise, the unstinted devotion of the modern commercial world into our Christian life and service? Think of the successful merchant today, with his eye ever on the watch for new markets, noting the movements of population, and seeking for new avenues in which to push his goods. See this amazing attention to details. He never allows waste. Often he finds wealth in things which other men throw away. He finds products in refuse which others have despised as useless. Never neglecting trifles, he sees where things can be improved. He studies the psychology of his customers, and adapts his business to changing times. He does not stick to old methods which are outworn. He never allows himself to be controlled by mere tradition which is valueless. He is never content for things to remain as they have been but is always thinking, planning, conceiving and then implementing new ideas for advance. Time is money. He does not wait for others to get there first. He must be the first on the field, otherwise he knows he will miss his chance.

What a difference it would make if we had more of that spirit in the Christian church, more of that spirit among individual Christians! We profess to be employed in the greatest of all enterprises—the extension of the Kingdom of God, yet instead of advance, we talk too often about retrenchment. Instead of going out on adventure for God, we sit back in our easy chairs and talk piously of caution, risk, danger, foolhardiness, over-enthusiasm and such-like, wet-blanket, chicken-hearted, short-sighted ideas.

It is, I know, important to bring our Christianity into our business, but it is

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# Book Review

BY OTTIS HEWETT

## Jerry McAuley

### *An Apostle to the Lost*

From Sing Sing prison to an apostle of Christ working in the "red-light" district in the city of New York. That is the story of this great man of God, Jerry McAuley. The experiences related in this book are wonderful in that the grace of God saves humanity from such generation, although terrible in the thought that Satan can get men and women to stoop so low in sin and degradation. The book was not intended for glory to Jerry McAuley, but to glorify God, the one who made the hero in this book what he was through grace. Now for the synopsis:

Jerry McAuley was born in Ireland. His family was broken up by sin because his father was a counterfeiter and left home to escape the law before Jerry knew him. At the age of thirteen he came to New York to be in the care of a married sister. Never going to school, but learning all the traits that loafing scoundrels possessed, he soon left his sister to shift for himself. Here is where he began his career of a river-thief. He and his pals had a boat with which they would row out to vessels and board, plunder, and steal from them. At the age of nineteen, after he had become the terror of the Fourth Ward, along Water Street in New York, Jerry McAuley was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years in Sing Sing prison for one robbery he did not commit. Just think how he felt, in his youth, yet placed in this prison with the hardened people of sin and degeneracy. He said that he would not forget the sentence over the door, "The way of transgressors is hard." All the thieves and wicked people know it well and they, too, know it is a verse from the Bible.

God was more merciful than man. His terrible surroundings naturally made him moody, dreary, miserable, and uneasy. While like this, one Sunday he wandered into the chapel. He carelessly raised his eyes to the platform and who should he see but "Awful Gardner," Orville Gardner, who had been for years a confederate in sin. He had received his name from his sinful pursuits. "Awful" would certainly describe some of the things Gardner and Jerry McAuley did together while in sin and before Jerry McAuley became imprisoned. "Awful Gardner" had become converted and felt the urge to come to the prison and tell others about the same Saviour. In his talk to the prisoners he mentioned the good things in the Bible and it awakened the desire in Jerry McAuley to read for himself. This he did and found that it held more treasures than he thought. He often

spoke about it to the other prisoners thus: "Splendid thing, that Bible." Get the book about Jerry McAuley and read how he was saved in Sing Sing prison!

This graceful deliverance from sin was soon followed by temptations. Not knowing the Word and not having been established it was hard for him. He soon got his pardon from prison and going back to his old places of vice and sinfulness, although he tried to steer clear of the fourth ward, was too much for his spirituality and he was forced to go into sin again. Here he began to drift deeper into sin than ever before. First into the "bounty" business, then smuggling, then back to the old sinful trade of river-thief. Oh, the experiences he had while in this business, narrow escapes, being shot at, nearly drowned, fire, plundering, and other deviltry. During this mischief, his inner-man was telling him to get right with God and be a man. When his conscience would bother him, drink was his answer. Would you like to read how God warned him one night on the river while drunk, floundering in the water about to drown? He was down for the third time and yet the mercy of God delivered him again. For what, let us see. A kind Christian befriended him and the kindness overcame his stubborn spirit and once again God took Jerry McAuley. Twice or three times more he wandered away, but God had a work for this man. He was called to be a missionary. God called him to tell the Word to the people in that "red-light" district he had once helped to demoralize. What a work he had among that filth, misery, drunkenness, and Romanism and Jerry McAuley wasn't afraid.

First, a house, which was christened "Helping Hand for Men," was secured for services. What a gigantic undertaking, to establish a mission for Christ against his people, against everything the human mind could conceive. God will take care of any work of His and this was the work of God. God supplied the money. God supplied the workers. God supplied the determination to keep the place going. God supplied the grace to fight for the right and dig up those places of sin along fourth ward on Water Street. God was the ever present help in time of trouble and necessity. Nevertheless, the work under the supervision of Jerry McAuley, according to the leading of the will of God, prospered and became known throughout the entire world, in every seaport and metropolis. From the "Helping Hand for Men" they moved to 316 Water Street in Jerry McAuley's mission. From there they established the "Cremorne mission" on 104 West Thirty-second street. By the

work, patience, prayers, kindness, helpfulness, Christian stewardship, and gentleness of Jerry McAuley, such men as Johnny Wagstaff, Jackson Dugan, gentleman from the West, "Rowdy" Brown, William Fitzmorris, Mollie Rollins, Mrs. Rollins, the girl, and many others were turned to the Christ that saves. Through his untiring efforts many dens of vice and sinfulness were broken up. One of the hardest things to thwart was the police force and police officials. Such policemen as "Savage" Fitch, the Dutchman, were sent to give "aid" to the mission, but what aid! The officials were against the mission and did everything to drive it out of town. Through these persecutions, the mission lived to tell the story, not by any great feat of physical strength, but by the humble servant of God, Jerry McAuley.

Jerry McAuley died September 18, 1884 at the age of forty-five. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. S. Irenaeus Prime, D. D. The whole town turned out and filled the street for blocks to honor the man who had done so much for humanity. An excerpt from the book will tell the story of the masses.

Two gentlemen, one of them a representative of the Herald, were standing at the entrance of the tabernacle, when a shabby looking old man, who had been lounging on the outskirts of the crowd, approached them and said: "Beg pardin, gents, but seein' as you were kinnected here and seein' as how I ain't posted on ways and things, I thought I'd ask you for a favor." Both of the listeners were turning away expecting an untimely appeal for alms. But the other said, "I've heard it said it's the right thing to send flowers and sich to put on the coffin of any one who's bin good to you. Well, I don't know, gents, whether I've got the rights of it or not but there's somethin' for Jerry."

He took off his tall, battered hat as he spoke and felt in it with trembling fingers. "It ain't any great shakes," he said, and he took out a little bunch of white flowers. Then looking up, as though to read in the faces of his listeners approval or disapproval, he went on, apologetically, "They're no great shakes, I allow, and I 'spect they mayn't set off the roses and things rich people send. I'm a poor man, you know, but when I heard Jerry was gone, I gets up and says to myself, go on and do what's fash'nable; that's the way folks do when they want to show a dead man's done a heap for 'em. So there they are." This was this poor man's story of Jerry McAuley. What a funeral! People hated to give up this friend, but God said "that was enough" and Jerry McAuley went to heaven.

This book contains his letters, some of  
(Continued on page 23)



# I Was in Prison and Ye Visited Me

## The Testimony of a Prisoner

By W. H. L.

*Who is now preparing himself for the Christian ministry*

As it has been my lot to have served two years of my past life in the Minnesota State Reformatory at St. Cloud, I believe it is my duty as a Christian to express my gratitude for the Gospel message that came to me while I was confined there. I deeply appreciate the work of our prison chaplain, whose sincere effort and life there was of great help to me. He preached each Sunday morning in our chapel where many inmates gathered to worship and listen. I am convinced that you would agree with me, had you been present, that we had a remarkable attendance in comparison with some of our churches today. The reason for this is the prisoner's hunger for someone who does understand and care.

I believe, as we all gathered there for worship on Sunday, and also on Thursday nights when we gathered for a period of Bible study, that we all were conscious that this work was being done among us by the grace of God and His people. For this reason I wish to have you know the heartfelt gratitude of us all for the work you have made possible, and to urge you to give this work your best support. This work has a great challenge for us all. We have been challenged by the foreign mission fields and our response has been great. Nevertheless, this work is a challenge from our home missions. This work of prison missionary work is a greater task than we have supposed it to be. It must be remembered that a man isn't bad because he is a prisoner. It is that many of these men and women are the products of our own society. Very largely they are an outcome of that which goes on about them. The conditions of home and church life may well confess their guilt as to the reason for so much crime in their midst. Thus we may conclude that we have no right to rely on the state to remedy the causes for crime. It is the duty of the Church to furnish the inmates of such institutions with that which will aid them in their decision for a better life.

To confirm the need and splendid possibilities there is in this work, I shall relate that which took place in my own life during my prison experience. I realized immediately after my confinement that here was a crisis in my life. It was a period of my life when I felt that I must decide what to do. The fact of deciding for some new way to live is quite obvious to all in such institutions. They realize that they have failed and that there must be a reason for it. They realize that they are in prison and that they had never

planned to be there. It is a time when the soil of one's life is plowed deep and ready for the seed of God's Word. Of course, there are some who are hardened so that they are almost hopeless. But the majority of those to whom I talked, during my confinement at the reformatory, gave sufficient response to the Gospel story and the Word of God to convince me that here are possibilities undreamed of—possibilities that call for personal contact. They need to be understood and loved; they wonder if, after all, anyone really cares; if there is anyone who is concerned about their change of walk in life. They carefully note, also, how much the Church is exerting herself in their



behalf. They perhaps question, too, how many of you are on your knees praying for them. They can't help but feel that tie of neighbor. After all, the cry is a cry of despair: "God, my God, dost not even Thou love me?"

It is a delicate matter, this work of bringing the love and the life of God through Christ to these men and women of our prisons. Ignorance is responsible for most crime. I know these men and women need to be instructed in the truths of Christian life. Human life is a divine life whose aim should be to love, fear and obey God. Jesus loved all sinners and certainly that does not exclude the prisoner. Jesus came to save the sinner and that means the prisoner, too. One of the questions at the last judgment will be: Did you visit the prisoner? Christ is in heaven interceding for your freedom from the bondage of sin. What have you

done to bring the message of this freedom to those who are prisoners by reason of ignorance of the Gospel?

The aid a prisoner receives while he or she is confined is often very limited. Most prisoners should be dealt with personally because they have mental difficulties which stand in the way of their understanding. They do not think as we do. They cannot. They need to be understood and carefully guided and helped back into the way of life. There is the fact that they are in prison and must endure the subjection, rigor, and punishment that is a part of prison life. I do not believe that these prison methods are harmful if understood. Nevertheless, it so happens that many of them do not understand why they must endure those things, and therefore are often made worse because of them. We sometimes feel that the State is at fault. But I am sure now that many of these things are the faults of the Church. It is not the duty of the State to be personal in these matters, it is the duty of the Church. Because of this fact of distant relation between the people of God and the prisoners, I want to urge you, the Church of God, to provide for this prison missionary work so that it can be felt by the prisoner that surely the people of God care, they are sacrificing for our good. These men and women are hungering for a personal talk with some one who can understand them. They must be loved before they can be won.

After all, there is only one thing that can reform the life of a prisoner, and that is he needs the understanding love of God through Jesus Christ. All other ways and methods serve only as temporary helps in starting life anew.

Why should we as Christians feel that this work is our responsibility? First, it is God's will; secondly, the desperate need for the Gospel message among the prisoners; and thirdly, the desperate need for us to convince the prisoners that we do care for them. God's love is great enough and His means are ample enough to support His people in whatever effort and diligence that they will give in furthering His kingdom among these souls, who, if neglected, cry out in despair, not knowing why. I have heard their cries. You should have heard their cries. Not because the Gospel wasn't preached to them, but because it lacked your support. One man cannot do all that is to be done in these circumstances.

Here is a letter from Mrs. Carrie M. Baker, Paris, Texas: I bought my first copy of the Lighted Pathway from Sister Edith Brous and have been reading them ever since.

They are a joy to me. When I finish reading, I take them to the men in Lamar county jail.



## Our Church



### Your Church and Mine

It's your church and my church,  
Our very own church home,  
To love the best of all the rest  
No matter where we roam.

It's your church and my church,  
To build the best we know,  
To tend with care and keep it fair.  
A beauty spot below.

It's your church and my church,  
To view with kindly eyes,  
To love and give the best we have  
And not to criticize.

It's your church and my church,  
And guard it well we must—  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
It holds in sacred trust.

It's your church and my church,  
Our heritage divine;  
But we must work and never shirk  
To keep it yours and mine.

—Frances M. Morton, in *Exchange*.

### Pulpit Mannerisms

A mannerism is any act performed by a speaker which distracts from the facts which ought to receive attention.

Many sermons fail because of some peculiarity in manner or in apparel, or something which draws the attention from the message.

Statements like these are frequently heard: "I didn't get a thing of what that man said, because he cleared his throat all through the sermon." "The way that man hollered hindered me from hearing what he said." "If he only had looked us in the eyes we would have thought he really meant what he said, but he looked above us or between us, never

at us." Or, "do you know how many times that man repeated the words 'friends'—'yes-sir-ee'—'Praise the Lord'—'Amen,' etc., etc., etc.?"

Then there are the gesticulations, too, which are so annoying to cultured people, and the distracting postures, not to forget the matter of personal appearance.

It doesn't take much to distract the attention. And the devil will make the best use of everything, too, to further his cause in the meeting. We should realize this and avoid as many of the distracting features as possible.

There are other things also which could be mentioned in this connection. For example, the tendency to bring yourself into the limelight. Walking home from a revival meeting with a friend, I remarked, "It was a good meeting." "Yes," answered my friend, "but he mentioned himself fifty-seven times." "Oh," I said, "that's as many as Heinz's varieties of pickles and preserves." "Yes," he replied again, "and it was sour pickles to me."

It is an achievement to keep one's little self in the shadow and bring Christ to the front—especially if we have diplomas and talents and wonderful experiences. It is no easy matter to say with the apostle, "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

Christian workers often look for praise more than they look for results. It is too bad that it should be so, because we have such a wonderful Savior to present to the people. Nothing should distract attention from Him.

The way in which the congregational singing is led is likewise often a source of great annoyance. Oftentimes it aims to be an exhibition instead of directing. Wit, sarcasm, irony and stale jokes, to-

gether with senseless and sacrilegious repeating of verses and phrases, have murdered the effect of many a hymn. The congregation has been drilled in what the leader considered to be edifying and inspiring singing until every one participating was exhausted and in a state of listlessness.

It would, perhaps, be a fine thing if some petition could be laid before us preachers, teachers, composers, and song leaders, requesting us all to refrain from all these annoying and distracting mannerisms, so that the bigger things could get their innings.—*Evangelical Beacon*.

### "Don'ts" for Preachers

*Don't become too easily satisfied with yourself.* Your sermons have done good, but don't let us think they have done enough good; not as much good, perhaps, as you are capable of doing. It is possible for our sermons to become better and better without getting more effective. A good sermon is not enough. A good sermon may possibly be worse than a poor sermon.

How can I make my sermons more a part of life? Certainly not by trying to make them more interesting. If an effective sermon were merely an interesting sermon, I should have no problem. But my problem and every other preacher's problem is to help the people shift their interest from the sermon itself to their own lives and the lives of those about them. It requires a lot of hard work to prepare "good sermons," but it takes harder work to prepare sermons that will do "more good."

*Don't develop bad mannerisms.* If there is one place above another where one should be perfectly natural it should be in the pulpit. Yet often we discover that good sermons have been hindered by the eccentric mannerisms of the speaker.

There is the man who, seemingly, can not think clearly unless he is continually running his hand through his hair while addressing his audience. Such doings certainly take away from the impressiveness of his sermon.

Who has not sat in church and been annoyed by the preacher's constant playing with his glasses? For a speaker to be continually taking off and putting on glasses, twirling them in his fingers, is not only a distraction to his hearers but also indicates a lack of presence of mind.

There is the preacher who continually invites the attention of the audience to his watch chain rather than to his sermon. This same man will be fumbling with his watch, taking it out and putting it back again, times without number, as though he were expecting to catch a train.

*Don't study your sermons in the pulpit.*  
(Continued on page 23)



## Mission Page

### Letter From Haiti

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the name of Jesus, our blessed Redeemer. It is so encouraging to know that we have brothers and sisters in the Lord back home praying for us while we are carrying on in the front-line for God here in Haiti. The Lord has been blessing us in marvelous ways. Many souls have been freed from the bondage of idolatry, superstition, darkness, witchcraft and sorrows of a life without Christ. What a beautiful change comes over their faces as they pass from death unto life and how sweet it is to see them progress in the Lord.

This past week there were three converts gloriously baptized in the Holy Ghost. One of them, Brother Gui (pronounced Gee), had been seeking for three months. He was such a quiet, refined sort of fellow, who didn't want to ever pray with his hands lifted up. How encouraging it was to see him progress in the Lord. When he first came to us a year ago, he wanted to stand up at the door, just to look in and listen, but nothing more, because he was a good Catholic and had never committed any big sins—he was all right. When he found our sermons very interesting, he attended every service, but would sit only in the gallery. Finally, one night, he slipped into the church to sit inconspicuously in the back. Gradually one service after another, he moved closer to the front until he was on the front row. But all this time, he insisted that he was saved and never failed to remind us that he was a good Roman Catholic and that he didn't need anything else. However, one night in a prayer meeting, the Spirit of God got hold of him. How he cried to God for mercy and was gloriously saved! Last Christmas he was among the great crowd that was baptized in water. Since then he had been seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Then Sunday he was wonderfully baptized with the Holy Ghost. He had such a beaming light on his face while under the power of the Holy Spirit. He was pleading with the people (as he said, after he got his tongue back) to believe that this was true and was a glorious gift of God for them too, and to come without doubting to Jesus. His sister was on the back gallery—a fixed, narrow Catholic, looking in to see "what the devils were about." When she saw her brother under the power of the Lord, she ran home and brought the whole family to

see what strange things were happening to Brother Gui.

With his eyes closed, there he knelt, his arms waving around, preaching in tongues, and oh, how he did preach! Walking around on his knees with his arms held out, pleading to all to come to the Lord and such a light on his face! "I never saw such a thing in my life like it before!" one of the people exclaimed. Now the family believes there is something "real" in the Church, because they said, "Brother Gui never told a lie." They don't want to believe it is of God because they have been trained to think that God is only in the Roman Catholic church. Yet, on the other hand, they won't believe nor admit that such a nice brother could be filled with a devil spirit. So please pray for him that the Lord may definitely call him to work in His vast vineyard here, for he is such a clean-cut

### A Prayer For Our Missionaries

Dear God, we come to Thee today with contrite hearts, asking Thy forgiveness for our many sins of omission. Bless the missionaries, Lord, and all those now at work in the different fields. Bless the Mission Committee whose work for these peoples can reach only to the extent of the Church's interest and willingness to give. Arouse us, dear Lord, to a sense of our opportunity. Help us ever to be on the watch to direct the paths of these strangers and to fill their hearts with the glad news of salvation. We ask this in the name of Jesus. Amen.

and sincere man and God can call his family to the feet of Christ through his joyous testimonies.

While in the midst of writing this, we were called away to pray for a young girl who was demon-possessed. It's something to read about it in the Bible and another thing to actually see it, believe me! Oh, how we have to be filled with the Spirit in this darkened land of Satan and walk so close to the Lord that He may use us as instruments in His hands. How wonderful it is to see the fulfillment before our eyes of Mark 16:17—"And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils." We prayed five hours for her and she was marvelously delivered, glory to God! Pray for her that she may walk in the light of

the Lord and grow in grace and knowledge of Him.

That's the way of life here in Haiti, called here and then called there, we hardly have time for a little breathing spell to recall there in our letters to you dear folks back home. There are so many people from the mountains who come to get help for themselves or for members of their families who are demon-possessed. There are others who come to be healed through prayers.

This past month we opened up four missions: three in the plains and one in the mountains. The mission in the mountains already has an attendance of seventy-five adults and eighty-three children. Many Sunday mornings our evangelists have to get up at 3:00 a. m. to start walking fast for four hours before they reach some of these distant missions. Bible School has closed its second term of studies and we have kept a number of these native workers to answer the many calls to the mountains and the plains.

Easter Sunday we had a marvelous day for the Lord. Twelve couples married by the help of our Marriage Fund, seventy-two baptized in water and brought into membership in the Church, three hundred members taking part in the Lord's Supper. We are expecting to have another big day for the Lord again at Petion-Ville on "St. Peter's Birthday," which will be celebrated by the Catholics, Sunday, July 2. Last year we hurried fast to finish our mission here in order to open up the doors at this same time, for there were such large crowds of people coming to Petion-Ville to give homage to St. Peter's statue—which is just in front of our mission building. We are preparing this year for more than one hundred converts to be baptized in water on "St. Peter's Birthday." Many of these we will help with the Marriage Fund. Already seventy-seven couples have been helped in this way, to have their family lives straightened out and thus brought into fellowship in the Church. In Fort Jacques alone we have thirty more converted couples hoping to be married at this next big service. Pray for the funds to come in to marry these thirty couples who have been living together for years and have children, but cannot be accepted into the Church's full fellowship until they are legally married. Also pray for two well-educated native workers to be called of God to work in our city missions. Our first convert was a well-educated Catholic school teacher who was called of God to preach His Word and is now the pastor of the mission in the capital city of Port-au-Prince. God can certainly call two more like him.

Oh, the marvelous ways of the Lord. What a glorious Savior we have! To Him  
(Continued on page 26)



Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:  
I have just been reading the new Lighted Pathway. I think it is one of the finest reading magazines I can get hold of. I can hardly wait from one month to the other. I always want to read your message first because it means so much to me.

Your message in the July issue was really food to my soul. Really I would like to see you face to face because you seem like a mother to me. Though we may never meet here on earth, some day I expect to meet you over on the golden shore where there will be no trials and disappointments.

We have Y. P. E. services every Saturday night. There are not so many young people but there are some who are unsaved who are willing to take part in the service. We would like to see them saved before it is too late.—Flora Grissom, Red Bay, Ala.

Dear Sister Harrison:  
I cannot explain my gratitude to the Lighted Pathway. I pray the dear Lord may always bless you and that you may always have new things to strengthen us each month.

We are in a new field here and it means much to get the truth established. Please pray for us that the Lord may bless our Y. P. E.—H. U. Maxwell, Alberttown, Jam., B. W. I.

Dear Sister Harrison:  
When I bought my first Lighted Pathway it seemed that I was badly discouraged. I began to read the different pages and it was not long until I took new hope. I read the story, "The Narrow Path," which was real food to my soul. I am a member of the Church of God at Hope Mills, N. C. I am superintendent of the Sunday School and have a great interest in church work. Pray for me.—Frank Parker, Cumberland, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:  
Just a few words about our Y. P. E. here in Harrisburg, Ill. We are going on for Jesus. In our last revival twenty-one of our young people received the Holy Ghost, twelve were added to the church, which we are very thankful for. Our elder folk are pushing us forward with their prayers, amens, and praise the Lord, while our services are in session. We have our programs as outlined in our Lighted Pathways and God really seems to send His anointing to every speaker. I just can't express in words how God blesses us. Our evangelist says we have the most spiritual Y. P. E. he has ever visited. But

it all came about by prayer and working together with love and unity.

My husband, Melvin O. Smith, is president of this district. We have some wonderful talented young people, eager to work for God and His Church. We are boosting for more sales of the Lighted Pathway on this district.

We ask an interest in your prayers for our young people in Illinois and that we will always be a Y. P. E. booster and a soul winner for Jesus.—Mrs. Melvin O. Smith.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY



Four of our Publishing House employees. Top row, left to right: Willie Mae Carroll, stenographer and assistant bookkeeper; Pauline Davenport, stenographer to the General Secretary. Bottom row: Ima Barton, secretary to the General Overseer; Mary Lee Bell, assistant on Lighted Pathway mailing day.

From my niece, Alda Burt Rankin McClendon, St. Louis, Okla.:

Dear Auntie:  
I just praise God for sparing your life in His service here. You have been a great blessing to me and I still remember the New Testament you gave me when I was small and you had written on one of the pages in it with red ink. I don't remember just what you said on it as the ink has so nearly faded out I can't read it, but you wrote something about it being a light to my pathway, and how truly God's Word has been a light to me. Just think, you are now Editor of The Lighted Pathway! Those words have so much significance and it is a wonderful privilege to light up the pathway for the sojourners in this sin-darkened world. I'm sure The Lighted Pathway has brought help

and encouragement to many a precious soul. If you could perhaps lift the curtain you might see precious souls who would have given up the fight and gone back in sin had it not been for the help they had received from its pages. Sometimes as I sit and read its pages the tears trickle down my cheeks and it makes me want to be a greater blessing.

Dear Sister Harrison:  
Since reading a few issues of the Lighted Pathway some friends gave me, I feel like I know you personally. I really enjoy reading the letters from the readers too.

I don't get to be in service and I don't see anyone very often who belongs to the Church of God, so when I read your messages and the letters, it is just like being with you.

I really thank and praise God for His blessings to me, I know He is with me.

I have been in a T. B. sanatorium for fifteen months, but I have been sick since a child. I know the Lord can heal and will if I can only have more faith. He has touched my body many times and has healed me of several different things. Also pray that my mother will be healed of arthritis and that my youngest brother will be saved.

When I read the letters from other young people of how they are working for the Lord, it makes me have more desire to be well so I can do something for Him too.

I would enjoy hearing from anyone who would care to write, young or old.—Miss Pearle Mae Mitchell, Waverly Hills Sanatorium, Waverly Hills, Ky.

Young people, how about giving Pearl a shower of letters and post cards. It will do her good and also be a blessing to you.

Dear Sister Harrison:  
Although I only know you through the Lighted Pathway, I feel closely drawn to you. I dearly love all my brothers and sisters in Christ. I am glad to say I have been reading this good paper for some time. I really enjoy reading all of your messages, especially your message in the May issue on Mother's Day.

Please pray for me that I may bring up my children in a way that God can be glorified. I praise the Lord tonight because I am saved, sanctified, baptized with the Holy Ghost and belong to the great Church of God.

Our Y. P. E. here in Danville is doing very nicely. I can't go much because all the children are so small. My husband is president of the Y. P. E. and is greatly interested in the young people. Please pray for us that we may continue to work for the Master until He comes or calls.

May the Lord bless you, Sister Harrison, in your work.—Mrs. Lonnie Barnes, Danville, Va.



## J. P. E. Programs

### OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" or Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y. P. E. meeting. At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

#### Bible Lesson

Esther Holland

Topic, "MY SAVIOR'S LOVE TO ME"  
*Thoughts for the Leader*

The Bible story of the creation, fall and redemption of man is indeed a true love story revealing the wonderful love of our Lord for His children. His words are true and faithful "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." He has written such a great love letter to us, the Bible, and in this He calls His own by many endearing names and titles. Let us notice some of these that reveal His love to us.

#### Friends

"Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what His Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." John 15:15. Here He calls us friends, not servants. True, we are His servants, His love slaves and all that we do for Him should be done with this thought in mind, that we are doing it because we love Him and we are His through love. The Hebrew slaves were

supposed to be released every seventh year, but if a slave loved his master and preferred his service to liberty he became a bond slave for life, a love slave to his master. The service our Master has appointed us at this time is that of stewardship. All His business is in our hands in this world, we are His representatives. All that is required of us is faithfulness until He comes again with a great reward when He will cause us to sit down and will come forth and serve us. But what wonderful love He has extended to us in that He has exalted us to friendship, equality, intimacy; He confides in us, tells us the secrets of His heart. Perhaps there is no more beautiful fellowship tie in this world than true friendship. "A friend loveth at all times." When we face the time when trials cross our paths and when temptations and persecutions overtake us, then we appreciate a real friend and this is the time when a friend will prove himself. Listen to the words of Ruth to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me," Ruth 1:16, 17. This is only human friendship, but, how wonderful is the friendship of God, and what condescension on His part to call us friends!

#### Sons of God

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God," 1 John 3:1. He has made it possible for us to be partakers of His divine nature, being born again of that life outpoured for us. "And if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." He has freely given us all things. There is a wonderful time of adoption coming for each of those who are faithful, a time when our bodies will be redeemed and we shall be changed, transformed, and taken up into the heavenly family. "Beloved, now we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see Him as He is." What relationship we have with Him as with a Father who understands our innermost thoughts, and forgives because He loves us as sons.

#### His Body

He calls the Church His body. This shows the absolute oneness of Christ with us, the living vital union. As the head directs the movement of the body so He is guiding us, even more than we are aware of. And from Christ our head, we draw our very life, even as the branches draw life from the vine. Oh, if our abiding in Him, as living branches abiding in the

true vine were but perfect, what wonderful, what strong, fruit-bearing Christians would we be in this world of sorrows and sin? Then when we read of His love for the Church and how He gave all He had to make this Church perfect, or His body perfect, and ready for His Bride when He shall return to earth surely we cannot reject such matchless love. When we suffer, He suffers with us; when we are weary, He gives us rest. Oh, the bliss of being a member of the body of Christ!

#### Temples of God

"Ye are the temple of the living God." A temple of God is a building made holy, dedicated and set apart for God's dwelling place. God dwells in us. "I will dwell in them and they shall be my people." And our dwelling place is in God. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." Then if we are His temple, how holy, how justly, how cautiously should we walk daily before the brethren! How pure should our thoughts, our motives, our lives be each moment of the day! God will not dwell in an unholy temple, therefore, we must be ever pure, ever sanctified, meet for the Master's use.

#### His Bride

The angel who showed John the New Jerusalem said, "Come hither, I will show thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife." Paul, in the sixth chapter of Ephesians, speaking of the relation of husband and wife, says, "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church." The church then is His Bride. To understand this relation we must go back to Genesis two where God instituted marriage. We find that Eve was made from a rib taken from Adam's side, that she was his constant companion, for whom even father and mother were to be forsaken, and that she shared dominion with him over this creation. This figure also represents the oneness with Christ, as we are born from His riven side. Adam said, "This is now bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh."

This also shows our constant companionship with Him, "I will that they also be with me where I am." Jesus said, "And so shall we ever be with the Lord." "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." So far as Christ is concerned, He would have the entire church or body of believers, to become His bride. But not all will be ready to be caught up to meet Him at His coming. They will be taken out of the church, as Eve was taken from Adam's body and will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and forever be with Him. After the millennium, when the heaven and earth are made new, the whole company of the redeemed in the city of New Jerusalem will be the Bride, the Lamb's wife. So there is to be a wedding in the air and the great marriage supper of the Lamb, and we are to take His "new name." Oh, the wonder of it all. Oh, the joy, the bliss



of this perfect union of the soul with our God, our Savior! How marvelous is His love to us! What honor He has bestowed upon us to give Himself forever!

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Bible Lesson

Juanita Benson

Topic, "REWARD OF HUMBLENESS"  
*Thoughts for the Leader*

Matt. 11:28, 29

Here Jesus said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," and goes on to say, "I'm meek and lowly in heart." In another instance He said, I am the way, and if He is the way, and He is lowly and humble, surely it is a humble way. We can picture the lowly Nazarene, yet the great Son of God, gently pleading, Come, and truly many people have a desire to come, that spiritual part about them desires to be right with God, and really they would like to have the Holy Ghost salvation, they would certainly like to feel like those people look, and it would be a great privilege to call upon God in the day of trouble, but the old demon of pride comes around saying, "It would never do for you to act like that," and many, many poor miserable creatures die and go to hell before they will come the knee route.

*The Prodigal Son*

Luke 15:11-32

We imagine this young man went down the road whistling a merry tune that day thinking of the big time he was going to have, but he wasted his money, took chances, probably venturing into dangerous channels unthoughtedly like people today, and on he went until he drank the very dregs from the cup of sin, and then the famine set in. His money was gone, his gold digger friends were gone and worst of all his poor stomach was empty and no man gave unto him.

Then he came to himself, oh my! what a fool I've been, and then he began not only to meditate, but he began to do something. Hear his confession, "Father, I'm not worthy to be called your son, but just let me be one of your hired servants."

What happened? That big loving heart of father's wouldn't hear to such a thing, but rather gave orders for him to have the best, and they killed the fatted calf, and what a time of rejoicing they did have. Now isn't that just like our heavenly Father does things! The little old humble, insignificant fellow can shout the victory, while those that think themselves so important will dry up on the stalk, spiritually speaking.

*The Pharisee and the Publican*

Luke 18:10-14

Notice the vast difference in the prayers of these two men. The self-conceited Pharisee was such an old stiff-

necked hypocrite he never thought for a moment of confessing to God, but rather he spent his time bragging on himself, what a fine fellow he was. I visited a sick fellow one time whose life was gradually wasting away, and he could only look forward to plunge into eternity at any time. I tried to talk to him about repentance but I didn't have a chance. On the other hand it was different with the publican. He abhorred himself before God, he felt black in His holy sight and in shame he bowed his head, for a wretch like him wouldn't dare look up, and he just beat upon his breast, feeling he deserved all the bitterness the cup of repentance held. What a reward! He left the old load right there and went down to his house justified.

*The Centurion*

Matt. 8:6-10

Now this man, being one that had authority to say do this and that, held a position that many a man would have exalted himself over, came to Jesus beseeching Him to heal his servant who lay suffering with palsy. Jesus told him immediately, "I will come and heal him," but he began to say, "No, no Master, I'm not worthy for you to come under my roof, you are too far superior to me to ever be guest at my home, but just say the word, Lord, and that will be sufficient." He humbled himself, and honored the Master, and his request was granted.

*The Syrophenician Woman*

Mark 7:25-29

What a beautiful picture we get from this lesson of this woman, even the great man of Galilee remarked, "I've not found so great faith, no not in Israel." We know she came the right trail for she fell at the feet of Jesus, expressing all the humbleness she knew, earnestly beseeching him to heal her daughter but Jesus put her to a test, saying, "It's not right to take the children's bread and give it to dogs." What did she do, leave in defiance? Not by any means, but rather answered him, "Yes, Lord, but the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their Master's table," in other words I'll take what the Jews pass up carelessly or even refuse, in fact, I'll do anything, Lord, just heal my daughter. She met conditions, and she couldn't miss what she had asked for.

*Conclusion*

Jesus suffered humiliation and shame to pave the way into the Holy of Holies, or in other words, gain back our connection with God that was lost in Adam. So let us strive to live humble, let's not say what we will and will not do, but rather determine in our hearts we will do what Jesus says. I remember an experience I had one time along this line. I said I wouldn't do a certain thing, not that I meant to be mean about it, but in my opinion it didn't seem fair, and the Lord began to tell me about being self-willed,

and I responded to the still, small voice, willing for His sake, but what could I do about saying I wouldn't? Then Jesus told me about the man that had two sons whom he told to go to work in his vineyard, one said he would go, but didn't, and the other said he wouldn't, but afterwards repented and went and he asked which of the two did the will of his Father? so that fixed it for me, and ever since I have tried to be particular not to be headlong, but ask the Lord's advice about it.

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Bible Lesson

Pauline Weaver

Topic, "DETERMINATION"

*Thoughts for the Leader*

Determination is about the greatest thing there is in living a Christian life. It is important to everyone, but much more so to young people whom the devil tries so desperately to overthrow. Many things come our way to tempt and try us that would not come into older people's lives, but if we are determined, despite all things, to live for Jesus—we can! We must remember our motto, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

*In Spite of Trials, Temptations*

We must have determination to go on despite trials and temptations. If we remember that the Lord allows us to be tempted only as much as we can overcome, we can realize that we can never fail, so long as we lean on the Lord's everlasting arm. He said He'd be "with us in the sixth trial and in the seventh He'd not forsake us," so let's go on!

*In Spite of Friends*

Sometimes it may seem that we will have no friends if we live for Jesus, but the Lord will give us friends. He, first of all, is our best friend, and He will never leave nor forsake us—so, even if our friends do seem to turn their backs on us we can keep on. Be determined—don't give up—and those friends will probably come this way themselves and love us better than ever.

*In Spite of Lack of Confidence*

It seems that one thing that bothers young people so much is the thought that the older people do not have confidence in them. Ofttimes we just have to push aside that thought and tell the devil we are living for ourselves, not for everyone else. Be determined! Regardless of whether people have confidence in us or not, we can make it through—and we can live so good and pure until they must have confidence in us.

*In Spite of Criticism*

It seems sometimes that everything we do and every way we turn there is always someone ready to criticize us. But we must be determined. Look up, fear not the

(Continued on page 25)



## Contributions by Young Writers

### Blessings in Disguise

If I walk with my hand in Jesus'  
And, in all things, His will obey,  
Not a thing that can really harm me,  
Will be able to come my way.  
Though things may look dark at present,  
Some day, in the future, I'll see  
That the thing, which I feared, was a  
blessing,  
Sent by my Lord to me.

—Miss Kittie L. Brackett

### He Died For You

They crucified the Son of God,  
They nailed Him to a tree;  
'Twas there He died for me, for you,  
That man of Galilee.

Upon the cross He bore our sins,  
Oh, what a load to bear!  
And yet His message some will spurn,  
They do not seem to care.

They say they celebrate His birth,  
Yet I would like to know  
How many people would obey  
If He had said do so.

If they were truly glad He came,  
Their hearts to Him they'd give,  
In reverence they'd worship Him  
And for Him ever live.

O sinner friend, He calls to you,  
Repent, believe, obey,  
That you may truly ready be  
Should He call for you today.

—Mrs. F. M. Renner

### Our Helper

Jesus is our helper, He is our true friend  
and guide,  
He will walk closely by our side.  
Each day as we grow older,  
In the spirit we grow bolder.

Jesus is our helper, He will guide us safely home;  
No more in this world of sin we roam.  
On the judgment day, we will meet our  
helper there;  
Then up in glory we all the joys will  
share.

—Pauline Ellis

### Working at Christ's Command

Jesus has come and gone away,  
But He gave us words to obey.  
His command just before He went:  
To the world the gospel must be sent.  
It spread from Jerusalem, truly we know,  
And the people learned God's words were  
so.

We bear the name of God's Church to-  
day;

Let's still send the gospel on its way,  
That those in sin these very last days  
Can know of Christ, who takes sins away.  
Their hearts be glad as much as ours  
When they are saved by the gospel's pow-  
er.

The Church of God in its working orders  
Are sending the Word to heathen bor-  
ders.

Those souls in sin from God astray  
Accept God's plan the Holiness Way.  
We, as the Christians in American land,  
Will we still work at the Lord's com-  
mand?

—Evangelist Geo. L. Cravens, Lancaster,  
Ky.

Read all notices on page 26

### One Glad Day

When life's storm is all blown o'er,  
And God takes His bride away,  
Won't that be a happy union,  
At the end of one glad day!

Soon He's coming for His children,  
This I feel down in my soul;  
Let us keep our garments spotless  
Till the pearly gates unfold.

I am looking for His coming  
How could it be far away,  
Till we see our loving Savior,  
At the end of one glad day?

—Geo. W. Kelly, Enid, Okla.

### Hold Our Hands

Mother, hold my hands,  
You lifted up a cross that I might see,  
Supreme atonement, there for me,  
That in its boundless depths I stood  
amazed.

I saw His death in your life, so instant-  
ly I gazed.  
I saw the Savior's love reflected in your  
face,  
And felt it in the warmth of your em-  
brace.  
Then I could understand.

—Willie Waters, Pelzer, S. C.

### Preaching Service

Is preaching service your service, my  
friend?

Do you expect to meet Jesus when en-  
tering in?

Do you go in to worship in the spirit of  
prayer,

Or do you just go to say you've been

there?

Do you give whole-heartedly of your in-  
terest and attention,  
Or do you just hear a few things that  
are mentioned?

Do you appreciate your pastor's service to  
you,

Or do you just go there to fill up the  
pew?

Do you make strangers feel at home in  
your church,

Or do you just leave them alone in the  
lurch?

Do you give of your money in the way  
that you should,

Or do you just give to make folks  
think you're good?

Part of the service depends upon me and  
you,

So let's do our part and help carry it  
thru'

Spiritually, it'll strengthen mine and your  
soul,

Let's all pray together and we'll soon  
reach the goal.

Let's thank God for the privilege He has  
given,

And all work together for the kingdom  
of heaven.

Then some day we'll hear our Lord say,  
"Come home with me and the angels  
to stay."

—Mrs. Buck, Augusta, Ga.

Don't forget to send your offering for Bible  
Training School Library

### Tennessee Camp Meeting

E. Lesley Simmons, Jr.

It was Monday afternoon,  
The clouds were drifting through the sky,  
When we rolled into old Sevierville  
Expecting blessings from on high.  
We had spent long weeks of waiting,  
Oh! how our hopes did now abound,  
To be a worker in Sevierville  
On the old camp meeting ground.

From the east and from the west  
Many had come there to seek God,  
And it seemed the meeting places  
Were the same as angels trod.  
Midst the preaching and the praying  
Did God's blessings fall around,  
And we shouted in Sevierville  
On the old camp meeting ground.

There were souls with tear-filled eyelids  
Fasting and praying for God's love,  
To save their souls and make them ready  
To go home to heav'n above.  
As they faithfully accepted  
And His loving grace they found,  
They were saved there in Sevierville  
On the old camp meeting ground.

Sanctified were many others,  
Several found the Holy Ghost;  
And so many other blessings



From the Savior of the lost.  
As God's blessings fell upon us,  
Made our hearts to beat and pound;  
We were happy in Sevierville  
On the old camp meeting ground.

Were you at this great camp meeting?  
Did you find His blessings there?  
Did you not get very homesick  
For those mansions in the air?  
All attending were so blessed  
That we cannot help but sound,  
News of blessings in Sevierville  
On the old camp meeting ground.

If Christ should delay His coming  
'Til another year has passed,  
Since the blessings God has giv'n  
I know we will not have to ask  
That we all pray to God our Father,  
"When a new year has been crowned,  
Give us another great camp meeting  
On the old camp meeting ground."

God's Altar

God's love is just wonderful and greatly  
does abound,  
He planted it within our hearts to make  
a praying ground;  
We built this cherry altar that was  
planted in the sod  
And fixed it like we wanted it, then of-  
fered it to God;  
And when we, heavy hearted, find that  
things are out of line,  
We stroll right up the hollow, for we  
know it's praying time.  
Out to the cherry altar where a man can  
do his part,  
By telling all the secrets to the God who  
rules each heart;  
A God so understanding, who was tried  
as we today,  
Who went to the high mountain tops all  
by Himself to pray.

Carl Mount, Orme, Tenn.

Sister Harrison:

I dedicate these words to you,  
With a heart of love and joy.  
Your ministry in the Church of God  
Has blessed many a girl and boy.

But this is not enough to say,  
For your pen blesses mother and dad,  
It makes them love their babies more  
And so their heart is glad.

And I can say from my heart,  
You're a mother to us all.  
You teach us to be ready  
To obey the faintest call.

And on you go from day to day,  
A blessing to some band,  
You'll never know the good you've done,  
Until you reach the promised land.

And if we'll listen to you,  
The way will brighter grow.

And we'll all meet together  
Round God's great throne I know.

—Mrs. Eva Davidson, Shelburn, Ind.

WHAT A GLORIOUS BEGINNING

DELMAR C. BARNES

*"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."* Heb. 11:3.

What a glorious beginning! So great that it can be understood only by faith. 'Tis the framework of a mighty God, the plan of an infallible Architect, the perfect creation of an Infinite Being, unlimited and unconditioned. It was then that God placed the sun on the shelf of the sky, rolled out the moon from under His arm, threw the stars from His fingertips, measured the waters in the hollow of His hands, weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. He stretched out the heavens like a curtain, floated the clouds on wings of the wind—yea, even the worlds were framed by the power of His Word.

Paul states "The things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." The advocates of Pantheism try to identify God with the universe by declaring that all is God, that is, nature itself, such as trees, water, soil, etc., is God. Such doctrine denies the personality of God (no one believes a tree to be a person), thereby denying the foundation of the whole Biblical system. Such doctrine also denies the Biblical account of the creation of the earth and teaches that God and the creation are identically the same. To accept this theory is to believe that the earth was "self-created, self-made, and self-existent." This is absolutely an impossibility because there is nothing that can make itself. But God creates and is apart from the creation; He is the Creator, not the creature. In other words, the things which are seen were not made of things which do appear.

One may say, "The earth had no beginning but has always existed." This, too is impossible. The earth suffers changes, physically and socially, and anything suffering change had a beginning. The Lord said concerning himself, "I am the Lord, I change not." Mal. 3:6. Why could God say that? Because He had no beginning; He suffered no changes. Should the earth be able to speak it could not make such claims since it suffers changes, proving it did have a beginning.

According to the above facts we must agree that this orb on which we live had "beginning" which was not "self-created" but determined by a cause—the First Cause. But the question now arises, Was that first cause a personality? The Bible, whose first doctrine is that of God, states positively that the Author of Crea-

tion is a person. Job 13:7, 8; Heb. 1:3. For the sake of the Pantheist who does not accept the Bible I take pride in saying that the personality of the Creator can be proven without the Bible.

Everywhere are the marks of design, and design signifies a designer. A designer denotes "intelligence and free will" which are attributes of personality. (A person is an intelligent being with a free will.) It is by this definition that a person is distinguished from all other things. Who could the personality of creation be but the God of the Bible? Though the Pantheists may not acknowledge this in Christian terms they are forced to recognize the failure of their own doctrine.

There was a time when the world was not, the universe did not exist, the heavens were an "Invisible object"—but, IN THE BEGINNING God created the heaven and the earth. What a glorious beginning!

Next month: "When Was the Beginning?"

Don't forget to send your offering for Bible Training School Library

Suppose

Suppose that each of the Y. P. E.  
Was working hand and heart  
For the interest of the Lord above,  
And each was doing his part  
To see the work move on for God  
That lost souls might be saved,  
And Christ the Lord be lifted up  
To the world, He died to save.

Suppose that none would ever shirk  
When asked to do their best;  
Suppose that all the Y. P. E.  
Was filled with fire and zest  
To never let a program slip  
Without a solemn prayer,  
That God would bless the Y. P. E.,  
And that His presence would be there.

When some in the Y. P. E.  
Begin to take a part,  
Suppose we did not criticize,  
But took them on our heart  
And asked the Lord to bless them  
That they might do their best,  
That they might glorify the Lord.  
I'm sure that He would bless.

Help our Y. P. E. to prosper  
That lost souls might come to Thee,  
Help us all to love Thee better,  
The need of service, help us see.  
Yes, we'll work for Christ the Saviour,  
Labor in His vineyard true,  
Be a faithful servant, ever  
Doing what He would have us do.

And I'm sure that He will smile upon us,  
And His love will fill our soul,  
(Continued on page 25)



# The Price of Jungle Jewels

BY SISTER FANNIE FOSHEE

(Continued from last issue)

"Mary dear, please don't go today, you look so pale and it's only been such a short time since you were so very sick. I am feeling quite well enough and I can go alone," said Gerald as he noticed her hands trembling as she put their change of clothes in the small suit case.

"No dear, they sent word for me to come and I must go. Somehow every time that I make a trip lately I have a feeling that each one might be the last trip that I'll be able to make for God. So if I only have a short time to stay here to work I want to make every moment count."

"I know they sent word for you to come but if I told them you were not able to make the trip they would understand. If only the mission board would send us help, then you would not have to go when you are not able." As Gerald spoke he turned his head away and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Gerald, I have always said that I wanted to die in the harness. I must go! The burden on my heart for them is too heavy to be content to stay here in comfort while you take the trail alone. I'll go and God will give the strength, bless His wonderful name."

Soon they were on their way, riding donkeys along the narrow trail. The sun beat down on them unmercifully as they plodded slowly along. Often they had to stop and rest and many times they knelt and prayed for strength to go on. When they arrived they were greeted by the chief who soon had provided them a place to unload their things.

The drums began to beat as the people were called to the center of the village to hear the white man speak of the true God and His will towards man. They sat with hungry hearts for God and listened to the wonderful Gospel message for the first time. It was all too wonderful almost to believe. All their lives they had never heard anything so interesting as the story of the Christ who died that lost men might be saved.

The aged chief sat spellbound as the truth began to dawn on his feeble mind. Mary noticed that the tears were flowing down his face freely and his bent shoulders shook with emotion. When Gerald had finished speaking, he gave them a chance to ask any questions they might care to. The old chief stood up and tried hard to compose himself so he could speak and after a few moments he began. "There is none of us who have heard the white man's story of this wonderful Jesus who came to bring peace to man's heart, but I will agree that it is the sweetest and the most satisfying that we

have ever heard. I have a question that I wish to ask the white teacher who has been so kind to come and tell us the good news." Then turning to Gerald he asked, "Kind white man, how long has your people known this good news?"

Gerald looked astonished and hardly knew what to say for in his heart he knew what was in the mind of these people. "Our people have known about it all of our lives. In fact it has been two thousand years since Jesus died," he added.

The old man looked astonished and the tears began to pour from his eyes. "Then why has someone not told us before, I am the only one left of my own people, and to think they have missed the right way when someone could have made it so plain to them! Some months ago we heard of this great God and sent to you to come and tell us more, but we never could get any one to come. My squaw was living then and she was so anxious for you to come before she had to go out into the great beyond, for she was afraid to go alone. But last month she died without knowing!" Here he stopped as he was so overcome with emotion that he could not continue.

Mary and Gerald were weeping too for well they remembered the pitiful message that they received from this tribe. They remembered too the impossibility of their coming to them at the time. Mary remembered that she was barely alive at that time and thought that she would never go on another trip like this. Many things ran through their minds in those few moments as he stood there. Gerald knew it was then that he had written for help for it was impossible for him to take care of the work properly, but the answer he received was no encouragement to him. They had no money to send other missionaries. They were having difficulty keeping the ones they had on the field. So they had had to wait until they could get strength to travel again. Gerald spoke and as he spoke he sighed. "My dear people, I well remember the day we received your message. My wife here was very sick and I could not leave her alone. I did try to get someone else to come but I could get no one. I am very sorry that your loved ones have had to go out to meet God unprepared. But let us who have heard the wonderful words of life not go away from this place today until we have accepted Christ in our hearts." He told them then to kneel and pray to God to save them and almost every knee was bowed in prayer. Mary and Gerald went about among them and tried to encourage them. On and on they prayed until their faces began to shine with that

new found joy.

The day ended and they were slowly winding their way on to another needy village. The happy people followed them down the trail and begged them to promise to send someone to be their teacher. But Gerald could only shake his head sadly and tell them that he could promise no one soon. Perhaps next year if the Lord gave them the strength they would come again. They stood in the trail and waved them good-bye, many of them in tears.

"Ah, how sad, Mary, to have to always say no to them! If only we had more help then it would not have to always be no," Gerald said sadly.

"I know it is hard, dear, but it's always this way. Every village, and there are many of them, always beg us to promise them a teacher. The answer is always the same; no one to send! Dear God, please help us to bear up under this heavy burden," Mary said as she looked heavenward.

The trip had been a success for God had wonderfully blessed them with souls and they had returned home after two weeks spent going from village to village. They were tired but in their hearts they had the assurance that a few more souls had been snatched from the hand of the enemy.

That night they lay down to rest and committed themselves to God. They asked Him to move on someone's heart to send help to them for their strength was fast going from them. Mary could not sleep for hours, she kept praying for God to move in some way. By morning she had fallen into a fitful sleep and Gerald saw she had a high fever. The days dragged slowly by and Mary's condition grew steadily worse. There was no doubt that she had another attack of the dreaded tropical fever. The kind native Christians, together with Gerald, did all that loving hands could do, but it was evident that unless God did something for her she could not stand the ravages of the dreaded disease very much longer.

One morning Gerald, after sitting by her bedside watching her suffer, and not being able to help her in any way, left her in the hands of one of his trusted Bible women, and went out into the cool morning air to pray. He felt sure that he was going to have to give up the one thing in all the world that would be the hardest. He had prayed for her recovery but he could no longer do this. He knew that it was not the will of God to heal her. He must say "God have your way," but could he? Then he prayed as only the heartbroken can pray. One half hour later he arose and his face was aglow with the love of God. He walked back to the little cottage and met the woman coming to meet him.

(Continued on page 23)



# Reading Circle



One fine way to improve the mind is to fill it full of the very best thoughts of others. Those best thoughts are found in good books and magazines. Carlyle rightly said, "The true university is a collection of books." Franklin attributed his life's achievements to the reading of a volume of Cotton Mather's essays when he was a boy. Carey became a missionary through the influence of "The Voyages of Captain Cook." Emerson's book on nature made Tyndall a naturalist. The assassin of Lord Russell said that the reading of one bad book made him a criminal and a murderer. Sir Joshua Reynolds took a friend through a famous art gallery. At the door the friend began to praise a number of second-rate works of Rubens. Sir Joshua said nothing, but pointed out, as they went from room to room, the technique of the really great pictures. So impressive was the lesson that the friend, when they came near the door again, hardly looked at the florid works. Love the highest and the mind will become like that which it loves.

Read all notices on page 26

## Here Are the Books For Your Library

- "At the Crossroads," by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price, \$1.00.
- "The Girl Who Found Herself," by Jack Lynn. Price, 50c.
- "The Pilot's Voice," Isabel C. Byrum. Price, 75c.
- "Twelve Brave Boys, Who Became Famous Men," by Esther E. Enock. Price, 50c.
- "A Christian Girl's Problems," by Mary S. Wood. Price, 50c.
- "Twelve Mighty Missionaries," by E. E. Enock. Price, 50c.
- "Deeper Experiences," by James Gilchrist Lawson. Price, \$1.50.
- The Young Convert's Problems and Their Solution* by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D. This little book seeks to help young Christians who are just starting on their heavenward way. All the problems that confront them are discussed from the Bible standpoint, the author endeavoring to throw its searchlight on the many questions of life and action that meet them at every turn. Cloth, 93 pp, \$1.00.
- The Triumph of John and Betty Stam* by Mrs. Howard Taylor.—A permanent record of the consecrated lives

of John and Betty Stam, who were martyred by Chinese communists. Particularly recommended for young people. Cloth, 75c.

NOTE: We have had quite a few to write, asking us to recommend books for their library. Each month we publish a list on this page to help you in selecting helpful books. Please join our Reading Circle and then you will not miss anything.

To join our Reading Circle you promise to read the Lighted Pathway from cover to cover.

## Don't Forget

that you need "The History of the Church of God" by E. L. Simmons. If you belong to The Church of God, you will want one of them in your home to show your friends the great progress your Church is making. Order from the author, Rev. E. L. Simmons, 2519 Trunk St., Cleveland, Tennessee. Price, \$3.00.

## A New Play, "Home Scenes"

We have just finished a new play that we are sure will be a great blessing to your church. Its title is "Home Scenes." It is very touching and will inspire young parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Send 25c for your copy.

This play takes two families, the Bartons and the Joneses, and follows them from the first evening in their own home down to the evening of life. It portrays the difference in the home that takes Christ as its foundation and the one who has as its goal worldly gain. Plays one hour or more.

Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.

## Mountain Peaks of Experience or The Story of My Life Price 35c

## What Others Say About It

On learning dear Sister Harrison had written "Mountain Peaks of Experience, or the Story of My Life," there came a hunger to read it, having become acquainted with the author shortly after she received the baptism of the Holy Ghost while I was in the Lord's service in Florida, and was very deeply impressed with her sincerity, ability and love to

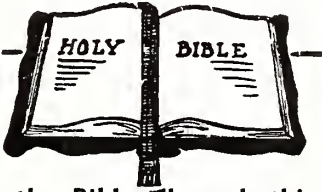
God. This was the beginning of a blessed Christian fellowship. "Behold what God hath wrought" through a consecrated life. I am sure this book will be a real inspiration to trust and obey God in these trying times. It shows how suffering rightly borne always enriches mankind, and how God answers the yielding, trusting heart filled with His Spirit. I had been going through severe trials and in finishing the book my heart broke out exultantly singing,

"God leads His dear children along."

Surely every reader and lover of the Lighted Pathway will want to read the life story of its Editor.—Mrs. Flora E. (Bower) Trim, Cleveland, Tenn.

In regard to Sister Harrison's life story, I wish to say it is one of the most touching little booklets I ever read. No, I am not a "weeper," it is very hard for me to shed tears, but while reading her story of the severe testings she has gone through with and how the Lord has delivered her out of them all, my eyes were filled with tears the entire time I was reading. Several times I had to stop and wipe the tears so that I could see to finish the story. If you have a relative or friend who feels he cannot accept the way of holiness because of his social standing or position in life, I am sure Sister Harrison's experiences given in this book will prove beneficial in helping him see his error and surrender to the Lord.—Mrs. Dwight Daniel, Cleveland, Tenn.

Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.



## Read the Bible Through this Year

These are the suggested Bible readings for September:

	Morning	Evening
Sept. 1	Song of Sol. 1-4	Rom. 12
Sept. 2	Song of Sol. 5-8	Rom. 13-14
Sept. 3	Isa. 1-2	Rom. 15
Sept. 4	Isa. 3-5	Rom. 16
Sept. 5	Isa. 6-9	1 Cor. 1
Sept. 6	Isa. 10-11	1 Cor. 2-3
Sept. 7	Isa. 12-13	1 Cor. 4
Sept. 8	Isa. 14-15	1 Cor. 5-6
Sept. 9	Isa. 16-17	1 Cor. 7
Sept. 10	Isa. 18-19	1 Cor. 8-9
Sept. 11	Isa. 20-22	1 Cor. 10
Sept. 12	Isa. 23-24	1 Cor. 11
Sept. 13	Isa. 25-27	1 Cor. 12-13
Sept. 14	Isa. 28-29	1 Cor. 14
Sept. 15	Isa. 30-31	1 Cor. 15
Sept. 16	Isa. 32-33	1 Cor. 16
Sept. 17	Isa. 34-35	2 Cor. 1
Sept. 18	Isa. 36-37	2 Cor. 2-3
Sept. 19	Isa. 38-40	2 Cor. 4

(Continued on page 25)





This is a part of our good people on the Kanawha River district in West Virginia who attended our Y.P.E. and Sunday School convention, which convened July 1-2. Brother T. F. Blackwell, our esteemed state superintendent, presided. He was assisted by J. A. Whitlow, the district overseer. Truly we had a wonderful time in the Lord. One precious man received the Holy Ghost and we were all blessed and edified. We are all boosters of the Y.P.E.—J. A. Whitlow, Smithers, W. Va.

## Y. P. E. CONVENTIONS

### Coal River Dist. S. S. and Y. P. E. Convention

The Coal River district Sunday School and Y. P. E. convention convened at Garrison, W. Va. June 24-25 with the district pastor, Brother R. E. Leadingham, in charge.

On Saturday night the Y. P. E. of Seth, W. Va. gave two very interesting plays entitled, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," and "The Unbroken Circle," under the direction of Sister Edith Atkins. On Sunday morning we enjoyed Brother D. B. Hatfield's explanation of the Sunday School lesson.

Our state Sunday School and Y. P. E. superintendent, Brother T. F. Blackwell, brought a most interesting sermon on "A Spirit-filled Life." We love Brother Blackwell very much and feel assured that God is with him in his work.

The Sunday afternoon services included an interesting program by the Y. P. E. of Garrison and general instructions to the Sunday School and Y. P. E. by Brother Blackwell. We certainly enjoyed the good singing and the sweet presence of the Lord.

Pray for us to do His will.—Mrs. Eugene Hearn.

### N. Matewan, W. Va. District S. S. and Y. P. E. Convention

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am sounding a note of praise in behalf of our district Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention which convened at North Matewan, W. Va. May 26-28. The dear Lord surely heard us. The Holy Ghost was present in every service. Some of the Y. P. E's and Sunday Schools rendered programs that were very impressive and uplifting. I truly believe the Lord's

approval was on every service. I feel that this convention has been a great help. I believe some who have been opposers of the Y. P. E. and Sunday Schools came to themselves like the prodigal son. It is good for folks to see themselves sometimes.

We truly thank the Lord for Brother Blackwell. We feel that he has been a blessing in the state of West Virginia. I believe his whole heart is devoted to seeing the Y. P. E's and Sunday Schools come to the front.

I also thank the Lord for our pastor, H. H. Tygart, who is also our district Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent. He is a wonderful man and he and Brother Blackwell co-operate one hundred per cent.

Now workers and coworkers of the Y. P. E. and Sunday School, it's up to us. Let's build up our Y. P. E. and Sunday Schools. Be like David, go against the enemy in the name of the Lord.

If the Lord tarries we want to have a convention even better than this one.—Virginia Charles.

### God Blessing the Young People in the Pacific Northwest

The Pacific Northwest Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention convened June 16, 17, and 18 inclusive, in the Church of God at Auburn, Wash. The mighty presence of the Holy Ghost was manifested in this convention from the first song to the last amen.

The people began to gather in from distant fields early Friday afternoon and got located, a place to eat and sleep during the meeting. And they came with victory, as only Church of God people have victory—joyous, buoyant, shouting victory over sin, the victory that keeps one from

sinning every day.

God surely blessed the young people as they sang their specials, preached the messages and gave in the reports of battles fought and victories won. Not a time did we hear of a place being too hard, or a murmur or complaint about the opposition or persecution, though some came over five hundred miles to be in this great feast with the Lord.

It seemed that heaven's activity must have ceased, as angels swung low to look into the little assembly where people were really praising the great Creator. Surely the sweet Psalmist of Israel spoke of a time like this when he said, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven."

If our spiritual eyes could have been opened, possibly we would have seen angels hovering over on joyous and buoyant wings, in praise and thanksgiving, that man had received the great salvation that had cost heaven such a great price. And above all, the "blessed Trinity" looking on in approval, the Father pleased because the Son was honored and adored, the Holy Ghost was received and obeyed. The Son pleased because the Church of God is moving forward, onward and upward to greater battles and greater victory, for the Lord has promised that the "gates of hell shall not prevail against her." And she shall triumph, because the battle is the Lord's. Hallelujah!

The welcome was given by the local Y. P. E. superintendent, Brother Jens Anderson. The responses were given by Brothers Leslie E. Keil, of Winchester, Idaho and Oscar Beckman of Stites, Idaho.

The different speakers at this first Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention were  
(Continued on page 24)



# Under Whose Wings

(Continued from page 3)

but no, his heart was still beating.

In answer to the loud ringing of the bell a servant appeared.

"Does Mr. Frank Loring live here?"

"Yes, sir. But he is not home, sir."

"Are any of the family home?" he asked.

"His son has just come in, sir, but has retired for the night. It is very late."

"Tell him to come as quickly as he can. His father is very ill and is out here in my car. He needs attention as quickly as possible. Do you know who the family doctor is, and whether I can get him on the phone?"

The servant seemed almost paralyzed from fear for a moment. Who was this man anyway, and what could he possibly be doing with Mr. Loring out there in his car? She ran to the foot of the stairs and fairly screamed, "Mr. Harry, come quick."

In half a minute a man in dressing gown stood at the head of the stairs, "Lillie, what on earth is the matter?" he asked.

Mr. Tiegan had advanced into the hall and stood looking about him for a telephone. The man saw him, and in a big, angry voice boomed down the stairs, "Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Your father is here and I am bringing him home. He needs a doctor quick. Give me the number, and I will call him up."

At the mention of his father the man's manner instantly changed. "I will be right down in a minute. Call the doctor and ask him to come to Frank Loring's at once," and he gave a telephone number.

The servant led Mr. Tiegan to the telephone where he proceeded to get the doctor, after telling her she had better arouse the other servants and be prepared to give any possible aid to the sick man.

To his relief the doctor answered instantly. "Be over inside of five minutes."

As he hung up the phone he turned to face the son standing in the doorway pulling on his coat.

Few words of explanation were spoken as the two men carried the now unconscious father to a large, handsomely furnished bedroom. The house seemed to be full of servants. A young woman, a niece, appeared on the scene just as the doctor arrived.

Ruth had remained in the car, and as Mr. Tiegan saw that everything possible was being done, and there was all the help necessary to care for the sick man, he excused himself in a few minutes, leaving his name and address, and returned to Ruth.

"I am sorry, Miss Birnie, to be taking you home at such a late hour. But I shall

take full responsibility for your lateness and this whole affair tonight. Don't you worry."

Now that it was all over, Ruth was beginning to realize what an unusual procedure the whole thing had been. She did not know how to explain the situation even to the girls. Why had they been out in that lonely place so far from the city and at that hour of the night? She decided not to tell anyone of the incident. Mr. Tiegan would undoubtedly make it all right with the school authorities, she felt sure, and she did not propose to mention it to anybody if she could help it.

A sleepy night watch let her into the dormitory a little after one o'clock. Mr. Tiegan had come to the door with her, though they had said very little beyond "What if we had not gone back?"

Dear Sister Harrison:

I think your story "Under Whose Wings" is good for our young people. There would be fewer divorce cases and less backsliding if our people would seek to know the will of God before taking a wife or husband. We have plenty of scripture showing that He should be consulted in every thing, especially something as important as matrimony.

If our young people would be led by the Spirit of God and not by the beauty or accomplishments of the young lady or young man, how different would their after years be. So many have made shipwreck of their lives on this one reef; lots of suicides and oh, the misery and suffering for the self-willed, obstinate one, who will not listen to God or take the advice of friends. They will reap what they sow. It takes the experience to learn the lesson. Then it is too late.

With a heart of love for our young people I am just a little servant.—Ida McCoy.

Note: Sister Ida McCoy is Brother Otis McCoy's mother. She has read the book.—Ed.

## THE HAPPY SEQUEL

Ruth did not see Mr. Tiegan until dinner the next evening. He smiled at her in a friendly fashion, but the whole thing seemed now like a dream. To her great relief no one seemed to know anything about her adventure and nothing was said to her then or afterward, for many days.

After dinner that evening Mr. Tiegan stopped her as she was leaving the dining room. "I called up Mr. Loring's house this afternoon. The old gentleman has a very bad cold, and they fear pneumonia may set in, but his ankle is only sprained, and if they can break up this cold he will be not much the worse for it. They all seem exceedingly grateful to us for picking him up, and he wants to see us just as soon as he is able to be up. When I called the house, the niece answered the

phone, but later in the afternoon the son called me up from his place of business down town to thank us for what we did for his father. They seem like mighty nice people."

"I am so glad he is getting on all right," Ruth answered earnestly as she passed on into the classroom.

Two weeks or more had passed, the Christmas holidays had come and gone, and one evening Mr. Tiegan waited for Ruth after one of the evening classes.

"May I see you a minute, Miss Birnie?"

She left the group of students and came over to where he was standing a little apart from the others.

"Can you go with me to make a call tomorrow evening?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"Where?"

"To see Mr. Loring. He has entirely recovered except his sprained ankle does not allow him to rush about very much. He wants us very much to come to see him,—tomorrow evening if we can."

"Couldn't you go without me, Mr. Tiegan?" she asked.

"Never! Would not think of it for a minute. You were responsible, Miss Birnie, for this rescue quite as much as I. If you had not urged me to go back, perhaps I might never have gone. No, no, you will have to come and take your share of the blame just as I do. You were a brave girl, many a girl would have been too frightened to have acted as you did."

"You don't know how frightened I was inside," she answered with a smile.

"Don't I? Well, I guess not very different from what I felt myself! I tell you, when we went back and found our friend had moved from where we thought we had left him, I thought we were trapped surely, and I admit I was terribly frightened, for you especially. A fellow doesn't mind getting into a scrape himself, but he does hate awfully to risk a girl's life. You can come tomorrow evening, can't you?"

"If you think I should, I will go."

"He asked especially that I be sure to bring you. Wants to see the kind little girl that tried to rub some life back into his frozen hands. It seems he was not altogether unconscious as we thought he was, or at least he has pieced things together pretty well."

Ruth somewhat dreaded the ordeal of the next evening. Mr. Tiegan had asked her whether she would rather go in his car or by trolley. She at first said the trolley, but he reminded her that they would have to change cars several times, and as it was a suburban place they would have to walk several squares at the other end. She then almost reluctantly consented to go in his car.

The next evening a group of the students came out of the door just as she stepped into Mr. Tiegan's car. She bit



her lip, she could almost hear the talk it would make, and she did not like it. She was there to study and prepare herself for whatever work was before her, and she was too much in earnest to have very much patience with the girls who were always looking for some kind of diversion especially if that diversion were a man.

Mr. Tiegan had telephoned Mr. Loring that they were coming, and as soon as they were announced, the servant took them at once to the great drawing room where Mr. Loring himself rose to meet them, holding out his hand in welcome, though he could not take a step toward them.

He was a fine looking old man, and everywhere about him were evidences of wealth. The house was large and richly furnished. He himself was so genial and friendly that he soon put them quite at ease.

"I want to thank you both, more than words can express, for what you did for me the other night. I suppose you wonder how I happened to be out there at that time of night. I have always been a great walker, and my son and daughter and my niece who live with us have pampered me so and insisted on taking me everywhere in the car until I never get a chance to walk anywhere any more. I had spent the evening with my married daughter and had expected to stay there all night, but thought of some papers I needed the next day that were at home, so quite unexpectedly decided to come home that night, and, of course, the folks at home thought I was safely at Nell's. I do not think I ever saw a more glorious winter night than that was, and it did not seem cold, so instead of taking a taxi or even the trolley I had a great craving for a good, old-fashioned walk. I knew every inch of this road, and was enjoying my first adventure of this sort for a long time, when I stepped into a hole and my ankle twisted and down I went. The pain was pretty bad, but I did not think of the mishap as anything serious until I tried to hail three passing cars and they all raced by me as though I were a wild animal. I was frankly puzzled at the first one, for I thought anyone would be glad to give a hurt man a lift, but when the second put on speed as soon as I called to him, then I began to realize I was in a bad predicament. That woods opposite somehow had an ugly suggestiveness that I did not like myself. I thought I must have help soon or I would perish with the cold, and when you went by I gave up all hope and wished I had listened to the children and let them take a little better care of me than I like to do myself. The old man has enough of adventure to last him a while, and they will hardly let me out of their sight again, I guess," he added ruefully, but with a tender, re-

miniscent smile.

"Weren't you afraid of bandits, Mr. Tiegan?" he asked.

"Yes, I was, and that is why we hurried by the first time."

"Then why did you come back? I have been trying to figure that out."

Mr. Tiegan looked at Ruth and neither answered for a few minutes, then, "Miss Birnie here thought that we were acting like some very ignominious characters in the story of the Good Samaritan."

Mr. Loring threw back his head and

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am writing tonight to tell you that I consider the new story in the Lighted Pathway a very timely one for me and no doubt many others. I think the new trend in the Church of God toward instruction along this line is very commendable and very necessary. Love and marriage is dealt with all through the Bible and is therefore right that it should be included among the publications of our Church. I enjoyed the first installment of "Under Whose Wings" very much and shall watch the developments in succeeding installments with genuine interest.

I would like to mention how much I enjoy the whole Lighted Pathway. It would be next to impossible to say which part I enjoy the most. There's always something that just fits the mood I'm in at the time I receive the paper. This time it was the bit of verse entitled, "Where Shall I Work?"

The Michigan state convention has just closed and I came away inspired to do bigger, nobler things. I was filled with unrest because my place in life at the present time is just a five acre farm with no specific work to do for the Lord. Then I read that scrap of verse and it seemed as if the Lord, Himself, had condescended to speak a word of advice and set my heart at rest.

May the Lord bless you.—Ruth Morgan.

laughed. "Did you now, really?"

"Yes, that is just what she said."

Ruth interrupted, "But Mr. Tiegan had slowed down the car first and said it looked awfully hard to go away and leave you like that if you were hurt and in need of help of some kind. He spoke first, and I only added the thought about the Good Samaritan."

"Well, well, I see. But even with that good Scripture illustration before you, were you not somewhat afraid that there might be those same robbers lurking somewhere near?"

"Yes, we were, but then," Ruth hesitated a moment, and then went on with characteristic naturalness, "we both knew how to pray and to trust God, and after we had prayed about for a moment

we felt still more strongly that we ought to go back and see if we could do anything and we believed God would take care of us if went trusting Him."

It was a long speech, and Ruth was almost frightened at herself for talking this way to a stranger. Yet, she reasoned quickly, they did not know whether this old man who had come so near to death was a Christian, and perhaps God had sent them to him to testify of their faith and win a precious soul for Christ.

When she finished speaking she saw there were tears in his eyes, but he only said, "My dear child, God bless you."

He led them on to talk about themselves, what they were doing, and where they lived. He was frankly curious to find if they were "sweethearts." At some delicately worded question of this sort Ruth flushed and shook her head, though Mr. Tiegan did not seem quite so unwilling, which seemed to amuse the old man greatly. As both Mr. Tiegan and Ruth were giving their entire time to the Bible Institute, one as teacher and the other as pupil, they naturally talked much of the school and Mr. Loring seemed interested to hear all about it.

"Does this school teach all its pupils to believe and obey the Bible as you two do?" he asked.

"We try to," Mr. Tiegan answered. "We teach it as God's inspired, authoritative Word and the only revelation He has given of Himself as a Covenant-keeping God."

"Covenant-keeping? Just what do you mean by that?"

"Why, a God who has made certain definite promises and pledges Himself to keep them. That is different from a God who is only 'revealed in nature.'"

"I see. That is why you and Miss Birnie could ask God to guide you, and trust Him to keep you in a very real danger."

He paused a moment. "That's a good school. I never heard of it before, but I am going to find out something about it."

They found Mr. Loring so entertaining, and his niece who came into the room for a while and also thanked them, so charming, that the evening was gone before they knew it. When they were rising to go, after he had tried to detain them as long as possible he arose with them. He laid a fatherly hand on Mr. Tiegan's shoulder.

"My dear young friends," he began slowly and earnestly, and, they could see with deep feeling, "it is not very much of life that is left to me, the sands of time are almost run out, and when God calls me to go I am ready, but I do not want to shorten it by a day through any folly or sin of mine. Through your courage and faith and kindness of heart God has granted me another lease on life, for

(Continued on page 24)



### Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

life is one of our greatest needs. To be social is to be friendly and it is the friendly church that builds and thrives. All the shouting people can do will not draw men to the church if the Christ you serve does not make you a social church. Many of our young people come from homes where there have been no opportunities for developing their social qualities and this is a part of their training that God has entrusted to the church. Their homes lacked this training. We all like to see young people with good social qualities and it's the mixing and mingling of our young people who have had greater privileges, with those who have had none, that will bring them out and develop this side of life. Too often those who have had greater opportunities will form a clique and have nothing to do with the other class. If you have been doing this, will you ask yourself and God whether or not this is what He would have you to do? You can be very lonely in a large crowd sometimes and many lonely, sad, heartbroken people come in to our midst and need our smiles and our attention.

No person should take a Sunday School class unless he plans to visit his pupils and become personally acquainted with them. The Y. P. E. should see to it that every new convert is visited and encouraged.

In our Sunday School class recently the question was asked, if you had the privilege of making a request to God as Solomon did, for the things you needed most, what request would you make? One said, "More power with God;" another said, "The salvation of my children." Of course, this is uppermost in every Christian mother's heart. As we discussed this pro and con many different thoughts were brought out. Among them one sister said, "If my children are lost, I'll blame myself for it." I wonder if you had ever thought of that? And to the parents of our boys and girls, and to the Church of God to which we belong, may I ask, are we doing our best to develop our young people along all lines, to make of them well balanced Christians? If we are not, then we may be responsible for those in our midst that are lost. These are the essentials to success in every life and if one of these are left out our young people are handicapped.

Now we want to be thoroughly understood. We have known many precious young people who have not had the opportunity for an education but still they are a great blessing to the Church and are doing a great work for the Master. God bless them and help them to realize that it is not too late yet. With all the good books in the world you can obtain a

good education through reading. Go to Bible School this year if you can, but if not read, read, read. Perhaps you might start a study class in your church. Find some good Christian teacher who can rightly direct your study course.

Here is one thought we want to leave with you. During the days of the great war volunteer service of various kinds was asked of national leaders. It is said that a committee called on Caruso, then at the zenith of his operatic fame, to ask if he would sing at a concert for the benefit of the soldiers. The chairman of the committee hurriedly said, "Of course, Mr. Caruso, as this is a charity affair we would not expect you to do your best. Your name will draw the crowd, and you can merely sing some song requiring little of strength or skill." Caruso is said to have drawn himself to full height as he said "Caruso never does less than his best."

I wonder if we have any young people in the Church of God who are doing less than their best.

We leave this message with you, asking God to use it for His glory.

### Questing Youth

(Continued from page 8)

equally important to bring our business into our Christianity. The Church of God sorely needs today young men and women who, in the work of Christ, will be like successful merchants, "broad in outlook, vigilant in detail, intelligent in method, decisive in action."

Ours is the quest for the best. Let us then engage in it with zest.

Quit you like men—Be strong:

There's a battle to fight,

There's a wrong to right,

There's a God who blesses the good with might,

So fare ye forth with a song.

Quit you like men—Be strong:

There's a work to do,

There's a world to make new,

There's a call for men who are brave and true,

On, on with a song.

Quit you like men—Be strong.

There's a Gospel to preach,

There's a message to teach,

There's a world to reach!

Speed! Speed! with a song!

### BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page 9)

them; his characteristics, both while in sin and while a Christian, and many other things that is impossible to relate here. The impression of Jerry McAuley's work and life was so fixed on so many

people until they erected monuments to his honor, a yacht was bought to take the Word to seamen, and other noble things were kept going and even in a greater measure after the death of Jerry McAuley under the supervision of his devoted wife and coworker. Why not read all about this wonderful worker for God and his many tests and victories. Own the book for your library. This would be a good book to send to that friend in prison. Order from the Church of God Publishing House. Price \$1.50.

### "Don'ts" for Preachers

(Continued from page 11)

*pit.* We have often seen the minister who must have the last look at his sermon notes. While the audience is supposed to be in worship, the pastor is far from that attitude because he must turn the leaves of his notebook, or look up references in his Bible, during the hymn singing or offering.

*Don't get in the habit of being late.* It is a common thing for some ministers to begin their services from three to eight minutes late, because they themselves are not ready. Often the minister has forgotten to get together the things he expects to use in the service, or the hymns have not been selected, and sometimes the fault is that he is just killing time. Many ministers are late at engagements, for special addresses, funerals, and sometimes even weddings. Some are late at everything.

One minister apologized for being late at a union meeting, "I had some work to do, and I never waste any time." Yet he had forgotten he had wasted the time of a number of people who were waiting for the service to begin, which his lateness had delayed.—*Rev. F. Lincicome in The Free Methodist.*

### The Price of Jungle Jewels

(Continued from page 18)

"How is she now," he queried.

"She is conscious and is calling for you," she answered.

Gerald went to her and sat down, taking that bony little hand in his own and asked her how she felt.

"I am going very soon. That's why I wanted you. I wish to tell you that I am very happy to be so near the end of my life's journey. I want you to carry this blessed Gospel to every one you can possibly reach. I am sorry to leave you alone but God will take care of you, I know. You must not grieve over me, dear, for it is God's will to take me. Please, dear, you must not," she said as he began to sob aloud. Then he said through his tears, "He is helping me, dear Mary. I am sorry to have to give you up but God's will be done. It will be very lonely here without you." He noticed the damp cold



sweat on her brow and gently wiped it away.

The Christians had gathered around and many were weeping as they saw the teacher who had meant so much to them these five years so near death.

"Will you please sing 'In the Sweet Bye and Bye' for me?" she asked almost in a whisper. They began to sing softly and how her face lit up as they sang one verse after another. She tried to join but she was too weak. Presently she raised her hand and waved to them, then relaxed and fell asleep in Jesus.

Loving hands prepared her for the burial and Gerald's own hands made the simple coffin. His faith in his Maker's wisdom never wavered after that half-hour's prayer. The grave was dug in the little church cemetery, beneath the branches of a stately palm, beside the grave of their little son who had only been dead one year. Gerald looked at those two mounds and knew that he had two jewels awaiting his arrival in heaven.

The funeral was simple and soon over. Gerald remained a while to pray. There was a still greater change in his appearance when he arose than ever. The days that followed, he was most always in a prayerful attitude.

Mrs. Williams, Mary's mother, sat in the living room mending socks, but in her eyes was a far-away look. Presently a tear stole down her cheek and dropped on her hand. A car drove up in the garage and she knew Mr. Williams was home from work. She quickly dried the tears from her eyes and tried to look cheerful as Mr. Williams came into the room.

"Hello dear," he said.

"Why hello, James, aren't you home a bit early?" she asked.

"Well, yes, Ann, I am. I got through and came on home as soon as I could. Any word from Mary yet?"

"No James, there was no mail. Somehow it makes me feel so helpless, knowing that she is sick again and so far away! I can't be there to take care of her either."

There was a knock at the front door and Mr. Williams rose and opened it to see a messenger boy. The boy handed him a telegram and he walked slowly back to his seat. Somehow inside him he felt sick. What news could it contain. Then he handed it to Mrs. Williams, "Here mother, you open it."

*(To be continued)*

### Under Whose Wings

*(Continued from page 22)*

how long I do not know. But what I would do I must do quickly. I want to give you both a gift, not to pay for what you have done—God will do that. Not even in proportion to the gratitude which my family and I feel for your kindness,—that cannot be expressed in money values.

But just as a little personal gift to show my appreciation, I want to give you this."

To their protestations that they could not take it he would not listen, but pressing into the hand of each of them what they felt to be a bill or check, he held their hands tightly clasped and made them promise that they would not look at it until they reached home. They saw that to refuse to take it would only hurt his feelings, and there seemed nothing to do but to thank him for his kindness and take their departure.

On the way home they had quite some merriment guessing as to the amount. They guessed everything from one dollar to one hundred. They went to the school first, stepped inside the door and looked at their gifts, and then at each other with white and startled faces. Folded in each palm was a check for one thousand dollars!

"Oh, we can never take that," Ruth cried.

"No, we certainly cannot," he answered with equal decision. "But what can we do? We must not hurt the dear old soul."

It was well they had not looked while with Mr. Loring in his home, for they certainly never would have taken it, but now that they had it what was to be done with it? After much thought and consultation together they decided to accept it,—as a gift for the school, which was in great need of another dormitory. A few days later they wrote Mr. Loring of their decision, thanking him for his gift which enabled them to do this happy thing. He replied, expressing his entire satisfaction and adding another thousand "just to show his good will." He did however insist that they each keep out one hundred dollars for their own personal use, which they gladly did.

They tried to keep secret the circumstances under which this gift of nearly three thousand dollars to the school had been made, but it leaked out, as such things do, and brought the friendship of Mr. Tiegian and Ruth into great prominence, somewhat to her discomfiture. Ruth was regarded as a real heroine for her part in the rescue, though she modestly disclaimed any such role.

*(TO BE CONTINUED)*

### God Blessing the Young People

*(Continued from page 20)*

Sister Madie Laws, Brother Oscar Backman, Brother Alex J. Duncan, Brother J. B. Camp, state overseer, Brother Leslie E. Keil, Brother Harry Skore, and Brother J. C. Kimmel.

To describe and tell about the blessing we received as each speaker gave forth the Word of God would take up too much time and space, but we feel much lasting good was accomplished. We do know that young preachers and Christian

workers went back to their respective places of labor with a determination to win for God and His Church. The young people of the Pacific Northwest have caught the vision of the Church and her mission here in the world, and they are filled with holy zeal to put her program over for God. If you want to see some young people who really love and appreciate the Church of God and her standard of true holiness, just come to the Pacific Northwest.

Our hearts were stirred by the God-given messages of His love and grace brought by Holy-Ghost-baptized men. Brother Camp spoke on "Missions" Saturday afternoon and he told of Sister Stark in far-off Africa, and other missionaries who gave up all to obey the blessed Master as He called. Many eyes were wet with tears as he spoke about the glorious warfare they are fighting. We then marched up with our offering to place it before the Lord, that we too might have a part in this warfare. How God did bless in this. The final amount sent to Headquarters was \$26,366.

We, here in the Pacific Northwest, love and appreciate our state overseer, Brother J. B. Camp, and the work he is doing through God's help. We young people appreciate his good council and advice. We want all the ministers to know that we did appreciate his presence and efforts put forth. We also want to say that we enjoyed the special songs and music of the young as well as the elder people.

The Evangel and Lighted Pathway were boosted and many good things were said about them. They are proving a blessing to many homes, and they find their way into new homes every few days.

There is some very blessed talent here in this part of the country, and we feel that the Church of God has the best to be found up here. The Church of God has a very bright future here.

We do not have space or the time to tell of all the good things which we enjoyed at this convention—the good messages, the good singing, fellowship, brotherly love, and finally the last "amen," and then sadness to think of parting, possibly to never meet some in this world again. But we are going to tell of His goodness when we meet around His throne.

May God bless us all and help us to make it through. Amen.—Hilton Vail, state Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to write a few words for the Lighted Pathway, telling about the good Y.P.E. work at our state capital, Charleston, West Virginia. We have a fine leader there, Sister Annie Grubbs. Her father is the pastor. Sister Grubbs has organized



the Y. P. E. into a Willing Workers' Band and they are doing several things to help in the work.

One thing they do is to sell the Lighted Pathway on a large scale. Each group has a certain night to sell the papers. This city has a population of about 70,000 people, so we have plenty of territory in which to sell the paper.

This is a young Y.P.E. which had a struggle until the present leader took charge, but since then they have made great progress in every way. They have good talent there so naturally they have good services and God blesses.

Truly God is blessing the West Virginia Y.P.E. work in a great way. Numbers are receiving definite experiences in the Y.P.E. services and conventions.

The West Virginia Y.P.E.'s had better look out as Charleston will take the lead in their zeal to progress with such a faithful band of workers. Let us all work hard to reach the goal.—Rev. T. F. Blackwell, West Virginia state Sunday School and Y.P.E. superintendent.

Bible Lessons

(Continued from page 15)

criticism, the cutting remarks, but look ever up toward the One who always understands our actions, who always sees our heart. We must be determined—we must go on. Let people talk, but by being kind to them we can heap coals of fire upon their heads, and show them we are determined to go through with God—determined in spite of all else to make heaven our home.

Bible Lesson

Exelma Holley

Topic: "GOD'S GOODNESS"

Thoughts for the Leader

How glad we are that we have had the privilege like David to taste and see that the Lord is good. Psalms 34:8. Then we can realize that all things work together for our good. We are limited in expressing His goodness. It is no wonder we desire to be like Him, for He is good to all, and remains the same throughout all ages. It is good for us to be in His presence.

Slow to Anger

Psalms 145:8

It is the Lord's mercies we are not consumed. How glad we are that He is slow to anger. And many times He has been as real to us as He was to the children of Israel. "But he, being full of compassion, forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all His wrath," Psalms 78:38. Yes, He remembers that we are dust (flesh) and shows compassion toward us.

Merciful

Psalms 86:5

Yes, He is so merciful. He is just what David said, plenteous in mercy. Lamentations 3:32-32.

They are new every morning. And though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. Just think how merciful He is—not only to us but even to His enemies. Surely He deals patiently with us.

Good to Give

James 1:17

And He is so good to give us life, yea abundant life. He was good in giving His Son for our redemption. When He looked upon His handiwork He saw it was good. Genesis 1:31. He is good to let the sun shine upon all, and send the rain upon the just and the unjust. He not only gives these, but also joy unspeakable, peace that surpasseth all understanding, the Holy Ghost, and gifts of the Spirit. So we join in with James by saying, He is the giver of all good and perfect gifts, even though we are not aware of it many times.

Good to Sinners

Psalms 25:8

God is so good that He will take sinners, though they be despised by many, and place them upon the sure Rock foundation. Though they be unlearned He will teach them the way of holiness, and will keep their feet from slippery places. Though they make mistakes He is ready to forgive. Sinner friend, if we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John 1:9. Come now and let Him prove to you His goodness.

Song: "Honey in the Rock."

Read all notices on page 26

Read the Bible Through this Year

(Continued from page 19)

Sept. 20	Isa. 41-42	2 Cor. 5
Sept. 21	Isa. 43-44	2 Cor. 6-7
Sept. 22	Isa. 45-47	2 Cor. 8
Sept. 23	Isa. 48-49	2 Cor. 9-10
Sept. 24	Isa. 50-52	2 Cor. 11
Sept. 25	Isa. 53-55	2 Cor. 12-13
Sept. 26	Isa. 56-58	Gal. 1
Sept. 27	Isa. 59-60	Gal. 2
Sept. 28	Isa. 61-63	Gal. 3
Sept. 29	Isa. 64-66	Gal. 4
Sept. 30	Jer. 1-2	Gal. 5

Lighted Pathway Rating

	Sold in June	Sold since the Assembly
Alabama	978	7,889
Arkansas	241	1,943
California	112	858
Colorado		19
Delaware	42	309
Foreign	255	2,198
Florida	1,421	14,037
Georgia	2,394	25,252
Idaho	42	168
Illinois	548	4,021
Iowa		
Indiana	154	1,062
Kansas	56	591
Kentucky	880	8,899

Louisiana	174	1,424
Montana	84	1,052
Massachusetts	28	254
Maine	57	300
Maryland	322	2,466
Michigan	168	1,772
Minnesota		1
Mississippi	398	3,327
Missouri	126	1,341
Nebraska		1
New Mexico	92	1,190
New York		1
New Jersey	28	280
North Carolina	1,855	17,180
North Dakota	70	467
Oklahoma	253	2,293
Ohio	348	3,679
Oregon	42	422
Pennsylvania	591	6,890
South Carolina	3,945	32,597
South Dakota	86	645
Tennessee	1,158	12,442
Texas	415	4,236
Virginia	364	3,936
W. Virginia	1,010	11,341
Washington	42	341
Washington, D. C.	14	123

What the Home Owes Your Children

(Continued from page 7)

to your expectations. Don't start in when they are small, as so many mistaken mothers do, telling them they are "bad" or "naughty," for as surely as you do, they will begin to believe you and try to live up to their bad reputation. As one boy I know said: "If a fellow's mother doesn't believe in him, who in the world will?"—Selected.

Suppose

(Continued from page 17)

If we always do our duty  
For the lost outside the fold.  
Christ has saved us for His service,  
And how happy we will be,  
If we do not disappoint Him,  
But always labor in the Y. P. E.  
—Margaret Lewis, Cambridge, Ind.

Don't forget to send your offering for Bible Training School Library

Sam Harvell

Greenville, S. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

Honor Roll

Mildred Timms, Anderson, S. C.  
Herman Clark, Woodruff, S. C.  
Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga.  
Lois Goff, Greenwood, S. C.  
Beulah Osborn, Aiken, S. C.  
Gladys Trent, Whitmire, S. C.

Those who would run the race successfully must first have their season of "waiting on the Lord."



### Subscription Contest

\$50.00 given away in prizes. First prize, \$25.00; second prize, \$15.00; third prize, \$10.00.

We are wondering how many of our young people are working hard to get that twenty-five subscriptions in order to join our subscription contest. I am very sure that if you should go to the business men in your city and tell them you were trying to earn money to go to school or whatever you are working for, that very few would turn you down. Go into the doctors' and lawyers' offices and in the majority of cases you will get a subscription. Many good women will subscribe if you go to their door and tell them what you are working for. Don't try in your home church alone, but get the paper into outside homes. Come on and win that \$25.00 prize, or the \$15.00 or \$10.00.

### Special Notice

When you send your remittance for papers, please send directly to The Lighted Pathway, Cleveland, Tennessee, unless you have a personal message for the Editor. If you have, then address Mrs. Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn. All business is taken care of by the Publishing House.—Editor.

### To Y. P. E's Everywhere

Come on, young people, and send for a large order of September Lighted Pathways. Surely you can double your number this month to help your state win the National banner. Your state superintendent will not be able to reach all of

you with this message, but he will be glad if you are interested enough to help in this way. We have just a few days now to work. You should pay in advance for these late papers so as to get your money in on time.

When ordering your October papers, please pay in advance if you expect credit on the National banner. The October papers will be out September 15 and the National contest will close the 25th.

Read these notices carefully and let us work fast and faithfully these last few weeks before the Assembly. God bless you.—Editor.

### Important Notice

The books at the Publishing House will close Sept. 1. As a special favor we are asking you to get all payments possible in by that time, however, the National contest will not close until Sept. 25. All money received after September 1 will be entered on next year's books, but will count in this year's national contest up until September 25.

### Letter from Haiti

(Continued from page 12)

be all the glory and the praise! Things impossible to man are possible to Him. How blessed it is to be able to look to Him for aid and see His wondrous mercy and grace clear up the darkness about us. —In the Master's glad service, John P. Kluzit, overseer of Haiti.

### A Correction

In Brother J. H. Walker's article in the birthday issue of the Lighted Path-

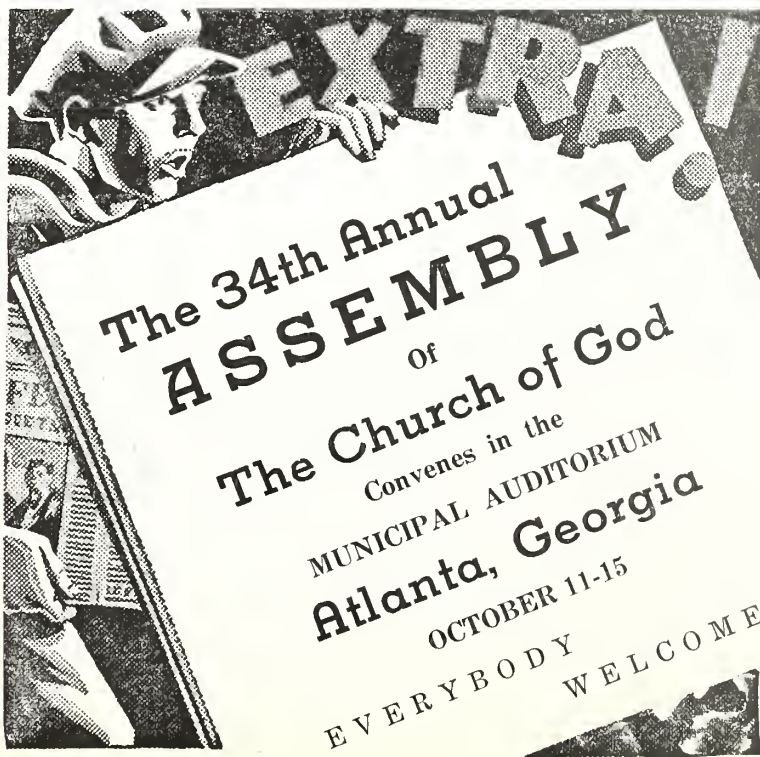
way, the statement is made that the circulation has increased nearly 10,000, this should read 12,000.

### Silver Lining

Some have been writing in asking about the "Silver Lining." This is a book of 57 beautiful poems. They make lovely gifts and poetry lovers are delighted with them. Come on and help me put them in the hands of the people. They will be a blessing. We give \$15.00 for selling 100 of them. Please send references, and remember they cannot be returned. Get your Y. P. E. well organized to sell them, giving each so many to sell. They will be easy to dispose of in this way. Send 25c for sample copy.

### New Gideons

Miss Juanita Johnson, Fort Mill, S. C.  
Miss Trulla G. Vinson, Dillard, Ga.  
Mrs. Bonnie Chambers, Chatsworth, Ga.  
Mary Dickison, Alvin, Ill.  
Mrs. Myrtle Bryant, Odd, W. Va.  
Mrs. John Ekstrom, Plaza, N. Dak.  
Gilbert Howe, Shelburn, Ind.  
R. C. Douglas, Hagerstown, Md.  
Mrs. Fannie Sykes, West Hillsboro, N. C.  
Dorothy Mays, Wichita Falls, Tex.  
Walter H. Layfield, Fruitland, Md.  
Mrs. Mae Sanderson, Eden, Miss.  
Eula Dover, Smyrna, S. C.  
John Christman, Billings, Mont.  
Mrs. Ralph Brigmon, Barnardsville, N. C.  
Mrs. A. V. Caper, Adamsville, Ala.  
Carrie Roebuck, Greenville, Miss.  
Schumpert Beard, Union, S. C.  
A. L. Sandlin, Crichton, Ala.  
Swellah Smith, Troy, Tenn.  
Miss Lucile Boyle, Independence, Kan.  
Thelma McCullough, Central, S. C.  
Ruth Wing, Tulsa, Okla.  
Mrs. M. A. Wales, Kentwood, La.  
Neoma Parent, Webbers Falls, Okla.  
Mrs. Mary Lee Powell, Kinston, N. C.  
Mary Lee, Riviera, Fla.  
Lucile Newman, Kennedy, Ala.  
Miss Earl Milner, Opelika, Ala.  
Frank Merritt, Pensacola, Fla.  
Beatrice Cooley, Pinsonfork, Ky.  
Gaston Johnson, Clanton, Ala.  
Miss Lorraine Lineberry, Wadesboro, N. C.  
Noah Helmandoller, Quincy, Ohio.  
Etheline L. Bittinger, Grantsville, Md.  
Mrs. Dewitt Davis, McLain, Miss.  
Kathleen Mae Donald, Port Huron, Mich.  
Naomi Ruth Cayton, Washington, N. C.



### THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual uplift of our young people everywhere

Published Monthly at the  
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ALDA B. HARRISON, Editor  
Cleveland, Tennessee

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# Glints of Knowledge

Since the union we have one Methodist denomination in America with 46,000 congregations. We have aside from that union 16 Methodist denominations in America.

Dr. B. H. Carroll established at Southwestern Seminary a choir of evangelism and named it the choir of fire. When Atlanta hears our General Assembly sing, they will think of the choir of fire.

A tragic story of wasted money is told in a study of the liquor situation in Philadelphia, just released by the National Reform Association, in these figures:

"With unemployment and relief the city of Philadelphia spent in 1938 for intoxicating liquors (bootleg not included) \$82,000,000, an average for every man, woman and child in Philadelphia, of \$42.00.

"For educating the youth of the city in the public schools, \$28,233,000 was spent.

"In 1938 there were 3,859 licensed, liquor-selling places, including 18 distilleries, 13 breweries, 89 state liquor stores, 177 beer distributors, 3,192 retail liquor licenses, 281 retail beer licenses, and 86 wineries, importers, etc. (Today's press reports 900 more licensed places than are needed to provide one for each 1,000 population!)

In Canada a priest and his entire flock of 80 families have left the Roman Catholic church and united with the Presbyterians. The item was published July 20.

## Insanity in France

It is reported that French insane asylums are packed beyond capacity. Five new large asylums must be built at once. In one region alone, the department of the Seine, insane patients have increased from 13,206 in 1922 to 20,364 in 1937. A government authority revealed France will need a new asylum every year, so rapidly is insanity spreading. Does this have any relation to the fact that for years France has been a hot-bed of atheism?—*Publisher Unknown*.

Senator Reynolds of North Carolina says: Our geographical position is the envy of the world. There are 4,500 miles of water in the east. There are 10,000 miles of water in the west. We have no boundary disputes in either the north or the south.

The Canadians are good neighbors to the north. The Mexicans are good neighbors to the south.

The annual death toll of cancer in America is greater than that of any war in which we have participated.

In 1937 Congress was advised that cancer at that time was killing 140,000 human beings in this country every year—that every two years the death toll took 70,000 more lives than were lost in battle and died of wounds in all the wars of the Republic.

Dr. Turck states that there are 17,000,000 young people—half of our young people between the ages of five and twenty years—who are growing up in America without any religious instruction, Protestant, Jewish, Catholic.

Dr. Arthur J. Todd of Northwestern University, in the Chicago Daily News writes on the wages of sin in Chicago: "Sin gets \$200,000,000 a year from Chicago pocketbooks," the two-column article is captioned. Of this amount \$30,000,000 is squandered on commercialized vice, \$50,000,000 more spent in nine thousand taverns, \$37,000,000 in race track gambling, \$63,000,000 in "bookies" and \$20,000 in policy games. When the indirect costs are figured in we would hesitate to total the costs of sin for this one metropolitan city alone.—*The Evangelical Messenger*.

## Negro Gains

Early in June the London Times carried an article on "The Negro in American Life" that ought to lend much encouragement to members of the race. Some interesting facts were given, such as that 155 Negroes have won the Phi Beta Kappa key, 132 have been made Doctors of Philosophy and 100 are in "Who's Who in America." In the realms of art and music the Negro has won distinction. Racial relations are trending toward justice and co-operation.—*A. B. McCormick*.

A New York minister in commenting on various literature said: Unless some way is devised to stop this deluge of lewdness and licentiousness, quite likely there will be moral reaction and an uprising on the part of decent people against the survivors of literary filth.

Doubtless when that comes, there will be fanaticism and book-burning and many other things which jeopardize the liberties of the people.

We should like to see a spiritual revival with such resultant moral reformation that people would voluntarily burn up the trash that has been filling their minds as well as their magazine racks with the

filthy imaginings of unprincipled literary scavengers.

Dr. Paul Popenoe, Los Angeles marriage expert, has found that plenty of women do the proposing, and that 70 out of 80 get their men. Women "pop the question" when they are older than the men, as a rule. "Possibly they are more aggressive, or getting desperate," he suggested.

## Facts of the New York Fair Put in a Nutshell

It was the Associated Press which packed the following facts into the nutshell: Cost, \$160,000,000; area, 1,216½ acres; participants, 60 foreign governments, 35 states, 747 concessions, 1,500 exhibitors; personnel, 41,750; buildings, fair exhibits, 20; or major structures, 32; exhibits, 44; foreign, 23; states, 17; heights, trylon, 700 feet; perisphere, 200 feet in diameter; distance from Times Square, eight and one-half miles; capacities of the 11 gates 160,000 persons an hour. When all the wonders of the Fair have been surveyed the keenest consciousness of the average person will be of aching feet. World Fair glamour will be dimmed in concern over feet which hurt. The thing most earnestly sought will be a place to sit and rest one's feet.—*The United Presbyterian*.

## Livingstone's Daughter

Our English exchanges inform us that Mrs. Livingstone Wilson, youngest daughter of David Livingstone, the great African explorer and missionary, who is the only surviving member of the family, is coming to the World's Fair as the guest of the Commissioner of the Southern Rhodesia exhibit. She is to take charge of the relics of Dr. Livingstone that are being shown. Mrs. Wilson is nearly eighty years of age.—*The Alliance Weekly*.

"Intelligent compromise" is the new definition of democracy.

The Gospel Herald gives us the following items from a railroad magazine.

Eighty-three streamlined passenger trains are now in operation on the railroads of this country.

If the railroads hauled a ton of freight from here to the sun at average rates, the income would pay the railroad tax bill for about one day.

Taxes paid by the railroads amount to more than the federal income taxes of all persons living in Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, and all states west of the Mississippi river.



# Parental Responsibility

"Visiting the iniquity of the fathers, upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation." Exodus 20:5.



Once we had a vision which stirred the very depths of our soul. At a table in a drinking place sat a young husband and wife. On the table before them were two partially empty cocktail glasses, with one of which each of them was toying with one hand, while with the other they held cigarettes, from which they were puffing smoke that gathered in a cloud over their heads.

Dimly outlined in the smoke-cloud was a deformed, feeble-minded child, while around the room were demons pointing in high glee at them and at the child, showing by their facial expressions great satisfaction with the drinking and smoking parents. The following thoughts came with the vision.

The demons of hell all laugh in high glee  
When smoking and drinking young parents they see.  
They look just ahead, but a few brief years,  
And see the results in anguish and tears:  
See babies born imbecile, crippled, deformed  
As result of the habits their parents had formed;  
Condemned to a life of suffering and woe  
By a law which every parent should know;  
A law as relentless and certain as fate,  
Whose pitiless working some discover too late.  
When fathers and mothers at the cocktail hour  
Surrender their young to heredity's power,  
No red-handed murderer more guilty could be  
Than parents thus dooming such children to see;  
Who, in folly, indulge for the love of the thrill  
And the lives of their offspring with misery fill:  
Thus make their existence a continuous hell  
For the selfish indulgence of taste and smell.  
God pity such parents and pity such child,  
And remove it speedily, in mercy mild!  
Grant that in future they sterile may be  
And no further fruit of their folly shall see!  
But what of the men who for money will sell  
The poisons which make this veritable hell?  
And what of the countries, their partners in sin,  
Which license the curse for the tax it will win?  
Who mortgage the souls of the children to come  
To makers of cigarettes, whiskey and rum?  
God pity the land that has fallen so low,  
That for money allows this destruction to flow!  
A river that bears on its turbulent tide  
The thousands who else might in safety abide.  
Which in mockery both laughs the living to scorn,  
And blights with its besom generations unborn!  
Yes, surely the demons rejoice in their glee  
When such money-madness they everywhere see:  
And Satan, their chief, with his minions is pleased  
When he sees God's creatures besotted, diseased,  
Enslaved to their lusts and helplessly lost,  
In spite of redemption at Calvary's cost.  
Great God of all mercy, arise in Thy might  
And save our fair land from this terrible blight!  
Not only these millions, undone and forlorn,  
But especially, Lord, the blighted unborn.  
Forbid that, predestined, foredoomed from their birth  
By the sins of their parents they come to the earth!  
Yes, better, far better they never had breath  
Than live, as they must, a perpetual death;  
By the unvarying law of heredity cursed,  
With the birthright of childhood so rudely reversed.  
Stop father, stop mother, your revelings wild!  
Remember, remember the fate of your child!

—J. E. Gwatkin.



# The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 12

October, 1939

No. 10

ESUS, THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

## THE SUNSET

*The sun is gently sinking o'er the horizon  
And golden leaves fall sighing to the earth.  
Far-looming shadows whisper that the day is done  
Which, not long since, was only in its birth.  
Its time is almost spent, its events history;  
Just like the seasons stealing through the year:  
Snow scenes, spring winds, hot nights have ceased to be,  
For Autumn and Assembly time is here.*

*The things we could have done, and somehow didn't do,  
Though sealed up in the records of the past,  
Have taught this little lesson, strange but always true:  
"We have to act and think, time travels fast!"  
And what we have performed upon life's busy field  
For God and fellowman, those words of cheer,  
The smile we gave when faint, have borne abundant  
yield*

*And blessed our souls, in this Assembly year.*

*So then the sun goes down at harvest time once more,  
The Master calls anew, and may we stand  
With trusting hearts and ready hands more willing  
than before*

*To give obeisance to His command.*

*Let us resolve to fill our awkward helplessness  
With His sweet grace and strength for service here,  
Or in some distant place, where He sees fit to bless  
Our efforts in the next Assembly year.*

—C. M. TRUESDELL.



# The Editor's Message

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

I have just returned from the upper room in the Evangel office where we meet for a season of prayer each morning. The Lord blessed my soul as we sang the song



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

we find in the center of our page. It took me back over the twenty-nine years of my life since the Comforter came in to abide. How many times the clouds have hung heavy and there seemed no way out and just a little talk with Jesus made it right. To live

righteously in an ungodly world without plenty of prayer is an utter impossibility, and that is why so many of us fail God in the testing time. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him," Ps. 145: 18. Now isn't that comforting? We don't have to run away off somewhere to get help for He is with us all the time. If we could always realize this and depend on Him in time of danger, in time of temptation, and in time of sorrow!

This verse says, "The Lord is nigh." Isn't that wonderful? This reminds me of one time when I was praying and I said, "O Lord, draw me closer to thee," and the sweet voice of the Holy Spirit answered within, "You do not need to pray to get closer to me, for I am in you and around you all the time. What you need to pray is, 'Lord help me to be more yielded to thee.'" Now doesn't that help you some? It did me. Oh, what we need is to have our lives and everything we possess yielded to Him. He will take care of the rest. So let us carry this thought with us for the rest of our days. He is ever near. He loves us and will hear our prayers. We may not get the answer in our way, but if we are yielded to Him we will be satisfied with His will and His way. We may not get an answer just at the time we expected but the prayer of faith cannot go unanswered. It is engraved on God's memory and cannot fail.

## FINANCIAL CLOUDS

It is almost Assembly time and there are many things we need to pray about. I presume many of you are wondering how you are going to manage to come. The financial clouds hang heavy. Some of our young people are so anxious to go to Bible School. The clouds are hanging low and heavy. Father and mother are anxious to send you but the financial clouds hinder. They look at other homes with plenty who are able to send their children to school and wonder why it is so, and right here our third verse of this song is very appropriate. Stop and read it just now. Right here I think I shall tell you the story of a little girl who prayed the clouds away.

A few years ago when my own daughter was ready to enter her junior year of college, things looked very dark, financially speaking, and we had about made up our mind that we would not be able to send her that year. We kept praying, and she would say, "I just feel that God will open the way." She and I drove to the school she had been attending, which was about one hundred miles from our home. It looked like everything was done that was possible, to make arrangements for her to go, but everything seemed to fail. We drove from the college with heavy hearts. All at once my daughter said, "I still believe I'm going to school." Before we reached home something happened and arrangements were made for her to go. Yes, she had prayed the clouds away.

At Christmas we told her when she came home to bring everything home as we would not be able to send her the sec-

ond semester. She did so. She was very careful about our feelings as she knew it was just as hard on us as it was on her. My husband was ill at that time and about a week after the school began, to which she had been going, we were all seated in our living room. My husband was getting better and was lying on the divan. A knock was heard at the door. We opened the door and admitted a minister and his wife we had never seen before. He had heard that my husband was sick and came to call on him. He introduced himself as the new president of Washington College, which was located in our community.

We had a very pleasant afternoon with them. In our conversation we casually told him about Mary Elizabeth's having to quit school. He looked rather disappointed. As he left, he said to her, "Don't be too badly disappointed, you are still young and you will get to finish college." She had just passed her eighteenth birthday at that time. One day, just one week from that time, the telephone rang and the voice at the other end of the line asked for Mary Elizabeth. This was the message: "Get ready to go back to school, I will bring the money over to you in a few moments." Was that just a happen so? Oh no, it was answer to her prayers. When he came he said, "I went home Sunday night and couldn't rest. I wrote to a wealthy friend of mine up North and so here is the money. Go to school this year and I'll see you through your senior year and when you graduate I'll give you a teaching position at Washington College." She graduated at the age of nineteen and taught for three years at

this place. A call to her present position came without her even applying for it. She has never had to apply for a position. This summer she has finished her M. A. degree at Duke University. She has paid her own way through the university.

Dear friends, if we could only get our young people on our hearts and help them pray through on their problems, and if we had more people like this minister with a heart easily touched by the needs of others, many of our young people could be educated and sent forth to bless the world.

(Cont'd on page 23)

## PRAY THE CLOUDS AWAY

When you hear the thunder booming, when you see the lightning flash,  
When the castles you have builded have all fallen with a crash,  
And when ev'rything about you has all crumbled to decay,  
If you'll just start right in praying, you can pray the clouds away.

When old Satan keeps tormenting, telling you a lot of lies,  
Then again, it seems the shadows come to veil your sunny skies;  
When he laughs at all your weakness, and he macks you as you pray,  
Once again just start in praying, and you'll pray the clouds away.

Other people seem to prosper, while it seems God keeps you poor,  
You can scarcely make expenses, keep the wolf back from the door;  
Then you gaze upon your loved ones thru' the eyes, by tears made dim,  
Thinking of the needed comforts, but their needs are known to Him.

When the enemy keeps whispering that the Lord's forgotten you,  
When the poor farm and its terrors keep appearing on the view,  
Just remember dear old David, that from youth to age he said,  
"I've not seen the just forsaken, nor God's children begging bread."

Even death itself was conquered by our Savior on the tree,  
He exposed its reign of terror, made it harmless as can be;  
Death is swallowed up in victory, when it comes your way just sing,  
And you'll find it is a bluffer, since Christ took away its sting.

—Herbert Buffum



# Under Whose Wings

BY ZENOBIA BIRD

Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Any one desiring the previous chapters of this story may send 5c per copy for back issues. The story began in July issue. Space forbids us giving a synopsis.

## Asking For a Sign

Only a few days and Hilda would be going home, but tonight she was puzzled and somewhat blue over her latest letter from home which she held in her hand as she sought Jean's room.

"Jean," she began, "I have never said much about my home folks, but I have to tell somebody about the queer way things have been going. I am awfully worried about father. Father's getting old, and while we have never been even mildly rich, we have always had enough, and father has been fairly successful and had looked forward to being able to retire soon. Jean, I know you do not believe in the hoodoo, but it does seem as if father's business is being hoodooed."

Jean laughed. "What do you mean by being hoodooed?"

"Why, some uncanny, inhuman influence that seems to come into people's affairs and tangle them up and work harm no matter what they try to do. Call it bad luck then. Only luck you can easily see is just a 'happen so' lots of times. Really I am serious, in father's matters it seems as though some real wicked influence is working against him."

"Hilda, I am ashamed of you!" Jean began severely. "That you, a Christian, should talk like that about luck. And then such a heathen thing as a 'hoodoo'! I am surprised!"

"Oh, come now, don't scold me. Of course I know it is wrong for a Christian to talk about such things, because we know better, and some who do not know any better and who do not know God may be led into such foolish, wicked beliefs, or unbelief. I do know better, really I do."

Jean softened and smiled. "I am glad you do. And if I were you, I wouldn't talk that way. But what is the trouble that is worrying you?"

"Father has lost a lot of money lately, and in a way that peculiarly hurts him and breaks his spirit as a business man. He had just about secured the Riggs contract, had gone to considerable trouble and expense in connection with it and was practically sure of it, when someone seemed suddenly to turn Mr. Riggs against father and for no apparent reason

it was given to another man. That seemed almost to break father's heart and discourage him so he hardly has the spirit even to go after another big contract. Then he tried to borrow quite a sum to finish another contract and had practically arranged the loan, when one of the officials seemed suddenly to become suspicious and the offer of the loan was withdrawn. Father has never had any such difficulties in his life before, and his credit has always been of the very best, and you can guess how these things hurt him now when he is old."

"Yes," Jean answered quietly and very soberly. "That is too bad. Are you sure you know your father's affairs enough to know just how his credit does stand?"

"I think so. Father has always been quite frank about these matters at home."

"Has he any enemy who might pos-

## FOREWORD

This book stands almost unique among stories for young people written from a genuinely Christian viewpoint. An amazing characteristic of English literature is that the great love stories of fiction and drama are nearly all treated as though a personal heavenly Father had nothing to do with such matters. In this they are perhaps true to life that is lived without God. But what of Christians who earnestly want God's way in their lives? Stories dealing with this group of people are too apt to be "goody-goody," and appear "pious" in the wrong sense of that word. But Zenobia Bird, with a keen insight into human nature, a remarkable grasp of spiritual truth and its practical application to everyday life, has given a series of love stories based on actual life experiences that will fascinate young people, and at the same time show how vital and real and adventurous is life with Christ at the center.

REV. ROBERT C. McQUILKIN,  
Dean of Columbia Bible School, Columbia,  
S. C.

sibly be working against him for any reason?"

"No, father has not an enemy in the world. Everybody who knows him loves him. I do not think he ever had an enemy."

"Forgive me, Hilda, for asking, but do you think it possible that your brothers are doing anything that would hurt your father's credit?"

"I don't think so. Both the boys have good positions, are straightforward, honest, hard-working young fellows, liked and trusted, I believe, by everyone. They are active in Sunday School, one, you know, teaching a class and the other president of the young men's class, and they both belong to the young people's socie-

ty."

"Well, it is too bad." Then changing to a lighter theme, "By the way, have you made up your mind what you are going to do about Mr. Levermore?"

Hilda smiled, and then suddenly grew very sober. "That's another thing that is troubling me more than I can say. I really do love him, sometimes I think a great deal. He's so big and tender and courteous and so kind-hearted, and I always have a feeling when I am with him that I would always be so well cared for if I married him. I would never lack for anything. And that means a lot when one has fended for herself as long as I have! And then the way father's affairs have been going has almost made me think perhaps it is providential that I marry Mr. Levermore at this time. It would be a great joy and relief to both father and mother if I were 'well married'" she mimicked. "I am the last little chicken in the nest. Mr. Levermore has lots of money and once or twice he has even suggested that I owe it to my parents to marry a rich man if I can. Sometimes he has spoken as though he knows something of the financial troubles which father has been having and would like to help him, but of course could not do so except as a son-in-law."

An ugly thought flashed through Jean's mind for a moment, but she dismissed it almost instantly as impossible. Could it be that this man was working to almost force or overpersuade Hilda into marrying him, and did he possibly have anything to do with her father's financial troubles? But no, all that Hilda had told her of him could not be reconciled in any way to such a thing.

They discussed the matter of Mr. Levermore for a long time and as Hilda talked of him, of his patient, devoted, unselfish love, she found her heart going out to him as never before. She was sure she could be ideally happy with him, were it not for that little lingering bit of romantic love for Warren Hethrington,—or was it only for the memory of Warren Hethrington?

"Hilda, only God knows what you ought to do. Can't you find out His will in some way?"

"If I knew what was God's will for me, I am sure I should be happy either to marry Mr. Levermore or even to give him up entirely, but I cannot go on like this. Did I tell you his last letter as much as plainly said that he must have an answer, yes or no, when I go home this time? I must know my own mind and heart and make a decision very soon. Jean, couldn't we ask God for some sign to guide us? What was it that we learned about guidance at school one evening?"

"God guides by His Word, first, then by His providences or circumstances, and

(Continued on page 27)



# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 1

### A Long Stay on the Mountain

When the children of Israel had come out of Egypt, God had told Moses to lead them to the foot of Mt. Sinai. This was a high, steep, rocky mountain in the wilderness. They were to wait at the foot of the mount. They could see that the top of the mountain was covered with clouds and smoke. There were lightnings and thunders and the sound of a trumpet. All the people trembled. From out of that cloud there came a voice speaking to them—the voice of God, giving them the Ten Commandments. Read Ex. 20:3-18.

After this God gave them to Moses written upon two tablets or pieces of stone. Moses spent forty days upon Mt. Sinai. When he came down, his face was shining so bright with the glory of God that he had to wear a veil. Was this not a wonderful experience to be alone with God forty days, talking to Him; receiving the laws for the people of Israel to obey?

#### Questions

On what mountain did Moses meet God? Mt. Sinai. How long did he stay on this mountain? Forty days. How many commandments did He give at this time? Ten.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 2

### A Man Who Walked on the Water

Matt. 14:22-33

One stormy night the disciples of Jesus were in a ship in the midst of the sea of Galilee. The wind came down from the hills, and tossed the lake up in great waves. Brother Simmons, overseer of Tennessee, saw this lake in 1929 and says

the water is clear because of a cloudless sky, and abounds with fish; it is now called Lake Tiberia.

While the storm was on about three o'clock in the morning they saw a figure coming to them, walking on the water. Perhaps they had never seen nor heard of anything like this and they became frightened, thinking it was a spirit. Jesus drew nearer and said unto them, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Peter was of an impulsive nature and when he saw Jesus he was so glad to see Him that he wanted to rush to His side at once, and said, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water." And Jesus said, "Come." Peter came down out of the ship and the water was firm under his feet. No doubt he felt strong and brave but when he saw the lightning flash, heard the thunder roll and the waves rising high, he became frightened and began to sink. Then he cried out, "Lord, save me," and immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him. When Peter and Jesus entered the ship the wind ceased. They that were in the ship were convinced that He was truly the Son of God.

#### Questions

Who walked on the water? Jesus and Peter. What caused him to sink? He doubted. When they entered the ship what happened? The wind ceased.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 3

### A Great Battle Fought With Trumpet, Pitcher and Lamp

Judges 6:16-22

You children are familiar with war today, but you never hear of an army taking a trumpet, pitcher, and lamp to kill thousands of men. We now have modern up-to-date weapons such as gas, bombs, antiaircraft guns and heavy artillery to fight with.

At this time Israel had been punished because of their sins. They had been worshipping idols. For seven years the Midianites had swept over their land at harvest time and carried away their crops of grain. They were driven away from their villages and compelled to hide in the caves of the mountains.

One day a man by the name of Gideon was threshing out wheat when an angel told him to deliver his people from the hands of the Midianites. He, like people today, began making excuses but God assured him that He would be with him and help him.

Gideon had at his command several thousand men, but God wanted to show the people that He did not need a large

army to fight this battle, just a few brave men, who would obey orders.

Gideon took these men and gave each a trumpet, and a pitcher, with a lamp inside the pitcher, so the light could not be seen. He divided them in three companies, the three parts on three sides. He took a hundred men with him, and sent the other two hundred another way, creeping quietly along till they came to the place where the Midianites had set up their tents and were all lying asleep. They were sleeping so soundly they did not hear Gideon and his men until they were close to the camp. All of a sudden, every one of the Israelites broke his pitcher and let his lamp shine, blew his trumpet and shouted, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The Midianites were awakened out of their sleep to see the enemies all around them, lights beaming and swords flashing in the darkness. They were frightened and began to trample one another until many were killed and the rest fled away. So God delivered the Israelites from the Midianites, and gave them peace again.

#### Questions

Who troubled the Israelites? The Midianites. Whom did God send to save them? Gideon. How many men was Gideon to have with him? Three hundred. What did all the men carry? A trumpet, pitcher, and lamp. After this great victory did the Midianites bother them any more? No.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 4

### A Man Born Blind

John 9:1-38

One Sabbath as Jesus and His disciples were walking in Jerusalem, they met a blind man who had been blind from his birth, begging. Jesus took clay, spread on his eyes and told him to "Go, and wash in the pool of Siloam."

Brother Simmons saw this pool in 1929 and found little Arab children bathing in the water that ran into the pool, and women washing their clothes in the pool. After all this the people drank this water.

This poor blind man felt his way down the steps into the pool of Siloam. He washed his eyes and at once his lifelong blindness passed away. We can imagine how he felt as he gazed upon this world for the first time in life. He must have shouted for joy. When he returned home the neighbors said, "Is not this he that sat and begged?" Some said, "It must be the same!" Others said, "No, but it looked like him." But he said, "I am the man who was blind." The Pharisees asked him how he had received his sight. He told them that a man called Jesus made clay and anointed his eyes and told him to wash in the pool of Siloam. He went and washed and received sight. The Jews would not believe this report until they asked his parents if this was their son.

(Continued on page 23)



Helps for Children's Meetings

Children's Choruses

Opening chorus: Sing softly with eyes closed

Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome.  
Holy Ghost we welcome Thee.  
Come with power and fill this temple,  
Holy Ghost we welcome Thee.

Y. P. E. Yell

Whoever you are be noble,  
Whoever you are be free,  
Whoever you are be loyal  
To the pledge of the Y. P. E.

The Bible

The B-I-B-L-E.  
Yes, that's the Book for me,  
I stand right on the Word of God,  
The B-I-B-L-E.

Climbing

Climb, climb up the sunshine mountain,  
Heavenly breezes blow;  
Climb, climb up the sunshine mountain,  
Faces all aglow;  
Turn, turn your eyes from evil,  
Looking to the sky;  
Climb, climb up the sunshine mountain  
You and I.

Jesus Loves the Little Children

(Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp)  
Jesus loves the little children,  
All the children of His care—  
Red and yellow, black and white,  
They are precious in His sight,  
Jesus loves the little children everywhere.

Chorus:

Come, come, come and help us win them  
Every one can have a share;  
We can witness for the King,  
Precious souls unto Him bring.  
Then some day we'll go to live with Him  
up there.

My sins rolled high as the mountain,  
They all disappeared in the fountain;  
He wrote my name down,  
For a palace and a crown;  
Praise His dear name, I'm free, I'm free.  
He wrote my name down for a palace and  
a crown.  
Praise His dear name I am free.

Closing Prayer

Jesus keep us through the week,  
Help us to God's blessings seek.  
Make us strong and brave and true  
As we try God's will to do.

Booster

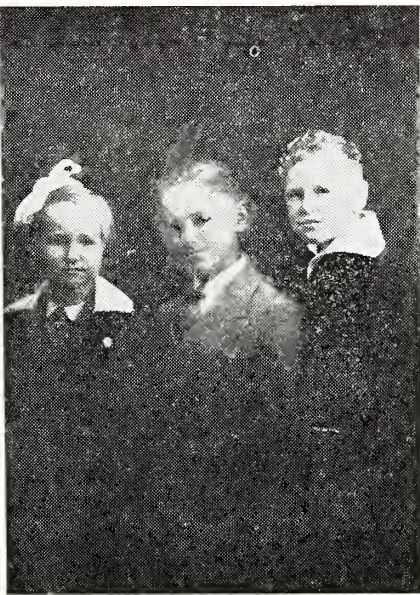
Everybody ought to be a booster, a booster,  
a booster,

A booster never knocks and a knocker  
never boosts,  
Everybody ought to be a booster.

Everybody ought to be a Christian, a  
Christian, a Christian,  
A Christian is saved, and a sinner is lost,  
Everybody ought to be a Christian.

Everybody ought to love Jesus, Jesus, Je-  
sus,  
He died on the cross to save us from sin,  
Everybody ought to love Jesus.

Everybody wants to go to heaven, to



Here are Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Walker's  
three fine children. From left to right,  
Grace, age 5, Junior 11, Samuel 7.

heaven, to heaven,  
You can't get there on flowery beds of  
ease,  
Everybody wants to go to heaven.—Au-  
thor Unknown.

Since I Joined

(Tune: "Since Jesus Came Into My  
Heart")  
What a wonderful change in my life has  
been wrought,  
Since I joined the Junior Endeavor.  
I have love for my Bible which nothing  
has brought,  
Since I joined the Junior Endeavor.

Chorus:

Since I joined the Junior Endeavor.  
Since I joined the Junior Endeavor,  
There's a work I can do, there's a work  
for you, too,  
Come with me and join our Endeavor.

I want others to know more of God, and  
His Word,  
Since I joined the Junior Endeavor.  
For many there are who of Him have not  
heard,  
Come with me and join our Endeavor.

(Tune: "Brighten the Corner")

We are the Savior's boys and girls,  
We are the Savior's boys and girls,  
Jesus is our Captain,  
And we love Him, yes we do,  
We are the Savior's boys and girls.

Here is a good exercise that will rest  
the children and interest them. Have it  
about the middle of your program:  
You can easily see the gestures needed in  
this exercise.

Smile awhile and give your face a rest,  
Stand up straight and elevate your  
chest,  
Reach your hands up toward the sky,  
While you wag your head so freely;  
Limber up and turn around a bit,  
As you were, and now before you sit  
Reach right out to someone near,  
Shake his hand and smile.

(Tune: "The Battle Hymn of the Re-  
public")

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.  
It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.  
So smile when you're in trouble, it will  
vanish like a bubble,  
If you'd only take the trouble just to  
S-M-I-L-E.

Juniors, Juniors, We are Juniors

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")  
Good morning (or evening), everybody  
we are glad that you are here;  
Now remember you are welcome here—  
we want to make it clear;  
You will find from us each day through-  
out this happy year  
A welcome hand for you!

Chorus:

Juniors, Juniors, we are Juniors!  
Juniors, Juniors, we are Juniors!  
Juniors, Juniors, we are Juniors!  
A welcome hand for you!

We are always working for your Y. P. E.  
you know,  
Doing what we can for Jesus; trying good  
seed to sow.  
You can see around each day the many  
tasks that we can do;  
May we count now on you?

Chorus:

Workers, workers, we are workers!  
Workers, workers, we are workers!  
Workers, workers, we are workers!  
May we now count on you!  
(Continued on page 25)



# Helps for Tempted and Tried

## The Believer's High Priest

The believer is not called upon to travel a path that is unknown to the Lord and Master. He is simply called to follow in His steps (1 Peter 2:21). Those "steps" will certainly involve pain and suffering. It meant that for the Lord. However, since He has gone the way before us, since He has suffered, since He was willing to suffer, should not the one who claims to love Him be just as willing to go that same path in order to be with Him? Surely, if the love is right, the one who claims to love Him will only be too glad to follow Him even if it does mean a path of suffering. The poet says:

*"Let us press on, in patient  
self-denial,  
Accept the hardship,  
shrink not from the  
loss:  
Our portion lies beyond the  
hour of trial,  
Our crown beyond the  
cross."*

If you want to know who you really are, then watch the nature of your temptations. They will reveal to you your true, innermost hidden person. The temptations will be the more deceitful, the more cunning, the higher your moral and spiritual character is. The more degraded, the viler the person, the more beastly and foul the temptation will be. The devil was very wise in coming to the Son of God. We doubt if he came to our Lord with temptations of a certain character. He was too wise for that. What he did come with were things that were befitting the dignity of the Son of God. Coarse and common forms of sin were hardly in the list of presentations to our Lord.

Don't you think the devil is just as wise when he comes to you? If you are inclined to seek "high things," he knows that, therefore, he will come to you in a most plausible manner. He will show you the most wonderful possibilities and probabilities. They may be altogether beyond your most ex-

alted attainments, but he is not concerned about that. He has but one point in view—to defeat you. He will do that in any way he can succeed in bringing it about.

## IS YOUR TEMPTATION TO BE POPULAR?

Popularity is one of the most subtle forms of temptation. There are many so-called believers who are very popular in all the most outstanding forms of worldly entanglements. They fail to see the subtlety of the archdeceiver in thus en-

trapping them. They may know that they are not as deeply interested in things spiritual as they once were, but they think they are too deeply involved in lawful "cares" to spend so much time on those, to them, "minor" engagements.

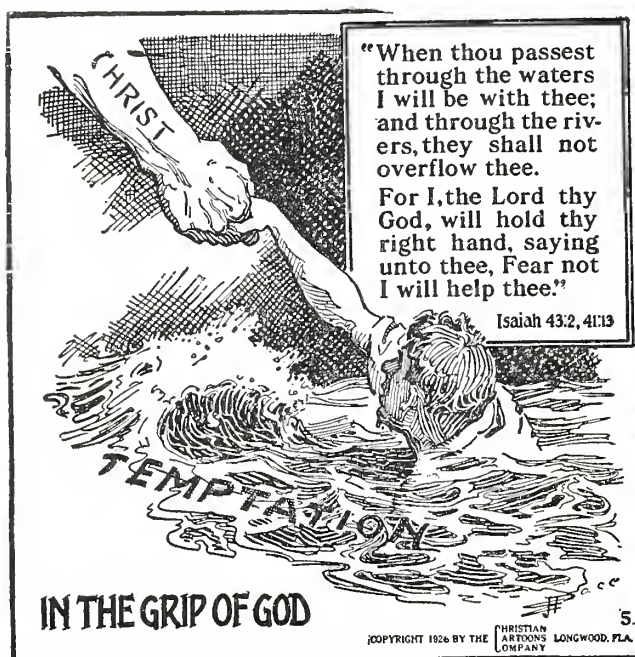
But popular! Oh, yes! They are very popular. They are too popular to find any value in being assembled with God's people. Their time is too "precious" to "waste" on anything but on their own great (?) projects.

## IS YOUR TEMPTATION TO HAVE FRIENDS?

Who would not have friends? Yes, certainly, you want friends. It is perfectly lawful to have friends. Our Lord had "friends." He had three very "special friends." He took them with Him to places where He would not have taken any one else. He told them things that He told no one else on earth. He showed them things that He showed to no one else. In fact, no one else could have grasped what they grasped, dense however they were. But they were His "friends." They suffered with Him. They traveled with Him. They bore His reproach. They were not ashamed to be called His "brethren," and He was not ashamed to call them "brethren." They were associated with Him in all that He did.

Beware lest you turn into a wrong channel of friendship. It is possible to be associated with those who in works are "enemies" rather than "friends." To seek in an unlawful way that which is ordinarily lawful is to seek the forbidden. That coveted "friend," that one the heart so longs for and desires, the very longing for that one may be the secret whispering of Satan. You know in your own heart you should not associate with that one, but oh, how you do long after that very one. The Son of God, your own Savior and Lord, suffered temptation in this very form. Satan tempted Him to

(Continued on page 29)



## "HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE"

By GENE SCOTT WRIGHT

Into the depths He goes with me;  
There He has been before.  
He knows the soundings of my sea,  
He hears its breakers roar,  
He leads me through the surging tide,  
And lifts me to a rock;  
My soul may there in peace abide,  
Above the billows' shock.

But I must let Him take my hand,  
And follow where He goes;  
Nor need I seek to understand,—  
This must suffice—He knows.  
He knows my way, dark or bright,  
On land or troubled sea:  
I hear His whisper in the night,  
"Fear not, but trust in Me."

I hold them fast, those words of cheer,  
What comfort through them flows!  
Now storms may gather, near, more near,  
It matters not, He knows.

THE SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.



# Father's & Mother's Page

## Co-Operation With the Sunday School

The golden texts and memory verses that are given the children each Sunday should become a part of their lives, and unless they are held in memory and recalled they cannot be of much use. But the teacher has only a few minutes for impressing the text on the children's minds, so it is well if the parents help the children make these Bible gems their own for always.

One method we use to preserve the texts in memory is to write them on the blackboard on Sunday afternoon and have each child who can write make copies. Sometimes they print the texts as beautiful as they know how, then color it with crayons or paints. At other times they will write on the center of a sheet of paper and around it draw pictures to illustrate it, then color these.

Another of our precious possessions that helps keep the texts in memory is our Golden Text Scrapbook. On the cover each child pastes a selected picture. Then on the inside sheets the new text is written each Sunday, one to a page. Sunday afternoon and all during the week that follows, or even longer, the children look for appropriate pictures to illustrate the text. These are found in magazines and papers usually. As a result of this activity the text is impressed on the children's minds and also exactly what the text means or stands for, or how we are to use it in our lives, which is a great importance, because it shows the child how to translate his Christian training into Christian action.

### RELATIVE VALUES

The primary superintendent was calling on Frances Blake's mother. "We missed Frances from Sunday School," she remarked. "I hope she wasn't

sick."

"No, she wasn't sick," returned Mrs. Blake, "and Frances cried to go, but the fact is I haven't had a chance to get her a new coat, and her old one is so shabby I couldn't let her wear it. I told her if she wouldn't cry I would go to town and get her one before next Sunday."

Now Frances was a small girl of eight years and probably not one in the whole Sunday School would have noticed, nor cared whether her coat was new or old; but there was foolish Mrs. Blake impressing upon her small daughter's mind the fact of making a good appearance rather than a good attendance at Sunday School.

Later as she drove homeward, the superintendent reflected on the different attitude Frances would naturally come to take towards life from that taken by Marjory Smith, a girl in the same community. The Smith family was just then in very straitened circumstances. Mrs. Smith, a woman of refinement and education, appeared in public in a coat and hat decidedly shabby; and Marjory so far from staying at home until she could get a new coat, knew there would be no new coat, and very complacently appeared in sweater and beret.

You see the Smiths have a true sense of value. While they would like to have pretty clothes, they do not put personal appearance before other more important things. Personality comes first with them always. So the Smiths will always be outstanding citizens in any walk of life, whether dressed in silk or cotton, in style or out, while poor little Frances Blake, apparently as bright and promising, is handicapped by the fear that she is not making as good appearance as the rest of her set, that her house is not as well furnished as someone else's, or that her

car is out of date. And worst of all she will pass this attitude on to her own children.

As she thought on all these things, the primary superintendent sighed wistfully: "Oh, that the eyes of the people, especially mothers, could learn to put first things first in the minds and hearts of their children."—*Catherine Masters.*

## PRE-SUNDAY SCHOOL TRAINING

We have all learned how beneficial the results of pre-school training have been, now we can know the lasting benefit that may come from pre-Sunday School training. Let the mother begin as early with her teaching of Bible truths as she does to teach her baby familiarity with a Mother Goose rhyme.

As you hold your little one on your knee repeat the rhythmic sentences of your favorite Psalm. He will respond to the beauty long before he will understand anything of its meaning. But the familiarity of the sound will be a long step toward his feeling that it is somehow meant for him.

One little mother whose baby was a mere infant went to the head of the Cradle Roll department to learn how and what was being done to teach little tots the very beginning of their lifetime faith. She got a copy of the songs for babies, studied the simple plans for teaching short Bible truths, investigated the play-time plans to further good conduct, and made note of all the picture helps they used in this infant department.

Then she went home and gave her baby's future religious training serious thought. She talked with the young mothers she daily came in contact with about what they were doing to promote a basis of belief in their children. She took the beautiful Bible stories and put their main thought into a simplified Bible story. She made the sentences short and understandable in these stories, only one thought in a story. She deleted Bible words where, to a small baby mind, they were confusing. She remembered her wonder as a child at the expression, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." To older people this is one of the sweetest wordings in the Bible, but little folks only connect the word suffer with pain. And she had somehow always wondered why Jesus made children suffer when they came to Him.

When older children played school this mother would suggest they play Sunday School. Then she saw to it that they really followed the plan of conduct in a real Sunday School. She gave them play money to put in the collection box. She told them what was done with these pennies and nickels and dimes that came in every Sunday in the collection boxes of each class. She even wrote a little story that she entitled: "The Traveling Missionary

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## The Inner Circle Page

### QUESTING YOUTH

BY FREDERICK P. WOOD

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(Continued from last issue)

#### Less Than the Best

The supreme peril which comes to every Christian is contentment with something less than the best. Your chief danger and mine is not open, vulgar sin. The devil knows that it is not much good to try to entice us into gross self-indulgence; but he does persistently tempt us to be satisfied with a fairly decent, respectable Christian. He replied, "Yes, but he doesn't work much at it."

In one of our secular magazines there appeared this sentence:

"The charge that is brought against the Christian Church is that it is content to be partially Christian."

Now it is bad enough to be "Partially Christian," but it is much worse to be content with only that. For a partial Christian is much more a hindrance than a help to the cause of Christ. He is a bad sample. He lets down the One whose name he professes. He gives the world a distorted view of what the Christian life really is. The world sees in him a caricature of the real thing, and so is repelled.

A young lawyer once said, "I might have been a Christian if I had not met so many who said they were!" The world is looking for all-round Christians, whole-hearted Christians, all-through-the-week Christians, one hundred per cent Christians.

Is any husband satisfied with the partial love of his wife? Is any wife satisfied with the partial love of her husband? Is any parent satisfied with the partial love of his children? Is any business man satisfied with the partial success of his firm? How much less is God satisfied with any one of us who is only a partial Christian!

In the days of the Great War, all recruits were medically examined, and then classified either A. 1—that is, fit for the front line, or B. 2 for service at the Base, or C. 3 not fit for service overseas. In

the spiritual war, too, there are categories for the soldiers of Christ. The tragedy today is that there is a scarcity of A. 1 Christians, because there are so many who are only B. 2, if not C. 3.

Some of us are like the little boy who was sent on a railway journey alone for the first time, and whose kind daddy had bought for him a first-class ticket, but he got into a third-class carriage. When the ticket inspector found him there he said, "You are a silly boy! You're traveling third-class with a first-class ticket!" Oh, the thousands of Christians who are, as it were, travelling

his incomparable opportunity was "thirty pieces of silver." He missed the best.

Paul says regretfully, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present evil world." What a tragedy, when he had the priceless opportunity of intimate fellowship with the Apostle in the service of Christ. Think what he might have become. With all the amazing teaching he must have had from Paul, and the inspiration which he, as Paul's colleague, could have received, he might have been known through all the Christian era as one of the great pioneers of the Christian Church. But he "loved the garish day"; he allowed his quest to be for "the things which are seen." The world offered him its comforts and pleasures; he set his heart upon a thousand trifles of time, and at the end he had nothing to show for it but the "white, cold ashes of moral defeat."

The final and utter failure of Demas was not caused by any deliberate indulgence in some gross and vulgar sin. It began in that hour when he allowed the lure of the legitimate to divert him from the concentration of all his powers upon the supreme objective of the 'cause of Christ. Instead of continuing to give Him the pre-eminence, he began to give Him merely some prominence, and let the world have a bit of his heart's affections. He never meant to give up being Paul's colleague. He had no intention of dropping out of Christian service.

But the world is a dangerous companion, even though we may not mean her to go beyond a surface acquaintanceship. She very soon absorbs more and more of our time and thought, and the more we give the more she takes, and so Christ gets pushed out, till He has neither pre-eminence nor prominence, but only a place in our lives. In the end He is deprived even of that.

"Room for pleasure, room for business,

But for Christ the Crucified—  
Not a place that He can enter  
In the heart for which He died."

This is the inevitable consequence of hobnobbing with the world. If you court the world, flirt with her, go arm-in-arm with her, you will soon lose your enthusiasm for the service of Christ.

"Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God," James 4:4.

Once become preoccupied with the things of earth, and your Christian life will become second-rate, mediocre, less than the best. Concentration on the best, (Continued on page 25)

### I'LL STAY WHERE YOU PUT ME

(Dedicated to our workers on the field)

I'll stay where You've put me; I will, dear Lord,  
Though I wanted so badly to go.  
I was eager to march with the "rank and file,"  
Yes, I wanted to lead them, You know.  
I planned to keep step to the music loud,  
To cheer when the banner unfurled,  
To stand in the midst of the fight, straight and proud,  
Victorious before the whole world.

I'll stay where You've put me; I'll work, dear Lord,  
Though the field be narrow and small,  
And the ground be fallow, and the stones lie thick,  
And there seems to be no life at all.  
The field is Thine own; only give me the seed;  
I'll sow it with never a fear;  
I'll till the dry soil while I wait for the rain,  
And rejoice when the green blades appear.

I'll stay where You've put me; I will, dear Lord;  
I'll bear the day's burden and heat,  
Always trusting Thee fully! when even' has come  
I'll lay heavy sheaves at Thy feet.  
And then when my earth work is ended and done,  
In the light of Eternity's glow,  
Life's record all closed, I surely shall find  
It was better to stay than to go!

—Selected.

"third-class" though in Christ they have the full right to "first-class" travel. They live beneath their privileges, they fail to possess their possessions. They are not living bad lives. No! perhaps they are quite good, even better than many others, but they are missing the best. Such are in deadly peril of ultimate tragic failure.

The Scriptures contain many sad examples of such failures. Judas Iscariot had all the unique privileges of close fellowship with the Master. He could have been an outstanding leader in the early church, but he used his position in the quest for "filthy lucre," and all that he got out of



## Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

### Grief or Rejoicing

Visiting a great Christian hospital recently, I said to the beloved "Pastor" of the institution, "How can you stand living constantly in such an atmosphere of suffering and tears and suspense? I believe it would drive me crazy." "No indeed," he replied, "I don't look at it that way. People do not come here to suffer, but to be relieved—not to die, but to get well. Our records show that about ninety-five per cent of all who come here for treatment are either cured or greatly helped. They were on the downgrade until they came here; their coming marks a blessed 'about face' from sickness to health and strength."

### The Last First

An American business man and his wife were visiting in London. As they entered Westminster Abbey the wife asked the verger, who was guiding them, this question:

"What tomb here is most asked for, after that of the Unknown Soldier?" "The tomb of David Livingstone," was the verger's reply.

Verily the last shall be first. The man who sought to bury himself in Africa is the most sought now among the great dead of Britain's famous men.—*Earnest Worker.*

### Moody and the Diamond

As an illustration of the text, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found," D. L. Moody said: "Suppose I should say tonight that I lost last night in this hall a diamond worth £20,000—which I didn't do; but suppose I should say I did, and that I would give anyone £10,000 that found it, I would not give much for the sermon. You would be thinking about the diamond all evening; you would be thinking, 'I wish I could find that diamond. I should like that £10,000.' And I can imagine as soon as the meeting was over—and some of you would not wait for that—you would look about and search this hall. How earnestly you would seek for that diamond! Well, is there a man or woman in this audience that will say that salvation is not worth more than all the diamonds in the world, and that it is not worth all the goods of this world? Is it not a fact that every man and woman here tonight can find God if they will?"—D. L. Moody.

### Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother

There is a touching story told of the

famous Dr. Samuel Johnson which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was a poor bookseller in Litchfield, England. On market days he used to carry a package of books to the village of Ottoexeter and sell them from a stall in the market place. One day the bookseller was sick, and asked his son to go and sell the books in his place. Samuel, from a silly pride, refused to obey.

Fifty years afterward Johnson became the celebrated author, the compiler of the "English Dictionary," and one of the most distinguished scholars in England; but he never forgot his act of unkindness to his poor, hard-toiling father; so when he visited Ottoexeter he determined to show his sorrow and repentance.

He went into the market place at the time of business, uncovered his head and stood there for an hour in the pouring rain, on the very spot where the bookstall used to stand.

"This," he says, "was an act of contrition for my disobedience to my kind father."

The spectacle of the great Doctor Johnson standing bareheaded in the storm to atone for the wrong done by him fifty years before, is a grand and touching one. There is a representation of it, in marble, on the doctor's monument.

Many a man in after life has felt something heavier and harder than a storm of rain beating upon his heart when he remembered his acts of unkindness to a good father or mother now in their graves.—*Selected.*

### The Fiery Darts of Slander

I would rather play with the forked lightning, or take in my hands living wires with their fiery current, than to speak a reckless word against any servant of Christ, or idly repeat the slanderous darts which thousands of Christians are hurling on others to the hurt of their own souls and bodies. You may wonder, perhaps, why your sickness is not healed, your spirit filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost, or your life blessed and prosperous. It may be that some dart which you have flung with angry voice, or in an idle hour of thoughtless gossip, is pursuing you on its way as it describes the circle which always brings back to the source from which it came, every shaft of bitterness, and every idle and evil word. Let us remember that when we persecute a child of God, we are but persecuting Him and hurting ourselves far

more.—A. B. Simpson.

### God's Love Paid the Most Costly Price

Precious gems come at high cost. Fallen man seemed so precious to God the Father that He would buy the soul at a most costly price. The Tiffany Store in New York City contains jewels that only men of great riches can consider buying. One day a gentleman of small means stood among others in Tiffany's, and he heard one of the salesmen say, "This pearl is worth \$17,000." The salesman placed the pearl on a black cloth to bring out its beauty thus against dark background, and the persons close by gazed with wonder at the glorious pearl, and thinking too in astonishment of the great price set on it. The gentleman I've referred to returned to his home to dream that night of the pearl and of other costly jewels, and in his dream he seemed again to be at Tiffany's, not envious of any splendid thing there, but pleased with jewel-beauty. The dream continued, as dreams sometimes do, until all these costly things appeared to be in his own house; but he was troubled, for he felt deepest concern lest he lose them and seemed to be, indeed, just about to lose them all. Awakening he thought of a jewel-treasure that was in his house: his own little boy of ten years. That boy he would not lose for any amount of earth's wealth. Dimly may this picture God's love for His children. He would not lose one of them, but gave His Son, One with Himself, paying the most costly price, to buy the jewel-pearl, as He counts each one of us.—Adapted from Bible Teacher.

### "Am I Alone Responsible?"

By H. D. Warden

*He walked in all the sins of his father.*  
—1 Kings 15:3.

*His mother was his counsellor to do wickedly.*—2 Chronicles 22:3.

In Carleton county, New Brunswick, a few years ago, a young man named George Gee was found guilty of murder and sentenced to die. Just before he was executed, he asked permission to speak to the public. He said:

"Am I alone responsible for this crime which I am held responsible for? I am a young man of seventeen years. It was my father who put the first bottle of liquor in my hand and gave me my first lesson in drink. It was my mother that taught me first how to dance and keep bad company. It was my father and mother that taught me there was nothing in religion. I never saw a Bible in my home. I never heard my parents offer a prayer. And must I go into God's presence alone for responsible for this crime? God have mercy on my soul."—*From the Editor's "Windows and Wings."*



# A Sunday School That Became A College

BY DOROTHY FRITSCH BORTZ

A little one-room log cabin Sunday School with Martha Berry seated on a soap box, telling Bible stories to three dirty-faced mountain boys—that was the humble beginning of the great Mount Berry College near Rome, Georgia, which today has the largest school campus in the world, twenty-five thousand acres of farm and woodland, a faculty of one hundred and fifty members, and a student body of over twelve hundred boys and girls. For those three boys in that log cabin Sunday School told others about Martha Berry's Bible stories until fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, babies, carts, and mules were all coming to Berry Hill to hear the "Sunday Lady" tell her stories; while the neighbors around took to peering over their hedges at Miss Martha's "carryings on."

Martha Berry was doing the unconventional. She was born of wealthy parents on one of the traditional beautiful large plantations in Georgia. There were six daughters in the family, five of whom took part in the typical society life of the South, but not so with the one, Martha. Instead of being satisfied with letting the mountaineers of the Southern Highlands continue in their poverty and ignorance, she took it upon herself to enlighten them. And instead of going to the city to be "finished off," as many girls in her position did, she hitched her pony to a cart and started Sunday Schools all over Possum Trot Hollow and Lavender Mountain—after her own little log cabin Sunday School at Berry Hill became too small to accommodate the crowds.

But as the "Sunday Lady" of Possum Trot drove farther and farther back into the hills, she was greatly grieved at the waste of human intelligence she found there. Fathers and mothers were totally ignorant while only a few teen-age boys and girls could spell out the words of a third-grade reader. There was only one way to retrieve this lost material, and that was by opening week-day schools in her own log cabin at Berry Hill, as well as in her little Sunday School cabins throughout Possum Trot. And this Martha Berry did with the help of her sister, Frances, and another young volunteer, Miss Brewster.

But there was one thing wrong with her little weekday schools. They were too few and too far apart. When bad weather came, her pupils dropped out. It was too far for them to walk the muddy road. In desperation Martha Berry went to her

legal adviser, Judge Wright.

"Judge!" the young lady burst into his office. "I want you to write me a deed giving the land my father left me, across the road from Berry Hill, to the school I am going to build there. I'm going to build a dormitory for my boys so they can come to school and stay there."

The judge hesitated, but not long, for Martha Berry was one to accomplish things. And within a miraculously short time she had both her deed and a ten-room dormitory, Brewster Hall, in honor of her first volunteer teacher.

Word soon began spreading through the "hollers" that "chillun" could get larnin' at the 'Sunday Lady's' school by working for it." Before long one after another came through the "Gate of Opportunity" to enter Berry School. Most of them came penniless. Some came with tin trunks and others with a goat or mule for tuition, like little Willie Jackson who knocked on the door one evening while Miss Berry was preparing corn muffins for the boys' supper. Opening, she found a mud-bedraggled little fellow standing there with an equally muddy pig on the end of a rope.

"Please, ma'm, I'm Willie Jackson, and this is my pig. Weuns has come to stay. I'se brought him heah for my tuition. He's terrible lean now, but I reckon he'll pick up tolerable quick."

Another queer sight was seen at the school one day—a six-foot boy came driving his tuition, a team of steers. But these steers proved very useful for the farm work.

Those early days at Mount Berry were a struggle, with Miss Martha using her own money to finance the school, the faculty giving their services free, and the boys doing all the campus chores. But somehow the school grew. Cabin after cabin sprang up on campus until there were half a dozen buildings in all and a student body of one hundred fifty sturdy mountain lads. Then her board of trustees told her she had done enough.

"Now concentrate on raising endowment," they said, "and keep the enrollment from growing."

But instead, Martha Berry decided to open a school for mountain girls.

"For here I am training my boys to be successful men," she told her trustees, "but when they go back home to the hills, there are no trained wives for them to marry."

So Martha Berry packed her bag and went to New York, confident that she would find friends up there enough in-

terested in her mountain girls to help finance her project. And she was not disappointed, for in 1909 she was able to open her school for girls at Mount Berry. Today Miss Berry brings in two hundred thousand dollars every year for her beloved school. She goes to the big cities and gives personal appearances and lectures, not because she likes to but she finds it necessary for her school. Her audiences are thrilled with her little intimate stories of the experiences at the school.

Mount Berry today consists of two schools, one for boys and one for girls, besides a college which grants both an A. B. and a B. S. degree. But above all, Martha Berry's first concern has always been to give her pupils a deep religious background and to inculcate the most fundamental principles of wholesome and successful living.

Mount Berry is not a denominational school, but because Martha Berry is a noble, Christian woman, religion has played a most important part. Of course, from the very beginning the three little boys were called together for the purpose of hearing Bible stories. Truly the whole foundation upon which the school was built could be therefore termed religious.

Combined with the fundamental Bible storytelling was the singing of inspirational church hymns. All the mountain people love music. In the early days Miss Berry played an old rickety melodeon while the students joined in the singing. Even today visitors at the school hear the student body sing with clear, youthful voices their many favorite hymns. It is a lasting memory to hear these twelve hundred boy and girl voices.

Because of Mount Berry's fine educational advantages Miss Martha Berry sends her boys out to take responsible positions in the world or back to their farms to reap profitable harvests from the land instead of only a bale of cotton, several sacks of corn, and a few bitter peaches for a season's hard work. She sends her girls out to be wives, mothers, and successful business women.

The story of Mount Berry College is the story of a sweet-voiced young Sunday School teacher whose aristocratic background did not keep her from loving a cause and a people. Today she is a woman past seventy, who has been received by kings and presidents, a woman to whom the Georgia Legislature has voted the title of "Distinguished Citizen of Georgia," the first person so honored. Colleges and universities over the country have awarded her all manner of honorary degrees and medals, and in 1931 she was voted one of the twelve greatest women in America.

Miss Martha Berry is one of those kindly Christian women who saw a need,

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# Our Church



## PRAY FOR OUR CHURCH

*"Somewhere, some way, some time each day*

*I'll turn aside and stop and pray  
That God will make this church the way  
Of righteousness to men."*

## My Pupil To Me!

BY H. O. BURCH

In our Sunday School there are people known as teachers of classes. The members—little children, young people, and adults—present themselves in small groups to receive from the teachers an effective Christian education.

When you get to thinking about it, they present some difficulty. I know, for I have been a teacher. It is quite the same in public and altogether inevitable. But the fact remains that our Christian education aims are singular but classes are plural! We are expected to achieve singular results by the plural approach. That is especially difficult in teaching religion because religion is by nature such an individualistic matter, one that concerns itself so particularly with the deepest inner life of man.

These class groups present such varied temperaments, home backgrounds and stages of spiritual development. How shall I pierce through all those entanglements and teach "Tom"?

There is real danger that we unconsciously consider and prepare ourselves to be teachers of classes, with the result that we seek the common spiritual denominator of the group in order to be helpful to the majority, though Tom may suffer somewhat by the process.

In addition, therefore, to being the very best teachers of classes that we can be, we teachers should also keep in mind the in-

dividual, and ask quite often in the singular, lest we forget, "What is my pupil to me?"

## A GOOD PLAN TO FOLLOW

NOTE: A teacher who was in my home recently received the following letter from the principal of her school. Read it carefully. I wonder if we could not profit by this man's ideas in our work in the Sunday school.—Editor.

Dear Teacher:

I should like very much for you to have a hand in determining the school program for the coming year, especially the policy to be followed and the main objectives stressed in order to give the children of this district the most progressive school possible consistent with the modern aims of education. Therefore, will you please write me a personal letter setting forth as frankly as possible your views concerning the following:

1. What do you think could be done in order to improve classroom efficiency in general? Your room in particular? (Please be frank.)

2. Are any activities being overemphasized at present? Or are we failing to emphasize as we should certain worthwhile activities?

3. Can you offer any constructive plan for better integrating school work from grade to grade?

4. What suggestions can you give that would strengthen the organization and the usefulness of the school?

I invite a frank and honest discussion of these problems. It is the only way in which a democratic organization should attack its problems. I believe that a written reply is desirable in that it will give more time for deliberation, give each teacher a chance to express herself on all problems mentioned, and will be helpful in working out a unified school program.

If you do not have your pupil list please call for it as soon as possible. One request that we are making of all teachers is that you visit the home of every child who will be in your room before the opening of school. I hope that we can report 100 per cent on this. I am sure that you see the value of it.

Please stress prompt and regular attendance in your visits.

Looking forward to a happy and successful year,

I am, very sincerely yours,

There are four answers.

1. He must be an individual to me. In a lot of ways Tom is different from any other boy or man in the class, just as every one of them is different. Tom has certain personal needs that must be met. I must know what they are! It may be Tom is from a home of actual want. He may behave badly in class, not so much from lack of proper home training as from lack of proper nourishment. Perhaps I must do what Jesus did, feed him, clothe him, heal him, before I can teach him religion.

When the mayor of our city died quite suddenly, having served only one month in office, it was the greatest shock the city had had for a long time. It was not because the mayor had died, but because a man who was more than the mayor had died. He was known throughout the city and state as the young man's friend. Unmarried, he gave his life to young men. He took them into his spacious home to live with him there. With him the unfortunate had a refuge, in him the needy had an unfailing friend. He was a Sunday School teacher, too. He always knew "Tom"—and always ministered to the need of every Tom.

So I must watch Tom's needs. But Tom also has possibilities, and these, I, his teacher, must take into account. It is told of a little Junior boy that he was quite incorrigible, both in public and in Sunday School. He was always wanting to do the very opposite of what was expected of the class. One day, by accident, a teacher discovered him drawing pictures on his paper while others were doing an assignment. She sensed a talent, got an artist interested in him and lo! a miracle happened. The "bad" boy was gone—in his place was a boy who expressed the truths he had been taught through the channel of his own talents. Tom's talents may demand and deserve singular attention.

Tom, I must not forget, is also in the process of becoming. He is growing. I cannot stop it. He is growing physically, mentally, socially, as well as religiously. Not the fact of his growing but its direction is my responsibility. About him and every other of my pupils I must ask myself four questions: (a) What is he now? (b) What do I want him to become? (c) Is he capable of becoming what I want him to be? (d) How can I transform him from what he is now to what I want him to become?

2. My pupil must be to me also the center of a social unit. Already Tom is a member of the "gang" or group. He is either strong and dominates the group, or he is weak and the group dominates him. Some day he will establish a home and rear a family. What he is and what he will become under my guidance will go on endlessly, for better or for worse. Tom

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## Mission Page

### The Price of Jungle Jewels

*\* Fannie Foshe*

*(Continued from last issue)*

Her fingers trembled as she tore the flap open and began to read slowly the contents of the telegram. Mr. Williams saw her turn ashy white and quickly came to her side.

"What is it, dear?" he cried.

"Mary's dead," she said as she fainted away.

"Mary's dead! O my God, have mercy on us!" he whispered hoarsely.

He gently picked his wife up in his arms, carried her to her bed and laid her down. He tried to be brave as he bathed her brow, but over and over in his mind rang the cruel question, "Is it worth it? This sacrifice of one human life to reach a few of those millions of heathen?" Then he looked toward heaven and cried from the depth of his broken heart, "O my God, help us now!"

Betty Sue and Charles were told the sad news that night when they came home, and all sat weeping together. Mr. Williams reached for the Bible, the Book which had been his comfort and stay through all the years, and read those sweet comforting verses found in 1 Thess. 4:13-18, ". . . that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." He read it slowly several times, then they knelt in prayer. They thanked God for His wisdom and care, submitting themselves in His hands who knows what is best.

Many years passed by and one day we see an old white-haired man sitting on the front porch of a larger cottage than the one that stood there during Mary's lifetime. Out in front, not far away, stood a nice church building. The old man was Gerald. He was no longer able to get out and go to the distant villages, but he was always busy. In his hands was a pen and on his lap was a tablet. He was busily engaged in translating the portions of the Bible not yet finished so his dear people could have the whole Bible to guide them after he was gone.

He looked up as a young man came out on the porch and sat down. In his hands was a book of the language which he had been studying. The young man was the new missionary who had arrived a few days ago to help with the work. His name was Gene Little.

"Good morning, Brother Brown, I see you are out early this morning," said Gene.

"Good morning, son. Yes, I am a bit

early, but this is very important work which I have to do. I wish to get it finished before something happens to prevent my finishing it." Gerald, now known as Father Brown, looked up from his work and shook hands with his new helper.

"Did you rest any better last night than you have been resting?"

"I don't know that I did, son. I am an old man now you know and I just naturally don't rest like I used to. You must not worry about me, I will make it all right. How did you rest?"

"Well, I hate to complain," said Gene, "but I just can't rest it seems. The hot, sultry nights make it impossible. But I am so glad to have the opportunity to be on business for my Lord, that by His help I will make it fine."

"I am glad that you have the work so at heart, son. But as you already know, it will not all be easy. There are too many lost souls around us for us to consider our own welfare very much." Father Brown's eyes looked out toward the trail leading toward the distant mountains and Gene thought he could see in his noble face the longing to be on the trail again. A big tear rolled down his cheeks and they both remained silent a few moments.

Here under the same roof sat two men, one looking backward to a life that had been given wholly to God's work for more than twenty-five years. Now he was just waiting for the summons to come home to his eternal reward. The other, a young man just beginning his career for God. How eagerly he looked forward to learning the language so he could soon take the trail that his successor could no longer take. He had the zeal and the burden bore heavily on him, but he must wait at least a few months until he had gained sufficient knowledge of the language to make himself understood.

"Brother Brown, why don't you go home for a rest?" You have suffered all these years and now when you are no longer able to carry on, why not go where you can have the comforts of life the remaining days of your life? The board insisted that I urge you to return home. I just hated to mention it to you as you seemed so contented here. But really, don't you think you should go?"

"My son, you have asked me a question and I can but answer it. My work here will soon be done, as you see I have only a little more to translate, then I will be through. When I have finished this I will have my work pretty well wound up.

That's why I am getting up early to work on it, for I am expecting to go home as soon as I am through."

"Then you are planning to go home? I am so glad. They will all be so glad to see you I know," Gene said.

"Don't misunderstand me. I say that I am going home and I am, but not back to America! Going home to the skies, son." A far-away look came into his eyes and again he looked toward the trail over which he had traveled so many times, then said simply, "Don't be afraid to take the trail, my boy. Do all the good you can, for there is a rich reward at the end. Come now and I will show you where I wish to be buried."

Together they went to the little church yard and soon came to the grave of Mary and her little baby boy. There was no elaborate tombstone at either of the graves but a simple white cross with the simple inscription on it: "Gone on to be with God," and their names plainly inscribed. Above was the waving branches of the giant palm trees and just back of the graves were beautiful flowers and ferns growing in wild profusion.

"Well, son, you can place me here beside them, when my life is done," the old man said simply.

"Please, Brother Brown, don't talk that way. You may have several more years to stay here."

"That is hardly likely. But promise to do as I have told you."

"I promise, sir."

With that Gerald turned around and walked away, tottering down the trail to the house. Gene stood where he was and as the tears stole down his manly cheeks he prayed for a portion of the grace that had so visibly sustained this godly father. Yes, he would try to take his place in the harvest field. Well, he knew that it would not be easy, but the God that had succored him here would surely give him the needed strength. He looked again at the graves of the missionary and her baby and asked himself, Is it worth it? The suffering, the privation, the leaving of loved ones and all the other things that one must do in order to come here? A feeling of guilt swept over him, and he fell to his knees in prayer.

He arose one hour later a different man. In his soul there was a firm conviction that it was worth everything that a mortal could do to help lift man from his fallen state. Yes, he would go out and win them, those jewels from the jungles and forget the suffering. After all some day he, too, would be facing his God to give an account to Him.

The gospel has never refused to go anywhere people want to carry it.



## Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to sound a note of praise through the paper this morning for what it means to us at Flemming Chapel. Everybody likes to read the Lighted Pathway. This is a new place for the Church of God but the Lord surely is blessing.

We had a wonderful Y. P. E. Sunday night. Five received the Holy Ghost. We have large crowds at our Y. P. E. services each time.—*Mrs. D. Bozeman.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am saved and a reader of the Lighted Pathway and I have found it a great blessing. I am a member of the Y. P. E. I have tried my best to be present at every meeting and also in doing my part. The Y. P. E. is a blessing to the young and I pray more can be gathered in.—*Jane Anson, Philadelphia, Jam., B. W. I.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Greetings in the name of Jesus. Just a few words of praise for your wonderful paper, the Lighted Pathway. This is only the second edition I have read, but I think it is wonderful.

We have just recently joined the Church of God. At our last Y. P. E. meeting we used your topics for our first time. The Lord was certainly with us. We desire the prayers of all the saints.—*Carl Spears, Louisville, Ky.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I am a young man of twenty and love the Lord with all my heart. My greatest desire is to serve the Lord and work for my blessed Savior, who saved, sanctified and filled me with the Holy Ghost. I enjoy serving the Lord but I want to get closer to the Lord. I read a lot of good letters in the Lighted Pathway that makes me want to do something for the Lord.

I think the Lighted Pathway is a wonderful paper and I pray it will go all over the world. I believe it just suits prisons and sinner homes. Pray for our Y. P. E. at Fitzgerald, Ga. that we may go over the top for the Lord.—*Samuel Parsons.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

I enjoy reading the Lighted Pathway more than any other paper I have ever read. I enjoy reading it from beginning to end. I have only read a few, but as my sister is a Gideon, and her work takes her time, I am selling the papers for her. I was surprised how soon I sold them.

I really enjoyed your message to us in last issue. As I read it, my mind went

back to a consecration service about three years ago when I wholly gave myself to Jesus as a living sacrifice. It was there at the altar I felt the calling of God as a missionary to India. I certainly enjoyed the story by Brother George Cook of his work in India and trust he will write more to us.

I am longing for the time to come when I can attend Bible School. I would like to go to the Bible School at Sevierville when I finish high school. I love to study the Bible and take a period each day at school for my Bible study.

I hope that some day I will be permitted to meet you.—*Bela Fordham, Salina, Okla.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

My sister has been a Gideon here at Ladonia for nearly three years, but she has gone for about a two months' vacation. I am unsaved but I am helping her

Thank God for these wonderful letters and the encouragement they bring to me. It makes me sad when I see the great number lying on my table that I do not have room to publish. I am doing my best. Dear ones please be patient and do not think that I use partiality. Your letter has meant just as much to me as those I have published. God bless every one who has tried to bring encouragement to me along the way.—*Editor.*

by selling the Lighted Pathways while she is away. Truly I enjoy doing this for her. Please tell me whether an unsaved girl should sell these Lighted Pathways or not.

The Lighted Pathway has been a great help to me and I am becoming more interested in the Lord every day through it.—*Miss Dixie Sanders, Ladonia, Texas.*

Dear Dixie: I wish that every unsaved person in the world would read and sell the Lighted Pathway. I believe they would soon get saved. We hope to soon hear that you have given your life to Jesus. God bless you.—*Editor.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Words cannot express the blessing you have been to me, not only through your instructive and helpful material in the Lighted Pathway, but in your everyday living for the Master. When I visited your home I appreciated very much your kindness and hospitality you rendered me while there. Those friendly chats and

motherly advice proved very helpful. I long to visit you again some time; also to repay your kindness.

To say I enjoyed the August issue of the Lighted Pathway would be putting it in a small way. I can truly say it was the most helpful and uplifting paper for me published during this year! I enjoyed every page which greatly inspired me to dig a little deeper and climb a little higher in the Lord. Our Y. P. E. gave the program on "Bridge Building" along with the front cover poem. It brought good results. The papers also sold nicely.

May the Lord ever bless, inspire and anoint you in this most fruitful and helpful work conducted for God's tested, heaven-bound youth of the land.

I am planning to start my library soon and will write for some books. Continue to include me in your prayers that I may do God's bidding at all times and be a blessing to everyone.—Striving to be faithful, a coworker, *Newby Dixon.*

Dear Sister Harrison:

Listen, I'm planning on going to Bible School this term with the Lord's help. I just decided recently to go and do not have enough money but God is able to supply our every need. Any way you can help me will be appreciated. I could have had enough money if I had decided sooner. I have had my heart in the Lord's work. There has been very little I have spent foolishly.

Oh, how I love the Lighted Pathway, it has been a great help to me many times. I've been discouraged and would get the Pathway and God would bless me and encourage me to go on. I would like to put one in every home. I would like to have plenty of money where I could buy every one of the old issues and put them in homes. Oh, there are so many trashy magazines of the world leading people to hell. I love the Church of God because they showed their love for me when I was lost and had no hope without God. I am saved, sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost. He is a healer, too.

God bless you, Sister Harrison. You are doing a great work and I hope the Lighted Pathway will just keep growing.

Oh, if boys and girls could get the vision of lost souls, they would wake up and go to work.

God did so much for me. I was a drunkard. It is wonderful to know that God can turn any one around and make something out of him. I feel the call to preach. I have made three efforts on the streets. Pray much for me that I'll do just what God would have me do and that I will stay in His will. I hope to meet you face to face and just have a heart to heart talk with you, but if we never meet

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# J. P. E. Programs

## OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting, asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

## BIBLE LESSON

By *Ione Watts Self*

Topic: "PRAYER"

## THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

Every day we see and feel the need of more and more earnest prayer. First, let us ask, What is prayer? Someone has said, "Prayer is the sincere desire of the soul, either expressed or unexpressed." So we see prayer is not necessarily an elaborate oration nor a continuation of well formed sentences or "vain repetitions."

## WHY SHOULD WE PRAY?

Because it is Christ's commandment. Matt. 26:41. If we would only pray more and keep our minds in an attitude of prayer, we would have less chance for evil thoughts to creep in.

2. Pray for strength. Luke 21:36, Ps. 138:3. We need daily soul strength to meet the trials and temptations of this life just as our body needs food daily.

3. Fervently. James 5:16. We notice that it is the fervent prayer of a righteous man, and not an ungodly man, which availeth much, so how careful ought we to live that our prayers may avail much.

## WHEN SHOULD WE PRAY?

David said, "Evening, and morning and at noon will I cry aloud; and he shall

answer my voice." In 1 Thess. 5:17 we find that Paul said, "Pray without ceasing." Now that does not necessarily mean to spend twenty-four hours of every day on our knees, nor to be continually praying in an audible voice, but to have a prayer in our hearts. The most effective way to put Satan behind us is to have a prayer in our hearts. If someone speaks unkind to you or mistreats you get in connection with heaven via silent prayer and you will be surprised how easy it is to speak sweetly and gently or to do a kind deed in return for an unkind one. If you are sad and discouraged and the sun seems to be behind a cloud, whisper a word to our loving Father then look up and see how bright the sun is shining through. If you've reached the place where the road forks and you know not which way to go, ask the One who knows and He will make your pathway clear.

## WHERE SHOULD WE PRAY?

Let us notice what Jesus said to His disciples. Matt. 6:6. The hypocrites, He said, love to pray standing in the synagogues and on the corners of the streets that they might be seen of men. But if we are in earnest, we are only interested in knowing that God sees us and hears our prayers. Our surroundings mean little to us when we are in real communication with God.

## FOR WHAT SHOULD WE PRAY

1. For what we desire. Mark 11:24.
2. For one another. James said, "Pray one for another that ye may be healed." In Gal. 6:2 we find "Bear ye one another's burdens." What better way to bear them than to take them to the Lord and cast them on Him?
3. Pray for our enemies. Matt. 5:44. Here Jesus commands a prayer that might be hard for some. But what a wonderful feeling when we are able to do that.
4. For sinners. Romans 10:1. We should feel toward sinners as Paul felt toward Israel.

## CONCLUSION

How awful to think that every day many all around us are dropping into hell. Every way we look we see the horrible results of sin, and such plain fulfillment of the scriptures. We can truly say the harvest is white and the prayers are few. Let us make lost souls the theme of all our prayers.

## BIBLE LESSON

*Pauline Weaver*

Topic: "GOD'S SMILE OF APPROVAL"

Scripture: Acts 2:22; Phil. 1:10; 2 Tim. 2:15

## LEADER'S THOUGHTS

I often feel that the greatest thing and the happiest thing in a person's life is having God's smile of approval upon

him. No child of God who has ever experienced this ever regrets anything he may have done to have won it. It seems sometimes to me that we would do more to win it instead of thoughtlessly or carelessly doing things we know God does not approve of. Below are given a few of the many things we can do to win God's smile of approval. Let's win more of those precious smiles!

LIVE HUMBLE, Col. 3:12; Micah 6:8

Oh, how often we find ourselves lacking in humility! We rebel against things people do to us, against things people say to us, against the way life treats us; against so many things, when after all we can do nothing about it. Why not be humble, live true to God and look over the things that come to us, remembering that "all things work together for good to them that love God?" God will bless us so much more when we do live humble, and after we've been humble when people have done or said things to us, we can see God's great smile of approval beaming on us.

Song: "Humble Thyself and the Lord Will Draw Nigh Thee."

OBEY, Jer. 7:23

One of the greatest mistakes we make in life is not obeying God. We feel we should speak to a sinner, we feel we should sing a song, we feel we should do some work for God, we feel we should fast, we feel we should read and pray more—there are so many things in which we don't obey God. May God grant that we will do what He calls on us to do. I've been so happy over doing just a very little thing that God had wanted me to do, feeling His smile of approval on my life.

TRUST, Isa. 26:4

I know, without any doubt, that God wants us to trust Him in all things. We should trust Him with our all and all: ourselves, our best possessions, and all that we own. If we trust Him, He will take care of everything for us. He'll work things out for us, and best of all, we'll feel His great smile of approval descend upon us. If we don't trust Him, we not only miss this sweet smile, but also one of the greatest opportunities we have—giving and surrendering our all to Jesus to use as He sees best. 'Tis then that we find what true living really is, what true happiness really is—and how pleasing God really is!

Suggested song: "Trust and Obey."

## BIBLE LESSON

*Ottis Hewett*

Topic: "ESSENTIALS IN EVANGELISM"

Scripture: Matt. 17:20; James 5:16; James 2:18.

## THOUGHTS FOR LEADER

There are so many things that seem to



be essential for the Christian along this way, but only three are mentioned here. These three are important and with the combination of the three much can be accomplished for the Lord. It is by faith that we attain the goodness of God and by works that we exercise it. Co-operation inspires unity and God can work where there is unity and brotherly love. Prayer is the Christian's backbone. A whole lesson should be spent on prayer alone. A Christian cannot pray enough and truly the "prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

#### FAITH

Have you, dear reader, stopped to think how little we amount to without faith? We must have faith in ourselves before we will be able to secure a livelihood in this formalized world. We are saved by faith, sanctified by faith, we receive the Holy Ghost by faith, and all of our blessings from God are purchased by faith. Can't we get a glimpse of how finite we really are in the greatness of God? The minute we say a thing cannot be done, we place ourselves in a place where God cannot use us to do that very thing. We must expect God to fulfill His promises in His Word and come to our rescue. God cannot use us without faith. We must believe in the greatness and omnipotence of God. We can do nothing without God. We must have a happy outlook toward the Christian life and go about our duties with assurance and be optimistic. God does not glory in a mule-faced Christian. We should be happy over the fact that our sins are forgiven. Come on, Christians, let's do our best for Christ.

#### CO-OPERATION

When we speak of co-operation we not only mean the working together of two or more people here on earth but also the full co-operation of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. If anything is great enough to live and have our being in, surely it is great enough to work with. What can we do? Surely it is God and the power of the Holy Ghost that saves, so all we can do is co-operate with that all-powerful One and then things WILL be done for the glory of God. I mention this first because this should be first in life, but then, there is co-operating with the other members of the Y. P. E. No one person can put over anything by himself. Everyone has a special place in the Y. P. E. If that place is not filled, and filled with the person's best, the whole Y. P. E. is hurt and hurt badly. If you do not have but the one talent, use that one to the glory of God. Co-operation is the mainstay of any organization. Anything that prospers co-operates. I enjoy doing things for God when I can feel the love of God and unity with Him and my brothers and sisters in the work.

#### PRAYER

Volumes could be written about this

one subject. It is the one "all important" subject that is neglected in almost every church today. Prayer is not wordy addresses uttered to be heard of men, but a consequence by itself. The great statesman and the man with stammering lips have the same chance of prayer. Prayer is the conquering force. Do you remember that Daniel was on his knees when the mouths of the lions were locked? Esau was conquered while Jacob was on his knees. The Israelites were spared and the army destroyed while Moses was on his knees. Peter was released from prison while the church prayed. The Jews were spared while Queen Esther was fasting and praying. We speak of saving souls. Three thousand were saved as a result of the church praying in one mind and one accord. Three thousand churches today cannot save one soul without some prayer, and one church saved three thousand with availing prayer. Prayer brings us to know our dependence on God. Prayer makes us humble before God. Prayer is the only means of acquaintance with God. Prayer brings man into harmony with God. Prayer brings us into association with God's perfections. Prayer is the strongest bond of attraction toward God. Prayer is one of the most effectual means of self-discovery.

#### BIBLE LESSON

By E. B. SENSENIG

Topic: "PREFERRED CHRISTIANITY"

Scripture: St. Mark 8:36

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE LEADER

In the natural things of life we often hear the question asked, Which model or color do you prefer? Some of us because of the appearance and beauty or popularity make our choice for certain things, not depending on the opinion of somebody else. Others consider the long life, ruggedness and especially take note of the construction. To some, the price alone is the deciding factor. How particular folks are in this modern day in buying. It seems some people have wonderful ability to discern the value of material things. When it comes to Christianity it is much more important to look on sound value. What kind of spirituality do we prefer?

I feel thankful today that ever since being justified by faith, Christ became one of the greatest attractions in my life. In the Bible we find many different methods how the writers try to tell their experience, and as a result, it appeals unto us, in other words we prefer that type or quality of Christianity.

THE DEER CHRISTIAN, Ps. 42:2

David said, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" David had this type of experience. We too, can have it if we hunger and thirst after God. The deer is a

mountain animal. It is a very free one too. It lives in the clear, pure, fresh atmosphere. The ability of the deer is wonderful, it leaps over the obstacles that would take away its freedom of the mountain runway. A deer does not like to be put in a cage, or tied with a rope or one particular spot, but leaps over the regular fences to a clear sparkling water brook to quench its thirst. Oh, it is glorious to pant, thirst after God, a living God, not some dead wood or brass god.

#### HUNGERING AND THIRSTING

Matt. 5:6

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." I thank God that my hunger and thirst was changed, that I do not thirst after a lot of these modern modes and fashions; they look like a rubbish pile to me. The promise is, they shall be filled. With what? Joy, peace, love, spiritual power, meekness, temperance.

Isaiah 55:1, 2, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

What a spiritual menu is offered in God's cafeteria. Come to the waters of life. Don't let money hinder you, buy the bread of life, drink the living water that has a pressure of everlasting life. Oh, that the American youth, yea, all humanity around the world, would become as thirsty as the Samaritan woman and say, "Give me to drink," and as a result of that drink, a well of water would spring up into everlasting life. This living water will land us in the City of Gold where thirst is never known. In prohibition days I paid fifty cents for a small glass of high power fluid, but I found out that I was spending money for that which satisfieth not. I have not quit drinking, but have changed to the new wine that God has poured out in the last days.

Peter said on the day of Pentecost, "These are not drunken as ye suppose, but this is that." Others mocking said, "These men are full of new wine." It was wine, but this was God's wine.

#### THE EAGLE CHRISTIAN

Isaiah 40:31

"They shall mount up with wings as eagles." The eagle is a bird that flies high, but it also lives on high, builds its nest on the high crag on the rock, never is caught in a storm, a swift bird with a powerful, accurate eye. God made and designed the eagle. Man has made fast air transports. Many of us remember the success and sudden disaster of the lighter-

(Continued on page 31)



## Contributions by Young Writers

### I Am Glad I Am a Christian

I am glad I am a Christian,  
As glad as I can be;  
I have old time salvation  
And from sin set free.  
I am glad I am a Christian,  
I have been telling you all time;  
I go to church and Sunday School, rain  
or shine.  
I am glad I am a Christian,  
I am not so very old,  
I go to the Y. P. E.  
When it is hot or when it is cold.

—Chessie Williams, Cropwell, Ala.

### Pentecost

Did you hear about the time at Pentecost  
When they were gathered there?  
How they were filled with the Holy  
Ghost  
With glory and with power?

The people heard the shouting  
And quit to go and see,  
They never could understand  
How such things could be.

They were dancing and shouting  
Under the power divine,  
The people were amazed and said,  
"They're drunk on new wine."

Old Peter got right up and said,  
You can have it too;  
But just keep it in mind,  
You'll act like these folks do.

So come on, all ye people,  
Let's go and seek right now;  
And be filled with the Holy Ghost  
With glory and with power.

—Walter Grant, W. Gastonia, N. C.

### The Acts of the Apostles

Paul sees a vision in chapter ten,  
He preaches to the Gentiles then.  
In chapter eleven, Peter's criticized by all,  
Then Barnabas goes to look for Saul.  
Herod, the king, then to please the Jews  
In chapter twelve, stirred up some news.  
He killed James and put Peter in jail,  
He had no one to go his bail.  
The church prayed to God, an angel came  
down,  
And brought Peter from prison, with  
glory around.  
With glory the people unto Herod cried,  
The worms ate him until he died.  
When on the door of chapter thirteen  
you knock,  
You will find Paul's journey into Anti-  
och.  
In the fourteenth chapter a cripple he

healed,  
They thought him divine, they then re-  
vealed.

In the fifteenth chapter as you know,  
Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem go.  
Conditions of the Gentiles there defined,  
There Peter speaks what's in his mind.  
In chapter sixteen evil spirit rebuked by  
Paul,

They put him in prison who once was  
Saul.

Then the jail broke open, Paul walked  
outside,

The jailer then fell on his knees and cried.  
The jailer was converted there that day,  
Because the price he was willing to pay.  
In chapter seventeen, at Athens preached  
Paul,

And at Thessalonica he preached to all.  
At Corinth and Ephesus in chapter eight-  
een,

What do you reckon? a vision he'd seen.  
While at Ephesus in chapter nineteen,  
A riot in the theatre there was seen.

Eutychus raised in chapter twenty,  
When he left Ephesus, tears shed were  
plenty.

In chapter twenty-one, in Jerusalem he  
is found,

Is arrested in the temple, in chains is  
bound.

On the steps he speaks in chapter twen-  
ty-two,

Speaks his defense before not a few.  
In chapter twenty-three Paul's life is in  
danger,

He is sent to Felix, who is a stranger.  
In chapter twenty-four the Jews accuse  
Paul,

He defends himself there before them all.  
Paul before Festus in chapter twenty-five,  
He appeals to Caesar, the greatest king  
alive.

Before Agrippa and Festus in chapter  
twenty-four, you know,

Paul preaches to them before he is let go.  
In chapter twenty-seven, on the way  
to Rome,

Paul is shipwrecked, far away from home.  
Kindness of people in chapter twenty-  
eight told,

When received in Rome, Paul spoke very  
bold.

When he was free he dwelt two years,  
Preaching the gospel to listening ears.

—Freda Davis, age 15, Okcechobee, Fla.,  
student at Florida Bible School.

### However Lowly Be the Cot

However lowly be the cot,  
God's children call their earthly home,  
Love dwells within that hallowed spot  
And cares are light as ocean's foam,  
Because they take them to the feet

Of Jesus, counsellor and friend,  
And there in blest communion sweet  
Their worries and their troubles end.

May the wee cot so peaceful be,  
As that sweet story ever tells,  
As that dear home in Bethany  
Where Jesus loved so much to dwell;  
And may the ones who tarry here,  
Though only for a little while,  
Take heart of grace, and hope, and cheer,  
To strengthen them for many a mile.

And may I like dear Martha wait,  
With humble gratitude and care,  
To set each chair and fill each plate  
And find sweet joy in service there;  
But, Father, grant me this, I pray,  
May I like Mary true and sweet  
Whate'er the task from day to day,  
Be ever found at Jesus' feet.

—Zula Lloyd Leach, Florence, Mont.

### Angels vs. Thoughts

It seems that in this world today  
So many people from the Way  
Of Truth have turned aside,  
And oft the Scriptures they deride.

That thoughts are angels, some will say,  
Or angels thoughts, just either way,  
While with God's Word, we plainly see  
These notions simply don't agree.

The devil was once an angel fair,  
High heaven's glories he did share;  
But out of heaven he was cast,  
In a burning hell he'll end at last.

Through inspiration, St. Peter told  
Of angels who sinned and were cast from  
the fold,  
Reserved in chains of darkness, they  
Await the coming of Judgment Day.

Two angels dined with Lot one day,  
And in Lot's home that night did stay;  
They warned him of Sodom's awful fate,  
The story I need not here relate.

To Zacharias an angel appeared,  
And because of his presence Zacharias  
feared;

To Mary of Nazareth, he also went,  
Gabriel, by name, by God was sent.

Can thoughts burn, or can they be  
chained?

To eat and sleep, can they be trained?  
Can thoughts be seen by human eye?  
And can they walk, and talk, and fly?

Then using the Scriptures for our guide,  
We'll find these words don't coincide;  
So don't think it's angels you entertain,  
When it's simply thoughts within your  
brain!

—Mrs. F. M. Renner, Gardner, Fla.

### My Comforter

I have perfect assurance that my guest  
(Continued on page 25)



# From My Scrapbook

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

## If I Can

If I can live

To make some pale face brighter, and to give

A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye, or e'en impart

One throb of comfort to an aching heart, or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by;

If I can lend

A strong hand to the fallen, or defend  
The right against a single envious strain, my life though bare,  
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fail to us of earth,  
Will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,

Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy, is bidding cloud give way to sun and shine;

And 'twill be well

If on that day of days the angels tell  
Of me, "She did her best for one of Thine."—*Selected.*

## Life's Stewardship

"If I have strength, I owe the service of the strong;

If melody I have, I owe the world a song;  
If I can stand when all around me hosts are falling,

If I can run with speed when needy hearts are calling,

And if my torch can light the dark of any night,

Then, I must pay the debt I owe with living light.

"For any gift God gives to me, I cannot fully pay;

Gifts are most mine when I most give them away;

God's gifts are like His flowers which show their right to stay

By giving all of their bloom and fragrance away;

Riches are not in gold or land, estates or marts,

The only wealth worth having is found in human hearts."—*Selected.*

## Just a Little

It takes so little to make us glad,  
Just the cheering clasp of a friendly hand,

Just a word from one who can understand;

And we finish the task we long had planned,

And lose the doubt and the fear we had,

So little it takes to make us glad.

It takes so little to make us sad,  
Just a slighting word or a doubting sneer,

Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear;

And our footsteps lag though the goal seemed near,  
And we lose the courage and the hope we had.—*Selected.*

## Reality

("As he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Prov. 23:7.)

By Edgar Cooper Mason

It's not our talk,  
But how we walk;  
Not how we  *speak*, but go.  
Men judge by  *fruits*,  
Not leaves and roots,  
If they the tree would know.

If what you  *think*  
Is black as ink,  
It stains you through and through:  
Your thoughts that lie  
Before God's eye  
Reveal that thing that's YOU.

If you are sure  
Your  *thoughts* are pure,  
Then pure and true YOU are;  
And as you walk  
Your  *life* will talk  
Of Christ, and sound afar.

—Yardville, N. J.

Did e'er you note, when skies are gray  
And hanging o'er the earth like shrouds,  
There's always just a bit of light  
That's shining bravely through the clouds!

And so it seems to be in life;  
When sorrows come and troubles brew,  
There's always, in the stormy skies,  
A bit of sun just peeping through.

—Margaret Coulter.

## Reclamation

By Donald Jeffry Hayes

This I shall do  
For love's sweet sake:  
Plant growing things  
Where nothing grew—  
Cyclamen whose flaming wings  
Take flight,  
And flowering sprigs of yew.  
This I shall do

And for no reason,  
Save that some breathing thing  
Should grow  
To mark the changing of the season—  
Swollen bud or plume of snow.

Something should bend  
When a wind is blowing,  
Something should drink  
Of the crystal rain.

I have a horror  
Of nothing growing  
In human heart or open plain.

## Be Still and Know

Be still and know  
That God is in His world,  
Though clouds shut out the light,  
Though ghoully specters stalk,  
And all is night.

Be still and know  
That God is in His world,  
Though Mammons clamor loud,  
And Mars lifts flashing steel,  
Untamed and proud.

Be still and know  
That God is in His world,  
Though men with reckless waste  
May seek they know not what  
In feverish haste.

Be still and know  
That God is in His world.  
God speaks, but none may hear  
That voice except he have  
The listening ear.

—Georgia Harkness.

## Patchwork

By Edna Jones Martin

Life's moments might become a quilt at that,

If one would piece them, fitting as they will

While kettles boil, when neighbors sit and chat,  
Or reading by the fire on evenings chill.

Oh, blessed simple things that make life sweet—

Those daisies growing golden in the sun,  
A baby's gurgle, playing with his feet,  
Or someone's eager step when day is done.

The flash of wings outside an open door,  
Life's colored moments, prismatic they seem,

If one could piece them—comforts, laid in store  
For bleaker days . . . to warm us while we dream!

A soul out of touch with God, silent, unused, becomes empty, loses its sweetness and power, becomes overgrown with weeds of indifference, love and the world, pride and self-seeking, and eventually dies.



# Our Bible School



## The T Must Go

You will notice we have a new heading to our Bible School page this time. How do you like it? I think it sounds fine. "Our Bible School." A real Church of God Bible Training School sounds fine but I think our heading used today is rather an eye opener to lead us to do something for our very own. Do you remember a month or two ago we made a plea for help in supplying our school library? When Brother Tharp was over here a few days ago I asked him how much he had received and I was disappointed to hear how few had responded to this need. Well, now I know just how it happened. You were just a little hard pressed financially and you thought the rest of the folks would send in their contribution and yours would not be needed and evidently every one thought the same thing so you depended on someone else.

How about saying, Well, I'll do my bit whether any one else does or not, and if you all do that then our Bible students will have a good library for their work this year. Or if any one has a book or books you would like to contribute, send them along. Books on prayer, guidance, consecration. Any kind of inspirational books. Sermon outline books, Christian fiction, histories, biographies, lives of great men and women. Anything that will fill our library with good, helpful books. Parcel post rates on books are very

little now. Just write "Books" on the outside.

On this page we find a cut, which represents just what we are going to have to do if we ever accomplish anything for God. Just knock the "T" out of Can't. That letter is a wonderful help when it is used rightly but in our work for the Master we must discard it. "I can," will solve many problems.—Editor.

We are planning an Assembly contest for Bible School students. All who desire to enter should have your name in by the first day of the Assembly or any time before that so that you may begin at once.

Every subscription at 50c will count six points, and every subscription at one dollar will count twelve points. A two-year subscription at one dollar per year will count twenty-five points, a three-year subscription will count forty points, a four-year subscription will count sixty points and a five-year subscription will count one hundred points.

You may have your friends work for you in securing subscriptions. Leave your name at the Lighted Pathway table early in the opening day of the Assembly or send it in before.

The prize will be a scholarship to the Bible School. This scholarship will pay your tuition for one year at Sevierville Church of God Bible Training School.—Editor.



The flag you see is flying from the flag pole at the Bible Training School. The flag pole is thirty feet high and is erected on top of the administration building. This is an all-wool flag, valued at \$37.50, and was given to the Bible Training School by Mrs. Mable Crawford, Plant City, Fla.

The Florida camp meeting had just pledged \$20.00 to purchase a flag and after the service this one was given to the school. It is five feet wide and ten feet long. The money donated by the camp meeting was partly used in erecting the flag pole, the rest is still in the treasury and may be used later to purchase smaller flags.—Zeno C. Tharp, Superintendent of Education.



*Bible School opens October 15. Come and make this the greatest year of your life, because you have obeyed Paul's admonition, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."*



# Reading Circle



### Reading Circle Exchange

How about your reading circle starting a library and filling it with good books and allowing them to circulate among its members, each one being allowed to keep a book one week or two as the circle may decide? Take up an offering each week when you meet and buy as many books as you can. Subscriptions to a few good magazines would be good also. You may look through your back Lighted Pathways on the reading pages and find the good books mentioned there and choose from them. We are suggesting that you take up the study of some good book in your circle. Perhaps Wm. Evans' book on Personal Evangelism would be good to begin with.

Here is a part of a letter that I appreciate very much, from Grace Bates, Y. P. E. president, of Smithdale, Miss.: Sister Harrison, please write me about the Reading Circle. Tell us how to get one started in our Y. P. E. We want to do all we can to build it up.

Note: Good for you, Grace, I'm so glad you are interested in improving your mind and helping others along the way. You're a good Y. P. E. president, I am sure.

We are advocating an organized study class with those who are really interested in studying. To have it in your regular Y. P. E. would detract from the purpose of this organization. Here is our pledge.—Editor.

### OUR PLEDGE

I promise to give myself to study as much as possible, and I will strive to make our study class a success. I will encourage and help my leader to build up the class and will try to do whatever I am asked to do, unless I have a reason I can conscientiously give to God.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

### Here Are the Books For this Time

We are listing a number of small booklets which are very valuable for anyone who is anxious to be a soul winner. "Inklings," by M. A. Monday. The author has for twenty-five years been preaching the gospel of winning souls. He has a genuine passion for the souls of men, sometimes spending the whole night in prayer and meditation. Each inkling has been penned after the

author "mused till the fire burned." They come hot from his heart to yours. "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them." Price 50c.

"Today in Bible Prophecy, No. 1," by L. Peres Buroker. Price 25c.

"Today in Bible Prophecy, No. 2," by L. Peres Buroker. Price 25c.

"C. England of Lapeer," by L. Peres Buroker. Price 25c.

"The Home of my Dreams," a pleasant chat with young people on the art of home making, by Roy A. Burkhart. Price 25c.

"The Hero of the Hills," by Mabel Hale. This is just the book that a girl wants, for it gives her information concerning herself and her problems. Price 85c.

"At the Crossroads," by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.

"The Girl Who Found Herself," by Jack Lynn. Price 50c.

"Evangelism of Youth," by Albert H. Gage.

For many years Albert H. Gage, the author of this manual, has done efficient evangelistic work with young people. He has been a pastor and director of religious education helping pastors. He speaks and writes as one having authority. "Evangelism of Youth" is real experience, more specifically a reel of the author's own experiences, shot through and through with good educational theory and practice. Price \$1.00.

### Don't Forget

That you need "The History of the Church of God," by E. L. Simmons. If you belong to The Church of God, you will want one of them in your home to show your friends the great progress your Church is making. Order from the author, Rev. E. L. Simmons, 2519 Trunk St., Cleveland, Tenn.

### Mountain Peaks of Experience or

### The Story of My Life

By ALDA B. HARRISON

For a long time I have been planning to write the story of my life. So many friends have asked me how I came to be in the holiness way and my husband a Presbyterian minister. I have tried to answer this question in this book. It will

be good to put it in the hands of your friends for whom you are praying. This book has the editor's childhood picture, her picture at twenty, the picture of her present home and family, the picture of her baby whose death led the editor into the way of holiness. Send for your copy now. Address Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn. Price, 35c.

### Read the Bible Through This Year

These are the suggested Bible Readings for October:

	Morning	Evening
Oct. 1	Jer. 3-4	Gal. 6
Oct. 2	Jer. 5-6	Eph. 1
Oct. 3	Jer. 7-8	Eph. 2
Oct. 4	Jer. 9-10	Eph. 3
Oct. 5	Jer. 11-12	Eph. 4
Oct. 6	Jer. 13-14	Eph. 5
Oct. 7	Jer. 15-16	Eph. 6
Oct. 8	Jer. 17-18	Phil. 1
Oct. 9	Jer. 19-20	Phil. 2
Oct. 10	Jer. 21-22	Phil. 3
Oct. 11	Jer. 23-24	Phil. 4
Oct. 12	Jer. 25-26	Col. 1
Oct. 13	Jer. 27-28	Col. 2
Oct. 14	Jer. 29-30	Col. 3
Oct. 15	Jer. 31	Col. 4
Oct. 16	Jer. 32	1 Thess. 1-2
Oct. 17	Jer. 33-34	1 Thess. 3
Oct. 18	Jer. 35-36	1 Thess. 4
Oct. 19	Jer. 37-38	1 Thess. 5
Oct. 20	Jer. 39-40	2 Thess. 1
Oct. 21	Jer. 41-43	2 Thess. 2
Oct. 22	Jer. 44-45	2 Thess. 3
Oct. 23	Jer. 46-47	1 Tim. 1
Oct. 24	Jer. 48	1 Tim. 2
Oct. 25	Jer. 49	1 Tim. 3
Oct. 26	Jer. 50	1 Tim. 4
Oct. 27	Jer. 51	1 Tim. 5
Oct. 28	Jer. 52	1 Tim. 6
Oct. 29	Lam. 1-2	2 Tim. 1
Oct. 30	Lam. 3-4	2 Tim. 2
Oct. 31	Lam. 5	2 Tim. 3

### Lighted Pathway Rating

	No. papers sent by subscription	Sold for Sept.	Sold since Assembly
Alabama	404	857	9,150
Arizona	40		40
Arkansas	39	174	2,191
California	83	126	1,067
Colorado			19
Delaware		28	337
Foreign	37	234	2,469
Florida	691	1,290	16,044
Georgia	275	2,193	27,720
Idaho	36	28	232
Illinois	176	567	4,764
Iowa	12	70	378
Indiana	52	141	1,255
Kansas		56	647
Kentucky	37	826	9,762
Louisiana	94	126	1,644
Maine	39	58	397
Montana	31	112	1,195
Massachusetts	3	28	285
Maryland	65	252	2,783

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## Y. P. E. CONVENTIONS

### New River, Va. District S. S. and Y. P. E. Convention

The district Sunday School and Y. P. E. convention for the New River, Va. district convened Sunday, July 2, in the beautiful pine grove at Foster Falls, Va. Truly God was with us in a wonderful way and many enjoyable and inspiring programs were put on by the different Sunday Schools on the districts.

The services were seasoned with lots of good stringed music and singing, as well as some good testimonies.

Brother Vance Perkins, district overseer of the Pulaski district, brought us a timely message in the afternoon after which we had some more good music and singing. This is the second convention of this kind that has ever been held in this state and they were both a great success.—W. H. Ward, state Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent.

### Logan, W. Va. District S. S. and Y. P. E. Convention

The Logan, W. Va. district Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention convened July 8, 9 with Brother R. A. Fielden, district overseer, and T. F. Blackwell, state Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent, in charge. The opening services consisted of musical programs sponsored by the different Y. P. E.'s and a timely message from Brother Blackwell. The entire service was good and appreciated by all.

Sunday morning service opened with a large delegation from the different Sunday Schools. After devotional service the call of the different Sunday Schools began. Each group led by pastor or Sunday School superintendent marched to platform for a fifteen-minute program of its own selection, which was enjoyed by all. At noon all enjoyed a good basket dinner and social hour together, after which the remaining Sunday Schools rendered their programs. After this Brother Blackwell gave a very encouraging statistical report, showing the progress of the Y. P. E.'s and Sunday Schools over the state. The Jeffery Sunday School was awarded a prize for having the highest percentage of their average attendance present.

We were very happy indeed to have our state overseer, Brother M. P. Cross, wife and son, Lewis, with us.

The convention closed Sunday evening with expressions of gratitude for the work accomplished and looking forward to greater progress in the future, if Jesus

carries.—Barbara Keys, Verdunville, W. Va.

### Y. P. E. and Sunday School Conv'n.

The Sunday School and Y. P. E. convention of the Parkersburg district was held in the Church of God at Moundsville, W. Va., July 29, 30. Our beloved state superintendent, Brother T. F. Blackwell, and district overseer, S. B. McCane, were in charge. The services were well attended with delegates and visitors from Ohio, Pennsylvania and Florida, but best of all the presence of the Lord was felt in every service.

We had with us Brother Raymond Ashcraft with his electric guitar, Brother Myers with his guitar, and the Moundsville string band. The Willy Trio of Pine Grove, along with many other singers, were all greatly enjoyed.

The Parkersburg Y. P. E. surely made a beautiful picture when they appeared in the Y. P. E. colors of white dresses and navy ties. They gave a very good program which was arranged by their leader, Sister Foggins. Especially good were the recitations of Miss Irene Dass and the young girls' trio.

An offering of \$6.36 was taken for Brother McCane, also \$8.00 for Brother Blackwell.

Sunday noon a splendid basket dinner was enjoyed by all. The services closed at 4:00 o'clock and though it was our first Y. P. E. convention, we are looking forward to many more.—Mrs. Tuila Bryson, Moundsville, W. Va.

### Y. P. E. and Sunday School Conv'n.

The Michigan and Ontario Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention convened at Pontiac, Mich., August 26. The opening testimony services were blessed with the presence of the Holy Ghost. How very wonderful it is to hear the testimonies of Spirit-filled Church of God ministers and members when our hearts unite in soul-inspiring unity and Christ-like love. Oh! for more Holy-Ghost-filled ministers of God who will keep the standard of holiness high and snatch souls from a Christless grave.

J. A. Bixler preached the Sunday School sermon. Brother Standifer, our state overseer, spoke a few words of exhortation. We certainly appreciate Brother Standifer's efforts in our behalf. May the Lord continue to bless him.

The Y. P. E. program was on Saturday night. A very fine play was presented, entitled, "The Cross." It was very beautiful but more than that it portrayed the

purpose of our church; that of bringing souls to Christ. — Ruth Morgan, Lake Orion, Michigan.

### Y. P. E. and Sunday School Conv'n.

The Elkins district Sunday School and Young People's Endeavor convention convened at Elkins, West Virginia, August 19, 20, inclusive.

The services opened with songs and prayer. The welcome address was given by Mayor L. C. Irons, after which our local pastor, Brother A. J. Gardner, extended a welcome to all. The service was then turned over to the Sunday School and Y. P. E. of Davis. They rendered a very interesting program filled with good music, singing, plays and best of all the good presence of the Lord. Their young people certainly have talents and a mind to work for the Lord.

Sunday morning service opened with songs and prayer. At 10:30 Brother Carr preached on "Our Responsibility as a Church to the Sunday School and Y. P. E." Brother and Sister Gardner sang, "Give Them a Lift," which we feel was in line with the sermon.

Brother Blackwell then gave us a report of the churches on the district. This was very interesting and encouraging as we could see the progress we are making.

Sunday afternoon Brother Clay Vance of Clarksburg preached on "That I May Know Him." We heard a good report of the Whitmer Sunday School and a musical program from the church of Fairview.

At 6:45 Sunday evening, the Elkins Y. P. E. opened its service with songs and prayer. They gave a play on "The Prodigal Son," which was enjoyed by every one present. They also gave a play on "The Bridge that Alda Built," in honor of Sister Alda B. Harrison and the tenth anniversary of her work for the young people. We would have been glad if Sister Harrison could have seen this play and known just how much we appreciate her service and work for the young people.

At 8:45 Brother Blackwell preached on "The Way of Holiness." We feel this sermon was a blessing to all. We certainly appreciate Brother Blackwell as a state superintendent and know he helped to make our convention a success.

Brother Virgil Hanger was present with his electric guitar and gave us special music throughout the convention. The music and special songs were enjoyed by all. Everyone was willing to take part and do all he could to make each service a success.

We also wish to contribute a great part of our success this year to Brother and Sister Gardner, whom we all love. We hope to have them with us again next year.

We feel that this convention has been a blessing to all who attended and we are  
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## PRAYER PAGE

### Somebody Prayed, Will You?

A soul was brought back from the pathway of sin,  
When homeless for years he had strayed.

What caused him to turn and a new life begin?

The answer is, "Somebody prayed."

A sufferer rose from the bed where he lay,  
Disease o'er his form its dread sceptre had swayed;

His strength was restored in a marvelous way,

God touched him, while somebody prayed.

A heathen was won from the ranks of the foe,

So many are sinking each day;

He heard the old story with face all aglow,

An angel sang "Somebody prayed."

A Christian, discouraged, down-hearted, sad,

With tears and perplexities seemed quite dismayed,

His burden grew light and his heavy heart glad,

The reason is, somebody prayed.

Lost souls by the millions go down to their doom,

For Satan is cunning always,

But why must they go to a cold Christless tomb?

Won't somebody, somebody pray?

The Master is calling to you and to me,  
"My sheep from their pastures are wandering today,

For them I have suffered on Calvary's tree,

Who'll tell them? Will nobody pray?"

—Selected.

### Recovery of the Supernatural

"Let *THY* work appear unto thy servants, and thy *GLORY* unto their children," Psa. 90:16.

The SUPERNATURAL has ever been the glory of the Christian Church. Down the centuries this has been in her the wonder of man. "They were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another . . . What meaneth this?" Acts 2:7, 12. Has not the astounding success of the Church, in times of revival, been in proportion to the operation in her life and service of the power of Christ's resurrection? The early recovery of this lost spiritual dynamic should be the compelling burden of every one who has at heart the spiritual welfare of mankind and Christ's glory in His people.

The resultant effects of this gracious restoration will be once more incontro-

vertible proof that the living God is in the midst of His Church. Satanic power is everywhere markedly visible. It is essential to the Body of Christ that there shall come quickly a greater display of the all-conquering power of the Spirit of the living God. The Church requires nothing short of "the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come: and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all," Eph. 1:19-23. The RECOVERY of this glorious power of the Church is as near to this generation as this generation is to the Throne of Grace. How near are we?

God has given to His Church the ordinance of prayer. There is no other approach to the source of divine power. God never works mightily through the Church except in response to her waiting upon Him in prevailing prayer. The seven major spiritual movements recorded in The Acts had their origin in persevering, Spirit-directed prayer. "When they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness," Acts 4:31. In these days when a manifestation of God's recovering, saving power, is lamentably needed, may the Church assume the clothing of humility, and follow the divinely indicated pathway to spiritual achievement through the unfailing power of the Son of God.

The Church of today is nearing her Gethsemane. As the shadows of the cross fell over the garden of the ancient Gethsemane Christ counselled His disciples: "PRAY YE!" Prayer was imperative for them and for Him. They, in their circle, were called upon to pray, while He went into the deeper shadows of the garden to pray alone. We, too, are called to pray while Christ is interceding. Shall we sleep as did those early disciples? The Church needs to meet the present crisis on her knees. She needs to deny herself to pray. She needs to rouse fellow disciples to prayer. She needs to follow the urge of the Spirit. She needs to use this spiritual weapon. It is a paramount spiritual preparation. It is the only pathway to victory. Upon reflection we know that this is

God's way. This is strikingly illustrated in the stilling of the tempest. Until they were baffled, and conscious of their own impotency, the disciples did not see the need for Christ's interposition. But when they came to the end of themselves, and their resources had utterly failed, they cried unitedly: "Master, Master, we perish!" Luke 8:24. He arose to their help. His wondrous, undreamed-of divine power displayed on their behalf, revealed to them the wonder and glory of His person and His power. They said: "What manner of man is this! for he commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey him," Luke 8:25. In this alarming spiritual crisis may not the Church, through united supplication, experience the same manifestation of supernatural power? This is sorely needed by the Church, and by the distracted souls in the "other little ships" who have not the only Savior. Reader, are YOU wisely turning to prayer? In union with others are YOU earnestly calling upon the name of the Lord? "PRAY YE!"

### More Things Are Wrought by Prayer Than the World Dreams Of

Dr. Moody tells us a remarkable incident in connection with an early visit to London. He had gone there for a visit. He was unknown in London, hence he did not expect to preach. But a little while after arriving there he was invited to preach for a certain church, which he did. He said it was a very cold and uninteresting service to him, but he announced that he would preach again that night. When he reached the church for the night service, he noticed that the atmosphere had changed, and he didn't know just why. At the close of the meeting he was led to give an invitation for those who wanted to be saved, to stand. A great crowd of people stood. He left the next day for Dublin, Ireland. Shortly after arriving there, he received a telegram from the church to return to London. The telegram stated that the whole community was in an upsurge and clamor for a series of meetings. He went back and found that a great revival was beginning, and hundreds of people were being converted. What could be the secret of such mighty outpouring of God's Holy Spirit in convincing and converting power? Listen, and I'll tell you. An invalid lady, who could not attend the church, was praying for a mighty visitation of God's power and blessings upon the unsaved and upon the indifferent ones. She had been praying for months. Once she saw in the papers accounts of some of the Moody meetings in America, and, although she had never heard of Mr. Moody before, she began to pray that God would send him to her church in London for a revival. One Sunday morning her sister,

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# The Rose of Sharon

BY MRS. P. W. CHESSER

*"I am the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley," S. of Sol. 2:1.*

There it stood, grim, gray, desolate, hopeless, barren, wind-swept, blood-soaked, memory-haunted Golgotha, known as a place of skull. People tiptoed passed it, or if they could they went some other way. It was as though we could hear upon the restless life winds the cry of men still torture-racked as they hung atop the bleak and storm-torn hill, upon their crimson crosses of creaking and protesting wood.

Golgotha, the place of a skull! A place wretched, shivering, where criminals were put to death, where law caused murderers, thieves, and such to expiate their crimes; where they would drive nails into their hands and feet, and leave them writhing through anguished hours until they died. Golgotha, a place of skull. One would shudder from head to feet at its hideous mention. It was the epitome of all that was hard, flinty and relentless, unyielding, unlovely and unmentionable; and yet there came to bloom one day, upon Mt. Calvary, a blood-red rose. And because it bloomed thereon, that hill today is synonymously known as the hill of the Rose of Sharon. The fragrance, the sweetness, the beauty, the glory, the dewy loveliness of it is known the whole world round. We sit enraptured singing songs about it, that, "Rose of Sharon so precious to me." If only I could paint Him in His fragrant beauty and show you how the blooming of that one precious rose upon Golgotha's brow transformed the entire scene round about, I know you would love Him, praise Him and reverence Him too.

Think of Christ comparing Himself as the Rose of Sharon, not something man has said, He said it Himself, "I am the rose of Sharon."

Sharon was an open field with gently sloping hills round about it where grew roses in abundant profusion; roses from which perfume was constantly gathered and borne to all quarters of the inhabited world. Like Christ and His Church, the more roses are crushed and bruised the sweeter their perfume. Sharon is not a fenced-in garden, neither is Christ a closed-in Christ, who dwells behind walls. The Rose of Sharon is every man's Savior, and blooms in an open field and we hear the welcome invitation, Whosoever may come and drink of the dewy, fragrant beauty of the blood-red Rose of Sharon.

The shepherdess of olden days, preparing for a day of festivity, wound garlands of roses about their heads. These fragrant

blossoms are still worn throughout the world as an adornment. Can't you hear the voice of Christ saying, "I am the Rose of Sharon, make me your adornment, wear me as a rose upon your heart; let me adorn you with the adornment of a meek, quiet, righteous and blood-washed spirit"? All the cheap, flashy, tawdry jewels, profession and self-righteousness fade before the beauty of that one lone Rose of Sharon. Roses speak the language of love, through the bleeding, dying, blooming Rose, the blood-red Rose on Calvary. God says to a wayward world, "I love you, love you so much that I gave My Son to die for you; plucked the apple of my eye from out of its place and made salvation yours—fragrantly, beautifully, glowingly yours for the taking." "I am the rose of Sharon." The rose has always been a symbol of beauty, fra-



Mrs. P. W. Chesser, Cross City, Fla.

grance and loveliness, the king of all flowers. So Jesus is the King of glory, the crushed Rose of roses. The more you crush a rose the more fragrant it becomes—continue to crush it and a wondrous bottle of perfume will be wrought thereby. O Jesus! Jesus! Jesus! sweetest name I know! They took Him, the beautiful Rose, the King of glory, and planted Him upon the hill of Golgotha's ugly brow, and they bruised Him; but as they bruised Him the sweet, beautiful, glorious fragrance floated out over the whole world. By blooming there He transformed the stark ugliness of that hill of horror into a garden of glory and a garden of love. Can't you get a vision of it now? It seems that I can detect the perfume even now as His garments brush by me.

Beautiful, beautiful Christ of Calvary. S. of Sol. 2:4, "He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love." The more they crushed Him the more He said, "Father, forgive them they know not what they do." He is the Rose without a thorn; He is the joy without alloy; He is the one all together lovely, the fairest of ten thousand to my heart.

'Tis through Calvary's Rose we see the story unfolding. Oh, it is through the unfolding of the second petal we see the dawning of that long day known as black Friday. Indeed to those mourning friends of Jesus, the Rose of Sharon, when later in the afternoon they laid His wounded body in Joseph's new tomb, black Friday has been changed to good Friday because of the halo of glory around it after events, but to His disciples that afternoon was dark and hopeless. Although Jesus had tried again and again to give them an idea of His resurrection they had been unable to grasp the great significance of His Word. They mourned Him as one dead and lost to them. How long that Saturday or Sabbath must have seemed to their weary hearts. But at last it drags itself by and as the first light of dawn comes over the hill and across the city, the women so loyally and faithfully kept their vigil by the cross and followed with Joseph and Nicodemus and John to the burial of their Master, brought with them precious spices and came again to the tomb to pay a further tribute of love to the body of this Rose of Sharon. But great things have been transpiring since last they saw it. Spurgeon says that when the sacrifice of Christ was finished and He had paid the ransom price to redeem us from under the law, that price was presented before the Father's judgment seat. He looked at it and was content. It was too solemn a matter to be hurried over. Three days were taken that the ransom price might be counted out and its value fully estimated. Can't you imagine the scene as the angels looked and admired it? The spirits of the just came and examined it and wondered and were delighted. The devils in hell could not say one word against the sacrifice of Christ. Three days passed away. The atonement was accepted, then the angel came from heaven; swift as the lightning flash he descended from the spheres of the blessed into the lower earth and came into the prison house in which the Savior's body slept, lying there as a hostage for His people.

The angel came and spoke to the keeper of the prison and called grim death and said to him, "Let the captive go free." Can you imagine pale death sitting on his throne of skulls with a huge iron key, and he laughed and said, "Aha,"

(Continued on page 33)



## The Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

Why could we not have a student loan fund for worthy students? If we could each do our bit we could soon have a fund of this kind and we would not miss it. I have not been authorized to ask for this but I am throwing this in for you to think about.

### CLOUDS OF WAR

Clouds of war are just now hovering over the world. People are living in fear of these threatening clouds, clouds of fear for our splendid young men who may have to face the foe and give their lives for the cause. Many of them are unsaved. This is the blackest cloud, but we can pray this cloud away for Jesus Christ stands ready to save if they will yield to Him.

### CLOUDS OF DIVISION

The enemy is abroad in our land and there is nothing he would rather do than tear up and molest the Church of God. So we need to pray the clouds away. Let us not get discouraged and fall by the wayside because of the clouds, but let us "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," and pray the clouds away.

We want to tell the story of how Brother Robert Craig of San Francisco, California won in a great conflict in that city.

When we moved to Sacramento, California in 1914, Brother Craig had a very small mission down in a slum district. I would go to San Francisco often for a few days' vacation and I became acquainted with Brother and Sister Craig.

One time I went to visit them and they told me they had had a division in the mission. Some had gone off and organized a little work of their own. What did Brother Craig do? He went right on as though nothing had happened. Another time I went and another division had taken place, and I have forgotten how many groups pulled off from his work. He kept his eyes on the Lord and labored on, God rewarded his faithfulness and when we left California that little mission down in the slum district had grown to be a great work, which is known all over the world. A great tabernacle has been built and in connection with this, one of the best Bible Schools in the Assembly of God Church. This great work is a monument to the faithfulness of this man of God, who labored on and prayed the clouds away. The other groups have been forgotten.

Regardless of all opposing powers the Church of God is about to finish the greatest year's work in its history. Our God is marching on. Let us keep our eyes lifted to the hilltops from whence cometh our help.

## PRAY FOR OUR OFFICIALS

We need to pray for our officials that they may be guided aright in making the rules for the Church of God to follow, that they may stay in the middle of the great highway of holiness. To turn to the left or the right means defeat. On the one hand fanaticism, on the other formalism and worldliness.

We need to pray that they may be kept humble. God's Word says, "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, and He will lift you up." The greatest need of the Church today is humility and a spirit of, "In honor preferring one another." No other spirit can succeed for that is the spirit of Christ.

We need to pray for our overseers, our pastors and evangelists, that they may be,

*"Ready to go, ready to stay,  
Ready my place to fill;  
Ready for service, lowly or great,  
Ready to do His will."*

We need to pray for the laity of the Church that we may be able to co-operate with those God sends our way as overseers, pastors and evangelists.

We need to pray for a great Assembly this year that God will make us a blessing to the city in which we meet. That we, as individuals, will be so kind and courteous and considerate of others that we will leave a good name behind us when we are gone, and thousands of good people convinced that this is the way. We especially need to pray that our young people will let their lights shine to other young people who have not as yet yielded themselves to Christ; and that nothing will be done to bring reproach on the cause of Christ.

Come on, young people, they tell us we have a nice place in which to hold our morning meetings and we want you to be there to fill the place a thousand strong. Let us mingle our voices together in song and pray the clouds away.

## Children's Bible Lessons

(Continued from page 4)

They told them yes, and that he was blind; he was of age and let him speak for himself. He answered, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see."

The rulers of the Jews and Pharisees turned him out of their synagogue and refused to worship with him. Jesus heard how they were persecuting him; found him and told him that He was the Son of God. Then this happy man went his way rejoicing, worshipping Jesus.

### Questions

How did the blind man receive sight? He washed in the pool of Siloam. How did this affect the rulers? They turned him out of their synagogue. What happened then? He became a follower of Jesus.

NOTE: Now children, get your June issue and read the poem, "My Daddy," by Roland Nichols, on page 10. Notice the two slang words "gee-whiz" and "I jing" and then read the poem below revised by May Studley, Thomaston, Maine. Don't you think it sounds better? Others sent in corrections which were good but we chose this one. We thank you, Mae, and all the others who responded. God bless you.—Editor.

## My Daddy

Jest the best thing, daddy is  
When he ain't got rheumatiz;  
Gives me pennies an' good advice  
'Bout keepin' clean an' bein' nice,  
An' sayin' please, an' don't deceive,  
Handkerchief instead of sleeve.  
Seems jest like daddy knew  
He was once a small boy too.  
Second table for him, I spec',  
When he only got the neck.  
And how, he always says,  
Give the kid the best there is.

An' when ma sends me off to bed,  
Daddy takes the light ahead,  
An' holds my hand an' talks, maybe,  
'Bout the things that used to be  
When he and Unky was little boys,  
An' all about their games an' toys.  
What am I gonna be? wait and see,  
Like my daddy, I would be  
Better'n president or anything;  
He's like ma says angels is—  
When he ain't got rheumatiz—.

## Co-operation With the Sunday School

(Continued from page 7)

Penny." She wove into this tale the giving, the going and the receiving in a foreign land, the money the smallest child adds to the missionary collection.

This same mother figured, and rightly too, that the goal of Sunday School teaching is to give a satisfying foundation for righteous living, and as soon as her little tots were old enough to recognize right before them. By her own and their father's daily example, these children daily absorbed a view of life that they would follow throughout their years. Having them familiar with a reverent manner, an obedient attitude, a truthful ideal and a faithful trust they went to Sunday School with a clear idea of its value and a desire to further the work of the teacher in whatever class they were in.

Any mother who faithfully aids the teachers in the beginning classes of her Sunday School is not only helping them immeasurably but she is giving to her children the very added help they need to supplement the short period even the most accomplished teacher is able to fill with righteous teaching.—Margaret Conn Rhoads, from "Mother's Golden Now."



## The Sinner's Page



*"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."*

### What Happened to an Infidel

*H. D. Sheldon*

Some years ago, while working in a village in Central New York, my attention was called to an old man passing in the street, with this casual remark, "There goes one of the worst infidels in all this country." I said, "I will go and speak with him," but the merchant with whom I was conversing said, "No, I wouldn't go; he will curse you to your face." I said, "God alone can curse me. He will bring curses on his own head."

I joined the old man, who was a lawyer by profession, and engaged with him in conversation. When we reached his office he invited me in. I declined, saying that I had an appointment at the hotel, but I would call to see him later.

Then he asked my name and wanted to know what my business was in town. I told him my name was Sheldon, and that I was conducting meetings in the Methodist Church.

He said, "So you are a preacher? If I had known that I would not have walked up the street with you."

I said, "I would walk with you. I would walk with the devil, if I could do him any good."

He said, "You don't call me the devil, do you?"

I said, "No. But if you were the devil, and I could benefit you with my society, I would gladly walk with you," whereupon he began to use the most abusive language I have ever heard. He called me

all the names he could think of, denounced the church, ridiculed professing Christians, and slandered the character of Jesus Christ.

He went on with his tirade for at least twenty minutes. A large crowd had gathered to listen to his ear-smirching, devil-pleasing profanity, when suddenly he turned and said to me, "What have you got to say?"

I replied, "Not a word. If you know anything more, let us have it."

Finally I got the old fellow all emptied out. When a man is filled up with such rottenness and meanness, it is a good thing to get him emptied. Then I said, "I would not like to tell you what I think of you, but I will tell you what God thinks of you."

I then quoted to him Psalm 14:1, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

He said, "So you call me a fool, do you?"

I said, "No, but God calls you a fool." I then turned to the 53rd Psalm, saying, "Here is your name in this Psalm also, the second word, 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.'"

He said, "So you call me a fool again, do you?"

"No sir, I do not, but God calls you a fool."

He said, "Young man, do you preach like that?"

I said, "That is my style."

"Well," he said, "I like it, and if I were not so crippled with rheumatism, I would be in your service tonight."

I said, "I do not believe you. I would not believe an infidel under oath: whatever you have said is not true."

"No," said he, "young man I am in earnest."

"Very well," I said, "I will go to the livery stable and order a carriage to be sent for you, to bring you to the meeting and return you to your home again."

He said, "You send the carriage and I will be there."

The liveryman at first refused to send the carriage, saying, "That man is the vilest man in all the country, and he will only abuse and curse my driver," but at last he decided to send it.

While the service began at seven-thirty, the church was filled one hour before the appointed time. The word had gone out that Hiram Randall was to be at the service. I went to the church at my usual time, but I could not get within a block of the church as there were hundreds of

people clamoring to get in. When I entered the pulpit I began to survey the audience, but nowhere could I locate my man, and not until I stood to preach did I discover him. He was sitting so near the pulpit I could have touched him.

There were hundreds of people in the church that night, but I preached to one man, and when I had finished, I asked who would stand to his feet, and confess the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. A solemn hush came over the place and then the old infidel began to rise from his chair.

He turned about and said, "People of—, you all know me, and the wretched life I have lived. I have professed to be an infidel; I have scoffed at religion; I have slandered the character of Jesus Christ. But I have never been sincere in my infidelity; and tonight, I ask you to forgive me. I ask the evangelist to forgive my treatment of him this morning in the street. I ask God Almighty to forgive me, and from this night I promise to love, serve and obey Him."

The following night Mrs. Randall sat by her husband in the service, and when the invitation was given for all who would accept Jesus Christ as their personal Savior to stand, Mr. Randall said, "Martha, give your heart to the Savior. I have led you an awful existence. I have broken every marriage vow I made before God and the recording angel, but God has forgiven me. You forgive me. Trust the Son of God as your Redeemer tonight, and we will spend our last days in His service."

Like a little child, Martha knelt at the altar with her husband, and yielded her heart to the Savior.

For more than seven years Hiram Randall led a most consecrated Christian life, then God took him home. It was the testimony of his pastor that in all his ministry of nearly forty years no man ever gave him the encouragement in his work that he received from this man redeemed from an awful life of sin at the age of seventy-two.

What was it that saved Hiram Randall? It was the Word of God. "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," Rom. 10:17.

"The Word of God is run out," do you say? You might as well say that the law of gravitation has run out.

### Almost—But Lost

*J. W. H. Nichols*

Soon after the World War, Lord Selbourne, of Great Britain, in unveiling a memorial to the sailors who lost their lives in a submarine disaster, said:

"I think we are able to say we know exactly how the accident to our submarine boat occurred. It is just one of those accidents which never can be eliminated

(Continued on page 32)



# Children's Choruses

(Continued from page 5)

We have a smile for you and you where-  
ever you may be;  
Try to smile and laugh with us today  
and all your frowns will flee;  
We are making all our hearts and faces  
bright with merry glee;  
We have a smile for you.

Chorus:

Smilers, smilers, we are smilers!  
Smilers, smilers, we are smilers!  
Smilers, smilers, we are smilers!  
We have a smile for you!

## Some Table Graces

Be present at our table, Lord;  
Be here, and everywhere, adored;  
These bounties bless and grant that we  
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

Amen.

God is great and God is good,  
We will thank Him for this food;  
By His hand must all be fed,  
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

Amen.

Great God, Thou giver of all good,  
Accept our praise and bless our food.  
Grace, health, and strength to us afford,  
Through Jesus Christ, our risen Lord,  
Amen.

Come, Lord Jesus, our guest be  
And bless these gifts bestowed by  
Thee. Amen.—Sel.

## Salute to the Flag

### PLEDGE TO U. S. FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the  
United States and to the republic for  
which it stands; one nation, indivisible,  
with liberty and justice for all.

Hymn: One stanza of "America."

### THE CHRISTIAN PLEDGE

I pledge allegiance to the Christian  
flag and to the Savior for whose kingdom  
it stands; one brotherhood uniting all  
mankind in service and love.

Hymn: One stanza of "Onward Chris-  
tian Soldiers."

### PLEDGE TO THE BIBLE

I pledge allegiance to the Bible, God's  
holy Word, and will make it a lamp unto  
my feet and a light unto my path, and  
hide its words in my heart, that I may  
not sin against God.

Hymn: One stanza of "Holy Bible,  
Book Divine" (or some other appropriate  
hymn.)

## Questing Youth

(Continued from page 8)

and dissatisfaction with anything less are  
prime requisites in the Christian life.  
Yet how easily we fail just here. How  
gradually and almost imperceptibly the

novel, the magazine, the daily paper can  
push out the Bible. How insidiously the  
radio, the gramophone, the crossword  
puzzle, the motor bike and even the gar-  
den can rob us of the time we had previ-  
ously set apart in our day's programme  
for prayer, or Sunday School lesson prepa-  
ration. How often even the harmless  
chit-chat, or legitimate fellowship with  
others encroaches on the hours for active  
Christian service, or is allowed to unfit  
us for it. These secondary-not-necessarily-  
wrong-things crowd out the primary and  
essential. They make life a vagrancy in-  
stead of a crusade. Life is allowed to be  
full of promiscuous preoccupations and  
all the really big things get the "go by."

(To be continued)

## My Comforter

(Continued from page 16)

still abides because His presence is surging  
within. He breathes a most holy atmos-  
phere in my dwelling. He goes with me  
to the secret chamber of prayer and there  
aids me in my intercession, and when no  
longer can I unburden my heart, pressed  
with the cares of the day, He is there, at  
the helm of my soul, to take the wheel  
and guide me to the land of answered  
prayer.

He is present at times most needed, and  
when words fail my vocal chords are sur-  
rendered to His wonderful voice and He  
utters the sentiment of the innermost,  
uniting me in a closer fellowship with the  
Father.

He is constantly with me. He dines  
with me. His nearness is manifested in  
that flow of living water that bubbles up  
within my redeemed soul, quenching it  
of every thirst. His leadings, many times,  
are to the newest paths but He never  
leaves me. He is my friend. I shall never  
forsake Him for another.

In the most sorrowful times of life  
He has gone with me to sustain my ach-  
ing heart (a task unequal to human  
agencies). No grief has been too sore, no  
burden too heavy, but my companion un-  
derstands.

Every soul-deep desire is satisfied by  
our communion. Though some blessings  
be yet in the future, I have perfect trust  
that they, too, will brighten my path in  
days to come.

I am relying on His strength and my  
greatest expectancy of His power rests in  
that time when my summons come to  
stem that narrow tide to the land of per-  
fect day. Though that stream be only  
wide enough for one, He can bear me  
across, because He is within.—Laura Gar-  
rahan, Pontiac, Mich.

## God's Helping Hand

When you are trubbled  
Down and blue caul  
On God He will help you.

If you are a sinner wondering through  
Caul on God He'll, He'll help you.

If you are a Christian wondering away  
Caul on God and get back today  
If you are a backslider wanting through  
Caul on God He'll help you to.

—Billie Coile, Cleveland, Tenn.

NOTE: We are publishing this poem  
just as Billy sent it in. Billy is just a  
small boy and wants to see his piece in  
print.—Editor.

## The Lighted Pathway

There is a little paper called  
"The Lighted Pathway,"  
That comes to our home each month,  
Bringing joy along the way.

And when it comes I snatch it,  
Though tasks I should engage,  
I sit right down before I quit  
And read the Editor's page.

There are so many people,  
Who are lying on the shelf,  
And one thing they need to read,  
Is "The Girl Who Found Herself."

I know a little secret,  
I'm sure it is the truth,  
There are many of us breaking,  
"The covenant of Ruth."

"Whither thou goest, I will go,  
Whither thou stayest, I will stay,  
Whether it be far or homeland,  
Makes no difference, night or day."

Another page we all should read,  
When Satan tries to deride,  
A great relief to the weary,  
"Helps for the tempted and tried."

Though my tasks are calling me,  
It makes my heart encore  
To read the gleanings from far and near,  
Makes we want to read some more.

And just before I forget it,  
A word about Gossip's Town,  
While you're living in that village  
You will never wear a crown.

The Evangel and Lighted Pathway,  
Of papers there're more, but the best  
If I'm any judge, I can tell you  
They'll win any beauty contest.

—Effie Goodwin, Woodruff, S. C.

## When Was the Beginning?

Delmar C. Barnes

Genesis, the first book of the Bible, is  
so named because it records the "begin-  
ning and generation" of things. It is the  
initial book of the Scriptures in which  
the groundwork of all that is to follow  
is found in the first three chapters. It in-  
troduces the design of the Bible—the di-  
vine plan of redemption in Jesus Christ  
(3:15.) Another of its remarkable feat-  
(Continued on page 33)



# The Fisherman's Prayer

By Constance Ruspini

"Mother, Mother! Can you hear me? Can you hear where you are?" The plaintive little voice kept up the pathetic refrain, as a small, pale-faced boy lay face downward on a newly-made grave. Miss West hesitated in her walk as the sound fell upon her ears, and, catching sight of the prone little figure, she laid a kindly hand on the child's head.

"What's the matter, my boy?" she asked gently.

But there was no answer; the swish of the sea at the base of the cliff, and the distant murmur of a gathering storm, alone broke the silence.

"Come, laddie, tell me your trouble," said Miss West persuasively, and at the soothing tone of her voice a sad, pinched little face was lifted to hers.

"Let me be," the little fellow said. "I only wanted mother to know I did what she told me to. Will she hear me, do you think?"

"If she doesn't," said Miss West gently, "there is One who will; the Lord Jesus in heaven will hear everything you say to Him. What is it you want to tell your mother?"

Instead of a reply, there burst from the child's lips an earnest prayer: "O God, save my father this once—just this once!"

"Is your father in danger?" asked Miss West.

"Do you hear that storm coming?" he answered. "That moan in the wind means a real bad one, and he's gone off in the boat, and maybe can't get back before the storm breaks. But," he said, "that's not the worst; he left me in such a big rage," and the great tears streamed down the boy's cheeks.

"Why was that, laddie?" said his friend kindly.

"Just because I asked him to say a prayer. Mother said it, and she wanted father to say it, too, and when I told him he was ever so angry."

"And the prayer?" questioned Miss West.

"God be merciful to me a sinner," was the quiet answer.

"Then be sure of this, laddie: if your father is in danger, he will think of that prayer, and, though he was angry when you said it, he may be glad to pray it soon. Cheer up, now, and help me down the cliff to my cottage, will you?" and as the lad drew himself up, glad to be of use, Miss West saw a new look of hope in his eyes.

"Why, if this isn't Humpty Sam!" exclaimed the landlady, as they entered the house; and at those words Miss West

noticed for the first time that her little friend was humpbacked.

"Tell me about your father," said Miss West.

Sam thought a minute, then he began. "He's called Samson, because he's so strong; he's brave, and has been through many a storm, but,"—and the lad's lips quivered—"he's disappointed in me, 'cause I'm not strong, too, and I've got a hump. Oh, it's hard to be no use," he cried, hiding his face in his hands.

"Don't say that, my lad," said Miss West, drawing them down again. "God has something for you to do, and you must try to find out what it is, and in the end you'll see that hump will be made a blessing to you."

Meanwhile, the storm had gathered, and now burst in all its fury over the sea. Miss West was almost afraid to let the child go home alone.

"Oh, don't mind me; I'm used to it," he said, and, with a more cheery look he said, "Good night!" and fought his way to his little home, there to wait for father.

The coming was hardly what he expected. Four fishermen bore the great, strong man up the shore, to all appearances dead. They had found him, washed up by the angry sea, bruised by the rocks, and silently they laid his gigantic form on the bed.

Humpty Sam never spoke, but in an agonized silence he kept watch, hour after hour, for the doctor had given just one glimmer of hope that his father's life might be spared.

Miss West went up constantly to enquire how the poor man was getting on, and, to her surprise, on the third day after the storm, found him sitting up in bed, and a clergyman talking to him, who was just at that moment asking Samson to join him in prayer.

"Sir," said Samson, "I never prayed but once, and that was only a short one."

"When was that?" asked the visitor.

"It was as my boat went to pieces," the man said slowly; "and my little boy there had told it to me just before I started out—'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

Miss West glanced at the boy as the tale was told. He lifted his face from the corner of the bed where he sat, with a look of radiant joy, and she gazed upon the child almost in awe. Once more she seemed to hear the heartfelt cry, "O God, save my father! just this once!" He had, indeed, heard and answered the boy's prayer.

Some years passed away, and again Miss West visited the little fishing village. Remembering her friends, she called

at Samson's cottage; but it was locked and empty.

Then she made her way up the cliff to the place where she had first met Humpty Sam. All at once the sound of voices joining in a hymn fell on her ear. One was a man's deep voice, the other weaker, but very sweet. And this is what they sang:

*"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."*

Led by the voices, Miss West soon found the singers. There was Samson, the strong man of yore; but now a crutch on either side told that his strength had departed from him. Close beside him sat Humpty Sam, and both were at work mending their nets.

There was no need for an introduction; they quickly recognized their new friend, and to her great joy Miss West heard that, since the terrible day when Samson almost lost his life, he had been a changed man. The sinner had cried to God for mercy, and had found it. God had verily planted His footsteps in the storm, and Samson had followed in them.—*Selected.*

## The Thousand Things

"I can't do anything for the world!" said Marion. "I haven't any money nor any talents—what's the use of trying?"

"You're just like everybody else," said Aunt Clara. "I don't see what you're complaining about, when you have plenty of chances to do things. There was Bess this morning, with her doll's dress all stained with that red sash. The child was crying, and it only fretted you. You told her to be still, but you didn't wash out the dress for her. It wouldn't have taken five minutes to do it with the stain-remover, would it?"

"But — that's not exactly what I mean," said Marion. "I want to do something special for the world."

"Humph," said Aunt Clara. "Isn't Bess part of the world? This town and this street—aren't they in the world? You can do something special for everybody in this neighborhood, one after another, if you really mean it. Ian Macaren said once that there were a thousand things that we could do every year if we had eyes to see and a heart to feel, and the will to take some trouble. If you'd begun the thousand with Bess this morning the other nine hundred and ninety-nine things would have been just that much easier to see."

Marion said nothing. But Bess was surprised to find her doll's dress clean and fresh next morning; and a good many neighbors have been surprised since to find "what a fine girl Marion Craig is," as the thousand things develop one by one in her year.—*Publisher Unknown.*



# Under Whose Wings

(Continued from page 3)

by His Holy Spirit moving our minds and hearts in the way we should go. What is that verse, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.'"

"Is there any way we can find light in the Bible itself on this problem?" The girls thought a long time, and with the concordance they looked up many verses and passages on marriage. All they could gather was that it was all right, that it had God's approval.

"Does this verse have any bearing on your case? 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' You know that means that a Christian should not marry one who is not a Christian. You are sure Mr. Levermore is a Christian all right?"

"Yes," slowly, "at least I think so. He always goes to church with me and seems to admire Christian things and Christian people. I have never heard him say he was a Christian. I don't think he does anything in the church or Sunday School, and sometimes he laughs when I want to go to prayer meeting. He says he likes me because I am such a 'good little girl,' but he doesn't want me to get 'too religious.' He was a member of the church years before I was, but I don't think I have heard him say much about just what he does believe, and I am afraid he does not read his Bible very much. But not many men do. He's a good man though."

"Well, is there any way God's providences would seem to guide you?" Jean proceeded, "Let us study into this matter thoroughly."

"Not unless you count my father's financial difficulties a providence pointing out that I should marry him. Something like Esther, you know, being able to help her people through her marriage to the king."

"I don't think that applies here, Hilda. Then have you been praying earnestly that God will guide your own thought and feeling in this thing?"

"Yes, I have," emphatically.

"You know the teacher said that night that sometimes God guides in special ways, and even may give a sign, but always and only to faith, never to unbelief. And that He will not give guidance by a sign or otherwise unless He knows we really mean to obey Him at any cost and follow Him in the light that He gives us. Are you really ready, Hilda, to tell Him you will do whatever He shows you is His will?"

"Yes, Jean, honestly, truly, I will," she answered, with tears in her eyes.

"Let's think of some sign we can ask Him. Gideon asked for a sign, so did some of the people in the New Testament, I think."

"I have it," Hilda's face brightened. "I want a wrist watch, and have wanted one for a long time. I know Mr. Levermore will give me something nice for Christmas, and in the fall before I came to the city a couple of times I hinted pretty strongly that I wanted one, for I thought he might as well give me something I really wanted. Let us, you and I, agree together to pray definitely that if it is God's will for me to marry Mr. Levermore he will give me a wrist watch for Christmas and if it is not, then he will not give me that, no matter what else he might give me."

"Are you sure you haven't asked him for it?" Jean asked laughingly.

"No, truly I haven't. And anyway if we both pray that God will not let him give it to me unless it is His will, then isn't God able to keep him from giving it?"

## SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

"Once a very important and attractive young woman, for whom the pastor had recently performed a marriage ceremony, came to him at the close of the morning service and said, with tears in her eyes: 'This is our first Sunday after our wedding trip, and my husband would not come to church with me.' She was a very active and sincere member of the church, and her position was conspicuous and well known long before her marriage. The husband was once a church member. His parents and home life had always been openly Christian. He had attended church regularly while courting his bride. He was a professional man of standing, and lived a well-ordered life. But this day on which his bride counted so much he refused to accompany her. He was well and apparently happy. He simply balked without expressed reason. He inflicted a wound which did not heal for a long time, if ever it did."

—Selected.

Note: Oftentimes this is the case. Everything so far as human eye could see was all right, but if God had been consulted He might have guided otherwise.—Editor.

"Yes, if you are really in earnest. But you know how sternly he said, 'Don't think to play fast and loose with God.' As you have everything to gain on one side, a watch, a husband and home and money, and everything to lose on the other, I think you had better pray hardest that God will not let him give that watch unless He wants you to marry. And, Hilda, make up your mind right now that you are trusting God,—not a watch, or a sign, or even our prayers but just utterly, absolutely, trusting God, and that the gift, whatever it might be, will only be God's way to guide you, and that you will wholly obey Him. You really do want to know God's will more than you

want a beautiful wrist watch or a rich husband?"

"I do," solemnly answered Hilda.

The girls agreed to pray faithfully several times each day until Christmas, which was not far off. In a day or two Hilda said good-bye to her city friends and went home. She seemed to be perfectly at rest about the matter that had worried her for so long.

"I am trusting God, and He will guide me," she whispered happily to Jean as she left her at the station.

## HILDA'S HOME COMING

It was late in the evening of a cold, blustery winter day, with the air full of flying snow that cut the face of the traveler like spiteful little knives, when Hilda stepped out of the train at the little station near her home. Usually her father met her at the evening train, for she had told them she expected to come home that night and there was only one train upon which she could come. She rather expected to greet her father, but hardly had her feet touched the platform when she was almost literally grasped in the big arms of—not her father, but Mr. Levermore.

"So glad to see you, Hilda," he whispered. Then in louder tone, that those around might hear, "Your father wasn't feeling well tonight, and as I was in town with my sleigh I told him I would meet you and bring you home and he need not go out in the snow and storm tonight. How are you?"

Hilda was a little perturbed at his greeting, it was so "possessive," as she afterwards wrote Jean. Then, too, she had resolved so firmly not to allow herself to be unduly influenced by him until she had received the guidance she was so sure God would give her. She had accepted his friendship, it is true, but certainly up to this point had never accepted his love in the way he evidently meant for her now. With all the strength of her thoughtful, well-trained young womanhood, she now mentally armed herself against him. She would be on her guard. It would be only a few more days at the longest until she would know, and she had no thought of playing with the affections of this good old friend.

These thoughts flashed through her mind for an instant, but deeper and more lasting was her grave concern for her father. All the old anxiety for him returned tenfold. He had never failed to meet her before. Was he really ill? Her companion assured her he was not, but only that he had not been well for some time, as she had surmised from her mother's letters.

A heavy snow had fallen a few days previously, and now a light snow on top of this made perfect roads for sleighing, and tucked in among warm robes in the beautiful little cutter, drawn by a hand-



some, high-spirited horse, what girl could help but thoroughly enjoy that short—all too short—ride home? She was anxious to see her home and parents after the months of absence, but she began to regret that this ride could not go on for an hour instead of the fifteen or twenty minutes which she knew it would be, when Mr. Levermore, who had been chatting happily about the little doings in the town and among her friends, said suddenly, as though voicing her own thought:

"Hilda, did you ever see such glorious sleighing? I meant to wait until after you got to the house, but maybe I had better ask you now. The Bothwells up in Haddontown are having a taffy pull tomorrow night and have invited the Hills, the Burke girls and their friends, and two or three others to come. You and I are invited. It will be a wonderful ride if the night is good, nearly two hours, but a big warm house and plenty of fun when we get there. You will go, of course, won't you?"

Hilda, with all her love for the out-of-doors and a wholesome country good time, could not possibly have given any other than one answer. She would be glad to go.

In a minute more they were in the house, and Mr. Levermore, after depositing her bags and herself in the living room, very considerably bade them good-night and left her to be enjoyed by her family. Mother was all beaming with smiles and so was father, though as she looked at him she thought she detected new lines of care in the dear old face and he seemed stooped more than she had ever seen him. The two brothers and their wives had come in, and all talked together until late in the night about the hundred and one things that a happy reunited family find to say to one another.

Mother lovingly bade her sleep as late as she could the next morning. She well knew the luxury this was to the girl who for many weeks had been obliged to rise at a regular and early hour to begin her long day's work. In the rush of preparation for the coming holiday and of getting settled in the home routine again, it was not until late in the following afternoon that Hilda and her mother had time for even a few minutes of heart to heart talk.

"Mother, tell me, how is father, and what is this about his business going wrong?"

She saw a cloud of anxiety pass over her mother's loving face. "I do not know, Hilda," she answered. "Father has gotten the idea into his head that somebody is working against him, and yet he cannot imagine who it could be or why. He has lost contracts and credit, and at his age you know these things break his spirit and hurt him. He hoped to have

enough to comfortably retire soon, but, daughter, you may as well realize it now as later, we are poor, much poorer than we thought we were. Father hates it most for your sake. He did want to leave you pretty well fixed, and while we know you enjoy your work in the city, yet father always wanted others to realize that you had a nice living of your own and could stop work if you wanted to. His whole hope now is in seeing you well married. We have enough to live in comfortable but humble circumstances, but, dear child, you may as well know, your father's dearest wish is to see you happily married to some well-to-do man. I do not think he would worry about his business affairs then."

A slow light was dawning on Hilda's mind. They wanted her to marry Mr. Levermore. He was everything that seemed desirable, and he was wealthy. Like a tangled skein that quickly unravels when once the end is found, she began to piece together little remarks dropped here and there. Yes, she saw it all. Her elderly suitor had completely won the approval of father and mother and he knew it. No wonder he took so much for granted! Knowing her great affection for her parents as he did, she was not surprised that he already counted the battle won. This complicated matters somewhat as she thought of the sign she had asked from God. Ought she to reconsider the matter and simply accept the situation and marry him? She wished she could talk to Jean. Since coming home she had felt her heart go out to this man more than ever before, yet she was conscious of a reserve that she could not quite understand or overcome. She did love him, she could be happy with him, if it were not for that one little question mark,—Was it God's will for her life? If she knew it were, that would settle the matter for her. But oh, how could she know? Those three dear kind hearts that loved her so all desired this thing, and on the other side was that one question,—What was the real plan of God for her life? God alone could guide her,—more than ever she felt that He must.

She went up to her room, and closing the door, dropped on her knees beside her bed and prayed for wisdom and guidance. With tears she prayed that she might not be overborne by any kind of pressure of circumstances or loved ones. He alone knew the end from the beginning, and what was best for her life. Comfortingly there came to her mind, "I will guide thee with mine eye," and the words of explanation that the teacher in the Bible Institute had once given. To be guided by the eye of a person demands that our eyes be kept upon Him, and she knew that she must look away from all else and trust God and Him alone. Again there came a sense of comfort and assurance

that He would guide her and that she was in His will in asking the sign that she had. She found herself almost tempted to pray that God would lead Mr. Levermore to give her that wrist watch. He could so easily do it. But no, she saw the peril of such an insincere attitude, and knowing that with all her heart she desired this gift that would settle her destiny, yet with all her will she prayed earnestly again and again, "Lord, don't let him give me this gift unless it is thy word to me that this is thy will, thy very best will for me."

She was not surprised either that both father and mother seemed greatly pleased as she told them of the taffy pull and the sleigh ride that evening. Mr. Levermore came early and she could not but notice his tender solicitude for her father's health, and as he helped her into the sleigh and tenderly tucked the robes about her, she thought how easy it would be to yield to his wishes.

It was a perfect night. The snow clouds had cleared away and the moon full and bright poured her pure white light over the glistening landscape as the spirited horse with tinkling bells sped mile after mile. Sometimes they talked, sometimes in perfect silence they drank in the wonderful beauty of the scene and listened only to the creaking of the runners in the hard white snow. Hilda was very happy, she could not deny it, and so was he. The ride of an hour or more seemed all too short when they drew up to the house, a great hospitable country mansion fairly radiating warmth and welcome.

A dozen young people gathered in the old-fashioned big kitchen where the great kettle of molasses had been boiling for some time. Joking and laughing they washed their hands and buttered their fingers and plates, and impatiently waited while the sticky mass cooled sufficiently to handle. They hastened this somewhat by setting the plates for a minute on the snow bank by the door.

The taffy was pulled to all degrees of whiteness, twisted to all sorts of shapes and cut to suit the individual. Throughout the evening Hilda was agreeably surprised to see how Mr. Levermore could enter into all the fun as well as any boy in the party. He was faultless in his deportment towards her, tactfully making her conscious that she was always in his thoughts, yet never from that first moment at the train had he presumed on more than her friendship. Not the closest observer, she thought, could have detected any of that tinge of proprietorship that some of the boys assumed towards the girl of whose attitude they were perfectly sure.

The evening was one of unalloyed pleasure and sparkling fun. The taffy pulled and wrapped in wax paper—what



was left of it after all had eaten their fill—they resorted to the living room, where old-fashioned songs were sung with hearty young voices. Hilda's sweet voice with three of the others formed a quartet that was called for again and again, and the crowd joined in the chorus. At a late hour all the guests, wrapped in plenty of warm robes, regretfully shouted their last good-byes and started on the long journey home.

A strong wind had sprung up and the dry snow in some places was drifting badly but in the bright moonlight it was not difficult to pick out the good road. There was one place in the road that Mr. Levermore rather feared to attempt. Running directly east and west and lying lower than the fields on the north side, from which direction the wind was now blowing, it was known as a road easily drifted shut. The rest of the party had turned off a short distance before this place was reached.

"Do you think we had better attempt to go through the Maple Valley road, Hilda?" he asked. "It may be badly drifted, but it is the shorter road home."

"I think we might take a chance," she answered, "though father and mother and I had an exciting time there one night. Oh, it was funny! Mother had been to the city and bought a big double bed blanket that day. We were in the old sled, and going into the city we found the snow in some spots pretty scarce, so father decided when coming home we would take the Maple Valley road because there is snow there if anywhere. I was only a little girl and I was cold, so they let me climb into the back of the sled and wrap myself up in mother's big new blankets. Well, we found snow enough. Such drifts that it was all father could do to keep his seat and drive, while mother clung to him for dear life. Pretty soon the sleigh went bump into a big hole and up over a high drift, and I was so wrapped up in that blanket I could not help myself but rolled out of the sled and into the big hole just like a ball. Father and mother were so busy holding on that they never missed me and I was laughing so hard when I did manage to sit up that I could not call above the jingling of the bells. They went quite a distance before they missed me, and then I heard mother's frightened voice, 'Hilda, where are you?' and they waited until I caught up."

They both laughed, but it was getting more and more evident that they might expect to repeat something of the same performance tonight. The horse was plunging through the drifts, but for a little while the road continued quite good. Then suddenly they came to the worst place they had found. The horse, a strong young creature, had only been broken

for driving a short time and became almost fractious. As he strained through a great drift something seemed to break about the harness and struck his heels. He started to rear and plunge, and taking the bit in his teeth, he dashed down the road, seeming not to mind the billowing drifts.

Mr. Levermore was trying with both hands to control and quiet the animal, and Hilda, terrified, clung to him, when the sleigh gave a sudden lurch and rolled over on its side. The man let go the horse to catch the girl and drag her in safety from the overturned sleigh, and hardly a moment too soon. The next minute the whole top of the cutter was smashed to kindling wood as it struck against a telegraph pole; the horse broke entirely free and dashed down the road, leaving two frightened but very grateful passengers behind.

Hilda was plucky. She had often been thrown out of a sleigh, but the sight of the smashed cutter not fifty feet from them, and the thought that they both might have been killed had they not parted company with the sleigh just when they did, completely unnerved her.

After a minute the man seemed to come to himself, and with his usual courtesy he assisted her over the snow and they picked up the robes and stood looking at the broken sleigh.

He came over closer. "Forgive me," he almost whispered, "but will you say that yes tonight? I have waited so long and I have tried to be patient. It is to be yes, isn't it, dearie? Hilda think of your father and mother. I would be so glad to help your father, but I cannot unless you let me."

She pushed him gently from her. "Please don't ask me any more tonight," she answered quietly. "I will tell you soon, but I cannot tonight."

He seemed deeply disappointed, but said no more. They walked to the nearest farmhouse, where he found someone who would take them home by another road, and in a short time, he left Hilda at her father's door. Hilda slipped up to her room and, dropping on her knees, again prayed that God would guide and not let her make any mistake in the matter so vital to them both. She pleaded that He would not let Mr. Levermore give her the gift she craved unless it was His sign to her of His will for her life. With heart full of loving trust in her heavenly Father's care, she thanked Him for the answer whatever it might be, and quietly fell into the land of dreams.

*(To be continued)*

### The Believer's High Priest

*(Continued from page 6)*

seek a lawful thing in an unlawful way. While He was in the wilderness He became an hungered. It was then Satan sug-

gested to Him to "command that these stones be made bread." Oh, what a common temptation! How often, in an unguarded moment, Satan whispers, "You need not bear this pang," or, "I would not let others humiliate me in that manner, when you could so easily help yourself." True, it might be an easy matter to resist the temptation by helping yourself, but where would your spiritual triumph come in? Where the glory of God's overcoming power? Your Lord overcame by wielding the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Those of you who are "struggling for bread," remember your Lord passed through that very conflict, but "He trusted God" (Matt. 27:43) and came forth a mighty Victor. He is able to do the same for you as you trust Him.

**IS YOUR TEMPTATION TO MAKE A DISPLAY OF NATURAL ABILITIES AND POWERS?**

Is Satan trying to induce you to cast yourself down before him by proving to others what a noble character you are through your natural birth? Beware! You are not the only one who was ever thus tempted. Absalom undoubtedly had a tendency of proving to his father's people how nicely, how tenderly and how considerately he would deal with them if they would come to him (2 Sam. 15:1-6). Absalom ended in shame and defeat (2 Sam. 18:9-17). No one will ever be able to successfully demonstrate their natural abilities to the world and make people believe it is his deep devotion to his Lord's cause. It will end, sooner or later, in a "casting themselves down."

Your Lord was also tempted to "cast Himself down." Satan came to Him and said, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written, he shall give his angels charge over thee" (Matt. 4:40). Natural abilities or powers in whatever form they may be yours, whether of speech, song, money or works, will all be of no avail unless they are wholly and signally consecrated to Him to be used as He sees fit.

### IS YOUR TEMPTATION TO FORSAKE THE CROSS?

It is in your power to do so if you choose to do it. However, the loss to be sustained as a result of it will be yours also. Undoubtedly this is one of the most common temptations of the servant of God. There is a united force of temptation in doing so when others are on hand to commend you for doing it. Very well-meaning people may come to you and sympathetically say to you, "Save thyself." They are not aware of the fact that their words are a satanic suggestion and smell after the very brimstone of the pit itself.

There are multiplied temptations and reasonable suggestions to escape suffering, for the sake of others. This dare not be. The believer, if he would follow in the



steps of his Lord and Savior, must be willing to go with Him all the way. Jesus suffered without the gate. So we too are called to go with Him, bearing His reproach (Heb. 13:12, 13).

"Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people: for in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted" (Heb. 2:17, 18).  
—*Gospel Herald*.

### In the Day of Trouble

"And the Lord said unto Joshua, Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?"—Joshua 7:10.

There are many people in the world today who in time of difficulty are doing just as Joshua did, they are lying on their faces, wringing their hands. Like the ostrich, they bury their heads when storms come. In this attitude they cannot see what is going on about them and they are not in position bodily or state of mind to combat the things that seem so overwhelming. Very often we feel that the path of least resistance is the better. We will just lie on our faces until the storm has past itself. But even if the fury of the storm does at last pass on without our doing anything about it, when we venture a glance about we find that we are buried only the deeper in the mire of melancholy and despair. The storm has left devastation in its wake. No, we cannot just lie down. Shutting our eyes to problems does not solve them. We must get up. We must seek the help and guidance that God is ever ready to give. He wants us to approach His throne of grace boldly. Not boldly in our own merits, but boldly in the trust and assurance that He is always on hand to help us face the sand storms of trouble. "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him," Nahum 1:7. Let us stand erect, at all times trust in the Lord, and we will find the things that overwhelmed us when we sought to hide ourselves, are easily conquered through the grace of God, and the Lord will not need to say, "Get thee up; wherefore liest thou thus upon thy face?"—*Selected*.

### A Sunday School that Became a College

(Continued from page 10)

and with a determination and a prayer set about to take care of it. Her name will live forever, for she brought a better way of life to her neighbors. In spite of her degrees and honorary titles to the "chillun of the hollers" of the South, Martha Berry is still the Sunday lady of Possum Trot.—*From the New Century Leader*.

### My Pupil to Me!

(Continued from page 11)

will be living in a neighborhood — and that group of people will take moral color and form from Tom. He will be going into business or a profession and again the social radiance will function. Tom, my Tom, and every Tom and Mary are human, social cells that, as truly as body cells, divide and multiply themselves again and again. If they are morally malignant they will form social cancers. If they are morally healthy, they will develop a righteous community. It is my responsibility to look beyond the individual, to the social cell.

3. My pupil is to me, too, a representative of the kingdom of God. Just as social life is interdependent, or, to use Paul's trenchant illustration, "the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body"—so it is true with the kingdom of God on earth. There is no such kingdom outside human beings. That kingdom is not represented on earth by flowers, trees, rocks, or houses, not even church houses. It is represented in truth and power only by Christian people. The world judges Christianity by its votaries. Tom is, in miniature, a kingdom of God where he lives and plays. The kingdom is "within him." I must get Tom to see that he is a representative. I must keep that in mind as I plan for him, chum with him, try to teach him. I must feel that I owe Tom something so that if every other person in the world were just like him there would be because of my influence and guidance, God's reign over all the earth.

It is not easy, I know. In political life representatives are elected by popular vote. All a candidate has to do is to make the right promises, win enough friends to get enough votes, and lo! he is a "representative." In the field of international diplomacy a representative is appointed by a national chief. All that candidate needs is a certain amount of diplomatic ability, the necessary social culture and financial means, and sufficient party favor.

But the representatives of the Kingdom are neither elected nor appointed. They have to be made—from within. They may be unpopular, have few friends, no resources or position, no influence, yet if they are willing to develop in their inner lives the social graces and the spiritual powers of Jesus Christ and demonstrate them to the world, they will be representatives of the kingdom. My task is just that. Tom must be to me a potential representative. God needs so many representatives. I must do my best to fit Tom for one of them. That is true in the plural, too, of course with all my pupils, but I am persuaded that in every instance the achievement must be singular.

A certain church has established a beautiful Christmas tradition. Each year the young people present "The Nativity," a pageant developed by the church through the years. Practically all the young people are enlisted in the presentation. They volunteer or are asked. All but the parts of Mary and Joseph. Those two are awarded to the boy and girl who, during the year, have, in the serious thinking of a capable committee, most nearly exemplified the character and ideals of those two great parents. It has done an amazing thing for the development of spiritual strength and tone in that church.

4. Need it be said, at the close, that inevitably, my pupil is a reflection of me? Tom will always show the world a bit of me. He cannot help it. Because I have taught him I shall have always a spiritual fatherhood in him. I shall be very sorry indeed if Tom grows up to be an undesirable citizen for it will reflect on me. They do say in public school that if a pupil fails in his work it is the teacher's fault!

I shall, however, have a very deep gladness if Tom, because I have taught him, has overcome his handicaps, beaten his weaknesses, caught both his vision and his spiritual stride, and has become a "man of God . . . thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—*The New Century Leader*.

### Exchange Page

(Continued from page 13)

here I hope to meet you in heaven.—*Herman Clark, Jr., Woodruff, S. C.*

Note: Here is a chance for someone to help someone in need.—*Editor*.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I would like to tell you just how good I think the Lighted Pathway is but there is not words to describe it. It's a fine little paper but I have two objections to it. It should come twice a month and there should be more of it. Perhaps before very long it can grow bigger, but I don't think, better. I discovered the paper in a queer way.

One day before services had begun I happened to see a Lighted Pathway lying on the bench. I picked it up and started reading. I was amazed! And when I came to the page "Contributions by Young Writers" I jumped up and started to find the owner to see if he would sell it to me! I've been getting them ever since then. We didn't have a Gideon then and no one had ever told me what the Lighted Pathway was. I had heard some mention it along with the Evangel but they did not say much about it. I believe if they would describe it and talk about it more, there would be many more sold.

I need not ask you to pray for me because I know you pray for all the readers of the Lighted Pathway.—*Virgie Canter*,



Dade City, Fla.

Note: Many are waiting to know about this paper. What are you doing about it?  
—Editor.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Brother Porter of Virginia had a letter in the August issue and wanted to know if any one had been a Gideon longer than five years. He said if so, he wanted them to write him. I wrote him and told him I had been a Gideon for about nine years. I have every bound Lighted Pathway book and expect to get one at this Assembly. I love the Lighted Pathway above every paper I have ever seen. To me it could not be excelled. Our Y. P. E. is doing fine. We recently closed a contest in which we raised forty-five dollars in seven weeks. We are planning on buying a new piano for the church. We are in another contest now. The Y. P. E. is divided into two groups and every penny in offering counts a point. We have other things to do besides giving money; namely, visiting the sick, reading the Bible every day, attending church and Y. P. E., being on time at Y. P. E., studying the Y. P. E. lesson, bringing Bibles to Y. P. E., quoting a new Bible verse each Sunday at Y.P.E. and we have a ten minutes' scripture shower each Sunday before we have our lesson and each verse we find gives a point to our side. We give five points for every new member.

Sister Harrison, we had already organized a young people's band in Augusta, Ga. before the national Y. P. E. was organized. We called it the "Church of God Willing Workers." Just as soon as we saw in the Evangel about the Lighted Pathway we made up the money to order us a roll and ever since then I have been a Gideon.

I hope to see you at the Assembly.—  
Beaulah Osban, Aiken, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I know you will be glad to know that Miss Mary Dickison is now in Irondale, Ohio in a revival, working for God. Sister Harrison, you will never know how the blessed Lighted Pathway has helped this child and every Editorial was wonderful. She certainly loved to read them and would say, "Mother, if Jesus should tarry how I would love to do just a little of what Sister Harrison is now doing. God will call her to her eternal reward and someone will have to fire a corner of her great work and I would love to stay humble and be blessed with some small portion." Now, dear sister, you see how you have helped her, she is in the evangelistic work with a dear little girl of Rochester, Pa., so pray much for them as you know how a mother feels about a twenty-year-old girl going so far away. Don't misunderstand me, I know God can and will take care of her and supply ev-

ery need but there is a great vacancy in our home.

May the Lord richly bless you in your work.—Mrs. Nellie D. Dickison, Alvin, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have just finished reading the August issue of the Lighted Pathway and to say that I enjoyed it would be putting it mild. I can truthfully say it is a real inspiration to me and I receive a source of help from it each month. I feel that the young people are wonderfully blessed to have an organization that they can call their own and to be privileged to receive into their home each month a paper that is so full of good helps and encouragement for when I first came into the Church of God several years ago we didn't have anything of this kind.

I appreciate you, Sister Harrison, and the interest you display in the young people—the work that you have done and are now doing is surely worthy of praise from all of our people and will be a monument to be looked upon and admired after you have exchanged the old cross for a crown. I have surely enjoyed the good stories, especially the serials, the last few months.

Our youth of today need the right kind of help and I feel there's a real good moral in each one of the stories that have appeared in the Lighted Pathway lately.

"Under Whose Wings" is depicting real true happenings in the life of most every Christian young person.

May God's richest blessings rest upon you and your work.—Mrs. J. S. Barnard, wife of South Cleveland pastor, Cleveland, Tenn.

### Bible Lesson

(Continued from page 15)

than-air crafts. But I believe that the eagle saints will soar above the storm of great tribulation that is coming upon the earth, those who have built their hope and confidence on the Rock of Ages. The eagle experience in a Christian makes us to soar above the storms of doubt and criticism, while haze, fog, wind, dust, are in the valley. Let us mount up as on eagle's wings, climb by faith to a clear, pure, altitude, breathe in the sunshine of God's love.

### THE TRANSFORMED CHRISTIAN

Romans 12:2

"And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." Since Adam's and Eve's sin, everybody who has been born in this world is conformed to this world. Paul, one of the greatest transformed Christians, tells us to be transformed by the renewing of our mind. Saul had it in his mind to destroy the class of people that believed in the resurrection of the dead. He was an anti-Christian gangster. Saul

was very active in his career. As a destroyer of the Christians he made havoc of the Church, hailed men and women, bound them, and consented to their death, but on the journey to Damascus the greatest transformer of the world, Jesus Christ's power, the One he thought was dead, got hold of him and changed his mind about Christianity. With the warrant in his pocket, Christ tumbled him from his high horse into the dust, and took his eyesight. The roaring lion of destruction becomes as tame as a lamb under the mighty power of the Transformer. Saul prayed and fasted for three days and as the man of God prays for him his eyesight is restored, and he gets filled with the Holy Ghost. This transformation made Paul a real power plant for God. Rom. 6:6, "Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin."

### FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST

Phil. 1:21

Gal. 2:20, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Oh the great need of today that boys and girls, men and women need to be changed, transformed, some to a higher life of living, others need to be brought to a lower plane of living. Christ, the Son of God, is able to do it.

While standing in a huge modern power plant where the electricity is generated, viewing the thousands of gallons of water in reserve to turn the mammoth turbines we thought, what a reservoir of power. But Christ says all power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. All power that is necessary to transform drunkards, dope fiends and criminals to righteousness and true holiness.

### THE FLOWER CHRISTIAN

Isa. 40:6

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field."

What kind of flower are we for Christ? Flowers which bloom all the time are in great demand. Are we sunflowers? May be in size, but the sunflower has a big broad face in which the sun never stops shining; if clouds hide the sun it keeps right on shining.

The lily is a small flower but has a wonderful, neat, tidy, appearance and has a pleasing perfume.

Let us look at the morning glory, wonderful, beautiful in the morning but what a pity that it does not retain its beauty and freshness throughout the day. Now nobody wants to be "a touch-me-not," nor a "snap dragon," we do not want to go to pieces because somebody talks about us or snap back because of some false



accusation. But listen to the good news, there are better flowers than we just mentioned, the old-fashioned rose. It is a rare flower, hard to find.

This type of people who has this type of experience, you run across them once in awhile. This rose does not have to be watered, it finds its own water. It matters little if it rains every day or not, it grows in the dusty, dry plains. This rose bush has roots that strike the hidden streams and rivers as much as eight feet below the surface, these rivers never run dry. Too many of us are too shallow, if it does not rain every ten or twenty-four hours we are dried up.

#### THE CAMEL CHRISTIAN

Gen. 23:63, 64

"And, behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel."

Traveling by a train of camels through a modern city today I believe would draw the attention of many people. We have fine limousines, modern air liners, but the Christian is riding the camel from a worldly standpoint. The camel riding is a rough ride, no delicate shock absorbers on the camel to smooth the ride. The speed of miles per hour is slow and very unpopular, an awkward animal, and not many people choose to travel on the camel. But the camel has certain features that are worth while considering.

First, its ability to travel many days without water; also, has an air filter to clean the air in a dust storm. I believe that when the traveling is so severe through the desert of life and many of the rubber tire vehicles have the rubber melted and the tires are flat that the camel with the thick soles on its feet will blaze the way to the City of Gold with its passengers, where all the former things have passed away. No more heat and cold.

The Church will alight off the camel when she sees her lover (Christ) coming. Let's ride the camel just a little longer.

#### More Things Are Wrought By Prayer Than the World Dreams Of

(Continued from page 21)

upon her return from the service, informed her of Mr. Moody's presence and his preaching, whereupon the invalid sister spent the whole afternoon in prayer that God would make that night a night of power and blessing. That explains the difference between the morning and the evening services. When God's children pray, it is then God works. Our greatest need in America today, and the world over for that matter, is an old time revival of Holy Ghost, heaven-sent religion, a spiritual awakening such as this present world has never witnessed. Many of God's children are wearing out their nerves instead of their knees. What we need in the churches is knee workers.

"If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land," 2 Chron. 7:14.

The earnest prayer of all of God's children should be, "O Lord, send a revival, and let it begin right in my own heart!" —*Young People's Witness.*

#### Y. P. E. and Sunday School Conv'n.

(Continued from page 20)

looking forward to another one.—*Clara Isner, Elkins, W. Va.*

#### To the Y. P. E's and Sunday Schools in Kentucky

In behalf of Brother L. S. Cooper and wife: We are asking that you send an offering to them that they will be able to go to the Assembly. They are in need of help as their car has recently burned.

Brother Cooper has served Kentucky as Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent and let us now show our appreciation and help him by sending him a nice offering. Be sure to send your name and address with the offering. The one sending the largest offering will receive a picture of Brother and Sister Cooper. Send all offerings to Miss Stella Peters, Baxter, Ky.

#### Almost—But Lost

(Continued from page 24)

from the chances of a naval career. The gallant young officer in charge of the boat had a perfect machine at his disposal, and machinery which enabled him very rapidly to scan the whole horizon; but you will see, if you think of it, that when a boat is submerged, however perfect the machinery for scanning the horizon may be, only a portion of the horizon can be seen at a given moment.

"Now, of course, it is obvious that what an officer in a case like that ought to do is, at frequent recurring intervals, to scan the whole horizon; and no one knew that better than the young officer in charge of the boat. But he had had his orders to look out for a cruiser called "Juno," and torpedo her if he could; and I think that, in his extreme anxiety to get a sight of this cruiser on the section of the horizon from which he knew she must come, he forgot too long to scan the rest of the horizon.

"Then what followed? That, I think we can tell you also exactly, because we have recovered from the wreck the remains of the optical tube and a part of the conning power, and the marks on it are such that I think we can exactly reconstitute the accident.

"This young officer, with his glass fixed on that section of the horizon to which I have alluded, suddenly saw looming in the field of vision the bows of a

great ship. He rapidly turned his tube in the direction, and saw that the ship was right on top of him.

"Then, instantly, without a moment's hesitation, he did the only thing open to him—he made his submarine dive; and to show you the tragedy of the thing, how long do you think we calculate that there was between the crew and safety? We believe that three seconds more would have cleared the submarine—three seconds more would have taken her under the ship, and she would have been saved. Those three seconds were just missing, and so the submarine was run down and perished."

Lost, by three seconds! Valuable lives and property lost, because the officer in charge did not realize how near the enemy was! Lord Selbourne speaks of "the tragedy of the thing" that there were only three seconds between the ship's company and safety, but they perished, leaving loved ones to mourn their loss, ushered into eternity with no time to think!

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," were the words of King Agrippa, but almost is unavailing. You, my reader, may have been—may be at this moment—near the blessing of soul salvation, but if you miss your golden opportunity, the memory that once it might have been, will be the bitterest drop in your cup of eternal woe.

*"Near to the gate which stood open wide,  
Close to the port, but not inside;  
Almost persuaded to give up sin,  
Almost persuaded to enter in;  
Almost persuaded, but counted the cost,  
Almost a Christian—and yet lost."*

—Life and Light.

#### Dramatization of the Gospel

There are many ways of preaching the gospel. We must have no set ways but let God direct. One way is by taking a text and giving out a message from the Word of God; another way is by living a good life; another is by dramatization of the truths of the gospel. Often a good play will reach hearts that a sermon will never reach. Boys and girls often grow tired of sermons, when the gospel dramatized will hold their attention and get the truth to their hearts. Read the testimonies below.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to write a few lines of praise to the Lord for the way He answers prayer. The Y. P. E. of Frostproof gave a play last Sunday night, August 20, entitled "The Solemn Question." We had been praying for weeks that the Lord would touch some hearts that a sermon had never reached. Bless His name! He answered our prayer.

The house was crowded with people. I believe we had the largest attendance I



have ever seen at a Y. P. E. service. The play was a great success from the very first. The people shouted, cried and danced under the power of God. When the altar call was given forty-two made their way to the altar seeking God. Two were saved and two filled with the Holy Ghost. Some of the seekers said they received the best blessing they had ever had.

Too, I want to praise God for our pastor and his companion. They have worked hard in the three years they have been here and God has set His approval upon their efforts. Any time the young people need any help from anyone, they only have to call on Brother and Sister Wiggins. They have stood by us with their prayers, financial help and encouraging words. We pray God's blessings upon them in their work.

Truly we thank God for the Lighted Pathway. It has been a blessing to the young people here. We know of no other paper we had rather read. Its messages are helpful and inspiring. Pray for us at Frostproof.—*Christine Duggar.*

Dear Mrs. Harrison:

I just want to tell you about the little play, "The Unbroken Circle." We gave it and everybody liked it. Some said they would give 25c any time to see it. Of course we didn't charge but we took up a free will offering. They asked us to bring it to Asbury and we took it there Sunday night and everybody seemed to enjoy it so much. The janitor said he wished we would give it again. He said it was worth two or three times the trouble he had. They laid a stage temporarily and fixed up curtains and really it meant some trouble. Now they want us to give it about four miles above Flag Pond.

Our young people are taking so much more interest since we have been giving these special programs. We had a splendid program for Mother's Day, also Father's Day.

We are giving one night now for the children and we are hoping to have a splendid program.—*Mrs. L. W. Walters, Chuckey, Tenn.*

NOTE: This comes from a lady of the Presbyterian church.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Please send us as soon as possible the two plays, "Home Scenes" and "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord." We are trying to give these plays in this month. Our Y. P. E. is increasing by giving these plays for the glory of God.—*Ruby McConnell, Marietta, S. C.*

### The Unbroken Circle

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put

on. Price, 25c.

We have another short play also, "Enlisting in the Army of the Lord," which you could use in your programs. Price, 10c. To change about and make your programs different will keep the interest high. Never have your programs so cut and dried that God cannot change them if He sees best. To make a good program give God a chance to work. For you to sit down and depend on God doing it all they are pretty apt to be a failure. When you do your part God will do the rest.—*Editor.*

### A New Play, "Home Scenes"

We have just finished a new play that we are sure will be a great blessing to your church. Its title is "Home Scenes." It is very touching and will inspire young parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Send 25c for your copy.

This play takes two families, the Barton's and the Joneses, and follows them from the first evening in their own home down to the evening of life. It portrays the difference in the home that takes Christ as its foundation and the one which has as its goal worldly gain. Plays one hour or more.

Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.

### When Was the Beginning?

(Continued from page 25)

tures is that we must have a knowledge of its contents in order to understand the rest of the Bible. But what are we to do to acquire this knowledge? We must begin where the book, itself, begins—that is, IN THE BEGINNING.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," Gen. 1:1. We have not only heard this particular passage quoted numbers of times but have quoted it ourselves time and time again. We know this scripture makes God the Creator of all things, that both heaven and earth are the products of His own hands, and that God, Himself, is the First Cause of all things. When did these things happen? Simply, IN THE BEGINNING.

Many reply to this answer by asking, When was the beginning? I believe this can be answered also. It is not my intention to name you the day, the month, and the year in which the beginning began. In the first place there remains no such date to give because there had to be a beginning before there was a day, a month, or a year. Time could not be reckoned until AFTER the beginning.

For some time after my conversion, though I had given it little thought, I was under the impression that there was a period of time called "beginning" and God decided to make the worlds and set them down in the midst of that period

of time. This is a mistaken view. God did not set the earth, etc., down in the midst of a period of time already here, called "beginning," but THE CREATION OF THE EARTH, ITSELF, WAS THE BEGINNING.

There was a time when the world was not; a time when nothing existed except God. God (the Trinity) is from everlasting to everlasting (Psa. 90:2), therefore, He has always been. If so, God had no beginning, which means that until something other than God came into existence there was no such thing as beginning. But as soon as God created the heaven and the earth something else existed with God, and that marked the origin of matter, the generation of life, and the BEGINNING.

Next month: "God's Greatest Creature."

### The Rose of Sharon

(Continued from page 22)

thousands and thousands of the race of Adam have passed the portals of this prison house but none of them have been delivered. That key has once been turned in its words of destiny and no mortal can turn it back again." Then the angel showed him heaven's own warrant. The angel grasped the key, unlocked the prison door and stepped in. There slept the royal captive, the divine hostage, and the angel cried, "Arise thou sleeper, put off thy garments of death; shake thyself from the dust and put on thy beautiful garments." The Master arose, oh yes, another petal of this beautiful Rose of Sharon is unfolded and the plan of our salvation is finished and the sweet fragrance is flowing over the entire universe. O Rose of Sharon, crimson rose from out the garden of God's love, thou who didst come and bloom in the open fields that all men might be saved, thou who crushed sent forth only perfume; thou who took the thorns from off the roses of life that thou should have only sweetness, we love Thee, we invite Thee to grow in our hearts, to unfold the petals of love, joy, peace, blessing and satisfaction both in this world and the world to come.

### Better Some Day

Now we all get discouraged when things don't go right,  
And it's hard then to "Follow t h e Gleam;"

But I know 'twill be better when we've gone thru' the night,  
And this life will seem only a dream.

There will always be heartaches and failures to face,

There will always be battles to fight;  
But I know 'twill be better at the end of





The faculty  
and  
student body  
of the  
first term  
of the  
North Carolina  
Bible and Music  
School  
at  
Kannapolis, N. C.

the race,  
For in heaven all things will be right.  
We all will have troubles, who travel this  
way,  
There will always be burdens to bear;  
But I know 'twill be better in heaven  
some day,  
With our loved ones and Jesus up there.  
In this life many dark disappointments  
will come,  
Many days will be dreary and sad;  
But I know 'twill be better in heaven's  
bright home,  
Where with Jesus we'll always be glad.  
Many times we are lonely and hungry for  
love,  
In the end help may reach us too late;  
But I know 'twill be better in heaven  
above,  
On the right side of God's golden gate.

—Glenn Teter, Elkins, W. Va.

### Lighted Pathway Rating

(Continued from page 19)

Michigan	85	154	2,011
Minnesota	12		13
Mississippi	307	408	4,042
Missouri	139	126	1,606
Nebraska	8		9
New Mexico	27	93	1,310
North Carolina	133	4,885	22,198
North Dakota	105	84	656
Ohio	159	365	4,203
Oklahoma	220	238	2,751
Oregon	23	42	487
Pennsylvania	453	577	7,920
South Carolina	204	3,757	36,558
South Dakota	88	84	817
Tennessee	846	1,208	14,496
Texas	185	485	4,906
Virginia	132	462	4,530
Washington	30	42	413

Wash., D. C.	13	14	159
West Virginia	324	1,139	12,804
Wyoming	12		12

### Walter Helms

Charlotte, N. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

### Honor Roll

Sam Harvell, Greenville, S. C.  
Frank Watt, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Mildred Timms, Anderson, S. C.  
Ollie Hill, Riverside, Ga.  
Rosa Bell Cassell, Ninety Six, S. C.  
Earl Keller, Reading, Pa.

### Silver Lining

A book of 57 beautiful poems. An inexpensive gift for your friend. Price 25c. Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.

### Sermon Outline Book

Any one desiring a good sermon outline book (loose leaf) would not make a mistake in securing one of Brother D. H. Delk's new books. Price 56c, postpaid. Order from Rev. D. H. Delk, Rt. 1, Candler, N. C.

### New Gideons

Gertrude White, Magee, Miss.  
Miss Aileen Harris, Monroe, Va.  
Mrs. C. D. Manson, Edgefield, S. C.  
Reuben Woodall, Dayton, Ohio  
Maudie Viars, Barren Springs, Va.  
Mrs. Ellie Waller, Ages, Ky.  
Mrs. Dewey Bozeman, Star, Miss.  
Thomas N. Poole, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Frank Watt, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Elford Collins, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Blanche Penner, Boswell, Pa.  
Mrs. E. M. Fincher, Union, S. C.  
Odell Yates, Salisbury, N. C.  
Lucy Sellors, Combs, Ky.  
L. G. Leverett, Langley, S. C.  
Marie Dooley, Clemons, Ky.  
Mrs. Sarah Miles, Keystone, W. Va.

Towanda Norvell, Aransas Pass, Texas  
Marietta Dowdy, Granite City, Ill.  
Ula Mae Collier, Red Bay, Ala.  
W. H. Largin, Hot Springs, N. Mex.  
Mae Carey, Detroit, Mich.  
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Gladys Bryant, Charleston, W. Va.  
Miss Margaret Pitts, Tifton, Ga.  
Mrs. H. W. Beggerly, Schoolfield, Va.  
Mrs. G. H. Grooms, Gastonia, N. C.  
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Mrs. Lee Parsley, Pinsonfork, Ky.

To be a Gideon you must order a roll of THE LIGHTED PATHWAY and send in \$1.00 in thirty days. When all the papers are sold at 10c each you make a profit of 40c on each roll. You may order more than one roll if you like. Why not be one of the number who is going to put THE LIGHTED PATHWAY over the top this year? Read the 7th chapter of Judges.

## THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

Devoted to the general welfare and spiritual  
uplift of our young people  
everywhere

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# Glints of Knowledge



## "Smoking in Bed" Caused \$18,000,-000 Loss in 1935

"Smoking in bed." In 1935 fire investigators wrote these words, 130,000 times after they had concluded their inquiries into various blazes.

Less than \$1,000 worth of cigarettes was responsible for more than \$18,000,-000 property damage and the loss of 1,000 lives.—*National Voice*.

## Russia Continues Fight Against God

The last remaining Protestant church in Moscow, the Peter-Paul's Church has been closed. Although the pastor was arrested two years ago, the congregation has continued to assemble for services in the church. The last Roman Catholic church in Moscow, and the largest Orthodox church hitherto remaining open, has also now been closed. Russian schoolteachers have been given a course of training in order to enable them to follow out the government plan to teach atheism systematically in all the public schools. The intention is to exterminate all belief in God throughout the whole nation forever.—*Sel*.

There are ten thousand American citizens permanently living in France.

"So doth the greater glory dim the less," said Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice." This famous line is recalled by E. Stanley Jones' reflections suggested upon a trip back to the East:

Yesterday we landed at Corsica, the home of the world-conquering Napoleon; then at Naples, where another would-be world conqueror holds sway; then at Greece, from which Alexander set out to conquer the world. Tomorrow we shall fly over Babylon and see the dust heaps left by would-be conquerors, and the next day we shall look down on Persia from which so many militarists came to make the earth tremble. They are all gone and with them their kingdoms . . . But Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom! Tomorrow we shall fly close to a hill called Calvary where a Man went forth to conquer the world by love. It seems so insignificant when one puts it alongside the world-shaking tread of conquerors. But something happened on that hilltop that day that will shake to the dust all the kingdoms of the earth founded on blood and fear and hate.

## Historical Background

Why do we call the book of Scriptures THE BIBLE? The name comes from the Latin word Biblia, meaning "little books." And that is what the Bible is, a compilation of a number of little books. And

how many books are there? Sixty-six. The Old Testament has thirty-nine, and the New Testament twenty-seven. These sixty-six books represent the work of thirty-eight different authors who labored at various times over a period of 1,620 years. The Book of Job is the oldest book in the Bible; it was written about the year 1520 B. C., with the gospel of John, written about the year A. D. 100, being the youngest.—*Young People's Friend*.

The Secretary of State has always been recognized as the premier of the cabinet.

Forty-seven men have held this high office since its establishment in 1789. Six secretaries became president. It was the life dream of four secretaries to reach the White House, Webster, Blaine, Clay and Bryan but they battled in vain.

Virginia with six sons led all the states in the number to become premier. Cordell Hull is not only the only Tennessean who ever became a cabinet premier, but he is the only one to come from the south in nearly a century, the last from this section being John C. Calhoun whom Tyler appointed in 1844. Secretary Hull preserves and honors the highest traditions of the great office. His character and ability command world-wide respect and confidence.—*Congressional Record*.

A blue whale has been captured that was eighty-seven feet long. One such was weighed a part at a time which tipped the scales at sixty-three tons. Does the skeptic think that one this size could have swallowed Jonah? Another whale was captured inside of which was a shark fourteen feet long and four feet in diameter.

On March 4th, 1939 the Congress of the United States celebrated its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. It is interesting to note that during all these years only one Catholic priest has ever occupied a seat in this body.

The priest's name was Gabriel Richard and was elected from the territory of Michigan in 1823.

If the United States were to go to war tomorrow they would be ready. In their files is an already written law with which they could conscript 10,000,000 men.

They have sample registration cards for the draft in every state capitol ready to go to the printer on a moment's notice.

Millions of Americans are totally unaware of this vast machinery which has been set up by the joint army and navy selective service committee.

In the World War a feverish appeal to patriotism netted only 86,000 men in the first month. An army of 3,500,00 was

needed. Two months elapsed between the declaration of war and the first registration. Such valuable weeks will not be wasted another time.

Once America decides to go to war it will go in a hurry.—*Burten K. Wheeler*.

## Cancer

America is marshalling its forces to conquer the greatest scourge that has ever assailed the human race. An increasing number is dying every year from this disease. In 1937 Congress was advised that cancer was killing 140,000 human beings in this country every year, that every two years the death toll took 70,000 more lives than were lost in battle and died of wounds in all the wars of the republic.

The causes of cancer are shrouded in obscurity, the methods of treatment uncertain. It has become one of the greatest enigmas of modern times. — *Homer T. Bone*.

Bone dry Kansas reports that in Kansas there are fifty-four counties without any insane; fifty-four counties without any feeble-minded; ninety-six counties without any poor houses; fifty-three counties without any persons in jail; fifty-six counties without any representatives in the state penitentiary. You will need these figures when you talk to your wet neighbor.

## Accident Facts

One person in thirteen is killed or injured by accident each year. One in every six deaths of men between ages of twenty and fifty-five years is accidental.

For every accidental death, there are about 100 disabling injuries.

19 persons are accidentally injured every minute.

1,142 persons are accidentally injured every hour.

27,397 persons are accidentally injured every day.

10,000,000 persons are accidentally injured every year.

Eight times as many people are killed or injured each year as die from natural causes.

Last year about 40,000 people were killed as a result of automobile accidents—an average of 3,333 a month or 769 a week.

One person is killed in an automobile accident every 13 minutes.

More people are killed and injured yearly by accidents than have been killed or wounded in any war of the United States.

On the basis of recent calculations, some 100,000 persons meet death from accidental causes every year.—Compiled by *Statistical Bureau*.



# A Woman's Story



One night at a temperance meeting  
A woman stood up to speak,  
Her eyes were sad, her face was pale,  
And her voice at first was weak;  
But soon she gained more courage,  
Firmly she raised her head  
And told a tale most touching,  
And this is what she said,  
"I want to tell you my story,  
Because I have suffered so  
Through the drink which today is causing  
Such misery, sin and woe.  
I tell it in hopes that some who are here  
May give up the drink forever,  
Because 'tis a cruel and deadly thing,  
And the dearest of ties it will sever.  
I was married quite young to a man who  
was loved  
And honored by all who knew him,  
So I knew that my heart would be happy  
and safe  
When gladly I yielded it to him.  
I was happy and proud as a girl could be  
On the day that he made me his wife,  
And I meant to be true, God knows, when  
I vowed  
As long as He gave us life.  
I can't tell how happy we were the first  
years,  
Until two little children were given,  
We both tried to make our home happy on  
earth  
And prepare for a better in heaven.  
About then I was stricken with fever,  
And many despaired of my life;  
Oft I saw Harry with tears in his eyes,  
Kneeling down to pray for his wife.  
God heard those prayers he had offered  
And raised me once more from my bed,  
But oh! in the years that have followed  
How I wished I had died then instead.  
For when I had thus far recovered  
The doctor ordered me wine,  
And sometimes a little brandy,  
Or porter from time to time.  
With reluctance I followed the orders,  
My husband was sorry too,  
But soon my reluctance all vanished,  
I took it and loved it too.  
Long after the fancied need had passed,  
I took it but secretly;  
But soon the love became so strong,  
I cared not who might see.  
I shall never forget my husband  
When he first saw me worse for drink,  
I heard him moan in anguish,  
And he looked as though he would sink;  
But soon I threw all shame aside,  
I drank from morn till eve,  
I felt that if I did not drink  
I surely should not live.  
I lost my love for my husband,  
For children and for self,  
I ruined all our happiness,  
I ruined our home and wealth.

But once when I'd been drinking,  
Right on for a week or more,  
I saw a sight which startled me  
As I entered our cottage door.  
Our youngest child, our darling,  
Was lying with fevered brow,  
His little lips all parched and dry  
I think I see him now.  
And as the door I entered,  
He held out his little hand  
And begged for a drink of water,  
But alas! I could not stand.  
My heart felt pained for a moment,  
But I sank into a chair,  
And strangers came to tend him,  
While his mother sat sleeping there;  
And in his place, when I awoke,  
A waxen figure lay,  
A sunbeam lighting up his face  
The first of coming day.  
I was maddened with pain and sorrow,  
I was humbled and ashamed,  
For only I, his mother,  
Could honestly be blamed.  
I seemed to loathe the drink then,  
And promised then at length  
I would give up my evil ways,  
But only in my strength;  
When alas for evil customs  
Upon the funeral day,  
The sight and smell of the cursed drink  
Took all my strength away.  
Once more I fell its victim,  
Till God in His love and power  
Put forth His hand to stop me.  
But again it was in death's dark hour.  
From the time of the death of our baby  
My husband had seemed to fade,  
And soon he, like our little child,  
On his bed of death was laid.  
They said of decline he was dying,  
I knew 'twas the work of his wife,  
I knew it was I who had killed him,  
For whom I had laid down my life.  
I knew that his heart, so good and true,  
Was crushed with its sense of shame,  
For the sin and vice of the woman  
To whom he had given his name.  
'Twas not many weeks he was spared,  
But I filled them with penitent love,  
And my husband freely forgave me  
And begged me to meet him above.  
As I held his dear hand with death chilling,  
I promised most solemnly then  
I would look up for help to my Savior  
And meet him in heaven again.  
And now though I know I'm forgiven,  
I go on my saddened way  
With only the hope of heaven  
To cheer me from day to day.  
I have finished now my story,  
I do trust it a warning will be,  
And if any here love the wine cup,  
Give it up, friend, tonight and be free.  
—Selected.

—Sent in by Mrs. John Christman, Billings, Mont.



DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDORSEMENT

# The Lighted Pathway

Vol. 10 November, 1939 No. 11

THANKSGIVING ISSUE



**THANK GOD FOR CHRISTIAN HOMES**

*'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,*



# The Editor's Message

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

On our cover page you will find the subject for our Thanksgiving message, "The Christian Home." When this thought came to us we asked Brother



ALDA B. HARRISON  
Editor

Walker if we might use his little family and his home to emphasize our subject, "The Christian Home."

We remember that wonderful motto that has hung on our walls down through the years, "Mother, Home and Heaven," but we have changed it now

and have made father take his place in the home. Now it is "Father, Mother, Children, Home and Heaven." The more we make the whole family feel their worth and their responsibility in the home the better our homes will be.

So upon our cover page you will find the picture of Brother J. H. Walker, our General Overseer, and his family. We fancy the mother in this picture is reading the Bible stories in the Lighted Pathway or perhaps one of the character stories on our Children's Story Page. After this is finished, in our imagination, we see Brother Walker turn to the big book by his side, which is the Bible, and read a chapter. Perhaps it will be one easily understood by the children and it will be explained in an interesting way. It may be that they will teach them some verses from the Bible and let them repeat them at family worship, and perhaps each time they will have the privilege of leading in prayer, if only a sentence. Now I do not know just how Brother Walker conducts his family worship, but I am describing the kind of family worship I think pleases God. So much of our family worship today is so far above the little folks that it means nothing to them and when prayer is over we find them fast asleep. There are other times for deep thought and prayer, but family worship with your little ones should be in an understandable language, giving them the privilege of taking part. They will look forward to this time rather than dread it.

Thank God for "the Christian home." I presume the majority of our readers have attended Thanksgiving testimony services where people testified to the influence of Christian

homes; the wonderful influence that their godly parents have had over them. Then I have heard others say, "I am sorry I was not reared in a Christian home." Others will say, "My mother was a Christian but father was not," or "My father was a Christian but my mother was not," or "My parents belonged to different churches, so our home was not a harmonious home." Oh, how sad that our young men and women will think of establishing homes without a perfect understanding along this line and how sad that boys and girls must go out into the world without the memory of a Christian home. This is the greatest calamity that could happen to a boy or girl in this life.

In 1900 the average age of criminals was forty. Now it is twenty-three. When Dr. Amos O. Squire, chief physician at Sing Sing prison, was asked for an explanation of these figures he said, "It is due to the breakdown of the American

home. The breakdown of religious authority has left character seriously unfounded. A boy who has no religious foundation experiences a serious shock when his home is broken. The frail habits which hold him to social conduct give way. He has no deeper religious resources to guide him."

The one thing needful today in our Christian homes is a study as to the way to get this religious training to the children so they can digest it and love it.

Yes, thank God for Christian homes! Dear young people, if you have a Christian home, appreciate it and help to make it all it should be. You have a greater part to play in making it what it should be than you'll ever know perhaps until you leave your childhood home and establish one of your own. Then little by little you will have it all come back to you what you might have done for father and mother to lift the heavy burdens.

"What would I not give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my dear mother back to earth for a single day, to ask her pardon, upon my knees, for all those acts by which I grieved her gentle spirit."

I well remember when I left the home nest and moved to a distant state, how I prayed that God would spare my life to go back home and prove more fully my love for my dear parents. Hardly a living creature upon earth today has not felt this same longing to more fully show their appreciation to the loved ones at home. And now I am telling you boys and girls about it so that you will redeem the time and give the roses now. What should be the attitude of brothers and sisters in the home?

One of the sweetest pictures that hangs upon the walls of my memory is that of my association with my brothers and sisters in the home. How we loved each other. Yes, we had our disagreements at times, but that love tie that bound us together then is just the same today. That home tie makes this little poem real as we separate from our childhood home and go perhaps to distant lands. To my own brothers and my invalid sister I dedicate this little poem:

*Thou goest thy way and I go mine,  
Apart, yet not afar,  
Only a thin veil hangs between  
The pathways where we are.*

*God keep watch 'tween thee and me,  
This is my prayer;  
He looketh thy way, He looketh mine,  
And keeps us near.*

(Continued on page 23)

## Thanksgiving

By A. B. SIMPSON

*Once again our glad thanksgivings  
Rise before our Father's throne,  
As we try to count the blessings  
Of the year so swiftly flown;  
As we trace the wondrous workings  
Of His wisdom, power, and love,  
And unite our "Holy! Holy!"  
With the Seraphim above.*

*He has blessed our favored country  
With a free and bounteous hand;  
Peace and plenty in our borders,  
Liberty through all our land.  
And although our sins and follies  
Oft provoked Him to His face,  
Mercy still restrains His judgments,  
And prolongs our day of grace.*

*As we gather round our firesides  
On this new Thanksgiving Day,  
Time would fail to count the blessings  
That have followed all our way;  
Grace sufficient, help and healing,  
Prayer oft answered at our call;  
And the best of all our blessings,  
Christ Himself, our All in all.*

*While we love to "count the blessings,"  
Grateful for the year that's gone,  
Faith would sweep a wider vision,  
Hope would gaze yet farther on.  
For the signals all around us  
Seem with one accord to say,  
"Christ is coming soon to bring us  
Earth's last, best Thanksgiving Day!"*



# Under Whose Wings

BY ZENOBIA BIRD

Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Any one desiring the previous chapters of this story may send 5c per copy for back issues. The story began in July issue. Space forbids us giving a synopsis.

## HILDA KNOWS

Christmas day dawned clear and bright. The family, following a custom of years, ever since the children had grown up, ate a leisurely breakfast, without permitting even a "peek" at the piles of gifts in the living room where mother always had the privilege of placing them. Mother's own gifts father was permitted to take into the room afterward, but a guard at the door never would allow him to remain in the room longer than just enough time to place the packages. It was a part of the fun and the ceremony of the night before Christmas.

After clearing away the breakfast things the family, now only numbering three, repaired to the living room with happy anticipations. There was a generous pile of gifts at Hilda's place, and she started to open them first, as father and mother insisted, exclaiming with delight as each pretty or useful article was displayed.

Her eyes quickly caught sight of a jeweler's box and her heart gave a painful thump. How she longed that she might take it to her room and open it. She left it to the last, dropping a lovely scarf over it in a careless fashion, hoping that it had not been seen. After opening all the rest she turned eagerly to her mother's gifts, exclaiming, "Mother, next."

"Haven't you missed one, daughter?"

Mother's face, all radiant with happiness, was still watching her, with no thought of looking at her own gifts until the last of Hilda's had been seen, admired and duly rejoiced over.

"Yes, Hilda, it is there right under your scarf," father joined in.

Hilda had no choice in the matter. She picked up the package and slowly, oh, so slowly, proceeded to open it. One of the coverings removed showed a box bearing the name of the best jewelry house in town. Her breath almost stopped as she lifted the lid. So much was involved in what the next moment would disclose! The opened box displayed a handsome velvet case, and within, fitted into its exquisite satin nest, was the most wonderful diamond necklace and brooch she had ever seen.

She never could have told afterward

whether that first moment was one of relief or disappointment. She was conscious of intense feeling and a great desire to go off alone and think. But there was no time for that now. Father and mother were almost gasping with wonder and delight over the rich beauty and great value of such a gift. None of them needed to look at the card. There was only one who could be the sender.

Hilda duly admired, but she saw that both her parents were watching her somewhat anxiously and wondered at her evident lack of enthusiasm over so royal a gift.

"Was it something else you wanted, dear?" queried mother.

## FOREWORD

This book stands almost unique among stories for young people written from a genuinely Christian viewpoint. An amazing characteristic of English literature is that the great love stories of fiction and drama are nearly all treated as though a personal heavenly Father had nothing to do with such matters. In this they are perhaps true to life that is lived without God. But what of Christians who earnestly want God's way in their lives? Stories dealing with this group of people are too apt to be "goody-goody," and appear "pious" in the wrong sense of that word. But Zenobia Bird, with a keen insight into human nature, a remarkable grasp of spiritual truth and its practical application to everyday life, has given a series of love stories based on actual life experiences that will fascinate young people, and at the same time show how vital and real and adventurous is life with Christ at the center.

REV. ROBERT C. McQUILKIN,  
Dean of Columbia Bible School, Columbia,  
S. C.

"Oh, no, no," Hilda recalled herself with a start. "It is so wonderful I am wondering what I shall ever do with it."

She laughed, a gay, nervous little laugh. She must not spoil their happiness on this happy day. Then mother's and father's gifts were opened, and in her enjoyment of them Hilda had an opportunity to forget herself and somewhat regain her composure.

They were to go to the home of one of her married brothers for Christmas dinner and the afternoon and the rest of the day was full of interest and pleasure as the happy family circle enjoyed to the full its annual reunion. Hilda had not a moment to herself. Some of the family asked her what she received from Mr. Levermore. Very simply and quietly she said, "A lovely necklace."

It was late when they reached home that night, and Hilda was very tired.

She knew that Mr. Levermore was spending the day with some distant relatives but would return the next day, and she somehow knew that he would seek her in the evening. She must be prepared.

"Mother, dear, do you mind if I do not get up for breakfast tomorrow morning?" she asked, as they were preparing to retire. "The excitement of the holidays has kept us so busy I feel that I have not had one real good rest since I stopped work. Won't you and father please forget I am in the house tomorrow morning and let me sleep as long as I can and rest in my room until lunch time? I think it would do me a lot of good." She laughed again, but not very far from tears.

"Surely, dearie, you stay in bed tomorrow until you feel like getting up. You are sure you're not sick?" she asked anxiously.

"Not a bit of it," Hilda answered gaily. "Only very tired, that's all."

"All right, good-night," and she kissed them both and went into her room. She was resolved not to think, or to try to pray about the matter that was so much on her mind that night, but go to bed immediately and try to sleep. She meant to rise up in time in the morning to have a period of quiet Bible study and prayer before rejoining the family.

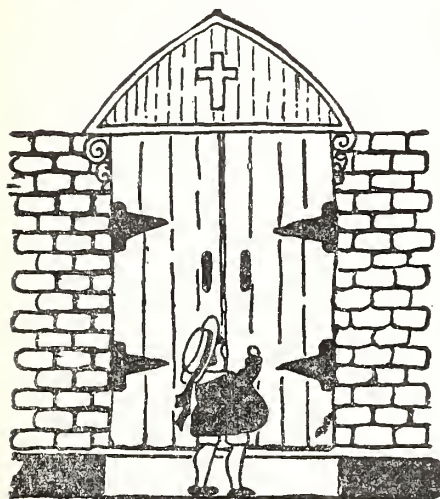
She slept late the next morning, as she hoped she might do, but toward noon she rose and, picking up her Bible, turned to the Psalms and read one after another. Then she turned to the Epistles and read several chapters. As she read on and on there came to her a growing sense of the greatness and goodness of God. She seemed to see herself and all the things of this life in their proper perspective,—so slight, so insignificant, so difficult and all-absorbing sometimes, but compared with the mighty universe and its Almighty Maker, how infinitesimal it all seemed. Again she looked at some of the verses on guidance which she and Jean had read so often. Strengthened, sustained, cheered as she always was when she took time for a long, long look at God, she dropped on her knees and in sheer adoration worshipped Him whom "having not seen we love, in whom though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Unutterable peace and joy filled her. She did not now ask, or rather continue asking, Him for guidance in regard to the matter of Mr. Levermore. She had asked, she had trusted and believed God would guide her, and it was no more an open question. She believed that He had done so. Her whole reading of God's Word assured her that "they who trust him wholly, find him wholly true." She only asked now for courage and wisdom,

(Continued on page 27)



# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN

Children's Bible Lesson No. 1

**A Man Who Was Thankful**

Luke 17:11-19

During this month the people of our country will celebrate Thanksgiving. Some will think only of a big turkey dinner, served with cake, pies, plum pudding and other good things to eat. Our Bible study is about a man who was thankful to God for being healed of his leprosy.

When any one gives you something or does you a favor you are taught from childhood to say, "Thank you." God wants us to be thankful, to rejoice and praise Him for all the blessings we receive from Him.

One day Jesus was passing through a certain town and He saw from a distance ten men who were lepers. This disease was contagious, incurable. When any one drew near they cried out, "Unclean, unclean." They were not allowed to mingle with other people. When they saw Jesus they began to call Him and said, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." He said, "Go, show yourselves to the priest." It was a law for the leper to show himself unto the priest, and if the priest said he was healed he could return to his home and live with other people. The ten men at once went on their way to see the priest. As they walked along they noticed the leprosy, or old sores, were gone. Of course, they were happy to be delivered of this terrible, loathsome disease. One of them, a Samaritan, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, fell down on his face at the feet of Jesus and with a loud voice glorified God. Jesus said, "Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?" Are you always thankful for all the good

blessings God bestows upon you each day? Or are you like the nine ungrateful lepers? We should love Him and His praises should be continually in our mouth.

## QUESTIONS

Who did Jesus heal? Ten lepers. How many returned to give thanks? One man. What is leprosy a type of? Sin.

## Children's Bible Lesson No. 2

### Who Is Our Neighbor?

Some people think our neighbors are the families living near our home. Let us notice Luke 10:30-38 and we will see what Jesus says about this subject. A certain man was on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho. At this time it was dangerous to travel through this section of the country alone, as there were wicked men who made their living by stealing and robbing travelers. They did not have aeroplanes, automobiles, and trains to ride in, so this poor man might have been walking. While on the way some robbers attacked him, stripped him of all that he had, beat him, and then went away leaving him almost dead. How he must have suffered, waiting for someone to come along and help him. After what must have seemed hours to him, a priest came along, saw the man lying there and passed by on the other side. Next a Levite came along and saw the man. He, too, passed by on the other side. A certain Samaritan, who was an enemy to the Jew, came along, stopped, looked at the poor suffering man and his heart was touched. He felt sorry for him. He dressed his wounds, then he lifted him up, set him on his own beast of burden, and walked by his side to an inn. He took care of him that night and when morning came paid the keeper of the inn and told him if that was not sufficient pay that he would give him more when he returned.

Now children, which one of these three men do you think was his neighbor? I know what your answer is. The one who helped him. Jesus teaches here that all men are our neighbors whenever they need our help.

## QUESTIONS

What happened to a certain man on his way to Jericho? Robbers attacked him. Who was his neighbor? The one who cared for him. Who is our neighbor today? Any one needing our help.

## Children's Bible Lesson No. 3

### Mary, Martha and Lazarus

Luke 10:38-42

In the little town of Bethany Jesus had some very dear friends, two sisters named

Mary and Martha, one brother named Lazarus. On one occasion Mary anointed Jesus with very expensive perfume and wiped His feet with her hair. On another occasion He raised Lazarus from the dead.

After all the blessings He brought to their home it is no wonder that He was a welcome guest and that they loved and worshipped Him.

Jesus went from place to place preaching and healing the sick. Once while He was passing through the town of Bethany, He stopped overnight to visit the home of Lazarus. As He began to tell about eternal life and how beautiful heaven must be, Mary sat at His feet spellbound. She forgot all about the duties of the home. Martha knew that when they had company the meals had to be prepared and other work performed. She rushed around trying to do the work alone. Finally she saw that Mary was not coming to help her and became worried. Then she went into the room where Jesus and Mary were and said to Him, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me." Jesus answered, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Jesus was thankful for what Martha did for Him but He wanted her to know that eternal life is the most important thing in our lives.

## QUESTIONS

In what town did Mary, Martha and Lazarus live? Bethany. When Jesus entered the home what did Mary do? She sat at His feet. What did Martha do? She told Jesus to bid Mary help her do the work in the home. What did Jesus say? He said it was more important for Mary to listen to His message than to attend to the household duties.

## Children's Bible Lesson No. 4

### The Writing Upon the Wall

Daniel 5:14-31

A king by the name of Belshazzar was ruling in the city of Babylon. The great nation of Medes and Persians came to make war on him. The name of the ruler of this nation was Darius. He brought his army quietly into the city of Babylon and surrounded the palace of the king.

One night King Belshazzar was holding in the palace a great feast in honor of his god. He had all the golden and silver vessels and the golden candlestick that had been brought out of the temple of God at Jerusalem; and around the table were the king, his many wives and a thousand of his princes and nobles.

While they were having a gay time in their drunken revelry, suddenly a strange thing happened. Just over the candlestick the fingers of a man's hand were seen

(Continued on page 26)



## Children's Story Page

### Giving Thanks in All Things

The widow, Mrs. Benson, sat by her stove and gazed straight ahead. She saw nothing that was before her, at least it was not given the slightest attention, for her mind was only recalling the past. Not very distant past, for her thoughts were mostly on what had happened within the last six months.

Just six months ago to be exact, her dear husband had died, leaving her with six children, between the ages of seven and twenty years, only a small amount of money, and a small farm, near the city of Oakfield.

It was nearly time then for their few crops to be harvested. Her oldest son, twenty years old, had stayed with her and cared for the farm until the crops were harvested. Then he left the farm with its chores in the care of his mother and younger brothers and sisters. He went to see a business man, a friend of his, and asked him for a job. He could easily hold a job during the winter months, at least until planting time in the spring, and thereby help support his mother and her family.

But there he was discouraged. "Donald," said Mr. Darrell, "I sympathize with you deeply in the loss of your father, and I admire your courageous attitude which is so evident in your trying to help your widowed mother. But I cannot give you a position now. Perhaps in a few more months. I am sorry to disappoint you."

But Donald had obtained another position in Oakfield, which paid fifty dollars per month. This he used, mostly, for the needs of his mother's home, and the children's schooling. After a few months he had discovered that his employer was very dishonest in his business dealings and that he expected his employees to be the same way. Donald refused to do things which were dishonest, and soon resigned his old position, to seek one which could be depended upon.

As Mrs. Benson reflected, all these things ran before her mind's eye. Besides this, their wood supply was running low, the cupboards needed replenishing, and new clothing for the school children was needed soon.

"I had better retire," she thought, and picked up her Bible, as was her habit, to read before retiring. She opened it just anywhere. She didn't care where, because she didn't feel like reading, anyway. She was plainly discouraged and disgusted with everything.

She began to read. "'O give thanks unto the Lord!' Because Donald hasn't a job, I suppose," she thought, bitterly. She turned a few more pages. "'O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people.'" The same thing again. She turned several more pages. "'O give thanks unto the Lord for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.'"

She closed the Book disgustedly, replenished her fire, blew out the light and retired. She didn't even pray as she was accustomed to doing. She was still murmuring against God and all circumstances as she fell asleep.

But Donald, upstairs in his room, was very different. He also had been recalling the past, was glad he had left his dishonest employer, and was sure God would provide a better means of earning a living for his family.

Early the following morning Donald received a note from Mr. Darrell. "Please come to see me at once at my office in Oakfield.—P. T. Darrell."

Donald went immediately after breakfast. He was admitted to his friend's office and invited to be seated.

"Donald," began Mr. Darrell, "you have been in the employ of D. L. Carson. Now I hear that you have resigned your position. Do you mind telling me the reason why?"

"I resigned my position with Mr. Carson because he expected me to do dishonest things, and I don't believe it is God's will that I have any affiliations with a dishonest person."

"Donald," returned Darrell, "I have known Carson for a number of years and have known him to be very dishonest at times, though he is very cunning not to be found out very often. I have been waiting to hear that you had quit him. I

have a position open now that perhaps you would like to fill. The work will be very much like that you have been doing for Carson. By this act of yours, I feel that I can trust you to be honest as I try to be and as I expect all my employees to be. I will pay you seventy dollars per month at first and perhaps you can earn a raise and promotion soon."

Donald looked straight into the clear gray eyes of Mr. Darrell for a moment before he answered, "Mr. Darrell, I accept your offer. I knew that God would provide a way for me to support mother and the children."

He soon broke the glad news to his mother. She was proud of her son and glad that even though he was so young he was concerned about the family and able to care for them. Then she remembered the previous night, how she had not trusted God, how she had refused to praise Him. She quickly went to her room and fell on her knees. She asked God to forgive her for her lack of faith and her refusal to praise Him. Then she opened her Bible and read again.

There were tears of joy in her eyes, and an amen in her heart as she read again, "'O give thanks unto the Lord! for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.'"—Psa. 107:1.—*Author Unknown.*

### Witnessing

Eleanor Fieldes

"Jessie, what can we do to show we are on the Lord's side?" asked May Whynn. "I've been thinking about what Miss Dalby said tonight, 'We must not be ashamed to witness for Jesus.'"

"It won't be easy," answered Jessie, "for we are both so nervous of speaking at the meetings. There are Dad and Mother, but they are Christians, too, and I think Miss Dalby meant we must show our colors to those who are not Christians."

"We could speak to Ethel Roberts, and try to get her to come to the meetings—I'm sure she's missing her mother."

"Oh, I don't think Ethel's father will allow her to come—he's an atheist, you know, and holds meetings at street corners. Ethel sometimes goes with her brother to hear him."

The sisters were returning from a meeting for Young Endeavorers at their church, and had been much impressed by the subject, "Witnessing." They were extremely shy girls, and so they knew it would be difficult for them to witness for Jesus, however much they were willing to do so.

On drawing near their home  
(Continued on page 34)



Dear children: You see the door in our other picture has been closed for a long time, and now you see it is open and the little children are going in. Isn't that grand! We hope every little child in all the world will soon find an open door to the church, and enter in and learn about Jesus.



# Helps for Tempted and Tried

## THE LONE WALK

ALBERT WEAVER

Yes, after all is said and done, the way of the Cross is a lone way, and the Christian life, in no sense, stops short of it. Jesus said to the multitude, "I am the way" and His disciples, as I understand it, were first called "The people of the way," no doubt, because they imbibed His spirit, teaching and principles. They followed Him in daily walk and conversation which is, and always has been expected of any true Christian. To be honest, there is no other way.

Many in Christ's time were eager to follow Him, as long as everything went well, and there was no persecution as is true today. But the end of the way led Jesus to Calvary and to crucifixion, and this they did not like. Nobody likes crucifixion because it hurts. Right at this point is the test of the Christian life.

Yes, they could pray all night and even agonize in prayer, but to go to the Cross with Jesus and stand by Him and accept all that it meant was too much for them. Instead they drew back, leaving Jesus alone to carry His Cross, and that after being scourged, which was enough to kill any ordinary man. However, He bore it bravely, without a murmur, with a howling mob following Him, hounding His footsteps and ready to take His life.

Yes, one section of the way Jesus trod, from Gethsemane, the place of prayer to Calvary, He went alone without anyone to sustain or comfort Him. All forsook Him, even His best friends. The test was great and tremendous which caused Him to cry out in agony. The outcome of this was the decision from Him to the Father, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

Oh, what a spectacle to earth and to heaven, and what a picture of divine separation, suffering and ignominy! Angels and men could well fall at His feet and cry, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." For He has redeemed the

race by His death and resurrection and has mapped out the way, by His life's example. Furthermore, He gives power to all who desire to walk in His footsteps to the end of life. Oh, how we His people ought to pray, adore and worship Him in the beauty of holiness! Yes, the Christian life is a lone walk, that is as far as human associations are concerned, or being accompanied by our fellow men. But we can have, thank God, the indwelling and abiding presence and companionship of the Lord, if we so desire Him, and will give Him recognition and right of way. He, praise God, gives joy, peace, happiness, contentment and victory all along the way if we will trust and obey Him.

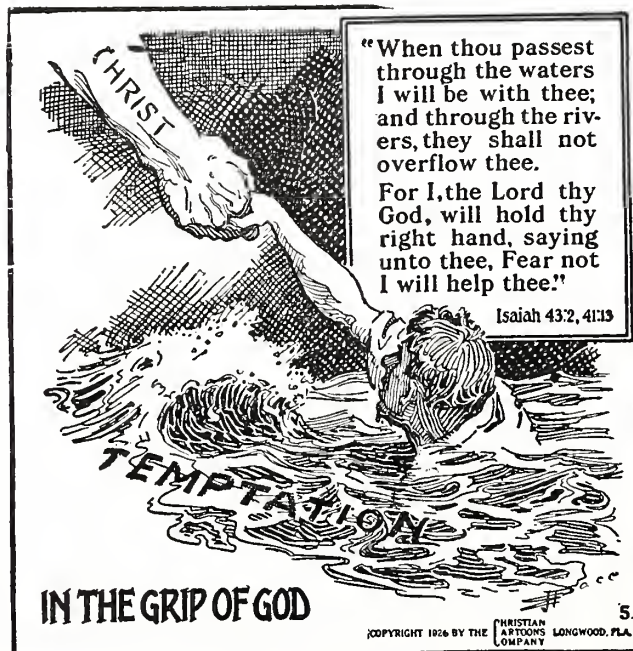
Then again this is not all; He lights up the way, and makes it precious to walk in, and this makes life worth living, and not monotonous. If in the way, we

may know Him and His power to keep in the midst of trying and adverse circumstances. Moses, Abraham, Enoch, the prophets, apostles and a host too great to number, including the writer, all down through the centuries, found it so. Yes, if we want to be true followers of Christ and know His power to keep and to bless our every word and act, we must learn to go alone with Christ and be willing to be crucified until He is the all and in all in us. No more I but Christ. Nothing short of this will suffice. Our friends, loved ones, may not go with us. Our church may stop short of it and all Christendom, nevertheless, "What is that to thee? follow thou me," said Jesus to Peter. Yes, it is a lone walk and yet not alone, for His abiding presence is worth more than all else combined, and this we all can have, thank God. Prayer should be our stronghold, and

without ceasing, but we must be willing to help answer our own prayers by cooperating with the Lord and this occupies a large field. Prayer has its place and a very important one, but our praying and even agonizing in prayer will fall short if we stop there. Then again we get nothing from God but what we take by faith, thank Him and go forward and praise Him, that is generally speaking.

"Without faith it is impossible to please Him," is God's verdict. Better stop praying if we do not want to cooperate with God in carrying out the same. It may mean to straighten up our back tracks, to be at peace with our fellow men, to go alone with God, much suffering, privation, separation from our loved ones and even throw out and cast adrift. We may not understand it all but He does and it is only to be with Him who leads the way. Thank God Jesus Christ is good company for all who desire Him.

From a natural point of view a lone walk is not to be envied. To be a widow bereft of her husband and family in the midst of most (Continued on page 29)



## TAKE HEART

Take heart, amidst the falling tears,  
'Tis God's kind hand that guides through years;  
That brings to all the joys or sorrows,  
And peaceful rest in the great tomorrows.

Take heart, when our friends have said good-bye,  
Who have mounted up as an eagle on high;  
God will supply our every need,  
Through His precious word and kindly deed.

—Selected.



# Father's & Mother's Page



Home, Sweet Home

## Going Down to Old Warrior

Charles Elmo Robinson

"I should say Warrior is up," Jimmy Taylor cried. He and Esther had come to the edge of the usually smooth, slow-flowing stream. But now it was rushing along as if in a great hurry to get somewhere else.

Jimmy's sister, Esther, was almost two years younger than he, and she followed him around. That morning when Mr. Taylor had left he had said to Jimmy, "Mother and I have to go to town this morning. May I trust you to be a good boy and take care of little sister?"

"Old Warrior is up," Mr. Taylor had added. "There has been so much rain that she is bank-full. You must not go near her this morning."

When the car, carrying his parents, had disappeared down the highway, it seemed to Jimmy that the only thing he wanted to do was to go and see how Old Warrior looked when she was up. He wanted to be a good boy and do as he was told; but he wanted to see Old Warrior too.

He and Esther went to the swing, but the rain had soaked the rope so that it hung too high for them to play in it nicely. Rain had spoiled the swing, and rain had made Old Warrior so high he must not go near her.

They wanted to play on the grass, but the ground was soft from the rain and the grass was so full of water that they got wet to the skin.

"Should you like to go down to the creek, Esther?" Jimmy asked at last.

"Papa said Old Warrior is up," Esther warned, "and that we must not go near her this morning."

"I want to go awful," Jimmy pouted. "You can stay here. I will not be gone long."

As Jimmy started through the back gate down the steep hill to the creek he noticed that Esther was not far behind.

"I don't want to stay alone," Esther whined. "I want to go with you."

As the children ran up and down the

bank throwing chips and twigs into the rushing waters they often got into the mud, sometimes over their shoe tops. Once Esther got so mired down that she fell and got her clean clothes wet and muddy. But it was lots of fun.

"Let's untie the boat," Jimmy proposed. "It bobs around as if it wanted to go somewhere."

As Jimmy tugged at the wet knot in the rope mooring line he heard his father calling, "Jimmy, Jimmy, where are you?"

It was a terrible time. Jimmy had been taught that he must answer when called; but if he answered his father would know he had been down to Warrior.

"Here we are," Jimmy shouted, but in such a weak voice that his father did not hear him. In a moment Mr. Taylor came hurrying out the back gate, and started down the bank to the creek.

"Here we are," Jimmy called, a little louder than before. "We are coming up."

Mr. Taylor stood waiting until Jimmy and Esther came to where he was. He saw their soiled clothes and water-soaked shoes, but he said not a word. As they went to the house, one on each side holding his hand, he still didn't say anything.

"Here they are, Mother," he called as they came through the back gate. "Put clean clothes on them and then send Jimmy to me."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Taylor, when Jimmy at last stood before him, "you have been a bad boy. Do you know that?"

Something in Jimmy's throat seemed to choke him so he could not talk; so he nodded his head.

"If you do not learn to mind you will grow to be a bad man. If I let you disobey me, when you are grown you will disobey the officers and they will put you in jail. Wouldn't that be dreadful?"

Again Jimmy nodded his head. Then Mr. Taylor said, "Boys who do not mind their father, and men who do not mind the officers, do not mind God. People who will not mind God have to be sent to hell out of God's sight. Did you know that?"

The whipping that Jimmy had expected was being put off so long that he began hoping it was not coming at all. So he gathered a little courage and said, "Uh huh."

"If I should let you grow up without teaching you to mind it would show that I do not love you. Here, read what God says about it."

Jimmy looked on where his father pointed, and read while Mr. Taylor pro-

(Continued on page 26)

## The End of the Road

By Mary Livingston Smith

I leave my desk, with the busy cares,  
And lock my office door,  
And I take a breath of the fresh, pure  
air,  
As I'm out on the street once more.

Now I take a seat in the city bus,  
As the cars go racing free  
To the end of the road, I'm on my way  
To the end of the road for me.

Along the avenue broad and curved,  
With hedges along the way,  
By many a friendly house I pass,  
With colors bright and gay.

Here's one with a clever bit of fence,  
And one that has shutters green;  
Another with awnings of purple and gold,  
The prettiest I have seen.

But here I leave the crowd of men,  
Turn in at the iron gate,  
And up the walk with a hurried step,  
I rush as if 'twere late.

And here in the early twilight,  
As the house comes into view,  
The lights peep out from the windows  
In a glorious retinue.

Up the broad steps in a flurry,  
And in at the wide front door,  
With handclaps and happy greetings,  
I'm home to rest once more.

And the voices of the children  
Ring out in merry glee,  
"O daddy, I finished the boat I made;  
I'm happy as I can be."

"I had a good violin lesson,  
My teacher is surely well."  
"And, daddy, I got my finger hurt,  
But now it is getting well."

And the flames of the fire are dancing  
bright,  
And the crackling seems to say,  
I'm glad that you're home with us to-  
night,  
Glad that you're home to stay."

Then after the evening meal is o'er,  
And the prayers once more are said,  
After the five-year-old's story time,  
The children are tucked in bed.

Yes, home is the end of the road for me,  
'Tis the end where my dreams come  
true,  
Where fancy flitters and air castles rise,  
And love gleams out anew.

'Tis the end of my planning, my think-  
ing, my work,  
'Tis the end which I strive for each  
day;  
And may I deserve the joy that is mine  
As I journey along my way.



## The Inner Circle Page

### QUESTING YOUTH

BY FREDERICK P. WOOD  
(Used by permission of Zondervan  
Publishing Co.)

(Continued from last issue)

When traveling through the Canadian Rockies, we sat in the observation car of the train, and revelled in every fresh turn and twist of the journey. For hours we gazed in wonder at God's handiwork. Yet in that train sat a girl of the world, "a painted doll," reading a "movie" magazine. Oh, the emptiness of a life that has lost its appreciation of all that is heavenly and divine! That girl was so "earthbound" that she could not even appreciate the beauties of God's creation.

The tragic possibility of this less-than-the-best life is emphasized not only by the failure of some of the characters portrayed in Scripture, but also in the clear teaching of the New Testament.

Paul, you remember, complains to the Corinthians that he cannot write to them, "as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ," 1 Cor. 3:1.

"Dr. Moffatt translates the whole passage strikingly thus:—

"I could not discuss with you, my brothers, as spiritual persons: I had to address you as worldlings, as mere babes in Christ. I fed you with milk, not with solid food. You were not able for solid food, and you are not able even now; you are still worldly. For with jealousy and quarrels in your midst, are you not worldly, are you not behaving like ordinary men?" 1 Cor. 3:1-3.

So Paul sees three categories into which he classifies people. First there are the ordinary men also called natural or unspiritual (Moffatt). Then there are the carnal or worldlings, and finally there are the spiritual.

In each grade there are, maybe, many varying degrees, but broadly speaking, every one of us is seen by God in one of these three classes.

How up-to-date the Bible is! Most things are graded today. Even the superior kind of milk is called "Grade A," but a still more excellent sort is known as "Grade A. T.T."

Paul's concern over these Corinthian Christians was that though they had ceased to be just ordinary, natural, unregenerate souls, yet they had been "content to be only partially Christian." They had stopped half way. They were saved,

but they were not spiritual. They were born again, but they had not grown up. They were suffering from protracted infancy. There was no progressive growth. They had never gotten beyond the Nursery, the kindergarten, the "A B C" stage, with the result that they were very much less than the best.

The coming of a little one, given by God to the parents, is accompanied by rejoicings and congratulations; but if after some months there is no sign of any physical or mental development, what sadness results! The undeveloped child is no longer a delight, but a monstrosity.

### WANTED

"A vessel I want," said the Master one day,  
"A vessel to use in a peculiar way,  
One for my very own, I desire,  
One that will stand the test and the fire.  
Naught artificial will satisfy,  
And none must be able to sell or buy,  
This peculiar treasure, set aside,  
In which my Spirit shall abide.  
'Tis for My service, when I choose,  
And when I send 'twill not refuse,"  
'Tis to be as clay in the Potter's hand,  
To be fashioned and molded at His command.

'Tis His, He must have His way, today,  
A vessel to honour, made clean and white,  
By the power of God kept shining bright,  
Made fit to stand before angels and men,  
Revealing my power and glory to them.  
For such a vessel I shed my blood,  
To present a people back to God.  
Many trophies I've won from this world  
and sin,  
And many more I have yet to win.  
And soon I shall come to claim my own,  
That are waiting and ready for heaven and home."

Are you the vessel the Master seeks?  
If so, lay your all at His precious feet,  
Your talents, and silver, hopes and dreams,  
Your future, ambitions, and all that seems  
To stand in the way, and the vessel mar,  
And eventually you from heaven will bar.  
Jesus still calls, why not obey?  
Give your best to Him today.

—S. I. Daden, West Buxton, Me.

It is even a greater tragedy when a Christian is in a spiritual sense a monstrosity! When his growth is retarded, and he is undeveloped, stunted, a mere infant when he should have become "a man."

In one of his books the late Dr. Stuart Holden says: "We can be truly Christ's, but not wholly Christ's. He may be the ground of our trust and confidence, the object of our faith, our sure and certain hope of life eternal. Yet even so our lives can be far from responsive to His direction and control alone, and only partially

conformed to His standard and expectation."

We can have "orthodox belief without overflowing love; faith that is vocal, but not vital; prayer without purpose; belief without blaze; and piety without passion."

But perhaps the surest test is the one Paul uses. Would we know if we are less than the best? Then think of some of the characteristics of childhood, and see if in our lives we can find any of their spiritual counterparts.

### CHILDREN ARE FED ON MILK, NOT MEAT

Are Paul's words applicable to us? "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat: for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." To what extent are we able to assimilate the deeper truths, the more profound doctrines, the teaching which demands careful thought? Are we still content with the primary lessons in the school of Christ, the elementary facts of the Gospel, the "wicket gate" as John Bunyan calls it? We enjoy the preacher who has a striking personality, who lights up his address with thrilling anecdotes and flashes of human, but we find it hard to follow the thoughtful address, the doctrinal sermon, or the Bible lecture which requires concentration. Are we wholly dependent upon what other people teach us, or can we get down to some real, solid, consecutive Bible study for ourselves?

Even at the risk of introspection, let us examine ourselves, and seek to see how much we have grown since first we trusted the Saviour.

Upon what do we feed our souls—radio sermons, light religious magazines, popular preachers, booklets, pamphlets, fiction? Maybe they are all very nice so far as they go, but they lack the "solid food" which alone can make us strong to wield "the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God."

A Christian girl wrote to me recently these regrettable words, "Despite years of evangelical training, I find myself absolutely unsuited to be a minister's wife. When I could have joined the School of Evangelism, I preferred my orchestral work. Oh! how I wish I had not missed that chance. Now I must have a course of Bible Study. I do not know how to explain the way of salvation convincingly, and have to pass on inquirers to my fiancé."

### CHILDREN PLAY WITH TOYS

Judging by the time spent upon them, are not a good many professing Christians more vitally interested today in playthings than in the things of God? Paul found that in his day they still had to be addressed as worldlings. Their tastes and

(Continued on page 26)



## Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

### New Heart Needed

A certain village possessed a fine-toned bell, of which the villagers were very proud. By some accident it became cracked, and a blacksmith was engaged to repair it. He riveted it so skillfully that the crack was rendered invisible. The bell was rehung, but, oh! the appalling discord when it was rung. It was taken down and recast. The result was a new bell of sweeter tone than the old one. Man has devised many apparently clever schemes for the restoration of sin-diseased hearts. They are all failures. A new heart molded by God Himself is the only remedy.—*The New Century Leader.*

### Where Money Did Not Count

A young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his father, who came up from a rural district. "Well, son," said the father, "how are you getting along?" "I'm not getting along at all," was the discouraged reply. The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and hope. Later in the day he went with his son to the free dispensary. He sat in silence while twenty-five poor, unfortunate persons received help from his son's hands. When the door had closed on the last person, the old man burst forth, "Why, son, I thought you told me you were doing nothing. If I had helped twenty-five people in a month I would thank God that my life counted for something." "There is very little money in it, though," explained the son. "Money!" the old man shouted. "What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow men?"—*The New Century Leader.*

### The Proof of Blessing

A servant in a large household went to a gospel meeting, where she professed to have received great help. When she arrived at home, she said to her mistress, "Oh, I got such a blessing at the meeting." "Ah well," was the cautious reply of the mistress, "we shall see in the morning, Lizzie, whether it is or no." The morning's work would give token of the reality of the blessing.—*The New Century Leader.*

### Do Our Lives Prove It?

Once when the great artist Dore was traveling in Europe he lost his passport. As he was about to cross a certain boundary line, the officer asked him to produce his pass. Dore replied, "I have lost my passport, but it is all right. I am Dore,

the artist. Please let me go on."

"Oh, no," said the officer, "we have plenty of people representing themselves as this or that great one. Here is a pencil and paper. If you are Dore, prove it by drawing a picture."

Dore took the pencil and paper, sketched some pictures in that neighborhood, and returned it to the officer. "Now I am perfectly sure," said he, "that you are Dore. No one else could draw like that." Are we able similarly to identify ourselves as Christians?

### Secret of Power

The people once asked Joan of Arc what was the secret of her power over the French soldiers. It was a straight question and she gave them a straight answer. "I tell my men to go in boldly against the English," she said, "and then I go in boldly myself."

If you stand outside the Christian life in its mode of searching and exacting requirements, merely pointing the way for others; then you might just as well save your breath. You will make yourself worth listening to only when you have gone in boldly and wholeheartedly.—*Sel.*

### Proof of Faith

A converted cowboy once gave this very sensible idea of what "being faithful" consisted in:

"Lots of folks think that bein' faithful to the Lord means shoutin' themselves hoarse praisin' His name.

"I'll tell you how I look at it. I'm working here for Jim. Now, if I'd sit around the house, talkin' what a good fellow Jim is, and singin' songs to him, and gettin' up in the night to serenade him, I'd be doin' just what some Christians do. But I wouldn't suit Jim, and I'd get my discharge. But when I buckle on my straps and hustle among the hills and see that Jim's herd is all right, and not sufferin' for water and feed, or bein' branded by cattle thieves, then I'm servin' Jim as he wants to be served. That's what I call bein' faithful to Jim."—*Selected.*

### Moody's Philosophy

"You ought not to attempt to speak in public, Mr. Moody. You make many mistakes in grammar," said an overzealous critic to the great preacher in the early days of his public appearance.

"I lack a great many things," replied Mr. Moody, "but I am doing the best I can with what I've got. But, look here,

my friend, you've got grammar enough; what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

### Pray As You Can

A friend once said to me, "I do not pray the way you do." "Well," I said, "how do you pray?" He answered, "On the piano." I have heard him doing it, improvising. From the hectic fret of modern business he turned at times to talk with God in a language that steadied and enriched him. If you cannot pray as you would, then pray as you can.—*M. B.*

### Your Morning Face

Some people have an afternoon face which is very pleasant, and a face that is bright and smiling which they show in the evening. But sometimes these same people do not have a very good morning face. The face they show between six and ten o'clock is apt to have fretful lines in it.

Of course, people outside the family do not often see our morning face. We keep that face for home use only. If we have not slept well, if breakfast is not on time, if we have to hurry so as not to be late, our morning face does not leave a pleasant feeling in the home.

Yet our dearest people belong to our family, and it does seem a bit strange that we can not wear a bright face to them. When we leave the house, we too often leave gloom behind us because we have been gloomy. So be careful which face you wear when you get up in the morning. Don't save your best face for afternoon or for the people you meet outside your home. As soon as you get up, go to the mirror and see if your bright morning face is in such good condition that it will brighten the whole day for the family.—*The Sentinel.*

### Sympathy

E. G. Clarke

Mrs. Smith was feeling very sad as she had just lost her father. Her father and she had been great friends. She boarded a bus to take her home, for she had been out shopping in London. Getting on the bus she forgot her surroundings and before she was aware of it, the tears were streaming down her face. The bus stopped and as she was stepping down to get out, the conductor gave her his hand and whispered oh, so tenderly, "'Jesus wept.'" The sweet surprise and the tender reminder lifted the burden of her sorrow and she went home strangely comforted.

Oh, in these days of stress and sorrow, when there is so much sorrow all around us, may we live so close to the Lord that He may comfort others through us!—*Gospel Herald.*

Watch the December Issue for Contests for the Coming Year



# A Traded Thanksgiving

BY MABEL McKEE

The manager of the railroad had hung the sign in the drug store merely to increase traveling on his road. Never once had he supposed that it would cause hearts to ache and their owners to want to protest. There was, for instance, the dark-eyed girl in the red sport coat and beret. And, at the opposite end of the long soda counter, sat the violet-eyed girl in the trim, blue homespun suit.

Two men with hard faces, who stood near the middle of the room talking harshly, read the sign and grew silent. The little old woman in a shabby black coat read it and slipped her hand possessively into the arm of the boy in sailor's togs who was with her. And the cashier, between customers, slipped up to the manager and asked if she could have an hour extra at noon Thanksgiving Day so she could do just what the sign advised people to do.

The sign was small, but framed in a beautiful russet-brown frame. The scene on it was the work of a well-known artist who often turned his talent to advertising. And it showed a tiny, old-fashioned cottage with a crooked back fence and a wealth of shrubbery. The warmest, coziest smoke poured from the chimney, and the same kind of welcome seemed to come from the wide door with its old-fashioned knocker. And underneath the sign in russet-and-gold letters were the words: SPEND YOUR THANKSGIVING DAY AT HOME.

The red-coated girl had just covertly put up her fingers to her eyes when the girl in blue saw her. And the latter's strange, twisted smile grew still more twisted as she rose from her stool, started toward the counter girl to pay for her hot chocolate, and then suddenly stopped as if she had changed her mind. She went to the girl in red, patted her shoulder and whispered, "Don't cry, child. It's sort of getting us all."

The girl in red was younger than herself and she could not help being touched by the tears. But, after she had paid her check and gone out on to the street corner where the cold November air nipped at her ears, she tried to forget both the girl and the sign.

"How can a person spend Thanksgiving Day at home with her mother when she has neither?" she asked bitterly. "How can she?"

A tall youth with a boyish face neared the corner. When he saw the girl, he came toward her.

"Going to another party?" he asked in a strained, half-hurt, half-angry voice. And then he added, "It's great to be popular, Jessica," with a quizzical look at

her.

The girl did not answer in words. Her smile was enigmatic and Neil Judson, after a few remarks about the weather, hurried on up the street.

"He probably has another of those secret engagements!" she thought, resentfully. "He's a snob to have friends he doesn't introduce to me. And then to taunt me about my parties with the girls at the office! It isn't fair."

After he was out of sight she crossed the street to buy an evening paper. She would get some magazines, too, for before her stretched a long, lonely evening. Marian and Lou, who shared her tiny apartment, had already gone to their homes for Thanksgiving vacations. There was just Tiny, Marian's pet kitten, and the girl in blue, whose name was Jessica Wilmot, to spend Thanksgiving Day together.

She had come to the city and the tiny apartment three years ago at Grandmother Wilmot's death. There were aunts and cousins in a distant state, but Jessica had not wanted to spend Thanksgiving Day with them. They would talk about the grandmother who had taken the place of mother and father so long, and she knew she could not stand that.

Though she usually rode home in a taxi the evenings she worked late at the publishing house office, Jessica decided this evening to travel out to the apartment on the street car. Doing so would take a lot of time and shorten still more the lonely evening ahead of her.

Just inside the car door she bumped against someone who was carrying a heap of small bundles. And all of them, jarred from their moorings, scattered here and there. Jessica hurried to gather them, stood up to give them to their owner, and for the second time faced the dark-eyed girl in the red novelty coat and red velvet beret.

Heartily the two girls laughed. Jessica insisted upon holding the bundles she had collected. The two clung together to the same strap until a seat was vacated, and then they dropped into it half exhausted.

"I'm wondering," Jessica laughed girlishly, "if you live out my way. I'm in the Bonn Art Apartments. Live there with two other business girls. It's nice out this way."

"I'm at the John Gray Orphanage," said the younger girl, who introduced herself as Frances Moore. "I'm supply for everybody there, including the cottage managers. When they go home for Thanksgiving I have to stay on at the home and care for their cottages. That

was the reason I was crying back at the drug store. I want to go home to see mother."

"The John Gray Orphanage!" Jessica murmured.

The John Gray Orphanage had caused the first quarrel she had ever had with Neil Judson. They had been driving past it a few weeks ago in his trim roadster when she had shivered and said:

"It reminds me of a jail. No wonder all the children there are like little scared rabbits! And no wonder the people in this part of town are trying to get the buildings condemned so they'll have to move the orphanage outside the city limits! They must have had a thousand signatures to the petition when I signed it."

"You signed it!" he exclaimed. "Why did you do that?"

The quarrel had followed.

Now Jessica remembered the discussion as she looked closely at her companion. The younger girl's lips were trembling childishly. All her self-control was required to keep from sobbing. And she had to muster all her courage to stay on the job instead of bolting and running home for Thanksgiving.

Very slowly Jessica said, "I'd like to know what the John Gray Orphanage is like. Would you like to trade Thanksgivings with me? Mine is to be a holiday and I have no home to visit. You can have my holiday and I'll take your job at the orphanage! Oh, no," she waved Frances into silence again, "I won't interfere with your job. I'll do everything I can to make my stay there a success."

She began to talk to the other girl. She told her about "Grammy" who had left her all alone now, about the heart-breaking Thanksgiving Day of a year ago. She exclaimed that she would rather work like a Trojan than repeat that idle, lonely day.

She would stop with Frances at the institution, see if the superintendent would agree to the change, and then fairly fly to the apartment to pack her clothes for several days' stay at the institution.

Later, as she packed her bag, Jessica thought of the white-haired superintendent who had been wonderfully kind, who had treated her as if she were a daughter, and whose eyes had twinkled when he told her that the thirty-five little girls in a cottage would cause her to have the most strenuous Thanksgiving Day she had ever known.

"It's rather unusual for us to do this," he smiled. "But our little Miss Moore is so young and her mother isn't well; so I'm going to let you give her this gift for Thanksgiving." His kind eyes looked straight into Jessica's violet eyes. "And I feel you're giving us something to be thankful for, too—your lovely presence."

Now, as she folded her pajamas and  
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# ★ In Everything ★

BY CECIL TRUESDELL

Text: 1 Thess. 5:18, "In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

Plymouth! Bleak and foreboding!

One hundred and one weary souls surveyed the uninviting scene wanelly. What a contrast to Leyden, nestling serenely among the windmills of peaceful Holland, where after eleven years of friendly asylum from the tyrannical religious intolerance of their native British Isles, they had become dissatisfied with customs, and like Abraham, started for "a land which God would show them," somewhere in the wilderness of the new world. With implicit faith in divine guidance, they veered by Southampton, employed one John Alden as repairman, and the teetering Mayflower was then headed westward, with its cargo of pilgrim humanity, on an epochal journey destined to effect the principles of religion and democracy on a world-wide scale until the end of this age. Unknowingly, these brave, pious men and women were ushering in the dawn of a wonderful new day for Protestant Christianity. They had the perseverance to dare and do, and the wings of the Almighty hovered over their frail vessel for sixty days and nights, as it rose and fell among waves which made one mad foaming charge after another. No doubt tempests came, and black scowling clouds swooped low, muttering threats of devastation, then rumbled reluctantly away into

oblivion as an infinite voice whispered, "Peace be still!" God was there to fight for His own, and small wonder it was now this emaciated little company, pitiful in appearance, heroic in spirit, refused to be disconsolate as its members gazed out over the stark picture before them. A gaunt, shivering wolf howling over the fresh mounds covering the remains of disease-stricken red-skins refused to strike fear in them. They were grateful to see land once more, and the sign of life, even though it was in a beast of the forest, or a skulking savage, darting from tree to tree and staring wildly at them, was exhilarating.

With moist eyes and swelling hearts, the little band huddled together in the chill wind outside the ship's cabin; and men, women and children joined in the sweet lilt-ing songs of praise which the breezes picked up and carried away to Jehovah's throne. Can't you see them singing there? Priscilla Mullens crooned tenderly as she arose to give a sick lady her seat on the deck's rough bench. Miles Standish, rugged warrior from service in Holland, who feared the contents of no cannon, flushed and turned red, batted his eyelids rapidly and uneasily shifted his gaze to his sturdy feet as she smiled at him, doggedly trying to keep his balance and remember the words of the hymn. John Alden, young and strong, with an occasional shy glance at Priscilla, vainly endeavored with boyish persistence to carry the tune. Despite these two fellows, who with the young lady mentioned, are responsible for Longfellow's famous poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," the anthems of devotion, led by Governor John Carver, were a great success.

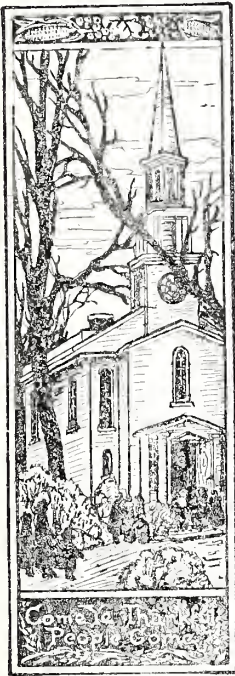
Then a harbor was found, settlement, and more hardships experienced. Sick and exposure brought death. Even Gov. Carver slipped off into eternity, but with spring came flowers, vegetation, birds and sunshine. A year passed. God had smiled on the efforts at cultivation by the pilgrims, and wild game

flourished everywhere. Despite the nightmares of the past, the people were getting acclimated, and bread and meat were plentiful. So with one accord preparation for a day of THANKSGIVING was begun. Now centuries have elapsed, but that feast of Thanksgiving is commemorated in Christian America today. True, its real meaning, like that of Christmas, is sorely misconceived by many, but the spirit of thankfulness to the Giver of all good, not only for material benefits, but for the bright hope of eternity through the blood of His Son and our Savior, Jesus, is evidenced on every hand yet, and we breathe a message of gratitude to God, not only for Thanksgiving Day, but for this people who instituted it. Their methods of worship, manner of life, and code of social morals may not be acceptable to most of us today, because of the strictness with which they were observed, but thank God, the foundation of the greatest nation on the upper side of Terra Firma was laid on them.

This is indeed a long setting for my theme, but after reading of the perils, privation, suffering and sacrifice witnessed by these pioneers of our country, don't you begin to see through the veil? They were willing to become voluntary exiles for their religious belief. It takes more than guesswork to accomplish what they did. They knew God and meant to serve Him, regardless of the consequences. Their faith was tried, and they were sorely tempted, but say! they remained true, and while God was putting them to the test, they were also analyzing His promises, and I am happy to announce that while He must have found some dross in them which He had to burn out with fiery trials, they discovered that His promises were one hundred per cent pure and unadulterated. After the storm had receded, then God made of them just what He promised and gave to Abraham, a great nation.

So in our own lives we may find that obedience sometimes brings hardship and a time of testing, but after the struggle comes deliverance and happiness. Once more the sun beams and the birds soar and sing. Then like David of long ago, and those pilgrim folk, we exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Who redeem-

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## Mission Page

### "NOW THANKS BE UNTO GOD!"

BY SISTER PEARL STARK

*"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place," 2 Cor. 2:14.*

*"In labours more abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and day I have been in the deep; In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; In weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakedness," 2 Cor. 11:23-27, but through all this we hear Paul saying, "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ."*

Dear young people, may God help us to ponder these words over in our hearts and make them ours. It is the same Christ who helped Paul who stands ready to help us today. Thank God, His Word never changes and "Jesus never fails!"

A few years ago I was praying and asking the Lord to help me understand these words and to realize more of the real meaning. I was asked to speak on one Sunday morning in a church where more than two hundred young people would be present. I prayed for a message and decided this was the text the Lord would have me use, 2 Cor. 2:14. The Lord blessed His Word to my heart and soul. Yes, we always feel happy when everything is going smooth and things are looking bright. We rejoice and are so happy to see others happy in Him! Our hearts overflow with THANKSGIVING and praise then.

I returned to my work, which at that time was teaching in the Bible department of a Christian High School in Texas. "Now thanks be unto God," came ringing in my ears one morning after I had been back only a few weeks. I had taken cold and it went to my lungs. I was failing fast and at last I was told preparations were being made to send me away to a T. B. sanatorium where I was to stay for at least six months' complete rest. This was on Saturday afternoon and that night was the longest I had seen in a long time. For days I had not been able

to speak very loud and just to turn over in bed caused me to break out in a cold sweat. Sunday morning came, and oh! how I did long to go to at least one more good Spirit-filled service. I had missed a number of Sundays as well as many week night services, which I had been taking with the students in various churches and missions in the city. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ." Yes, could I say it now with the same earnestness and the same joyful assurance that I had said it a few weeks before? His Word never changes and it still meant the same to me. I must rest in Him and return thanks unto the Lord.

Sunday night I said to some of the girls in the school, "I am going to church tonight if I never go again." I had been prayed for many times and was trusting in the Lord to heal me—but why this? I dressed and drove to the church in my car. Though I was very weak and trembling, I sat in the service and how my soul did feed on the things of God that night. At the close of the service I felt so faint I could not sit up, but I was happy in



Picture of Brother and Sister Stark taken while in Africa

my soul. In a whisper I asked one of the girls who was sitting by me to call the pastor to come and pray for me. By the time he and his wife came to me I could not speak. I could hear voices of those around me and a deep settled peace swept over my soul. The saints carried me and laid me down on the altar bench where people had been praying and seeking God. Now the saints began to pray for me that God would heal me. I could feel my heart beating less and less and breathing was difficult. Others told me later that my pulse was gone.

Again I could hear those words, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ." Was this "triumph"? Could I thank God now? Yes, by His grace I was able to give thanks to God for even this. It was not I but Christ within me the hope of glory.

The Lord touched me and healed me that night. However, not completely until after they took me to my room. For more than two hours they must have prayed with me for it was after midnight when they took me home. They did not move me until I was some stronger and then I was carried out to a car (my car had been taken home by someone else). As they were driving up the hill in the car I was in, I remember saying, "Please don't call a doctor for I would rather die trusting the Lord than to live trusting a doctor. God has healed me in Africa before and He can heal me here." The dear godly pastor and his wife responded in no uncertain tones, "Don't you worry, Sister Pearl, if you want to trust God we are trusting God with you. We will stay right by you until you are stronger." They carried me up to my room and laid me on my bed. Weak? Yes, I was weak. But we remember the Lord said to Paul, "My strength is made perfect in weakness," and this was a cause for Paul to rejoice that the power of Christ might rest upon him. It was surely the power of Christ which raised me up that night.

I don't remember that I slept very much that night, but the next day noon I arose and dressed and instead of going to the T. B. sanatorium as had been planned for me on the Saturday before, I took my classes. On the following Friday I spoke to the whole student body. It was not I but Christ. To the glory of God I would like to say that I gained ten pounds in about two months and carried on my duties in the school.

But that was not all. My car which I had been taken home by someone else). I could not meet the payments. I received one notice after another saying that if I did not pay they would have to take the car. I continued to earnestly pray and seek God for this need. I had always trusted the Lord to meet my every need and the Lord had never failed. I was on-

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Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

Although I only know you through the paper, I feel lead to write you of how I enjoy the Lighted Pathway. It is the most wonderful paper I have ever read. As I read the mission page the Lord surely thrills and fills my soul. The story, "Under Whose Wings," is the best yet. I can hardly wait from one month until the next for the story. I am also reading the "Price of Jungle Jewels," which is very, very interesting.

I will not get to attend the Assembly this year, but will pray for all who get to go.

May the Lord ever bless you in your work.—Mrs. Margaret Sheeley, Uhrichsville, Ohio.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thank God this evening for the Y. P. E. at West Asheville. The Lord has been real to us. We have a splendid band of young people and how we praise the Lord for them.

We certainly appreciate the Lighted Pathway and the work you are doing. I was made to appreciate the Lighted Pathway and the splendid work you are doing so much more after I read your life story. It brought to my mind the scripture, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present world are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Thanks be unto God.

Our Y. P. E. has organized a "Good Samaritan Club." We distribute Lighted Pathways in jails, the county home and in private homes. We have services also. God has really blessed us in this work.

I would like to mention the fact that very often in our Y. P. E. services and programs we use Brother Delk's "50 Special Sermon Outline Book." It contains splendid material and would be a great help to the young and old who are in the service for the King. If other Y. P. E.'s need more material I am sure you would be more than pleased with this book. You can order from Rev. D. H. Delk, Rt. 1, Candler, N. C. Price, 56c postpaid.

May God continue to bless you in your great work for Him is our prayer.—Sara Lou Miller, W. Asheville, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I thought I'd drop you a few lines to let you know how much I enjoy the Lighted Pathway. It seems like every copy gets better. I have been intending to write you but have put it off for a long time. I have been reading your paper for several years and I find that it helps

me to keep victory over sin and the devil. There are many things the devil will try to feed you on, but I thank God for some good wholesome food one can get, like your paper.

Sister Harrison, I have confidence in your prayers. I can feel the power and presence of God when I read your message. That's why I know you are connected with the same power house that I am.

I have some requests that I am sending to you. First, please pray for our Y. P. E. We have some very fine young boys and girls here at Shannon, but they are not saved. Please pray that the Lord will save them at an early date. I am very much interested in the Y. P. E. work, but I am sick in bed now and can't attend church. I want you to pray for my body. I know the Lord can heal.

Another word about the Lighted Pathway, the people are always asking about them long before they get here. Everyone seems to enjoy reading them.

Well, Sister Harrison, I guess you will never know how many souls have been blessed through your paper until the Master gives you your reward and I am sure you will be rewarded well for every bit you have suffered to get the paper to us.

May God's richest blessings be yours is my prayer.—Mamie Jackson, Shannon, Ga.

NOTE: Sister Mamie has passed on now. May I say to the young people at Shannon, she was interested in your souls. We are praying for you. We are also praying for her companion who is lonely and sad without her. God bless you, Brother Jackson.

Dear Sister Harrison:

"We do hate to give Sister Mary up, but our loss will be someone's gain." "I thank God that Sister Mary's life has been a blessing to me." "We surely praise God for her faithfulness in the little church."

These are a few quotations from the testimonies of friends and members of the Church of God at Alvin, given at the social meeting in honor of Sister Mary Dickinson.

The meeting was held at the Church of God parsonage. About fifty friends and members of the church were present. After songs, prayers and testimonies she was presented with several love gifts while Mr. and Mrs. John Willis sang a duet which they dedicated to her.

Sister Mary has lived in Alvin about fifteen years and has been an active member of the Church of God which is send-

ing her out as an exhorter to assist another young lady in the evangelistic work.

The young people of this church are indeed sorry to lose such a splendid worker but our prayers are for her success.—Archie F. McWilliams, Alvin, Ill.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have thought many times of writing you to try to express my appreciation for the Lighted Pathway and your untiring efforts in making it go. May God bless you.

When we receive the paper, Elizabeth Ann, my baby two years old, looks at it, finds your picture and says, "Harrison." Turns to Open Door to Children and says "There she is;" turns to the Helps for Tempted page where the hands join, puts her hands together as near like the picture as she can and says, "Grip of God."

Well, of course, that's just pictures and she doesn't understand much yet. I'm so thankful we have this good literature to show her.

I have joined the reading circle for months past, but failed to write in and tell you. I really don't know which page or division I enjoy most as it's all so good.

Brother Cox, our overseer, called on me at the state convention to say something about the paper. I was glad of that privilege.

Pray that we may attend the Assembly.—Mrs. J. B. Cole, New Orleans, La.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Ofttimes in life one toils and labors without the conscientiousness of any genuine appreciation.

I feel that when a person does a thing well he merits recognition and appreciation. I am not writing because I think you do not get both, but because of my own desire to tell you personally. Neither am I writing because I want this put in the Lighted Pathway, but I am writing in an attempt to express my personal appreciation for your work and I will try to give you good reasons for my appreciation.

One of the first reasons that I appreciate your work is because of your pioneer work in this field and your persistent efforts in bringing this work where it is today.

You took the initiative in beginning this work with faith to believe that you could see it through . . . and you have seen it through. Today, when we pick up the Lighted Pathway we see, not a mere pamphlet, but a magazine full of varied readings that have some real literature value.

The second reason that I appreciate your work is the marked progress that has been shown in making the Lighted Pathway interesting. I especially admire the efforts you make in putting into the

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## J. P. E. Programs

### OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting, asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

### BIBLE LESSON

By Esther Holland

Topic: "WOMAN'S MINISTRY"

#### Thoughts for the Leader

It has been thought, taught and practiced by many that women have no place in the ministry of Jesus Christ, and such teachers used the scripture that Paul wrote to the Church at Corinth saying, "Let your women keep silence in the church." But since the greater number of us are not familiar with the customs of the country and people to whom he addressed his letter, let us look at the greater number of instances in the Bible where the ministry of woman was almost indispensable.

#### Woman's Kindness to the Poor

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy," Prov. 31:20. The woman here in this passage surely must be a child of God, and have the love of God in her heart, or she would not care for others. But when we truly love the Lord, He will open a door of service unto us where we can feel and know that He intends for us as individuals to walk in it. In every city there is a district in which the poor, very poor, live. There is nothing that brings more joy to those poor ones than at Thanksgiving and Christmas seasons to

receive a nice basket of groceries to help them to remember to be thankful. But not at these seasons alone, the true child of God ministers to them by cooking food that the sick children and mothers need, she takes it to them, teaches them to keep their homes clean, their yards clean and sanitary. Then there are many children in this section that have beautiful talents that need to be brought into the light where they can be used for the glory of God. The young ladies or girls in the church who have ability of this kind can gather those little ones together and teach them to sing the songs of Jesus and to memorize certain passages of scripture. One lady held a class each afternoon for the children of her community and they learned to recite and tell the story of Jesus to others and many were brought into the kingdom through this one woman's efforts. What can you do to help someone else?

#### Contributing to Christ's Comforts

"And many women were there beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto him. Among which was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Joseph, and the mother of Zebedee's children," Matt. 27:55, 56. It must have been among the greatest joys these blessed women received to have had the privilege of ministering to Jesus. Their hearts must have gone out in sympathy and deep sincerity as they saw Him suffering for them and they apparently unable to relieve any of His sufferings. Yet, deep down in their hearts they were ministering in a way that they knew not. Their love and adoration to Him was not unnoticed by the great Son of God during even this hour of suffering. They had seen Him and followed Him in the way here on the earth as He had taught, preached and healed the many who were afflicted and diseased, and they knew that His power was greater than any that they possessed, yet in their deep devotion to Him, they wished to do something in this trying hour when it seemed to them that His power had gone from Him. But when we read of how He rewarded them by His risen presence when they visited the grave with the spices to anoint His body again, surely they knew more of His love and power than they had known before. There they went to perform the last act of kindness and respect unto Him, and instead, they received the authority to go and tell others that He was alive forevermore and that they should see Him in Galilee. What a glorious privilege to know that we can carry the message of the love, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ to a lost and dying world, and have Him as our authority!

#### Serving the Church

"I commend unto you Phebe our sister, which is a servant of the church

which is at Cenchrea: That ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been a succourer of many, and of myself also," Rom. 16:1, 2. So here, contrary to the thought mentioned by the leader tonight, we find that the same Paul who said, "Let your women keep silence in the church," makes the statement that this sister Phebe is one who is very active in the church and urges those of the church at Rome to assist her in whatsoever she needed to carry on her part of the work. Evidently she held a place of note in the church, since it is mentioned as "business," and all business in God's house requires wisdom, consecration, and sometimes money to carry on in the right way. Today the women have their L. W. W. B. which is a great help and has helped in lifting many burdens from the church; they have greatly aided the dear orphans by contributing canned fruits and vegetables, clothing, quilts and blankets. Surely there is a greater need for all the women to line up with this wonderful work and put their shoulders to the wheel and push, rather than let just a few carry the burden; and yet, we praise the Lord for the faithful few who are willing and do carry on the work where others shirk.

#### The Woman's or Girl's Place With the Young People

The church that gives the young people their privilege and opportunity that God intended will surely be repaid in the service rendered by these. Many talents lie hidden in our churches today midst the young girls and boys. Girls who can sing and play and speak need to be urged to use their talents for the Lord. And even many of the younger girls can make pies for God, they can sew for God, they can teach the Sunday School classes and work with the smaller children in many ways. And truly the girl who takes an active part in the Y. P. E. will always find a place to serve and if she is faithful, she will be called on by others to lead them with their young people. Girls, let's remember that the call to serve is unto us as much as unto anyone else, and the answer we give to that call will either bring us blessings or a curse. So since God has so wondrously given us the call and whatever talent or talents we may possess, let's determine to use them for His glory, even though it may be hard to overcome our timidity and bashfulness. "His grace is sufficient."

### BIBLE LESSON

Vivian Bloomingdale

Topic: "HOW MAY I KNOW I AM A CHRISTIAN?"

Scripture lesson: 1 John 5:1-13.

#### Thoughts for the Leader

Once a leader said to one of his young



people, "Are you a Christian?" The girl answered, "I don't know. I think I am, but I am not sure." Later he asked another young person and received practically the same answer. Both of these young people were church members. Others said, "I am a member of the church, so I suppose I am a Christian."

One leader said recently, "I find more young people unsettled on the question as to whether or not they are saved than any other one question."

Paul says, "The love of Christ constraineth us." And Jesus says, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." If we have repented of our sins and have trusted Jesus to save us, we are Christians. We will know by the witness of the Holy Spirit in our hearts and the world will know by our life. The true Christian has an ideal, Christ, and strives each day to be like Him. If we are a Christian we will produce more and more of the fruits of a Christian life.

How can we help young people to know if they are really Christians?

(Explain in your own words that in this program we are going to try to find out how we may know we are saved. Suggest that each one pay close attention and ask his own heart the question right now, "Am I sure that I am a Christian?")

Inner Evidences

**Repentance.** The Bible teaches that the first step in becoming a Christian is to repent of sin. The word, "repentance," means a change of mind. There are three elements in repentance: conviction, contrition and conversion.

Conviction means that one realizes that he is a sinner, contrition means that one is sorry for his sins, and conversion means that one turns away from his sins and accepts Christ.

No one can be saved unless he has repented of his sins. (Read or have others prepared to read: Luke 13:3; Acts 17:30; Mark 1:15.)

If there has been no conviction of sin in a life, and no sorrow of sin, and no turning away from sin that soul is still lost. Repentance will change the conduct, because one's attitude toward sin and toward God has changed.

Faith

The second step in becoming a Christian is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The Bible teaches that one is not saved when he has repented of sin. The gift of salvation comes when that one turns away from sin and turns to Jesus and trusts Him to forgive his sins. (Read John 3:36; John 3:18; Mark 16:16.) (Have all quote John 3:16.)

What does it mean to "believe on Jesus"? Faith is trust—personal trust in Jesus. The belief that makes one a Christian is casting himself upon Jesus, the bending of a heart to the will of Christ; it is taking Jesus at His Word, and trust-

ing Him to do that which He has promised.

One writer gives this definition of a Christian: "If I know that Jesus Christ died for me, and that I am sorry for my sins and that I have trusted Him to save my soul, I am a Christian." The Bible gives two requirements for becoming a Christian—repentance and faith.

The Witness Within

Someone asked a young woman how she knew she was a Christian, and she replied, "I know that I am a Christian because I have repented of my sins, I trusted and believed that Jesus saved my soul, and there is something inside my heart that tells me I belong to Him." The Bible says, "The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Ask this question: If we have no assurance within our hearts that we are Christians, is it possible that we are not saved? If we are saved, will not the "something" that the young lady mentioned tell us that we belong to Jesus?

Outer Evidences

**A new life.** Being a Christian makes a difference on the inside and on the outside. Faith in Jesus Christ changes the life of a person.

Paul tells us in 2 Cor. 5:17, "If any man is in Christ he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new."

Ask these questions and answer them in your own words: 1. If a person says he is a Christian, but continues to live in the old way, doing just as he has always done, with no effort to correct his faults and remedy his ways, is he really a Christian? 2. If a person claims to be a Christian, but loves wrong rather than right and uses his influence to get others to do wrong, is he a Christian? 3. If one confesses Christ, joins the church, and is baptized, but goes right on in the old sinful life, does his church membership prove that he is a Christian? 4. 1 John 2:53, says, "And hereby we know that we know him, if we keep his commandments." Will one who has become a new creature try to keep His commandments?

By Their Fruits

Two people saw a large tree in a forest. One said it was a poplar tree; the other said it was an oak. They went close up to examine it and found acorns under it. The fruit of the tree proved what it was.

A preacher said, "You cannot show the roots of your Christian life, you are bound to show its fruits." If you are a Christian your character will prove it, your daily life will prove it.

We are saved by grace through faith in Jesus, but the evidences of our salvation are the fruits of a Christian life. If the world judges us by the daily fruits of our lives, how many of us would it call Christian?

Power With God Necessary To Overcome

Not so very long ago a boy confessed Christ and joined a church. He had been going with the wrong crowd and had many habits that were not right. After his conversion he wanted to live a new life, but before long the old crowd got him to go with them and he was too weak to withstand the temptation to drink. The next day he felt ashamed and discouraged. He was just deciding he was not a Christian when a fine older friend said to him, "If you love Jesus, ask Him to forgive you, and try again." He also told him how the blood of Jesus would cleanse his soul and take out the carnal nature which made him want to do wrong; and how the blessed Holy Spirit would give him boldness to speak of Jesus and work for Him. After this encouragement he developed into a fine Christian character. He received the necessary power from God that enabled him to stand.

Let those who are now Christians, who have their sins forgiven, go on to higher heights and deeper depths in Christ and have the blood of Jesus applied to your hearts (sanctification) and receive the Comforter He promised to send (Holy Spirit). It is true we need much power with God in these perilous times to be an overcomer.

BIBLE LESSON

By the Editor

Topic: "TAKING OUR STAND"

Scripture lesson: Dan. 1:8-21

Thoughts for the Leader

In this day when one must meet so many temptations and conflicts and when to follow Christ means rowing against the waves, we feel that the young people who are trying so hard to walk the narrow way, need to study the lives of those who have walked this way before them and have come out victorious. Daniel was one of these beautiful characters. "He purposed not to defile himself." There are many ways we may defile ourselves in this world of sin and sorrow if we do not watch and pray.

We want to especially emphasize the fact that Daniel's sweet disposition had won the favor of the prince of the eunuchs. He took his stand, but in that Christlike way that won the hearts of those who knew him best. However, Daniel was still firm in his religion.

Read the whole book of Daniel and in your talk touch the high and important points in his life. The one truth and important thing in the life of Daniel was that with all the dangers and temptations that stared him in the face he was firm in his stand. If you are trying to walk with God you too are facing trials and the

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## Contributions by Young Writers

### A Good Place to Go

If you'd like some real enjoyment  
That is fine, true, and clean,  
That's the kind we have to offer,  
The best that you have ever seen.

In Y. P. E. there is real pleasure,  
Lots of fun that is nice and good,  
Songs and questions on the Bible,  
You could join us if you would.

We're learning lots about our Savior,  
Makes us want to live for Him,  
While we are learning, we are working  
To make sure our lights will not  
grow dim.

And so, if you like good company,  
And real pleasure like to see,  
The best place to go on Friday night  
Is the Coaldale Y. P. E.

—Lois White, Warrior, Ala.

### Jesus a Comforter

I was lost and deep in sin,  
My heart was burdened and weak within,  
But Jesus a comforter, so kind and true,  
Brought peace and comfort through and  
through.

He saved my soul, brought peace within,  
Sanctified me from all sin,  
Gave me the Holy Ghost so sweet  
And now I am a follower at Jesus' feet.

Mrs. Ruben Knight, Odum, Ga.

### A Lesson in Cheerfulness

Always wear a smile, dear friend,  
Though your heart is sad;  
Always keep a kind thought near  
To make your sad heart glad.

Life is not all sunshine,  
And life is not all tears,  
So bear the sorrow bravely  
Till the sunshine reappears.

You wish for wealth and happiness  
Till your wish becomes a prayer;  
But if your prayer's not granted,  
Then you fall into despair.

If every prayer was answered,  
If every wish received,  
There would be nothing to look forward  
to,  
No sight of glad relief.

The thing that seems so big just now,  
That worries you so much,  
Is just an ordinary little thing,  
But you can't see it as such.

As the days and weeks go by,  
You'll recollect this sorrow;  
And smile to think it was you  
Who all these tears did borrow.

When you're growing sad and lonely,  
And you bow to sorrow,  
Remember, the big things of today  
Are the little things of tomorrow.

—Curtie Mooney, Pulaski, Va.

### The Pause That Refreshes

Do you pause, at the dawn of the morn-  
ing,

To give thanks to your Maker above  
For His care through the long night  
watches,  
For His mercy and wonderful love?

Do you pause, when the noon hour ap-  
proaches,

To thank Him for food He provides  
For the strength He gives you each mo-  
ment

To labor for those at your side?

Do you pause, when your burdens get  
heavy,

And you feel all forsaken and alone?  
Do you think to look up to the Master,  
Who can help you as no other one?

Do you pause, when the sun sets at eve-  
ning,

And you rest from the toils of the day?  
If you pause, it would be a refreshing  
To your soul as you go on your way.

—Grace Elwood, Key West, Fla.

### The Youth, An Outstanding Example

"Let no man despise thy youth; but be  
thou an example," 1 Tim. 4:12. If there  
ever was a time that we need young peo-  
ple to stand out and be an example to  
this lost world, it is today.

Paul exhorts young Timothy to be an  
example, to live where no one would de-  
spise him as a youth. Young people, you  
can live so close to Jesus until other young  
boys and girls will desire the blessing of  
salvation as you have.

Matt. 5:16, "Let your light so shine  
before men, that they may see your  
good works, and glorify your Father  
which is in heaven." You have a talent  
of some kind. Perhaps you feel there is  
nothing of importance you can do, but  
you certainly can let your light shine for  
Jesus. Maybe your talent isn't preaching  
but remember just living a real conse-  
crated life is the biggest sermon you can  
preach. Our daily life is our testimony.  
No matter what our talents are we should  
do our best. 1 Cor. 12:12, "For as the  
body is one, and hath many members, and  
all the members of that one body, being  
many, are one body: so also is Christ."

In these evil days, dear young people,

there are many deceitful traps the devil  
has to catch your precious soul; but as  
long as we keep the cross of Christ in  
view, keep His precious blood flowing  
over our souls, there is no danger of Satan  
trapping us. Be an example to other young  
people, prove to them that young people  
can have a real experience with Jesus.

I enjoy working with young people, for  
the young people of today will be the  
church of tomorrow. May God bless each  
of you.—Mrs. Carl White, Riviera, Fla.

### He Knows

Our dear Father knows all,  
He knows when we're about to fall,  
He knows when the way is weary  
And days seem so dreary.  
He knows our hardships and sorrows,  
He knows we think of bright tomorrows,  
Our dear Father knows all.  
He knows our burdens and trials,  
He knows when we've gone the last mile,  
He knows the devil tempts you,  
But He says, "Be true."  
He knows when were striving toward a  
goal,

He knows when we're lagging behind,  
And Satan is trying to bind;  
He then comes with a helping hand,  
To keep you in this joyous band.  
But He also knows when we're on the  
firing line

And on a good blessing we can dine,  
He knows when to answer our prayer  
To make each day grow fairer.  
He knows when our sorrows are past  
And we are happy at last.  
Keep listening for His call,  
For our Father knows all.

—Marlyne Badgley, E. St. Louis, Ill.

### What the Y. P. E. Means to Me

First, all honor, praise and glory in Je-  
sus Christ, who abides in the heart of our  
leader, Sister Harrison. Second, I was led  
to church by a Y. P. E. member. Third,  
I was gloriously saved in a Y. P. E. meet-  
ing. Now the Y. P. E. helped me find  
the right way to Christ. She sanctified  
my marriage vows, taught me to rear my  
little children in the way they should go.  
She showed me that if I would dwell in  
the secret place of the most high, I would  
abide under the shadow of the Almighty.  
She caused me to "study to shew myself  
approved unto God, a workman that  
needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divid-  
ing the word of truth."

Then when my steps had slipped, how  
easy it would have been for me to have  
fallen, but the Y. P. E. called me to her  
heart and prayed for me, setting my steps  
again in a plain path, wherein I found  
peace with God. Let us live under the  
blood-stained banner of Jesus and hold  
high the standard of our Y. P. E., setting  
aflame the torch of a living faith.—Wil-  
lie Water, Pelzer, S. C.



# Our 34th Annual Assembly

By Alda B. Harrison, *Editor*

We have just returned from the General Assembly and find our November issue of the Lighted Pathway almost ready for you, and we are sending you this little account of our wonderful 1939 Assembly, which is said to be the best we have ever had. God was with us in a marvelous way and we have come home with a greater desire to be of service to our Master. As the different ones came to us and told us what our work had meant to them, somehow it made us feel that we must find our way nearer the foot of the cross than we have ever been before, for we realize we must either go forward or fail God. There is no standing still. So we are asking you to pray for us that our little messenger will go forward this year into thousands of new homes and be the means of helping our precious young people everywhere to find their place in the great whitened harvest field of the Lord. If it has been good for you, pass the blessing on.

We trust that those who were at the Assembly will take enough enthusiasm back home to set fire to the home church.

Our Assembly surely was filled with good things. Our young people's morning meetings were splendid. We did have just a little trouble in getting adjusted to our new surroundings, and we missed our quiet little meeting place that we have had for the last few years, but God gave us some good times together. We were disappointed not to be with you that last morning. It was the first time since the work started that we have failed to be at that early morning meeting, but our strength failed us this time. We are asking you to pray for us that God will give us strength for our work.

Our Saturday night service was a great success. Sometime ago we sent the play, "A Search in Vain," by Verlene McCoy, to Brother Nelson of Atlanta and asked him to have the young people of Atlanta Church of God to put it on for our Y. P. E. night. We didn't realize that they would do the work so well. Right here we want to say, young people, may it always be said that you can be depended upon to do well what is intrusted to you. Surely these young people did their part well, and God set His approval upon their efforts. So we may give credit to the Y. P. E. organizations of the churches of Atlanta and their splendid pastors for the wonderful pageant we had the pleasure of seeing that night. And we want to thank the young people on Saturday morning for their splendid offering which helped to make the pageant a success. It was said by hundreds to be the most beautiful pageant they had ever seen.

On Friday night the Bible School gave a play, "The Missing Christian," which was on the coming of the Lord. This was indeed a great blessing and we believe that most everyone who has in the past been opposed to dramatization has changed his mind and will now realize that sermons can be preached in more ways than one. But oh, dear ones, be sure that any play you may use will be a blessing. Let us not make places of entertainment of our churches, and use things of a questionable nature. We have never in all our work put on a program with a thought of simply entertaining, nor shall we ever do so.

The good sermons, the sweet spirit in the business sessions of this Assembly will long be remembered. The splendid program by the orphans and the good offering for the orphans' home were especially encouraging.

The wonderful missionary addresses and the increase in mission interest show signs of progress for our Church. My, what strides it has made this year; we

## Our Aim

To get the Lighted Pathway into fifty thousand new homes this year. If the paper has been a blessing to you, God expects you to pass it on. Time is short and what we do must be done quickly.

should be happy.

Those of you who were not privileged to be there, take heart and do not be discouraged if your church is having its little difficulties; just remember our great Church is moving on to victory. Stand still, if difficulties are arising, and see the salvation of the Lord. He will bring you out more than conquerors if you trust Him. Keep your eyes lifted up unto the hills from whence cometh your help. If, as individuals, you are going through hard places, remember victory lies just around the corner. If you give up you will fail to see God's mighty power manifested in your life. Hold on, trust God.

Now we are going to talk to you about this year's work. We cannot publish all our program for the year, but there is one thing we want to announce right now. We are giving a special prize to the Bible School students. First prize will be a full year's expenses to Bible School and second prize will be one year's tuition to Bible School. You may put your friends to work for you any time now. Every subscription you send in will count for your state national contest according to the

time it is sent in. If the first month of the Assembly year, it will count twelve. If the second month, it will count eleven. If the third month, it will count ten and so on down the line of months. The quicker you start the more your work will count for the state. Come on, friends, let us go over the top for Jesus.

Now we must not fail to mention the beautiful bouquet of roses which was presented to the writer on the night of our Y. P. E. program. Our young people believe in giving the roses while we live. When I looked at them today it made me sad to see them withering away, but, thank God, the memory of them and the kindly thought of those who gave them will never die.

## Thanksgiving

We thank Thee Father for our days,

In them we see Thy will made plain;  
Thou hast for all Thy healing rays,

And meet Thou art for every strain.

We thank Thee Father for the night,

Appointed for our good by Thee;

A time to rest with God's delight,

Acquire new strength and helpful be.

We thank Thee Father for a chance

To toil with Thee in peaceful ways;

And bring to light Thy Son's romance,

The aching heart He now allays.

We thank Thee Father for Thy joy,

A balm for woes and every pain;

It makes our souls without alloy,

And leaves no trace of any stain.

We thank Thee Father for Thy grace,

The everlasting song we sing;

Around Thy Son we will enlaze,

And to His feet our trophies bring.

We thank Thee Father for Thy love.

The Spirit is our lasting Friend;

He comes to us from Heaven above,

And we are helped Thy paths to wend.

—W. T. Williams.

## Harvest Song

The trees are shedding their last leaves;  
Their work is finished for the year.  
There's a last sweetness in the air,  
A hush of silence and of prayer.

A sense of gratitude is rife  
For harvests gathered in;  
Sweet incense rises from the sod,  
And fruits are stored in cellar and bin.

All hearts overflow with gratitude  
And pause to pray and sing,  
And thank the Lord of the harvest,  
Who gives us everything.

—Laura Emily Mau, in *The Front Rank*.



# Our Bible School



Bible Training School, Sevierville, Tenn.

## EDUCATION

We are looking forward to a great year for our Bible School. One of the things the Church of God has to be thankful for this Thanksgiving time is our Bible School. We are thankful for the boys and girls who have a desire to obtain an education. This desire is springing up in the hearts of our youth everywhere. God wants a trained army of young people in these last days to meet the needs which are great. But you say, "They tell us the Lord's coming is so near at hand, why waste our time training?" Jesus says, "Occupy till I come." This means for us to go on with His work just as though we were going to live forever. We may see the signs of His coming around us but we do not know the day nor the hour. Anyway, I believe He will be pleased to have a people who are willing to obey His Word, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Then I am not so sure that we will not need education in the next world, who knows. During the thousand years' reign with Christ on earth, will we not need all the education we can get in that great work we shall do on earth during that time?

Here are some thoughts from an article on "Education" gleaned from the Young People's Journal, which we hope will be a blessing to our young people who are seeking an education.

It has been said that education is the power to use one's self. We begin life as a bundle of possibilities. Wrapped up in each person is an immense wealth of

ability, but that ability is useless unless we know how to use it. One might have a marvelous voice to sing, but unless he knows how to use that voice, neither he nor anyone else will ever receive much benefit from it. Our powers must be brought under subjection and trained for service. Just as the iron from the mine must go through its process of preparation before it is worth anything; just as the waters from the rivers and lakes of the land must be turned into the great irrigation lakes and thence into the proper channels before they are of value in converting desert places into fertile fields; as heat must be brought under control, so must our powers be controlled and rightly trained before they can be of service to us. The possibilities of great things are within us but these can become realities only through proper cultivation and training.

Education built a bridge across the Niagara; education constructed the Panama Canal, uniting the two great oceans of this world; education made possible communication around the world; discovered electricity; built railways and thought out travel by air. It has been truly said that knowledge is power, but

If our young people are to have an education, they must have books. Send in your contribution for the Bible School library at once so that they may have the benefit of them this school year.

education is the proper training of that power for use.

## HOW TO ACQUIRE AN EDUCATION

Every person has two kinds of education, one which he receives, and one, more important, which he gives himself.

Too often we think of education as being obtainable only in school and from books, but this theory is false. If we truly have a mind to learn everything that touches our lives can be a lesson for us.

There are countless lessons to be learned from nature:

1. The value of time. The bee stores up honey in the summer for winter's use. Animals provide for the winter during the summer.

2. The worth of learning how to provide for one's self. When the young bird comes to the proper age, the parent bird pushes it out of the nest that it may learn to fly and gather food for itself.

3. The beauty of contentment and cheer. In the storms and when food is scarce and when it is plentiful, our bird friends still continue their songs of gladness.

4. Adaptability to surroundings. Insects and animals take on the color of their surroundings that they may be less easily seen by their enemies. Sometimes we find ourselves in surroundings that are not to our taste or liking, but instead of fretting and fussing about the surrounding how much better to adapt ourselves and enjoy life wherever we find ourselves.

Our friends, those whom we like and those whom we dislike, can teach us if we will learn. We need not learn only from our superiors, we can learn much from our inferiors.

We have books, magazines, and practically everyone has libraries at his disposal.

Of course, if at all possible a school should be attended, but we need to feel that even though this privilege is denied us, we do not need to despair of obtaining an education. More than the knowledge we glean from books we need to learn to make the most of our opportunities and to look for ways in which we may educate ourselves. Webster says, "When feelings are disciplined, passions restrained, true and worth motives inspired, a profound religious feeling instilled, and pure morality is intellectual, then and not till then is a man educated."

## WHAT AN EDUCATION SHOULD DO FOR US

A president of one of the colleges of our land said that education should be sixfold in its scope and character. It should:

1. Give the student a body strong and supple.
2. Give us an intellect able to think.
3. A heart to love.

(Continued on page 31)



# Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle members:  
This month we are calling your attention to some very interesting and helpful books.

"HOW TO WIN BOYS" is one of the things we should seek to know and every Christian worker should buy this book and seek its help in winning the boys in your church and neighborhood. Then Helen Welshimer's book on "GIRLHOOD TODAY" is a book that should be in every home where there are girls.

Also, "A CHRISTIAN GIRL'S PROBLEMS," by Mrs. Wood. These authors each have a splendid understanding of girls and their needs.

"BOY'S STORIES OF GREAT MEN" will inspire your boys to be like the great characters of which they read.

"YOUTH'S VICTORY LIES THIS WAY." Surely it is a day that we need to know the secret of victory.

"A CALL TO PRAYER" is another very useful book, for if there ever was a time when we need to heed this call it is now.

Dear ones, when this issue of the paper is off the press the Assembly will be in the past and a new Assembly year will be on its way. Let us resolve that we are going to emphasize more reading of good literature this year among our young people. Let us store up good thoughts in their minds for these last perilous times.

Organize a reading circle in your church and start a library. Take up an offering each time and buy what new books you can each month. Put on a good play and take an offering for your library. Your library will need good commentaries, Bible dictionaries, concordances, etc. All of these you may purchase at the Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tenn.

See back numbers of Lighted Pathway for other good books for your library. Every home should have a library of its own. Below is our list for this month.

BOY'S STORIES OF GREAT MEN, by Elsie E. Egermeier. The stories told in this book are about real, honest-to-goodness boys who became great men. These boys were not different from the boy who will read this. They did not have greater opportunities to make good. But they were wide awake and ready for every opportunity to learn more about the

things in which they were particularly interested. Price \$1.00.

YOUTH'S VICTORY LIES THIS WAY, by W. B. Riley, D. D. "A good book for thoughtful young people. Gives good counsel and warns against perils that beset the pathway of all young folk in this age."—*The Baptist Standard*.

"Timely messages which constitute a lively setting forth of youth's problems. There is plenty of action here. Leaders of young people and young people themselves should not fail to read it."—*Presbyterian Messenger*.

Price, \$1.00 cloth; 65c paper cover.

A CHRISTIAN GIRL'S PROBLEMS, by Mary S. Wood.

"She writes with sound sense and spirituality on such problems as guidance, temptation, the use of time and talents, depression, powerlessness, lovelessness, and surrender."—*Record*.

"Actual instances of difficulty are related, and the resulting warning or encouragement is presented in a most easily understood style." — *Christian Endeavor Times*. Price 50c.

A CALL TO PRAYER, by Vivian Ahrendt.

Brimming over with the experiences, aspirations, and testimonies of Christians, this book is a definite aid to personal prayer and devotional life. It will enrich the spiritual lives of all who use it. Price \$1.00.

GIRLHOOD TODAY, by Helen Welshimer. Fifty-five short messages to girls on how to live graciously in a modern world.

Miss Welshimer has a keen understanding of girls—their hopes, their dreams, their faults and fears. High Christian idealism, deep insight, practical knowledge of the modern world and a haunting poetic beauty of expression characterize each message. Price \$1.00.

HOW TO WIN BOYS, by Roscoe Gilmore Stott.

The modern boy is a human dynamo. If the church can capture him for God, the possibilities are tremendous.

Dr. Stott knows boys, knows how to win them, has won many. In this book he speaks out of years of study, observation and experience. Price \$1.00.

## FICTION

AT THE CROSSROADS, by Minnie E. Ludwig. Price \$1.00.

THE GIRL WHO FOUND HERSELF, by Jack Lynn. Price 50c.

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID, by J. H. Ingraham. Price 35c.

IN HIS STEPS, by Charles M. Sheldon. Price 35c.

DON'T FORGET that you need The HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD, by E. L. Simmons. If you belong to The Church of God, you will want one of them in your home to show your friends the great progress your Church is making. Order from the author, Rev. E. L. Simmons, 2519 Trunk St., Cleveland, Tenn. Price \$3.00.

The new book, MOUNTAIN PEAKS OF EXPERIENCE or THE STORY OF MY LIFE" will be good to put in the hands of your friends whom you are seeking to win for this Latter Rain gospel. Price 35c.

Order from Alda B. Harrison, c/o Church of God Publishing House.



## Read the Bible Through This Year

These are the suggested Bible readings for November:

	Morning	Evening
Nov. 1	Ezek. 1-2	2 Tim. 4
Nov. 2	Ezek. 3-4	Titus 1
Nov. 3	Ezek. 5-7	Titus 2
Nov. 4	Ezek. 8-10	Titus 3
Nov. 5	Ezek. 11-12	Phil. 1
Nov. 6	Ezek. 13-14	Heb. 1
Nov. 7	Ezek. 15-16	Heb. 2
Nov. 8	Ezek. 17-18	Heb. 3
Nov. 9	Ezek. 19-20	Heb. 4
Nov. 10	Ezek. 21-22	Heb. 5
Nov. 11	Ezek. 23-24	Heb. 6
Nov. 12	Ezek. 25-26	Heb. 7
Nov. 13	Ezek. 27-28	Heb. 8
Nov. 14	Ezek. 29-30	Heb. 9
Nov. 15	Ezek. 31-32	Heb. 10
Nov. 16	Ezek. 33-34	Heb. 11
Nov. 17	Ezek. 35-36	Heb. 12
Nov. 18	Ezek. 37-38	Heb. 13
Nov. 19	Ezek. 39-40	Jas. 1
Nov. 20	Ezek. 41-42	Jas. 2
Nov. 21	Ezek. 43-44	Jas. 3
Nov. 22	Ezek. 45-46	Jas. 4
Nov. 23	Ezek. 47-48	Jas. 5
Nov. 24	Dan. 1-2	1 Pet. 1
Nov. 25	Dan. 3-4	1 Pet. 2
Nov. 26	Dan. 5-6	1 Pet. 3
Nov. 27	Dan. 7-8	1 Pet. 4
Nov. 28	Dan. 9-10	1 Pet. 5
Nov. 29	Dan. 11-12	2 Pet. 1
Nov. 30	Hosea 1-2	2 Pet. 2





Church of God Young People's Endeavor at North Cleveland, Tennessee, D. B. Yow, Pastor

## Y. P. E. CONVENTIONS

### S. S. and Y. P. E. Convention

The Greenbrier district Sunday School and Y. P. E. convention convened at East Rainelle, W. Va., August 26, 27. Brother H. D. Statum, district pastor, was in charge, assisted by Brother Blackwell, state Sunday School and Y. P. E. superintendent.

On Saturday night the convention was opened with songs and prayer. Special singing was rendered by the Shaffer sisters, also a solo by Brother A. C. Wiseman, entitled "Farther Along," which was enjoyed by all and impressed upon us the need of being farther along with the dear Lord. The welcome address was given by the pastor, H. D. Statum; response by A. C. Wiseman, deacon. After all of these good responses of welcome, we were all feeling at home. The evening message was brought by Brother Blackwell on "Faithfulness." This message made each one present realize the need of being faithful and gave us a new desire to do so.

Sunday morning service was opened with songs and prayer. Brother Blackwell made a talk on "The Comforter," which I'm sure made those who did not possess this wonderful blessing hungry for it. Brother C. B. Clark talked on the "Sunday School Interest." Other speakers were Brothers J. W. Worley and Frank Honaker. Adjournment.

Sunday afternoon the East Rainelle church presented a program in songs, poems, and talks, by Levi Worley and Ruth Steele. The afternoon message was brought by Brother L. G. Worley. His subject was, "What God Doth Require." This was a timely message and when concluded, I feel it made all who were present realize the necessity of a closer walk with God. A splendid musical

program was presented by the LaFrank and Marfrance churches. A report was given by Brother Blackwell, which was encouraging to all to know that the Sunday School and Y. P. E. are making such splendid progress in the state. We wish to thank Brother Blackwell for his untiring efforts and good work in these two departments and pray, if it be God's will, that he will be sent back to us next year. Adjournment.

In the Sunday evening service Brother Blackwell brought a message on "Be Ready." Altar service, one reclaimed.

This was our first convention of its kind on the Greenbrier district. A good attendance, cooperation and the approval of God made this convention a success. One writer said, Despise not the day of small things. We are looking forward to a larger and better convention each year. —C. B. Clark, convention clerk.

The Sunday School and Y. P. E. convention of the Stonefield district convened at the Stonefield Church of God, Cascilla, Miss., Sept. 9, 10. Brother Douglas, state superintendent, was in charge. The services were well attended with visitors from over the district, but best of all the presence of the Lord was there from the beginning to the end.

Brother T. H. Williams brought the message, "Why the Church Needs a Y. P. E." It made the young people realize that they had a place in this great work for the Master.

The Hinchcliff church presented the play, "The Unbroken Circle," which was enjoyed by all.

Sunday morning service began with song and prayer service, then Brother Muse brought the message, "The Hin-

drances of a Y. P. E." This was followed by Brother Douglas with a message on "The Value of a Sunday School." It seemed he was at his best, and surely he was endowed with the power from on high.

At the noon hour dinner was spread which was enjoyed by all. The evening service began with special singing by the Winona quartet. Then the Gatewood mission rendered a nice program arranged by their leader, Sister Maude Ellen Hight.

An offering of \$19.00 was taken by Brother Douglas. The service closed at four o'clock. Although it was our first Y. P. E. convention, we believe good was accomplished and we are looking forward to more in the future.—Mrs. T. H. Williams, Charleston, Miss.

The Illinois state Y. P. E. and Sunday School convention convened at East Alton, Sept. 15-17.

I am at a loss for words to properly describe this convention. Everything was in place. Every speaker was at his very best. We had about thirty speakers on the program, and about four hundred shouting part of the time. The spirit and presence of the Lord was there every moment of the entire convention.

After the convention was over His wonderful presence stayed with us as we made the hundred mile drive home.

The good pastor of East Alton church, Brother J. H. Freeman, and his wonderful band of workers did everything in their power to make the visiting delegates feel at home.

We awarded prizes to the Y. P. E. and Sunday School which brought the most mission offering, also a prize to the Y. P. E. which had sold the most Lighted Pathways for the year.

East Alton Y. P. E. won the first prize of \$5.00. Eldorado Sunday School won the first prize of \$2.00. Harrisburg won the Lighted Pathway prize of \$2.00.

We raised \$72.81 for missions and a  
(Continued on page 34)



# The Call of Duty

T. C. FRANKLIN

*"But which of you, having a servant plowing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go and sit down to meat? And will not rather say unto him, Make ready wherewith I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me, till I have eaten and drunken; and afterward thou shalt eat and drink? Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not. So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do," Luke 17: 7-10.*

"Son, go work in my vineyard today;" "Go ye into all the world"—a responsibility as wide as the world. The command is from eternity and the one who inhabiteth eternity. The way we respond to it will affect us for all eternity. There is an eternal woe hanging over each of us because an eternity, tormenting us. My, how I feel the weight of that responsibility tonight and what a responsibility Jesus must have felt when He said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." We should consider that in our hardships: it is the will of God; therefore my duty.

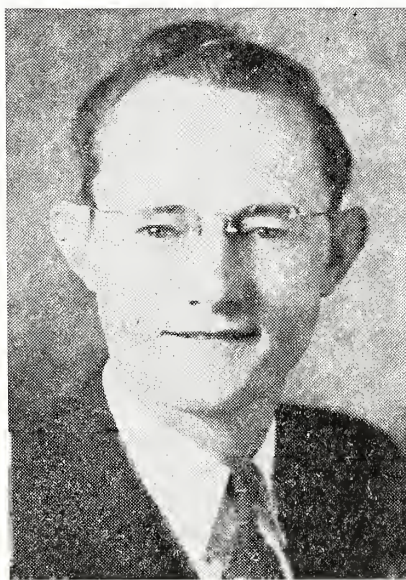
Duty binds while expressions of appreciation only serve to encourage. When appreciation is out of office, duty is yet on the job. We can only feel good in our souls as we discharge our duty.

When I come to the end of the pilgrimage I don't want to hear souls crying and telling me I failed to do my duty and as a result they are lost. How terrible that would be. Their blood will be required at my hands. The voice of Abel's blood cried out against Cain. He wanted to know of God, when called in question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We are at least responsible to do our best for all men. We can't argue with God. Hear Him as He says, "Who art thou that repliest against God?" I should never ask God why He wants me to work, but only ask where and what.

Someone says, "I'm not capable." I'll tell you who the capable one is, he is the one who listens to the voice of the eternal One and says, "My sufficiency is of God;" and does his best.

Let us notice that we are duty bound from the standpoint of our redemption. All I can ever possibly do will never repay Jesus for what He has done for me. If I should stop because I feel that others don't appreciate my efforts, I would be ungrateful to God for my redemption. After all, man is not the one who called us, but God. The call is not human but divine. It is sacred. The greatest calling

in all the world is the call to carry the message of salvation and peace to a sin-burdened world. If you feel reluctant to go for fear of suffering, come, let's go to the garden of Gethsemane and listen for a brief moment to the words of Jesus. "Father," said He as His sweat became as drops of blood and fell to the ground, "if thou be willing remove this cup from me, nevertheless not my will but thine be done." Does this stir you to action? If not, come on and let's go to Golgotha. After the trial and conviction of the One who came to His own and His own received Him not, we see Him as He is nailed to the cross. Hear Him groaning; see His precious brow as blood comes out from wearing the crown of thorns; hear Him cry out, "I thirst," and see them offer Him vinegar instead of water; hear



T. C. Franklin

Him as He cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and last but not least He says, "It is finished." He bows His head and gives up the ghost. He died of His own accord for us. They then pierced His side with a Roman spear, and forthwith came thereout water and blood. You might ask, Why all this suffering? Divine justice had to be satisfied, regardless of how it broke the heart of the Father to see Jesus suffer. God gave the law and it must be satisfied. Now shall I rebreak the heart of God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, let many souls be lost and finally lose my own soul for fear of a bit of criticism or hardships? No, God help me to be like Paul when he said, "That I may know him, . . . and the fellowship of his sufferings," Phil. 3:10. Now surely no one could think of these

things and not be moved to be of service in any way possible to the One who suffered so much for us. As I write, I stop and pray, "God, help me to be faithful to Thee more than ever before."

How often you hear people mention the fact that they were called in their young days to preach and how they failed to obey the call and how in later years they realized the folly of a wasted life and then dreaded to meet the God whom they had failed to obey. I once heard of a man who was called to the ministry, but to please his wife and her relatives failed to obey the call and as a result lived a miserable life, grieved God and didn't even please those he tried to please as is evidenced by the fact that they caved very little about viewing his dead body as it lay in the morgue.

We are duty bound to the Church to carry its message of salvation to the lost and dying. Someone must carry the news and the cry is, "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" God calls for volunteers. Shall we sit idly by and disregard His call, or shall we say as did Isaiah, "Here am I, send me"? It may sometimes be discouraging as it was with Jeremiah, Jer. 20:8-11. He decided to quit and declared that he wouldn't speak any more in His name but His Word was in his heart like a fire shut up in his bones and he couldn't stay. The eleventh verse says, "But the Lord is with me as a mighty terrible one." There is nought to fear if He is near. If we can but become concerned about, or grieved about, the "affliction of Joseph" we will be more able to obey the call. As long as I live and there is sin abounding I am duty bound to do all I can to abolish it. See Isaiah 6: 11. We want this world to be ruled by our Christ and His subjects, so as we pray, "Thy kingdom come," let's do all we can to get people saved and thus enable God to answer our prayer all the sooner. If we would have His will to "be done in earth as it is in heaven," certainly we must let His will be done in our individual lives. And how can I pray for His will to be done and then be in open rebellion against His will in any respect? The will of God will rule in my life if the peace of God rules in my heart, Col. 3:15. When we become rebellious against the will of God it is a sign that the peace of God is not ruling in our hearts to the fullest extent. If we value the peace of God as we should we will be willing to suffer to have it. There is no peace for the rebel, he is always in a dread of a fear, he has done wrong and he knows it, therefore is it misery. But the "willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land," and be at peace with God, blessed peace indeed. All else is insipid in comparison to it. Not only do we have peace in this life but Jesus said, "Afterward (Continued on page 31)



# Does Jesus Heal Today?

PAULINE JACKSON

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever," Heb. 13:8. "I am the Lord that healeth thee," Exod. 15:26. Jesus healed all that were brought to Him; there were no exceptions. Matt. 8:16, 17. Jesus healed gradually. Luke 17:14. Most healings were instantaneous. John 4:49-52. Many of us are not healed sometimes because of disobedience. Healing is promised through obedience. Matt. 15:30. Sometimes Jesus moves the sick from present surroundings to heal them. John 9:7; Mark 8:22, 25. Jesus healed all manner of diseases. Matt. 4:23, 24. Withered limbs, deafness, lameness, blindness, sword cuts, paralysis, fever, palsy, leprosy, epilepsy, lunacy. Does He heal today? Oh, praise the Lord He does! He heals all manner of disease. Pellagra, cancer, tuberculosis and other diseases that doctors have failed to cure.

I walked into a room one afternoon where a lady lay who had that awful disease, pellagra. Her mind was affected from the disease. I prayed for her and all at once there came down from heaven a cloud of white smoke before me. I found myself near the front door rejoicing and praising the Lord. This sister was healed and shouted and praised the Lord. Her mind was restored and she was able to go to church that night.

HEALED BY TOUCH, Matt. 8:3

Jesus healed after the physicians had failed. Mark 5:25-29. So many people will wait until the last before they call on the Lord. They should call on the Lord first. Let Him come first in everything. This woman had a chronic ailment. No doubt, some had said, She will never be well again. For twelve years she had looked to the physicians and spent all her living, her money had been spent for medicine and doctor bills, but she had no hope of getting well. Rather, she grew worse. One day she saw a great multitude coming and decided that the Master was among them. She said, "If I may touch but his clothes, I shall be whole." She made her way through that great crowd and touched Him.

"And Jesus immediately knowing in himself that virtue had gone out of him, turned him about in the press and said, 'Who touched my clothes?'" When all denied, Peter and they that were with him said, "Thou seest the multitude thronging thee, and sayest thou, 'Who touched me?'"



## WAITING FOR THE MOVING OF THE WATERS

"Waiting for the moving of the waters,"  
Waiting, oh, so weary and so ill,  
Waiting for some touch of angel fingers  
On the murky pool of life so deep and chill.

Waiting, while One standeth near to bless you,  
With His mighty touch of love, and word of power;

Waiting for some far-off future blessing,  
While He longs to heal you now, this very hour.

Waiting, while the throng moves on before you,  
Waiting paralyzed, with none to help or heed,  
Waiting while He draweth near to bless you  
And supply by His own life your every need.

You have "no man" to bear you to the fountain?  
Nay, there is distance 'twixt your soul and Him,  
Made "nigh" forever by the blood of cleansing,  
Your quickened faith need never more be dim.

He, Himself, has taken all your sorrows,  
He has carried all your sickness and pain,  
His blessed life the constant pool of healing,  
He calls to you again and yet again.

Do not longer wait, beloved sufferer,  
Do not disappoint and grieve His love;  
The windows of the skies are open toward you,  
And you may have the fulness from above.

"Arise" by faith; your Savior now is speaking,  
Take up your bed and walk by His command,  
His strength is yours this moment for the asking,  
And He will e'er uphold you by His hand.

—Carrie Judd Montgomery.

And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and fell down before Him. She declared unto Him before all the people for what cause she had touched Him, and how she was healed immediately.

"And he said unto her, Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."

Oh, the blessings of faith. If you will just have faith in Jesus and get in touch with the Master the work will be done. You may have a chronic disease that has been preying upon your body for years

and years but if you will come to Jesus, believing, He will heal you.

## DID OTHERS HAVE THIS POWER?

Jesus gave this healing power to the twelve disciples and authority over all devils and to cure diseases. He sent them to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick. Luke 9:1.

He gave power to the seventy and sent them out two by two to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick. Luke 10:1. Jesus hath promised to give this power to others. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do," John 14:12, 13a.

Peter received this power. Acts 5:14, 15. Paul also had power in praying over handkerchiefs and aprons. Acts 19:11, 12. Many are healed today by anointed handkerchiefs. Jesus continues to give healing power to others after His ascension. How long after?

Twenty years later Paul had power with God. 1 Cor. 2:4-9.

Twenty-seven years afterward instructions were given that the sick and afflicted may be healed through faith. Jas. 5:14, 15. All who came to Jesus, while He was here, were healed. He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

## HEALING IN THE ATONEMENT

Isa. 53:5. Healing is for the body as well as for the soul and is provided for in the atonement. With His stripes we are healed. Psa. 103:1-5. He forgiveth us of all our iniquities and healeth us of all our diseases.

## HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS

Mark 16:17, 18. Healing by laying on hands is one of the signs Jesus said would follow them that believeth. I am so glad the power of God is just the same today as when the blind eyes were opened, the deaf ears were unstopped. He is so powerful and so merciful.

Just think of Jesus—He took our infirmities and bore our sickness; our salvation and healing were finished upon calvary; all who will come to Jesus and lay their sins upon Him, He will save. Sometimes it costs much to have our prayers answered; it may take the giving up of everything; it may change your whole life, but it is worth everything.

I am so glad to know of His great power to heal. I have seen so many wonderful healings. I have also been healed many times. I have been healed of poison,

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### Editor's Message

(Continued from page 2)

One of the requests that I often made of my children is that when we have gone away that they will stand by each other in every trial. Who knows what calamity may befall some member of the family. The brother or sister who will not gladly share the last crust of bread with the one who has had misfortune himself is not worthy of a crust himself.

One of the tenderest as well as saddest stories of all literature is that of Charles and Mary Lamb. In a fit of insanity the sister had taken the life of her own mother. All her life after this she was subject to periods of frenzy, when it was necessary for her to be confined in an asylum. Then it was that her brother's affection showed itself. He lived for his sister in unselfish devotion. When she was in her right mind she lived with him, and he watched over her with a care that was most touching.

When the fit of insanity was coming on there were premonitory symptoms; they would then start off together for the asylum where for a time she must be confined. One of their friends relates how on one occasion he met the brother and sister weeping bitterly as hand in hand they slowly paced together a little footpath across the fields, and joining them he found that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum. This was not something that occurred once or twice only, but frequently, and was liable to occur at any time; it was not for a year or two only, but for thirty-five years, until death separated them. He did not nerve himself to bear his awful charge for a month or for a year; he endured his cross through life, conscious that there was no escape from its burden and from its pains.

No doubt there are many such deep and real friendships between brothers and sisters.

If your home is truly a Christian home there is no doubt about the devotion of the family in that home. But when Christ is not there, often the association between brothers and sisters lacks even the graces of ordinary civility. There is no pleasant conversation. Neither lives for or tries to please the other. The speech is rude and careless. One of the most beautiful things in the world is devotion between brothers and sisters. The young man who escorts his sister to church and whose attention is tender and kind is usually the one who makes the best husband, and so it is with the young woman who is loving and tender and kind to her brother. The best place in the world to practice good

manners is in the home. It will not be nice outside when it has become a habit in the home.

To every young man life is especially hard. As he goes into it he needs the sympathy of all who love him, he needs the prayers and the help of all his friends. For want of the strong support of love many a young man goes down in the battle; and many who come through victorious owe their victories to the holy affection of truly loyal hearts that inspired them with hope and courage in all their hours of struggle. The value of strong friendships never can be known in this world.

Next to mother and father there is no one who can do so much to help a young man to live nobly as his own sister. She cannot always go with him. Her weak arm could not always shield him if she were beside him. But there is a help which she can give him that will prove mightier than her presence. It is not the help of good advice and earnest words—these should have power, too—but the help rather of silent and holy influence, gained in the home by a life of unselfishness and beauty, and then held as a potent charm outside and beyond the home walls. There is a power over her brother possible to every true sister, which would be like the very hand of God to guide him and restrain him in all the paths of life. All sisters, however, do not have this power over their brothers, and alas! sometimes the power is for evil rather than for good, but at this time we are thinking about Christian homes.

Brothers should also be their sisters' guardians. Every young man knows what true gallantry is, and what it requires of him. He is to honor every lady, whether rich or poor, whether of higher or lower station, and show her every respect. He is to be to every woman a true knight, ready to defend her from danger, to shield her from every insult, to risk his own life in her behalf. There is no bet-

ter test of a gentleman than his treatment of women.

Besides this standing between his sister and danger every brother should also show her in his own life the ideal of the truest, purest, most honorable manhood. If it be true that the best shield a sister can make for her brother is to show him in herself the loftiest example of womanhood, it is true also that the truest defence a brother can make for his sister is a noble manhood in his own person. He must exhibit before her continually a character without spot or stain, with high aspirations, with generous sympathies, with pure, true, unselfish, Christ-like spirit and disposition. If he is going to shield his sister from the impure, he must not be impure himself. He must show her in himself such a high ideal of manhood that her soul shall unconsciously and instinctively shrink from everything that is vulgar, rude or evil. There is no other defence so perfect. Let no brother think that he can be a shelter from evil to his sister if his own life be not true. And now with these two stories we close our message:

### A SISTER'S REGRET

A personal friend relates this incident: It was on a bright winter morning that a young man, remarkable for gentleness of manner and kindness of heart, went out from his father's house to his daily occupation. Within half an hour, suddenly and without warning, he was called from time to eternity, and before a third of the time he was usually absent had passed his lifeless form was carried into the home he had left so happily a few hours before. Parents, brothers and sisters comforted each other as best they could, but the sister nearest in age to the dead brother, whose love and gentleness toward him none would question, seemed to have a sorrow peculiar to herself, which found vent to one who sought to comfort her in the bitter and regretful words, "I was not kind to him as he left home this morning."

No one ever knew to what she alluded. It may have been too keen a sense of delinquency which caused the bitter pain in her heart, or it may have been a playful word spoken, or perhaps the mere absence of the usual tenderness. With her loving nature and her unflinching gentleness toward this brother it could have been nothing really unkind. Yet it caused her sore pain as she looked into the dead face. He could not hear her request now to forgive her, nor could any lavished tokens of love now atone for that which caused her pain. She had not been as kind as usual to him at parting that morning, and the memory added much to the

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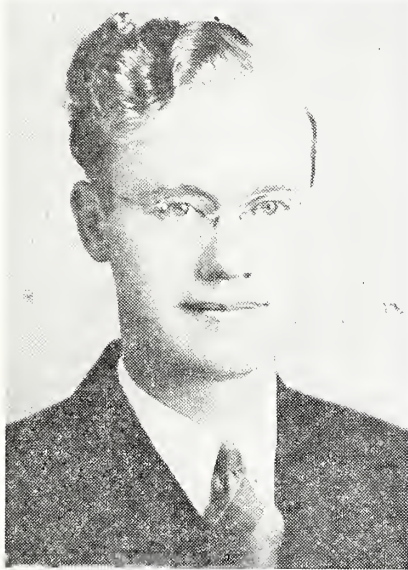
### TABLE GRACE

God is great and God is good.  
We will thank Him for our food.  
By His hand must all be fed,  
Give us Lord our daily bread.



# Religious Education

E. M. TAPLEY



*"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth," 2 Tim. 2:15.*

The Apostle Paul possessed two great essentials to successful Christian leadership—a Spirit-filled heart and a well-trained mind. Tireless missionary efforts amidst severe persecutions proved his spiritual fire and devotion to the cause of Christ. Having been trained at the feet of one of the greatest scholars in Jewry, he astounded the professors and philosophers of the day with his analysis of law and grace. In this the scope of his powerful intellect is revealed. Our text is part of his final charge to his beloved spiritual son, Timothy. An unnecessary play on words have no place in such a charge. We have before us one of the essentials of divine Truth. Study! Not for the mere approval of men, but to stand approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed when he stands before a learned and critical world to defend the precepts of eternal Truth. A solemn responsibility that rests not only upon every minister of the gospel, but upon every blood-bought child of God. It is the responsibility of religious education. God wants our minds to be Christian. He wants them well-trained in Christian principles. As it had in the life of Timothy (2 Tim. 3:15) this training should begin in

## THE HOME

"The home should be the child's first church; the father's love his first gospel; the mother's love his first altar. The home is the primal religious training-ground of

the young, and parents should find in the church, not a substitute for their efforts but a mighty helper."

Many parents who are very careful that their children prepare their home work for those class periods of the daily schools never concern themselves about seeing that Sunday School lessons are learned and the assigned work of the Sunday School is performed. Then they often wonder why Johnny and Mary know so little about the Bible, and why their interest in Sunday School and church work seems to be waning. Your children will show only as much interest in religious educational work as you encourage them to show.

What kind of mottoes do you have in the home? Are your children taught sacred lessons by the pictures you have on the wall? Do you have books in your library that are intended to instill sacred and religious ideals into your child's mind? Guard your home against impure literature as you would guard it against a roaring lion, or you may expect your children to be carried away with the waves of crime and immorality. The influences of the child's environments are moulding its life for good or evil.

Teach your children to reverence the house of God. The church should never be used as a place to play, and adults certainly should not play with children at the house of worship, as is often done. Thus religious education is a part of our church conduct and becomes a program of

## THE CHURCH

The example for every worker in the New Testament church was the world's greatest teacher. The four Gospels are filled with such expressions as, "He taught them as one having authority;" "He taught in the temple;" and, "He sat down and taught them." When He sent forth His disciples to establish the Church He commissioned them to be teachers. Matt. 28:19, 20. Dear pastor and brother minister, if we are to follow Christ we must be teachers. If we are to fulfill our ministry and the divine commission in the Church of God, we must be teachers. While it is true that some may not be so gifted to teaching as others, it is one of the qualifications of every bishop that he must be "apt to teach." 1 Tim. 3:2. Every pastor should have Bible study, Sunday School teachers' meetings and other special classes from time to time that will afford him the opportunity of teaching the people. There are so many things that cannot be easily covered in the regular preaching services.

Our young people are entering high

school and college where there is much skepticism and unbelief. We must help them with their problems if we are to hold them. We must concern ourselves with their physical, mental, social and spiritual development. Their problems touch every phase of life and development, and we must not incline ourselves to criticize them, but to take an intelligent perspective of these problems from their point of view. We can then give them the help and sympathetic understanding their hearts long for. Your young people will not be insensible nor indifferent to your efforts — pastor, teacher, parent—when you have turned your criticism into sympathetic help.

I quote from "The Editor's Message" of the Lighted Pathway for March, 1939:

"What we need these days in our Church is more attention to religious education. Our young people need more systematized Bible study. We need some good teachers as well as evangelists. According to Capper's Weekly, a questionnaire on contents of the Bible was sent to 18,434 high school students in the state of Virginia. Of this number, 16,000 were unable to name more than three prophets of the Old Testament; 12,000 could not name the four Gospels correctly, and 10,000 did not know as many as three of the disciples. Many of our young might come far short if we would examine them along this line. We need more interest taken in developing the talents of our young people. We need Bible study classes, we need singing schools, expression classes right in our home churches. There are always good music teachers who would like to hold singing schools for you. In your town there may be expression teachers who would be glad to have a class from your church, and with very little expense your young people could be given some training along the line of speaking and reading. Isn't it quite discouraging sometimes when you try to put on a play or have a program, that it is so often difficult to find people who are capable of taking the parts? You give out a poem to be read; it is beautiful and carries a helpful message but no one gets the message. The person you have given the poem to turns it into a song and the tune is not one that is soothing to the ear. Now we can help our boys and girls with just a little of our time and effort. In doing this we will, to a certain extent, satisfy that craving for association among our young people."

You may ask if all these things come under the text we have used. I most sincerely believe they do, and many other

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## Now Thanks Be Unto God

(Continued from page 12)

ly using this car for the work of the Lord and surely the Lord would send in the money from somewhere to meet this need. Again came the words—"Now thanks be unto God, which ALWAYS causeth us to triumph in Christ." This time it was not quite so easy to say it as it had been before but it was still the same Word.

At last the agent came and drove away with the car and I was helpless to do or say anything. I did not feel I could borrow money to save the car any more than I felt I could borrow help from the doctors to help me when I was ill. The doctors have done a great work in this world and indeed I don't know what the unbelieving man or woman would do without them. But for me it was trust the Lord. Now it was the same about the car.

After I gave the key of the car to the agent I turned away and walked upstairs to my room. I felt the last thing I had was gone. Every dime I could save and do without had gone into this car that I might have the car to use in the Lord's service, but "NOW thanks be unto God." For a few moments these words were like mockery to me as the devil repeated them in my ears. It seemed I could hear him say, "Now why don't you praise the Lord? You trusted Him and lost all you had." I walked over to my window which looked out over some hills and tried to pray. Never did clouds seem so dark in my life, never did the Lord seem so far away, and never did it seem so hard to utter a word in prayer—much less "THANKSGIVING."

I began to search my heart but I could not think of a thing between the Lord and me. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ!" Ah, yes! the sunshine of God's love for us broke through into my heart and I caught a glimpse of something which made the devil flee and put a song in my heart. I saw the devil had not taken all I had. He may take all we have in the material things, but if we abide close to the Lord he can not touch our soul and that was what the devil was after to be sure. So it was as if literally, right then, resting under the shadow of His almighty wing I felt secure. Though it was through tears, I could say with all my heart "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ." I learned in a deeper sense that "all my loss was gain in Christ." I find that ALWAYS thanksgiving brings triumph in Christ. Though I could not understand "WHY" all that had to come and "WHY" I had to lose all I had then, I can see it now. I had to praise Him then and trust that He knew best before I had peace in my soul. It was worth more than

the price of the car to know Jesus and to draw near Him.

As the days passed by I learned that these things are steppingstones to glory. I then read this verse over more than ever and began to see there was more in the verse. There was more than one reason to thank God for these things. It was not just to feel the blessing of the Lord in my own heart again, but that God might make "manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." There came an intense longing in my heart to know the Lord better and to be able to give thanks unto God at all times and in all trying circumstances whatever the test might be. Though I already realized what it might mean still I meant it in my heart and still do.

The blessing of the Lord came to me in a new way. About six months from then the Lord gave me far more than I had ever given up. The sunshine of the Lord so filled my heart that the trials of the past were fast fading away. After I had fully given up every loss with a smile in my heart and was seeking the Lord to guide me in His chosen path again it seemed the future was a blank. I had been in evangelistic meetings for the summer and had meetings booked until the last of September. It would soon be cold weather and I did not feel the Lord leading me to go in evangelistic work. Doors of service were closing to me. What did it mean? Friends were kind and some said, "Perhaps the Lord wants you to rest a while." This I could not see, for if the Lord meant to give me a rest He would surely give me a place to rest. I never felt so much like a "a man without a country" as I did then. Once more I realized it must be Thanksgiving Day in August.

One day while praying and looking to the Lord for guidance, I found Paul's instructions very helpful, "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus," Phil. 4:6, 7. There I plunged in and found sweet peace in my heart through giving thanks to Him who knoweth best and doeth all things well. It seemed I had come to the Red Sea and all I could do now was to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. The Lord had planned a path for me and how glad I am that I waited for Him to lead. About this time the Lord sent Edmond along with his cheerful smile and godly life which has meant more in my life than I could tell. We worked together, prayed together, and shared our burdens and joys together. Oh, how happy!

As we were appointed to the work in Africa we still looked to the Lord to guide our path. It was not always easy to know

the leadings of the Lord, but as we waited on Him He always pointed the way. Angola, West Africa was pointed out to us by some as a hard field and we learned they were right. But if the Lord was our Captain we still could go forth with thanksgiving. When it seemed impossible to sail because of government restrictions in one place, prayer and thanksgiving was the key that opened the door and the Lord sent us on our way rejoicing. Then as we were about to land in the field of service where God had sent us, again we were told that there was a very small chance of our landing, but prayer and thanksgiving swung the doors open and we were able to say, "Surely this is the doings of the Lord." Step by step God moved by His power, His wonders to perform. As we saw souls turning to the Lord from heathen darkness it filled our hearts afresh with unboundless joy in Him. THANKSGIVING, every day was Thanksgiving! Sometimes for battles won and sometimes for the setting sun, but always in Christ 'twas done.

*"My plans were made, I thought my path  
all bright and clear,  
My heart with song o'erflowed, the world  
seemed full of cheer.  
My Lord I wished to serve, to take Him  
for my guide,  
To keep so close that I could feel Him  
by my side,  
And so I traveled on.*

*But, suddenly, in skies so clear and full of  
light,  
The clouds fell thick and fast, the days  
seemed changed to night;  
Instead of paths so clear and full of things  
so sweet,  
Rough things and thorns and stones  
seemed all about my feet.  
I scarce could travel on.*

*I bowed my head and wondered why this  
change should come,  
And asked—"Lord is this because of  
aught I've done?  
Has not the past been full enough of pain  
and care?  
Why should my path again be changed to  
dark from fair?"  
But still I traveled on.*

*I listened—quiet and still, there came a  
voice—  
"This path is Mine, not thine, I made the  
choice;  
Dear child, this service will be the best  
for thee and Me,  
If thou wilt simply trust and leave the  
end to Me."  
And so we travel on (the Lord and I).*

Through the dark clouds which came floating over my head in the midst of the sunshine of God's love in Africa, I could still feel the touch of His hand and it



seemed I could almost see His tender smile as I waited before Him with broken heart. Had God failed? NO! "Jesus never fails" and He had not failed now.

*"The soft, sweet summer was warm and glowing,  
Bright were the blossoms on every bough;  
I trusted Him when the roses were blowing,  
I trust Him now . . . .*

*Small were my faith should it weakly falter,  
Now that the roses have ceased to blow;  
Frail were the trust that now should alter,  
Doubting His love when storm-clouds grow."*

### Religious Education

(Continued from page 24)

lines of study, if we are to be workmen that **NEEDETH NOT** to be ashamed.

We need to better train our Sunday School teachers. No one else is going to do it for us. They are intrusted with a work of vital importance in teaching that band of boys and girls that comes into their classes every Sunday morning. Dear teacher, our Sunday School is not just a place to entertain your class for an hour each week. It is an educational institution, a place to teach eternal truths and implant ideals in their minds that will follow them through life and mould a strong, Christian character. It is a wonderful opportunity to reveal to them the character of sin and obtain an immediate decision for Christ. Many times a little lesson on sanitation will be most helpful to them. The work of the Sunday School may be supplemented with a Daily Vacation Bible School, which is a most valuable means of training children for Christian work. Our Y. P. E. is not only a spiritual inspiration to the young people, but it is also a training school.

I do not wish to minimize the importance of spirituality. I do not wish to intimate that we should freeze out our evangelistic zeal with a lifeless study program. I most earnestly contend that we need a spiritual, vitalizing, educational program, working hand in hand with our evangelistic efforts to consolidate and establish our gains. Let us not be lopsided, but have a well-rounded program of evangelism, prayer and education so that we may not only win souls for Christ but that we might hold them and build them up in Christ.

Vision of the need of religious education gave birth to our Bible School. How helpful it would be if all of our young people could get at least one term of the training given there, but only a small percentage of them have that privilege.

Shall we relinquish hope of reaching our desired goal because of this. Emphatically, no! The responsibility falls back upon us as the pastors, parents and teachers. What will we do about it? Can we not start effective training work that will alleviate this dire need? We can. Let us begin to address ourselves to the task. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

NOTE: I have read the book, "Evangelism of Youth," and wish to highly recommend it to every pastor and Christian worker. While there may be a few things that our pastors will not find usable, there are some of the most valuable helps in it that I have ever read on young people's work.—E. M. Tapley.

### The Writing Upon the Wall

(Continued from page 4)

writing on the wall, tracing out four words. No one could read nor tell what they meant. The king turned pale. He was very much alarmed. He trembled and his knees smote together. He called for the wise men of Babylon, but not one of them could read it. He told them whoever interpreted the message should be dressed in a purple robe, a chain of gold put around his neck, and should rank third ruler in the kingdom. It was a mystery to everybody. At last the queen, his mother, remembered Daniel and told the king that he could interpret the writing.

Daniel was sent for and at once understood the meaning. He told them the king was found wanting and his kingdom was to be taken from him and given to the Medes and Persians. That night the enemies burst into the palace, seized Belshazzar and killed him in the midst of his drunken feast.

### QUESTIONS

What wicked thing did Belshazzar do?  
Gave a great feast in honor of his god.  
What happened to him? He was slain.

### Going Down to Old Warrior

(Continued from page 7)

nounced the words out loud, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son."

"Do you see, Jimmy? God tells me that I must not spare the rod, for if I do it shows I do not love my son but hate him."

Jimmy saw it plainly enough, but his heart again sank down very low and the best he could do by way of reply was to nod his head.

"Well, then, Jimmy, your father has to mind just as you have to. I have to do things that I do not like to do. You must learn to do things that you do not like to do if you are ever to be a good man. We are going to kneel now, and I am going to pray for you that God will make the whipping I have to give you do you a

lot of good. And I will ask God to show me just how hard He wants me to whip you."

After a while, out in the kitchen Jimmy said to Esther, "I am never going to do anything again that papa says I must not do."—Our Pentecostal Boys and Girls.

### Questing Youth

(Continued from page 8)

interests are still more in the things of time, than in those of eternity. They are like Lot's wife. She left Sodom, but Sodom had not left her. She still loved it, longed for its gaiety and glamour, left it grudgingly, reluctantly, and therefore, so hankered after it, that her backward look led to her destruction.

What a contrast are the words of Paul, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," Phil. 3:13, 14.

Here is the language of a man who has grown up spiritually, and who says, "When I was a child, I spake as a child; . . . but when I became a man, I put away childish things," 1 Cor. 13:11.

It is significant that the deepening of the spiritual life and increasing usefulness in Christ's service go hand-in-hand with the renunciation of worldly pursuits and pleasures. The sure sign of growth is a change in our tastes. This is so in the natural as well as in the spiritual realm.

An officer in a crack regiment owned a number of fine horses. He engaged in horse-racing and kept hunters. He was converted, and gave up his hunting. Sometime afterwards he met a lady whom he knew, and she said to him, "Captain, I hear you have been converted. You have given up your hunting?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well now, Captain, if there was a hunt here next week, you would like to come, would you not?"

He said, "Lady Mary, when I was a boy I was very fond of marbles, but when I got fond of horses I lost all taste for marbles. Will you go and just turn that over in your mind?"

A while afterwards she was converted. They met again, and he said, "I hear, Lady Mary, that you have been converted, and that you have given up dancing. But if there were a ball next week, you would really like to go, would you not?"

She said, "Captain, when I was a girl I was very fond of dolls, but when I got fond of dancing I forgot all about dolls. Now, Captain, you go and turn that over in your mind."

### CHILDREN HAVE PETTY SQUABBLES

Another mark of spiritual babyhood is what Paul calls, "strifes and divisions."

I remember once in a northern city of



coming across a family of four sisters who were all professing Christians. They all taught in different Sunday Schools, and for three years, because of a quarrel over some petty matter, they had maintained stony silence between each other. Babyish? Yes, indeed, and they wondered why they had no blessing in their Christian service.

Yet how often one hears of the same kind of thing in the Christian Church. "Mrs. Y" will not speak to "Mrs. X" because of some supposed slight years ago. "Mr. Blank" cuts "Mr. Naught" as a result of a misunderstanding on the Diaconate. The Christian Church is crippled and cursed by envyings, and the small-mindedness of professing Christians.

(To be continued)

UNDER WHOSE WINGS

(Continued from page 3)

for gentleness and tact, and for strength to go through in victory the difficult evening which she felt sure was before her.

As she expected, Mr. Levermore called that evening. There were other friends present also, and a pleasant evening was spent by all. Finally the guests departed, her father and mother bade Mr. Levermore a hearty good-night, and Hilda was alone with her lover.

Scarcely were they alone when he rose and strode across the room and, leaning over her chair, attempted to caress her. She pushed him from her with a startled "No, no, you must not." And then gently she told him what he wished could never be, she could not marry him, and she believed it would be better if they saw no more of each other for a time.

The expression on his face was a study. First amazement and incredulity, then anger but illy concealed, then a stubborn determined look and finally mustering up all his old love and tenderness, he prepared to plead his case and refused to take no for an answer.

He wanted to know her reason for refusing him. She said she did not love him as she felt she should love the man whom she married, and she did not believe it was God's will for her life. She liked him and respected him as a friend, and fully appreciated the honor he had done her, and all his kindness.

He argued, and pleaded, and protested. Several times during their talk she was surprised and startled at the display of his anger, and she inwardly thanked God that she was saved from ever becoming Mrs. Levermore. A whole new side of his nature seemed to be revealed tonight, a very unlovely side that she never dreamed of. She saw that he was capable of seeming to be what he wished to appear, and he had always shown her himself at his best. But tonight, baffled and

chagrined, he forgot himself and showed a bitterness and even lack of courtesy that Hilda would not have believed possible. He mentioned her father's failing business and seemed almost to taunt her with the fact that he might get in even greater straits and she would be more than glad to have a rich husband who was able to set him up in business or could ruin him if he chose.

She said very little, keeping outwardly calm, but inwardly trembling so she could hardly keep it out of her voice. Once, however, he remarked sneeringly, "I noticed you have gotten terribly religious since you went to the city this last time. I guess you have found some religious hypocrite that has taken your fancy, and I am not good enough for you."

She answered sweetly, but with considerable spirit, "It is true that when I do find a man I would wish to marry, I shall hope he will be one to lead me closer to Christ and not away from Him."

It was really only a very short time, but it seemed hours after her parents left them that Mr. Levermore decided to depart. She held out her hand in parting, but he refused to see it, and with a few words in which he tried to redeem himself, hoping she would see differently when she came to think it over, he was gone.

Hilda took a long breath of relief. It had been hard, much harder than she had thought, but not in the way she had thought. She had expected to find it hard to resist his love, she had hardly counted on his anger. When she thought of some of the things that had been said there was a deeper and growing thankfulness that God had guided her, and she was sure He would lead her aright. She had meant to return to him his gift that night, but decided she would return it by registered mail instead.

The next morning she looked rather white and worn, and her mother, ever solicitous, said she must take a tonic very soon if she did not get more color in her face. Nothing was said about Mr. Levermore for two or three days, and then her mother, noticing with wonder his absence, questioned Hilda.

"I have given him his final answer, mother dear," Hilda replied.

"What, Hilda, you don't mean that you have refused to marry him when he asked you?"

"Yes, mother, just that."

"But why, Hilda? I thought you liked him so much, and your father and I were both hoping to see you married and settled in that lovely big home. I thought you were tired of your work in the city and wanted a home."

"Right, muddie dear, I do. But the man is more important than the home.

I do not love Mr. Levermore, and," she added softly, "I don't think God means for me to marry him. So please forget all about him and let's not speak of him again. And you will tell father, won't you?"

"Yes," her mother answered, almost in tears. "I will tell him and he will be so disappointed. Are you sure, daughter, that you are not making a mistake?"

"Yes, mother, I am very sure I am not making a mistake now. For a long time I did not know my own mind or what I should do about marrying him. But now I know. Yes," she breathed softly to herself, "thank God, now I know."

THE NEXT STEP

Ruth Birnie had finished her course at the Bible Institute, but what was to be the next step? It was this question that was puzzling her. She had been happy and successful in her short career in the business world, but when God had called her to give up her position and train herself for some definite Christian work and even to be willing to go to the foreign mission field, she had gladly left all and followed Him. There had been hard times in her pathway,—it had been a walk of faith, she well knew.

Her father and mother had died when she was a small girl and she had made her way pretty much alone, with but little encouragement from her older brother and sister, who were married and living now in another state. While in business she had saved a little which she counted upon as meeting in the scantiest measure at least her actual money needs during her time of training. With good taste, careful managing, and a clever needle, she had maintained a good appearance, always tastefully and appropriately dressed on a very little besides what she had when she entered the school. She had worked during her summer vacation, but once or twice her money had become entirely exhausted and she had learned the difficult but wonderful lesson of depending upon God alone for her very sustenance. She had prayed that He would send her what was needful and it had come—not at once, but never too late. After she had been thus tested several times, and, as she told it to a friend, after she had learned the precious lesson of trust, God seemed to touch the heart of her brother so that he became interested in her and gave her generous money gifts which permitted her to finish school with no financial anxieties nor embarrassment.

She had proposed to prepare for the foreign mission field when she entered the school, and this had been more than confirmed by her years there. She had listened with eager heart to the messages brought by many missionaries from widely different fields. As they told of the need for those who truly knew the



Lord and were prepared to take the good news of salvation through Christ to the perishing souls that have never heard, Ruth had prayed from the depths of her heart, "Here am I, Lord, send me."

And now she was ready to go, but the "pillar of cloud" seemed to have come to a standstill just when she had expected it to guide her so clearly to somewhere in the "regions beyond." She had prayed much about it, but no guidance seemed to come. Her money was gone, her wardrobe needed replenishing, she must do something. She had many kind, true friends, but she had no place she could call home, nor would she think of imposing herself upon any of her friends until she had at least some plan or course before her. Most difficult of all was it to meet the kindly questions of her well-meaning friends as to what she was going to do next.

In her great perplexity she sought the comforting presence of her friend, Jean Southern. From that first evening when she and Hilda had attended the Bible Institute together, Jean had been a regular attendant at one of the evening classes and she and Ruth had become warm friends.

She went to Jean's boarding house one evening, and told her the whole story.

"Tell me, Jean," she finished, with tears in her eyes. "Do you not think I am a poor, weak creature that I do not seem to be able to know what I ought to do?"

"No, I don't," her friend responded with surprising heartiness. Then with a tender smile she slowly recited:

*"He, who bath led, will lead,  
All through the wilderness,  
He, who bath fed, will feed,  
And never cease to bless.  
He who bath heard thy cry,  
Will never close His ear,  
He who bath marked thy faintest sigh,  
Will not forget thy tear.  
He loveth always, faileth never,  
So rest on Him, today, forever."*

"What do you believe God wants you to do?" she suddenly asked.

"I have felt for years and feel now that He wants me in the foreign mission field," Ruth answered.

"Have you ever tried to go? What definite moves have you made to that end?" Then she smiled at her friend as she said, sympathetically, "Forgive me, dear, if I appear to quiz you, but perhaps we can get somewhere that way."

"Go right ahead," Ruth answered heartily. "That is exactly what I need. Some questioning may help me to clear thinking on this matter."

"To answer your question," she went on, "I have listened to and talked with missionaries from Africa, China, India,

South America, and almost everywhere, and have taken every possible opportunity to learn of the needs of these fields and in the whole world. I started to file an application with the China Inland Mission, but something seemed to hold me back, then I met one of the directors of the Africa Inland Mission, and he said I was a good candidate for his field, he believed, and if ever I felt led to file an application with his board he would be glad to help me in every way possible. He gave me an application blank to be filled in, and I have it yet almost filled in, but somehow whenever I think I will send it in something seems to hold me back and I am not sure that that is my field. I have prayed for hours over the needs in the different fields, taking a week for one country and then dropping it altogether and praying for every

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*"Before I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine;  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine;  
Before I peril all for thee,  
Question thy soul tonight for me."*

*"I break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
A shadow of regret;  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free  
As that which I can pledge to thee?"*

*"Does there within thy dimmest dreams  
A possible future shine,  
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,  
Untouched, unshared by mine?  
If so, at any pain or cost,  
Oh tell me before all is lost."*

*"Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole,  
Let no false pity spare the blow,  
But in true mercy tell me so."*

*"Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfill?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now—lest at some future day  
My whole life wither and decay."*

*"Lives there within thy nature hid  
The demon-spirit change,  
Shedding a passing glory still  
On all things new and strange?—  
It may not be thy fault alone—  
But shield my heart against thine own."*

*"Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day  
And answer to my claim  
That Fate, and that today's mistake—  
Not thou—had been to blame?  
Some soothe their conscience thus; but  
thou  
Wilt surely warn and save me now."  
—Selected.*

need or person I knew in another country for another week. I thought in this way I might be able to discover which field the Lord means me to take as my own."

"You have not been idle in the matter," Jean said, "but you are still just as undecided as ever?"

"Yes, I am, and I am so disgusted with myself that I have cried over it."

"Ruth, I know you have learned many precious lessons at the school, but perhaps patience is one you have not yet learned as God wants you to. You don't think there is any other training you should have in the way of preparation?"

"No, not that I know of. I thought of taking a short preparatory course in nursing as an aid to evangelistic work in the field, but you know I did take some sort of a course like that before I went to the Institute and I do not see my way clear to take a full nurse's course. I do not want to be a nurse. I want to be a missionary. I feel I do not know my Bible half, but my course has taught me enough that I think I can go on to the end of my life studying it at least intelligently. And I feel that I know the Lord just a little at least, though I am sure I shall know Him better as I go on trying to do His will from day to day and from year to year."

"Well, you know the rules that were given us at the school the other evening on how to find our own life work. Here, I took them down in my notes and have them typed and in my Bible. Listen:

*"Ask for divine guidance (pray for it).  
Trust God's wisdom and love.  
Accept God's plan for your life.  
Obey habitually the known will of God.  
Acknowledge God's ownership in your life with all its powers and possessions.  
Study the needs of the world.  
Saturate your mind with God's thoughts (the Bible)."*

*Pray that the laborers needed may be thrust out by the Lord of the harvest.  
Develop your latent capacities through education and use.*

*Use your own mental processes (common sense).*

*Consult friends of spiritual insight and discrimination.*

*Learn to overcome temptation and obstacles.*

*Trust your highest impulses (follow always your best vision).*

*Above all, be filled with the Spirit (obey the Holy Spirit)."*

"You are doing all this so far as you can, aren't you?"

"Yes, I have that copied and in my Bible too, and I have tried sincerely to follow it," Ruth answered soberly.

"By the way, how about Mr. Tiegan?" Ruth colored, and a troubled look flashed across her face. "That's another



of my puzzles and troubles. Surely God is trying me these days." She hesitated a moment and then went on very quietly, "He wants me to marry him, and, what is still harder for me, he is a man of prayer I know, and he feels that he has gotten his answer from God, that it is God's plan for our lives. He is so perfectly sure of it that I really ought to take his word for it. But I somehow feel that it is not God's will for us, not for me. I do not love him,—not that way. I admire him a great deal and respect him highly. Really as a friend I think he is wonderful, and any girl would be honored that he should want her for his own. I have prayed about it,—spent hours in prayer, and sometimes when I am alone in prayer I do say yes, but just as soon as it comes to saying yes to him, I can't. Isn't it awful to be so weak and not know your own mind?"

Her eyes were swimming with tears, and she dropped her face into her hands, too ashamed to meet the eyes of her friend.

"Dear, are you sure you don't love him?"

Ruth nodded without speaking.

"What does he think about it?"

"He is the soul of patience, and has been so kind and gentle with me. He thinks I do not know my own mind, or sometimes I am afraid he thinks I am just plain stubborn. Do you think it is possible that it is God's will for me and I should take Mr. Tiegan's assurance and say yes when I do not feel any 'Yes' in my own heart?"

Jean was puzzled too. She liked Mr. Tiegan, and she could not understand why her friend could not love him. The whole thing was quite beyond her.

"Do you think I should take his guidance for mine?" Ruth repeated.

"No, I think in a matter like this God is quite as able to make His will known to one as to the other. And it is necessary that He should. Sometimes two people pray definitely for guidance about a certain matter and reach different conclusions, but where a decision affects both their lives as this does, they should both be clear before they could know certainly that it was God's will. You know it is possible to desire a thing so greatly that our own desire unconsciously colors our thinking and we might feel sure that it is the Lord's will when perhaps we have only persuaded ourselves that what we so much desire must be according to His will. I believe this may happen with the most consecrated Christians. And anyhow," she laughed lightly, "I admire Mr. Tiegan's good taste." Ruth ignored this.

"Then isn't it possible to get God's guidance sometimes?"

"Yes, He will guide in time, not al-

ways as we wish, nor just at the time we think He should. But as sure as God is true. He will make His will clear to a trusting, obedient child who is wholly surrendered and seeking only to know and do what is well pleasing to Him.

*"Have patience with your God, your patient God.*

*All wise, all knowing, no long-tarrier He,  
And of the door of all thy future life  
He keeps the key'."*

"Mr. Tiegan is perfectly sure that he does know God's will in the matter. What will it mean to him if God never changes my heart or makes it clear to me?"

"I don't know," Jean said. "Perhaps that verse might apply,—where is it? Yes, Deut. 18:22. Listen to this. It may be it might have some bearing on this case, and it may be not. I will read it: 'When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken, but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously: thou shalt not be afraid of him.' That was God's answer through Moses to the question, 'How shall we know the word which the Lord hath not spoken?' If your marriage to Mr. Tiegan does not come to pass, and in a perfectly natural way, then Mr. Tiegan will have to accept it that it was not God's word. You know any one can be mistaken. God never makes a mistake, but we are very fallible, and the infinite God cannot always and at once make His will known to finite minds. But He will always let us know all that is necessary for us.

"Ruth, if I were you I would be very sure my will was entirely surrendered to God in this matter and then simply let it rest there. If it is God's will for you to marry him, you have a perfect right to ask and expect God to put such a love for him into your heart that you cannot help but want to marry him. And until He does, the affair is not for you to trouble about. You are sure you are not allowing an unworthy motive to influence you? You are not waiting for a younger, or handsomer, or wealthier man, are you?"

"Come, come, you must not be down like that," Jean rallied her, "What you want to do now is to find the next step."

"It certainly is!"

"Now that I think of it, there is to be a vacancy in our office in two weeks for a stenographer and typist. You know stenography, don't you?"

"Yes, that was what I did before I gave up my position. But I am out of practice. I have used it a good bit in my school work, but of course I have lost my speed in that and in my typewriting. But I could soon pick it up." Ruth's face brightened. At last she seemed to be

coming to some kind of sure ground.

(To be continued)

## THE LONE WALK

(Continued from page 6)

trying circumstances is anything but pleasant. He, Jesus, nevertheless lighting up the way and carrying the burden changes the scene. Hallelujah! Many are the men and women, yea a host, in all walks of life all down through the centuries, who have gone this way, have found this to be true and they have been of untold blessing to their fellow men.

Others and not a few like Peter and the other apostles have followed afar off, for a time only, but thank God the disciples, all but Judas, retraced their steps, repented, humbled themselves and then continued their walk on the death route with Jesus to the end of the way. So may we if we have failed, for He loves us still, and is sorry for us in our weakness.

Oh! there is but one way, the way of the Cross and of crucifixion, if we want to live and be a blessing to our fellow men and to the Kingdom of God.

It must be no more I but Christ now with all of us who confess the name of Christ. Self, that enemy of enemies, so prominent these days must be put where he belongs, on the Cross. We must with Paul be where we can say spiritually and constantly, "I am crucified with Christ," and then live in the power of the Spirit. Self is the channel or vehicle through which Satan works and creates havoc in the Church of God. Self is the cause of all divisions, schisms, heresies, jealousy, backbitings, gossip, separations and many other things too numerous to mention. Self is a mischief maker and we do not need a revelation from God to prove it to us. He sits enthroned in the hearts of men, Christians included, and the only remedy is Christ's enthronement and this means to us crucifixion to the old man of sin.

Oh! that God might be permitted to put to death this enemy self in all of us, His people, and He takes the place due Him. Then would we be fully in the way following our blessed Lord, humbly and obediently, whithersoever He leadeth. Then would unity once more be established in the ranks of the Lord and we would all be working shoulder to shoulder, so to speak, lifting the burdens so heavily thrust upon us, His people. The work of the Lord would prosper and go forward with leaps and bounds, the sick would be healed, the deaf would hear, the lame would walk once more, the demons would be cast out and the last command of Jesus would be carried out, namely, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," would be our chief end and aim. What a



need therefore confronts us one and all!

The Church of God is seemingly bereft of a God-given power and the faith once delivered to the saints seems to have taken wings and flown. This we must admit if honest before God. We have lots of machinery and activities but much of it is used up in social service minus Holy Ghost power. Oh! for a fresh vision of God which would lead us one and all to a humbling, repenting and crying to God until He hears and answers and He will, we do believe.

However, after all, it is a lone walk and we must not wait for one another or the multitude. It is the one who has stepped out alone, leading the way, who has blessed the world and has influenced thousands through his obedience to live by his godly example. Lord, for men and women of this type now and not a few, for the hour in which we live, on the eve of the coming of Christ, as millions of good godly people believe, is momentous and imperative. May God grant a hearty response from all of us who love the Lord, to the call of the Spirit.—*Word and Work*.

### A Traded Thanksgiving

(Continued from page 10)

robe into the bag, Jessica told herself:

"Oh, I'd give worlds if my name were off that petition! It isn't like a jail. It couldn't be with that fatherly man as superintendent. I must make my stay a success for him. He makes me think of Grammy, darling Grammy. His eyes hold love, just as hers did."

She went to the dresser then and lifted Grammy's photograph to put into the bag. Near it was the photograph of young Neil Judson. His eyes seemed to be smiling at Jessica, seemed to be saying, "Please take me, too."

So Jessica talked back to the portrait. "I was wrong about the orphanage and lots of other things," she explained. "If you'll ever give me a chance to say I was, I'll tell you. But I can't just write you a letter and say I'm sorry. I'm too proud."

Quickly she seized the photograph, thrust it into the bag, snapped the lid shut, slipped into her hat and coat, and carrying Tiny, the kitten, snugly in one hand and the suitcase in the other, she left the apartment.

At the orphanage, walking through the long corridor, she left the office and made her way to the cottage in which the thirty-five youngest girls at the home lived. She was allowed to see the dormitory of the cottage and to look down at the wee girls themselves, all asleep.

"They look like cherubs," she whispered to the venerable superintendent.

"When they wake in the morning," he chuckled, "you'll never say cherubs again!"

"Cherubs don't wear so many stockings and shoes as I've seen out there," Jessica agreed, when she talked to Neil's photograph a little later. She was in her robe, ready to slip into the bed in the cottage manager's room. "I'm sure they don't."

She had quite forgotten the ugly quarrel with Neil. She was achingly tired from helping the hall girl sent to her aid to lay out Sunday shoes, stockings, and little garments for the Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow. She was trembling with apprehension over the morning when thirty-five little girls would wake up to find a new manager in charge of them. Would some of them cry? What would happen?

She asked Grammy's photograph these questions. And then she crawled into bed and went directly to sleep.

She wakened with a start. Someone was in her room. Jessica was positive of that before she had her eyes opened wide enough to see several tiny girls crowded close to her bed just looking at her. The minute her eyes opened they went scamp-ering from her room. And when, wearing her rose smock, she went into the dormitory a moment later every little girl was in bed, eyes closed as tightly as if fast asleep.

For an instant Jessica stood staring at them. And then she went impulsively to the bed in which a tiny girl with tangled red curls lay very quiet. She stooped over and hugged the child as Grammy had often hugged her.

After that she was so busy she did not have time to breathe until breakfast was over. Laughter came instead of the sobs she expected. There were tight handclasps from small hands, timid little caresses from the timid children, and adoring looks from every little girl. Jessica brushed hair and tied stubborn shoe strings for them. The regular cottage managers, with whom she ate breakfast after the children had all been served, concealed their amazement over the fact that a new supply was among them. They were friendly and kind and talked much of the coming events of the day. There would be visitors at lunch—not board members or officers of the institution, but men and women who had once lived at the John Gray Orphanage.

"Superintendent Allen always invites all the children back for holidays," the white-haired manager said. "You see, he's found out they always like to come home for Thanksgiving."

"Home for Thanksgiving?"

Jessica's violet eyes fluttered shut. She saw the crowded drug store, the sign hanging there.

### SPEND YOUR THANKSGIVING DAY AT HOME

Back in the cottage she helped to make the dormitory beds and joined the hall

girls in straightening up the living room. After that, with the little girls close to her, she told stories of the Thanksgiving Days of which she had read.

"Tell us about when you were a little girl," they begged.

For one minute Jessica was silent. Usually she could not talk about Grammy, but she decided to try. Bravely she began the story of the droll Thanksgiving Day she and Grammy had spent, when stray cats ate their plump chicken and they had eaten canned salmon because that was all the meat in the house.

She wanted the little girls to see Grammy; so she sent the small redhead after her portrait. And it was not only Grammy's photograph the child brought back, but also the big picture of Neil Judson. She ran toward them with the announcement: "Mr. Allen has this man on his desk, too! This is the John Gray boy he's proudest of."

After her first start of amazement Jessica sat quietly listening while they told all they knew about the brilliant young lawyer with whom she had quarreled. When he had lived at the John Gray Orphanage he had helped to care for the cows and had been labeled a farm boy. When he came back to the home he told the children stories about those days of long ago.

"He'll be here at noon," one of the little girls said eagerly. "He always comes back home for Thanksgiving."

But this time Jessica did not close her eyes and see the sign hanging in the drug store. She had to be all action. She just had to get all those little girls dressed for dinner. She had to have time to don her own pretty new dress. Oh, now she was thankful she had brought it with her.

When she saw Neil Judson in the big dining room she was composed and not panicky as she might have been if she had not known she was to see him. She was calm, but she pretended not to see him. He stood with several other young men beside the superintendent, while the children repeated their prayers of thanksgiving. She did not know his start of surprise had been so violent that the superintendent had noticed it. She did not know that Neil Judson was told the story of her coming to the home until dinner was over and he and the superintendent walked with her to the cottage.

"The cottage managers always take an hour off on holiday afternoons." The superintendent's eyes twinkled when he said this. "The older girls care for the younger girls. I'm asking Neil here to show you over the institution."

The superintendent's hand clasped Jessica's like that of an understanding father. "You see, I'm hoping you'll want to come back on other holidays! Already we love you."

He turned to Neil. "Don't forget, my



lad, we still have Thanksgiving services in the chapel at four o'clock. We don't like to have our old boys late."

Together Neil and Jessica strolled away over the grounds, the crisp November air hurrying their steps. The differences were all forgotten. At last Jessica spoke:

"I don't want to be late for the services. I want to breathe a special prayer of thanks because there's still time for me to take my name off that petition about the home. There's time for me to get Marian and Lou and other people to do the same."

In her own heart she whispered another reason for Thanksgiving. This was because of the little sign in the crowded drug store, the sign which had caused her to trade Thanksgiving Day with another girl:

#### SPEND YOUR THANKSGIVING AT HOME

Even bleak walls make a wonderful scene if only the heart is there.—*From Forward.*

### Education

(Continued from page 18)

4. A conscience for righteousness.  
5. An imagination to appreciate the beautiful.

6. A will strong to choose.

In character then an education to be real must touch every phase of our living.

From a questionnaire distributed to a class of high school students the following goals of an education are gleaned:

1. Helps us be open-minded enough to be able to adjust ourselves to our environment.

2. An aid to an appreciation of life.

3. Education will enable me to be a better citizen of my country. (A striking example of this would be Booker T. Washington.)

4. Development of character.

5. Fitting for life's work.

6. To understand life.

7. Helps to an appreciation of God.

8. Will help us to arrive at an aim in life.

9. To teach us how to learn.

10. To teach us to think.

These are worthy goals of an education and all of them are real. Let us consider them carefully. If these are the real aims of our going to school, would it not help us to master some of our lessons more cheerfully if we would remember that these goals are the real subject of our work and we are not laboring merely to please our teachers or to keep from failing in our studies? You say, "What good will algebra, science or languages do me?" Look over the goals—if nothing more they teach us to think. The next time anyone is tempted to shirk a lesson, thinking it has no place in his life after all, think of these goals and you will not fail

to find some good reason for that lesson.

#### GOD'S GIFT TO US OF EDUCATION AND RELIGION

On Wellesley Campus in the east stands a very striking piece of statuary. The college president stands there with one hand, the left hand, tenderly resting on the shoulder of a young woman who is about to graduate, and the right hand beckoning out to the horizon; but the young woman herself is just as striking as is the college president. For in the left hand of the college graduate is a book which stands for the heritage of learning, a book that stands for culture, but in the right hand is a lamp, representing the lamp of life. This suggests to us that that which is in the left hand will not win unless the personality carrying that education has been lighted by the light of God. Education is the lamp of life. A lamp suggests light and true enlightenment always leads us to God. We cannot disconnect God and education.

"The supreme tests of an education is not the knowledge that it imparts, but the view of life that it inspires. True education means daily schooling in the art of right living, and right living means living as nearly as possible the life of Jesus Christ, in harmony with, and in service for, our fellowman."

To fear God and keep His commandments is the beginning of wisdom. A well developed body and a well trained mind are not the whole of education. A neglected spirit is a sad mistake. Body, mind and spirit well trained should be the supreme goal of learning.

### THE CALL OF DUTY

(Continued from page 21)

thou shalt eat and drink," Luke 17:8.

There is coming a time for those who prove faithful when Jesus will have them sit down and will gird Himself and serve them. Luke 12:37.

Toils of life shall cease some day and we can shout and shine forever. Hear Daniel as he says, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever," Dan. 12:3.

### Does Jesus Heal Today?

(Continued from page 22)

appendicitis without an operation and influenza. I have also been healed of the fever many times. Why should I not trust the Lord?

Divine healing is one of the special points of doctrine the devil tries to weaken and discourage us on. But we must brace up for God is still on the throne. We may have to suffer some but the promise given in Mark 13:13 is enough to encourage every child of God to press on.

### Editor's Message

(Continued from page 23)

grief of her loving, tender heart over its sudden loss.

One bright summer morning a young man bade his wife and babe good-bye and went away to his work. Before midday there was an accident on the street; the scaffolding on which he was working gave way, and his lifeless body was carried back to his home, from which only a few hours before he had gone out so happily. The shock was terrible, though the news was broken as gently as possible. But there was one comfort that came with wondrous power to the crushed heart of the devoted young wife. The last hour they had spent in each other's company, in the morning, had been peculiarly happy, and their parting at the door had been unusually tender. She had not dreamed at the time that it would be their last talk together, yet there was not a word spoken which caused one painful memory now that she should never see him more nor speak with him again in this world. Every memory of that quiet talk at the breakfast table, of the morning worship when they knelt side by side in prayer, and of the tender good-bye on the doorstep, was full of comfort. Through years of loneliness and widowhood the remembrance of that last hour has been an abiding source of gladness in her life, like a lamp of holy peace.

May these two stories make a lasting impression on our minds.

Try our new play, "Home Scenes," in your church.

### Bible Lesson

(Continued from page 15)

same God is back of you that was Daniel's friend and protector and He is calling you to refuse the things that defile. Esther—Esther 4:15-17

We find in our study of the Bible characters that women can also be strong in the Lord. We have an example in Esther who risked her life for her people. We find in this scripture that she needed the prayers and even fasting of God's children to help her to stand and do what she was called upon to do. Let us remember to pray and intercede for those who must stand in hard places.

Matthew Henry says: Esther, hereupon, resolves, whatever it cost her, to apply herself to the king, but not till she and her friends had first applied themselves to God. Let them first by fasting and prayer obtain God's favor, and then she should hope to find favor with the king. She speaks here, "When we have sought God in this matter, I will go in unto the king to intercede for my people; I know it is not according to the king's law, but it is according to God's law: and therefore, whatever comes of it, I will venture, and



not count my life dear to me, so that I may serve God and his church, and if I perish, I perish, I cannot lose my life in a better cause. Better do my duty, and die for my people, than shrink from my duty, and die with them." She reasons as the lepers, 2 Kings 7:4, "If I sit still, I die; if I venture, I may live, and be the life of my people; if the worst come to the worst," as we say, "I shall but die." Nothing venture, nothing win. She said not this in despair, or passion, but in a holy resolution to do her duty, and trust God with the issue; welcome His holy will.

Moses—Heb. 11:24-27

In these last days when the way of truth shall be evil spoken of, 2 Pet. 2:1, 2, we will find it is going to be hard to stand and fight the good fight of faith, and we must be able to say like Moses, I had rather suffer afflictions and be misunderstood and cast off, if needs be, than to loiter around down in Egypt, which is a type of sin, and have all the applause of the world. Moses had all the opportunity possible to be great, and the temptation was strong without doubt for he had a chance of making a fortune and to have been of service to Israel also, with his interest at court; he was in a great way obligated to Pharaoh's daughter, and yet he obtained a glorious victory by faith over his temptation. He reckoned it much more his honor and advantage to be a son of Abraham than to be the son of Pharaoh's daughter. He also had a tender concern for his poor brothers in bondage, with whom he chose to suffer affliction; he might easily have avoided it; he looked on their burdens as one that not only pities them, but was resolved to venture with them, and if occasion arose to venture for them. Oh, what a strong tie there was between Moses and his people. Should there not be as strong a tie between God's children who are walking the narrow way as Moses had? Let us be determined to stand in the hard places and fight the good fight of faith.

Ruth—Ruth 1:14-18

Here is another woman who dared to step out for God. Here is a wonderful mother-in-law. Much is said of mothers-in-law. Many unkind remarks are made of them but we find in the Bible one who was worthy of the respect and love of her daughter-in-law. Naomi must have known God in a deep way. At any rate Ruth fell in love with Naomi's God and chose Him to be her God also. Naomi knew that she was poor and had nothing to offer them so she thought it was best for them to return to their own homes. If they did come with her she would have them to make it their deliberate choice, and she would have them to sit down first and count the cost, as it is always best for those who expect to follow Christ. It is good for us to be told the

worst as did the Master. Our Savior took this course when the man who in the heat of zeal, said, "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." Jesus informed him that He did not have where to lay His head. Ruth, like God's true children, was willing to put up with inconveniences in order to go with the one she loved. So will we be willing to wade through trials and tribulations, through sunshine and shadows in order to serve and enjoy the Savior who did so much for us.

Joseph—Gen. 39:19-23

Joseph was brave in his resisting the temptation which came to him in Potiphar's house. This is a great lesson for young men and women today that they always be ready to meet the enemy at this point. Joseph in the face of imprisonment stood the test and overcame. There are many Potiphar's wives in the world today seeking to destroy the character of our beautiful boys and girls and some of them are succeeding. It behooves them to be on the watch and meet these temptations as Joseph did. In this case this fine clean young man was misrepresented and lied about. Joseph's master believed the accusation and Joseph dared not make his defense by telling the truth lest it would cast reflection upon his mistress and his master would not believe it. So there was nothing left for him but imprisonment. God restrained his wrath, else he had put him to death; and that wrath which imprisoned him, God made to turn to his praise. Our Lord Jesus, like Joseph here, was bound, and numbered with the transgressors. God always works things out for our good if we stand true through the tests of life.

David—1 Sam. 17:45

Sometimes to follow Christ means to stand alone. Here it seemed that David had no one to stand with him and believe in him. But he did not shrink from his duty. He knew that God was with him and would fight his battles for him. Even his brothers thought he was foolish to undertake such a big job. They tried to send him back home, but David felt the call of God and nothing could turn him away from his duty. "The battle is the Lord's," he said, and this was the secret of his success. We can be Davids for the Lord if we but lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, but we cannot go forth in this battle of life trusting in the arm of flesh. "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

Noah—Gen. 6:8, 9

Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord. He walked with Him in obedience and built the ark as He commanded, but he built alone. The flood came; Noah with his family entered the ark of safety, but they entered alone. Their friends laughed at their peculiarities but perished

because of their unbelief and pride. They chose to follow the multitude rather than walk alone with the faithful few. There are thousands today who are drifting with the multitude who are hungry to find Christ and live for Him but because of the loneliness of the way and of the persecution that comes from the world, the giving up of friends and associates, they are groping in darkness and will lose their souls rather than take a stand for the right. Are you one of that kind?

Will You Volunteer?

God wants young men and women today who are willing to obey their convictions of truth and duty, who will be mighty pillars of prayer and in the house of God. It is easy to stand with the crowd, to follow the multitude and to drift with the tide, but Jesus is searching today for men and women, boys and girls who will stand out and for God and bravely stem the tides of life. Who will volunteer?

*A volunteer for Jesus, a soldier true!  
Others have enlisted, why not you?  
Jesus is the captain, we will never fear;  
Will you be enlisted as a volunteer?*

#### BIBLE LESSON

Topic: "WANTED, TRUE PATRIOTS!"

Scripture lesson: Prov. 14:34.

Leader's Thought

In this spirit of courage, of high hope, and of prayer the Pilgrims settled on our shores almost four hundred and fifty years ago. They suffered and died for that ideal that God had given them—that this land might be "a place of peace, the home of liberty."

Through the years others caught the vision and gave their lives to uphold the ideals of America. There were many patriots with the spirit of Nathan Hale, who, when about to die as a spy, said, "My only regret in dying is that I have but one poor life to lose for my country. If I had ten thousand lives, I would lay them down, one at a time, in defense of my injured, bleeding country." The same earnest devotion and self-sacrificing love has placed George Washington and Abraham Lincoln among our list of patriots. You can name many more. Decide for yourself what was the chief contribution of each one to the building of our nation.

*But the day of patriots is not past.*

*Lo, in these days, to all good men and true*

*God speaks again, "Launch out upon the deep*

*And win for me a world of righteousness!"*

*Can we, free men, at such an hour still sleep?*

*O God of Freedom, stir us in our night  
That we set forth, for justice, truth and right!*



## Our Call Today

This is our patriot's call today. Our task may not be to die as martyrs for our country, but a harder task—to live as patriots every day.

*"Righteousness exalteth a nation;  
But sin is a reproach to any people."*

This is as true now as it was in the days of Solomon. We are challenged to give ourselves—our wills, our intellects, our hearts, everything—to the cause of right. We may be called upon to give our lives as well, but until we give to our country the best that we have we are not true patriots.

It is not warfare that will make our nation great, nor wealth, nor size, but service to this land and to the world. Would you name as patriots such men as Woodrow Wilson, Jacob Riis, Walter Reed, Booker T. Washington; such women as Jane Adams, Martha Berry, Mary Lyon? What have they done to serve the world? Oh no, not just these who have become famous but the thousands of soul winners scattered about over the world, will stand at the top of the ladder as patriots, though they are little known by the masses. Why? because the greatest need of this land of ours is to make it a Christian nation and the only way to accomplish this is to get Christ in the hearts of the people.

## What Is a True Patriot?

A patriot really understands his country. He knows its history. He is proud of its great men and women and zealous to uphold the ideals for which they have stood.

Inspired by the past, he is awake to the challenge of the present. He is intelligently interested in affairs of government. He recognizes and assumes the duties and responsibilities of a citizen as he votes for what he believes is right and does what he can to influence clean politics. He is interested in law making and especially in law observance. He obeys and leads others to obey the nation's laws, regardless of personal agreement or disagreement with them.

He does not consider his country perfect, nor does he continually knock it. Instead he acknowledges and studies into its greatest evils and tries to help in every constructive campaign to improve conditions—of economics, industry, education, health, morals, race relations. He does what he can to check the wave of crime. If his country demands, however, that he do something that he believes to be wrong, he gives his highest allegiance to God and conscience.

Profiting by the experience of the past, and responding to the needs of the present, he keeps before him a vision of the future with its possibilities. Among the greatest of these is the prospect of permanent peace, of a brotherhood of na-

tions working together for the good of all. In his effort to make this vision a reality, he reads, studies, observes, and uses every opportunity through personal contact to develop a deeper understanding and appreciation of other nations. He tries to awake in others a truer understanding of the interdependence among nations.

He realizes that no nation can be truly great without God at the center of its national life, that only through Jesus will nations achieve that fellowship of love and understanding that will do away with selfish nationalism and warfare. And so, holding to his ideals for a nation whose God is the Lord, he uses all his power and influence for the right in his own and other lands.

*He serves his country best*

*Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,*

*And walks straight paths, however others stray,*

*And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest  
A stainless record which all men may read:*

*This is a better way.*

*No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,  
No dew but has an errand to some flower,*

*No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,*

*And man by man, each giving to all the rest,*

*Make the firm bulwark of the country's power:*

*There is no better way.*

—Susan Coolidge.

## In Everything

(Continued from page 11)

eth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

Now we have concluded that a day set aside for Thanksgiving to God for His mercies is indeed necessary and appropriate, when we can devote our time to meditation, and behold round about us on every hand the material revelations of His boundless love; a day when our hearts are made to overflow in praise to Him whose benevolent hand created for our benefit these products of the vine, the stalk, and the tree, which afford us food, clothing and shelter. We think of clear, cool, sparkling streams gushing from some mountain spring, which fill the reservoir containing our water supply, without which we could not live. We consider the vast herds of the pastures, from whence our meat and milk allotment is drawn, and are convinced with the psalmist again, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy

riches." Yes! the earth is full of good things for us, and from the corner grocery we may have the canned sea foods from England, spices from India, dates from Iraq, picked by the sons of Ishmael; and what not from the innumerable other corners of the globe. They are at our command as readily as the onions in our neighbor's garden. These are just little expressions of the love of Him who not only blesses us with the temporal, but whose supreme love offering to us caused Him to turn His infinite head in horror, and yet acquiesce while the heart of His only begotten swelled and burst under the pressure of our sins that we might also become sons of God through the atonement of that blood on Calvary.

It seems that David, whom we have already mentioned, even observed thanksgiving; not once a year, as some do, but declared, "Seven times a day do I praise thee." In joy or sorrow, David was ready to give thanks to his maker, and Paul, chiefest of apostles, said, "In everything give thanks." When trouble comes our way and strikes a blow, we sometimes cannot praise God for the trouble, but it isn't expedient for us to forget to thank Him for past favors and future promises because of present trials. Then is the time for praise and thanksgiving. It was at a time like this, when at midnight in the Philippian prison, Paul and Silas "prayed and sang praises unto God." They didn't praise Him and offer thanksgiving because their feet were fast in stocks and their broken flesh stung and throbbed with sickening pain where the scourge had bitten; but they praised Him because He was able to deliver them, and He suddenly proved to them all over again that He WAS able. You remember, the text didn't say "give thanks for everything," but rather "give thanks in everything." Whether we are in prison, financial difficulties, or some other kind of trouble, just try the thanksgiving method, and if we have the proper spirit, sweet will be the response from the throne. In Romans 8:38-39 we find these words from another Pauline epistle, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Then, in the midst of tribulations, we can keep the contact clear with God. The time will never come when we haven't something to be thankful for. If we forget all past and present blessings, let us, like Paul, look to the glory of the future, for again he says, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." This is Thanksgiving! "In everything give thanks."



**Exchange Page**

(Continued from page 13)

Lighted Pathway the very best things. It seems as though you are very careful to see that the English and phrasing of every testimony, article, and editorial is correctly worded. This leaves me to believe that you aim to have the paper that you would not be ashamed to have read in any society, and that you are aware that you can save a lot of criticism by such thoroughness. In my estimation, you have succeeded well.

Another reason I admire your work is your effort to have attractive covers on your paper. This enhances the book four-fold in my estimation. It makes it attractive and tempts the buyer to buy it.

I appreciate your work, too, because you seem to weave it into the the highest form of culture, that is, Christian culture. You aim to awaken the talents and inspire the young people in public speaking, in making the home life brighter, to inspire young warriors; giving them a medium of exchange; you seem to understand exactly what they like and you succeed in giving it to them; you give them an exalted outlook in Christian living and Christian labor.

The last reason, and not the least, is the way Christ is exalted in the pages of the Lighted Pathway. This shows the real spirit of the author and it is this spirit that will assure the author that her labors are not in vain! — Harry Hatcher, Belmont, N. C.

**Y. P. E. Conventions**

(Continued from page 20)

good offering for our state overseer, Brother J. R. Thomas.

An offering also was given to send our state superintendent to the Assembly.

Everyone was sorry the convention closed, they wanted it to go on for a week. Pray for us.—Irene Newton.

**Witnessing**

(Continued from page 5)

they noticed a crowd of people at a corner. On the outskirts of the crowd they saw Ethel and her brother and knew at once the sort of meeting it was. They were about to pass on when Ethel caught sight of them and came to speak to them. Thus it was they heard the challenge that Mr. Roberts threw out to the crowd:

"If there's anyone can speak a word against what I have said, or can say a word for this Man they call Christ, let him come out and say it!"

No one moved and Ethel turned to Mae and Jessie with a smile of derision. But they were busy whispering to each other, and then to her amazement, they pushed their way into the crowd.

All their shyness seemed to have dropped off them. They had decided to witness for Jesus by singing a hymn.

Mr. Roberts looked at them curiously, and Mae said to him,

"We cannot speak, but will sing for Jesus Christ, whom you have denied."

Then, hand-in-hand, they sang in sweet voices, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

There was a stillness about that crowd of people—most of them down-and-outs—which was very impressive. Some of the faces showed signs of shame; there were no jeers as Mr. Roberts expected. Taken aback by this answer to his challenge, he slipped away.

Mae and Jessie sang the hymn through and then they, too, went quietly on their way, but not before several people had murmured their thanks as they passed by.

A few weeks later Jessie and Mae were surprised to see Ethel and her brother at the weekly meeting.

Ethel told them a strange, yet, not impossible story as they walked home that night.

"Do you know that since the night you sang in answer to father's challenge he has given up holding meetings in the street? He has been so restless and has spent hours reading and studying the Bible. Since mother died and Archie was killed in that motor accident, he has declared there was no God, and he would not allow Bob and me to go to any church. Now he has given us permission to go if we want to. I believe Dad is seeking for the truth, and some day he may believe in God again."

"Oh, how glad we are, Jessie, and I didn't know how we'd been able to do it, afterwards. God must have given us courage to take the first opportunity to witness for Him."

"And Bob and I have enjoyed your meetings and we're coming every week, aren't we Bob?"

"Rather!"

Thus Mae and and Jessie had been given courage to witness, and God had used them to turn a whole family Godward. —*Sunlight for the Young.*

**U. D. Tidwell**

Kannapolis, N. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

**Honor Roll**

Sam Harvell, Greenville, S. C.  
Frank Watt, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Mildred Timms, Anderson, S. C.  
Mrs. Rosabelle Cassell, Ninety Six, S. C.  
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vation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

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**NEW GIDEONS**

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George Lytle, Dayton, Ohio.  
Miss Aldora Byrd, Plymouth, Fla.  
Shellie Campbell, Avon Park, Fla.  
Miss Hilda Weber, Bismarck, N. Dak.  
Mrs. Vora Dyer, Double Springs, Ala.  
Miss Lula Miller, Uniontown, Pa.  
Mrs. J. D. Briggs, Big Spring, Tex.  
Louise Tyner, Gardner, Fla.  
Miss Pauline Avery, Lexington, N. C.  
Edwin Wooden, Bethalto, Ill.  
S. T. Stalcup, Honea Path, S. C.  
Henry Pearson, Walhalla, S. C.  
Archie Swiger, Sevierville, Tenn.  
Sidney Moore, Glamorgan, Va.  
Miss Lydia Jones, Anadarko, Okla.  
Dan Johnson, Pine Hill, Ala.  
J. M. Baldree, Jr., Tarpon Springs, Fla.  
Walter W. Reid, Mooresville, N. C.  
Miss Runell Bryant, Daisy, Tenn.  
Velma Weddle, Nancy, Ky.  
Tho. N. Poole, Ware Shoals, S. C.  
Gladys Prittre, Roanoke, Va.  
Mrs. Ray Smith, Demorest, Ga.  
Mrs. Mamie Elspey, Pensacola, Fla.

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# Glints of Knowledge



The Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns built their dynasties but were swept from the face of the earth; so will be Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini.

The Jew has lived to stand by the grave of his every oppressor. Will God make an exception of the pagan Hitler?

The present population of the United States is 129,818,000 according to a late estimate of the census bureau. The outlying territories would add 2,452,500 to this figure — *The Gospel Herald*.

The eleventh of this month is Armistice Day. World War veterans are dying faster than other citizens of the same age. More than 500,000 veterans died from the close of the war to the last Armistice Day, and 33,000 have died this year. The American Legion now has 79,263 fewer members than it had in 1931.

Those who think that this war will bring prosperity to America should remember that more business firms failed in America in 1914, 1915 and 1916 than in any previous three years of our history, including the great panics of the 70's and 90's.

A Berlin dispatch says that only five of Germany's twenty universities will open for the winter semester. The other fifteen, including Heidelberg and Bonn, will remain closed indefinitely. It were better that all of them be closed than that they should pervert learning to the use of the Nazi scheme.

Perhaps not a single bit of news has for some time so strikingly shown the continued popularity of the Bible than that report from Berlin appearing in *The New York Times*, to the effect that it is still Germany's best seller. *The Christian Observer* condensed the facts as below:

This dispatch shows that the Bible is still the "best seller" in Germany. Even Adolf Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf," which has had the remarkable distribution of 4,400,000 copies in the past six years, is still far behind the Bible in sales. According to figures gathered by the Prussian Bible Society, this average of less than 750,000 copies per year is more than 200,000 copies less than the annual average of 950,000 Bibles sold during the same period.

So long as the German people buy—and presumably read—nearly a million copies of the Scripture each year, evidence is not wanting that Christianity has not yet been destroyed in that land.—*The Presbyterian*.

One of the results of the war in China, the broken dykes, have caused vast regions to be flooded, and many millions have been brought to the verge of starvation on North Honan alone, 3,500 valleys have been flooded for more than a year. War conditions have made it impossible to repair the dykes, and people have nothing but rice husks for food. — *Gospel Herald*.

## APT PUPIL

The Japanese have ever had the reputation of being the most apt pupils in the world. They quickly learn all the secrets and the schemes of the Occident. Hard upon the heels of the non-aggression pact (which turned out after all to be a military-assistance pact) of Russians and Germans which set the Nazis free to occupy Poland, the Japanese themselves have arranged an armistice, and, I suppose, a non-intervention pact as well, with the Russians. This at once frees the huge army Japan has been keeping on the Manchurian border and shuts China off from the supplies she has been getting from Russia. Immediately the Japanese have launched another great offensive against the Chinese, who can get no help from anywhere. The Japanese see their one chance and they have been quick to take it. With their fear of Russia gone, they have a free hand. Britain's fleet must be kept in European waters and it is very likely that all Westerners will be driven out of China, as Japan has long boasted. More than that, we may look for the Japanese to drive the Dutch out of their rich East Indies possessions. For they have had their spies all through the islands, and whenever they decide to launch their attack The Netherlands will have no forces with which to oppose them.

## THE TOTALITARIAN FRONT

Now that the anti-Comintern Axis has gone over soul and body to the Communist side, it leaves the rest of the world in a desperate situation. The combined military, economic and human might of these totalitarian states staggers the imagination. The war that has begun in Europe will be a sort of David-and-Goliath affair. None of the little states of Europe will dare now to side against the fascist powers: they will be steam-rollered, as Poland has been. Germany now will be able to throw her entire armed might against the Maginot line. And although the struggle may be three years long, as the British say, we do not see how Germany can be starved into surrender, with East Europe and almost the whole of Asia to be drawn upon for supplies.

## THE SPIRIT OF ANTICHRIST

If ever in the history of mankind the

spirit of Antichrist has been manifest, that time is now. The disregard for solemn treaties, the ease with which pledges are broken, the brutal grabbing of what one wants, regardless of the suffering entailed, the lying on Brobdignagian scale, the absence of all pity and mercy, the open denial of God and Christ, to say nothing of honor and brotherhood—all these set forth in lurid light from hell the glaring hypocrisies of humanity and the flight from Christ. Britain's Archbishop has proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer. Let us join with our brethren across the sea in a great return to God and the things of the soul. His mercy may save us.

The Church press has been the concern of many of us these late years because of the high rate of mortality. The death of our favorite periodicals, one by one, has been the cause of lament. But it appears that religious papers are not the only sufferers. Within the last two years, seventy-six dailies have gone out of business. The reasons given are the rising cost of labor, the price of white paper and the burden of taxation.—A. B. McCormick.

Bishop E. L. Waldorf said materially the world has made more progress in the last seventy-five years than in the previous 1,000 years. But what does it avail?

Crime, war, hatred, lust, drunkenness, murder, dishonesty, stalk the civilized nations more than it does the jungles. It proves that we can not depend upon knowledge or skill alone to preserve it.

It is reported that every member of the house of Hohenzollern able to bear arms is fighting for Hitler's Reich. Eight sons and grandsons of the Kaiser are at the front. The twenty-four-year-old grandson of the Kaiser was killed in action somewhere in Poland.

In 1925, the Hebrew University in Jerusalem consisted of one building, a faculty of thirty, a student body of sixty-four, a library of 74,000 volumes and curriculum of twelve courses in four departments. Today, on Mount Scopus, there are twelve buildings; a library with more than 350,000 volumes; a student body of over 800; a faculty of one hundred and ten; and a curriculum on a par, in both scope and students, with that of the leading universities of the world.

In 1935 foreign insurance companies maintained sixty-eight active branches in the United States. In 1937 the premium income of these companies was \$418,000,000.



# The Coming Armistice Day

E. WAYNE STAHL

*A shining vision to Isaiah came,  
A vision of the warless world to be:  
The horror-haunted years have ceased to flame  
With cannon lightning; past the agony  
And hemorrhage and hurricane of war;  
The nations, sings the seer, shall study it no more.*

*With hope we hear that ancient prophet sing  
The blissful time, the coming age of gold;  
The Prince of Peace as universal King  
All peoples in His loving sway shall hold.  
"Upon His shoulder government shall be,  
His name is "Wonderful." True Emperor is He.*

*In all His bright dominions none shall slay.  
The lion and the leopard and the bear,  
With calf and kid and little lamb shall play.  
O tranquil time, O vision rich and fair!  
The battleship forever more has gone:  
It comes! It comes! That radiant, triumphant morn  
shall dawn.*

*Upon the holy anvils of the Lord,  
Those golden anvils made by love complete,  
The nations, with each other in accord,  
Shall all their sabres into ploughshares beat.  
Spears changed to pruning hooks the world shall see;  
Where was the battlefield the harvest field shall be.*

*No more shall Mars his "cannon fodder" grow;  
And "Flanders Fields" no more the bloody bloom  
Of "poppies" (sprung from carnage seed) shall  
know.*

*Dispersed are battle clouds of thunder gloom:  
Splendors of peace all goldenly shall shine—  
Eternally He reigns, that Emperor Divine.*

—The Young People's Journal.



ICATED TO THE CHURCH OF GOD YOUNG PEOPLES ENDEAVOR

# Lighted Pathway

Vol. 10

December, 1939

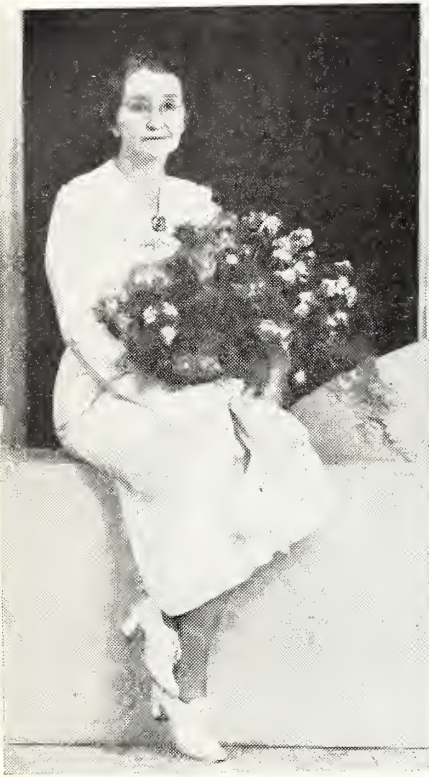
No. 12



"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem."



# The Editor's Message



ALDA B. HARRISON

*Here is the beautiful bouquet of roses given to us at the Assembly. Our boys and girls believe in giving the roses now. We thought the young people who were not there would like to see them. Thank you again.*

Dear Boys and Girls: God bless you.

Christmas day is fast approaching and we are looking forward to it with joyous anticipation.

I wonder how you would like for me to tell you something about Christmas customs of other times and countries. I believe I'll do that this time.

It is not at all certain that Christ was born on December 25 and we question if the information concerning the exact date of His birth can be positively stated. Neither does it really matter. Ample evidence has been furnished as to the circumstances and place of His birth. Universal Christendom designates

December 25 as the day on which the anniversary of the most momentous event of the world's history is celebrated. There was a time when men with masked faces and clad in light garments of variegated colors and most fantastic styles would parade the streets and with light whips would test the speed of the on-lookers in promiscuous runnings.

I well remember when I was a girl I sat in my Sunday School class one morning and our teacher asked us to tell what Christmas day was for and I shall never forget the answer one boy gave. He said, "Oh! that's the day to go rabbit hunting," and sure enough many spent the day hunting. But many of these old time practices have passed away and those of us, who are Christians, try to make the day a holy day. It must be an unfeeling heart that is not touched and softened while reading the simple story of the circumstances surrounding that wonderful birth, and the very reading of it seems for the moment to lift us out of the natural, and submerges the mind into the supernatural and creates a tenderness of spirit which is not felt by the reading of any other birth. We remember the beautiful Christmas tale as it is told in song and story. Very few of us know anything about the observance of the birthday of the Christ-child, nor do we know just what it cost our forefathers to pave the way for the celebration of this wonderful day.

It was in the second century, so they tell us, that Christmas was first celebrated, and by order of Telesphorus, seventh bishop of Rome, who shortly after suffered martyrdom, the keeping of the anniversary of Christ's birth being one of his offenses. But the observance of the day still lived after the burning alive of a great multitude of Christians some two hundred years later, by order of the Pagan Emperor Diocletian.

There is a legend of the first Christmas tree in which Boniface figures, where he turns to the crowd and says, pointing to the young fir tree, straight and green, with its top pointing toward the stars, "Here is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it, that shall be the sign of

your new worship. See how it points to the sky. Let us call it the tree of the Christ-child. Take it up and carry it to the Chieftian's Hall, for this is the birthnight of the white Christ. You shall come no more into the shades of the forest to keep your feasts with secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home with laughter and song and the rites of love."

There is a fascination about the folklore of the seasons, and we are especially interested in the stories of Christmas from Cornwall and Devon. There they tell how, long ago, at one o'clock on Christmas morning, whenever they were free to do so, the cattle would turn their heads eastward and get down upon their knees to worship the King who was born in a stable. And even in more modern times they say that the barnyard cocks would crow with more than usual force and frequency both by day and by night. And Shakespeare tells us

*"Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes,*

*Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,*

*The bird of dawning singeth all night long."*

Also from an old song preserved in the Harleian Manuscript in the British Museum we learn that it was considered peculiarly lucky if Christmas fell on Sunday.

In Norway at the Christmas season a very beautiful custom is observed. It is the feeding of the birds, and no one is too poor to spend a few farthings on grain. Bunches of oats are placed on roofs of houses, on doors and on fences, suet and bread crumbs are scattered before the doorway, and all the animals are given double the usual amount of food.

Washington Irving, in his "Sketch Book," has in three sketches preserved for us the old Christmas customs of England. He was a guest at a country home and took a very great interest in the festivities, because "these fleeting customs were passing fast into oblivion and this was, perhaps, the only family in England in which the whole of them was still pun-

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# Under Whose Wings

BY ZENOBIA BIRD

Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

Any one desiring the previous chapters of this story may send 5c per copy for back issues. The story began in July issue. Space forbids our giving a synopsis.

"I have no doubt but that you can get the position, and I will speak of it to the head of our office tomorrow," Jean assured her.

"That's the next step, and rest assured when God wants you to take another step He will show you."

"But don't you think it will seem like a backward step after all my training for the mission field and telling people I was going to be a missionary, to settle down in business?"

"Ruth Burnie, I did not tell you to 'settle down' in business again. I told you the next step is to work in an office until God enables you to know the step after that! And don't mind what people say. In the meantime you should keep up your Bible study, teach a Sunday School class, and engage in all the spiritual activities in your church that you have time for. Please don't make the mistake of thinking because you cannot go at once to the foreign field you are excused from God's service."

"And be careful," she went on, "that you do not make the mistake of 'settling down' as though you were never going to the mission field. Read missionary books, go to hear all the missionaries you can and talk with them personally about their work. If you have an opportunity, correspond with someone now on the field. But go on with your work where you are, and the service which He permits you to do, and I somehow feel that this is only a time of testing and God truly means you to go out with the blessed news of salvation to some foreign field, somewhere, sometime."

"I will try to do all you say," Ruth answered. "It seems like good sense, and you remember our dear old teacher who used to say so often, 'Ask the Lord to give you sanctified common sense.'"

The conversation turned to a lighter vein, and the girls chatted until a late hour. Inside of three weeks Ruth Burnie was established in a pleasant position in the same office as Jean Southern. The opportunity for fellowship was a great joy to them both. She proved to be well suited for the position and was happy in it.

A short time after she had taken up this office work she told Jean that she

had given Mr. Tiegan his final answer, in the way of an "injunction" that he was not to try to see her or they would not communicate in any way for a year, or until Ruth felt there was a real change in her feeling towards him. Reluctantly he had consented, feeling certain, however, that God would sometime answer his prayers.

Ruth, happy and free in her spirit, seemed to grow lovelier, and her deep, rich, spiritual life was a blessing to the other girls in the office, as well as to the class of young girls she had taken to teach in the Sunday School.

## FOREWORD

This book stands almost unique among stories for young people written from a genuinely Christian viewpoint. An amazing characteristic of English literature is that the great love stories of fiction and drama are nearly all treated as though a personal heavenly Father had nothing to do with such matters. In this they are perhaps true to life that is lived without God. But what of Christians who earnestly want God's way in their lives? Stories dealing with this group of people are too apt to be "goody-goody," and appear "pious" in the wrong sense of that word. But Zenobia Bird, with a keen insight into human nature, a remarkable grasp of spiritual truth and its practical application to everyday life, has given a series of love stories based on actual life experiences that will fascinate young people, and at the same time show how vital and real and adventurous is life with Christ at the center.

REV. ROBERT C. McQUILKIN,  
Dean of Columbia Bible School, Columbia,  
S. C.

## TESTED

Hilda did not see Mr. Levermore for nearly two weeks after their momentous interview. She missed him sorely, more than she dared tell her parents, for she saw they were grieved for her sake. Even the unpleasantness of their last evening was almost forgotten in the memory of the many happy times they had spent together.

The young men of her circle of friends had come to look upon him as her favored and accepted escort, and knowing the customs of the town, she knew it would be a little time before they would ask her to go out with them. She was young and full of life and very fond of the society of others, and to be suddenly dropped out of everything or compelled to go alone, was more of a trial than she had reckoned on. But while lonely often, yet she was deeply thankful that not once had any real question arisen in her mind as to whether or not she was doing right in giving him up. If tempted to question,

her mind turned to God, and one long look at her loving heavenly Father, and she was again filled with quiet assurance that no matter what it cost, she had trusted Him to guide her and He had done so.

One day she was walking down one of the principal streets and Mr. Levermore passed her. He looked unusually well and was in a handsome, new high-powered car he had recently purchased. By his side was an attractive-looking girl whom Hilda knew but slightly as one of the would-be belles of the little town. A pang of unmistakable jealousy shot through her for a moment, increased somewhat by the fact that she was perfectly certain Mr. Levermore had seen her when they were a few yards away but he pretended to be so deeply interested in the girl beside him and explaining something about the car to her that he passed by in a flash without seeming to see her. The girl, however, looked straight at her with, she fancied, a gleam of something like triumph in her eyes.

Hilda had returned the diamond necklace by registered mail the day after his last call. With it she had sent a letter which she tried to make as kind and friendly as possible. He had not, however, replied in any way, and this was the first time they had seen each other.

Altogether it was a dull, hard winter for poor Hilda. Her father seemed greatly depressed over his business affairs, and his health was none too good. Her mother tried to be brave and bright, but it was plain she was worrying over both husband and daughter. Hilda was an affectionate and devoted daughter, and unselfishly rejoiced that what had occurred left her free to spend more time with her parents than for several years past. She had her girl friends in often, as she knew her parents always enjoyed seeing her with other young people. She attended all the services at the church, going with father or mother whenever possible, usually with a girl friend in the evenings or often going alone.

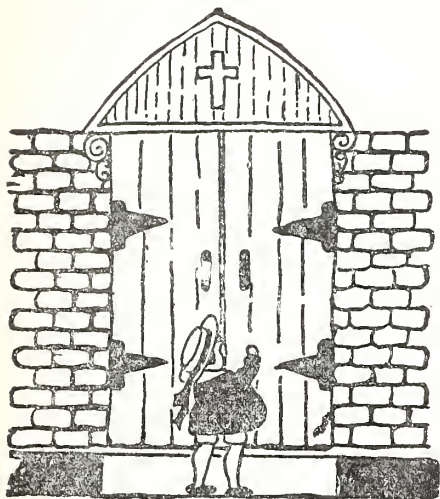
Shortly after the Christmas holidays a big party was announced at one of the more pretentious homes in the town and Hilda received an invitation. She knew the crowd that would be there, nearly her whole circle of young friends, and she knew an evening of unusual pleasure was before them. She had appeared frequently in this circle and always for the past two years with Mr. Levermore. But what should she do now?

She did not tell her mother of her invitation, as it would only grieve her. The home was rather in the outskirts of the town and she knew she could not go alone, but she waited and hoped that some of her friends would speak of it and perhaps offer to take her with them, as they

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# Children's Page



OPEN THE DOOR FOR  
THE CHILDREN.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 1 The Manger of Bethlehem

Luke 2:1-20

Why is December the most important month of the year with our little boys and girls? Why do you smile when Christmas is mentioned? Do you remember that on this day we celebrate the birth of Jesus? Or do you think of the toys, presents and good things to eat on this special occasion? We should all be very happy Christmas day because it is Jesus' birthday. Let us notice what the Bible says about this day of all days.

Mary and Joseph were living in Nazareth when the emperor of Rome commanded the people to enlist their names in cities and towns from which their families had come. They had to go to Bethlehem to be taxed. It was a long journey. When they arrived the inns or hotels were full, no room for them. They were taken to a stable where the cattle were kept. In this little humble, lowly place the Savior of the world was born. He was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.

On that night some shepherds were tending their sheep when an angel told them where they would find the infant Jesus. And there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God. So the angels and shepherds kept the Savior's birthday, as we keep it on Christmas day.

Millions of people are happy today because they love and worship the babe of Bethlehem.

### Questions:

Why did Mary go to Bethlehem? She went to have her name registered to be taxed. Why did she not stay in the inn? There was no room. Who was born

in the stable? Jesus. Where was He laid? In the manger. What did an angel do? He told the shepherds where to find Him. Are we happy today because we found the Babe of Bethlehem? Yes.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 2 The Visit of the Wise Men

Matt. 2:1-12

The shepherds were not the only people who came to see Jesus when He was a little babe at Bethlehem. Far away in the East, God showed some wise men who had studied the Bible and knew a great King was born. They said, "Let us go search for him that we may worship him." Out across the hot, sandy deserts the wise men rode on their tall camels. Day after day and night after night they journeyed. At last they came to the hills of Palestine and then to the gates of the city of Jerusalem.

They began to inquire saying, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

In a palace in Jerusalem lived wicked King Herod. He heard what these men said and called his chief men together to find out where Jesus should be born. They told him at Bethlehem. Then Herod told the wise men to search for the child and when found to let him know so he could go and worship Him too; but all the time he was planning to kill Him. They went to Bethlehem, guided by the star, and found Jesus the new King. They fell down on their faces and worshipped Him, and gave Him the gifts they had brought, gold, frankincense and myrrh. God warned the wise men in a dream to not return to Herod but go to their own country another way.

### Questions:

In this lesson who visited Jesus? The wise men. How did they find the way? They were led by a star. What gifts did they bring? Gold, frankincense and myrrh. Did they worship Jesus? Yes.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 3 The Childhood of Jesus

Luke 2:41, 42

We have been studying about the birth of Jesus and the wise men, so let us learn something about Him while He was a little boy. We should like to know many things about His boyhood days but the Bible tells us very little. Boys, do you suppose Jesus played marbles, ball, went fishing, hunting, swimming and had all kinds of boys to play with like you do today?

A short time after Jesus was born King Herod was afraid that the new-

born King of the Jews would take away his kingdom and decided to kill Him. God warned Joseph to flee to the land of Egypt where they would be safe. Then the wicked king sent his soldiers to Bethlehem and commanded all the children two years old and under to be killed. Such a cry as never before went up from the mothers as their children were slain.

Joseph remained in Egypt until Herod died, then returned to Nazareth where Jesus grew up as a boy, a young man and lived there until He was thirty years of age.

When Jesus was twelve years old He went with His parents to the feast of the Passover. When the time came for going home, Mary and Joseph lost Him. On the third day of searching they found Him sitting in a company of the doctors of the law, listening to their words and asking them questions.

As the years passed by He grew in knowledge and in wisdom and in the favor of God.

### Questions:

Where was Jesus born? At Bethlehem? From here, where did He go? To Egypt. When He returned from Egypt, where did He go? To Nazareth. How old was Jesus when He made His first trip to Jerusalem? Twelve years of age.

## CHILDREN'S BIBLE LESSON NO. 4 The Beggar at the Rich Man's Gate

The little boys and girls who read the Lighted Pathway may not know anything about what it is to be without food to eat and to go hungry. In Luke 16:19-31 we find a poor beggar by the name of Lazarus who lay at the rich man's gate. He thought by going to this wealthy home that they would feel sorry for him and give him something to eat. He was so hungry and would have been glad to have had the crumbs that fell from the table.

The rich man was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. He knew the beggar was at the gate, but did not care how much he suffered.

One day the beggar died and the angels carried him to Abraham's bosom. Later the rich man died, but the angels did not attend this funeral. No doubt, his casket was covered with flowers and many rich people came to pay the last tribute. The rich man lifted up his eyes in hell and was tormented in the flames. He saw Lazarus on the other side of the gulf and begged for just one drop of water to cool his parched tongue. Abraham told him when he was in this world what a good time he had, and what a sad life Lazarus lived. The change had come and he was not allowed even one drop of water. If you will give your heart to God and serve Him you will go to heaven.

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# Children's Story Page



## TOMMY'S BEST CHRISTMAS

LAURA A. SANDERS

When Tommy heard the church bells ringing on Christmas Day, he jumped out of bed and ran to the open window. Tommy had never done that before. Always on Christmas morning just as soon as he could open his sleepy eyes he ran to his stockings which were hung up by his good mother over the nice warm fireplace. On this morning he stood so long that his mother grew worried for fear he would catch cold, so she came with his house shoes and bathrobe and tried to persuade him to come to the fire, but Tommy said, "Mother, I never heard such sweet music as those bells are making this morning. Can't you hear their message? They are not saying 'Ding, dong,' but they keep saying 'Christ born, Christ born,' and those little snowbirds here under my window keep saying 'Sweet peace, sweet peace.'"

"Why, Tommy," Mother said, as she led him in to the room and lifted him up in her lap, "have you had some strange dream during the night and aren't you still dreaming, and why don't you seem proud as usual over your toys?"

"Oh, these are the best toys I've ever had on

Christmas, Mother dear, and I love them best, but I'm still hearing those sweet bells and thinking what a glad song burst on the ears of those shepherds so many years ago when Jesus was born in Bethlehem."

Mother took Tommy on in the nice warm kitchen. She thought he might feel more like being wild with joy over his nice gifts when he had eaten his steaming breakfast. Daddy was a little alarmed over his son too. He was afraid he might be sick, so sick that heaven and all the hosts of heaven might be nearer Tommy than they desired; for they had not been blessed with any other little boy but just Tommy, and not even a little girl had ever come to live with them, so they never felt happy if Tommy seemed sick. But was he really sick?

He surprised them a great deal more when they were all seated around the table and his little hands were not reaching so anxiously as usual for food. They were dropped in his lap; and just as Daddy started to say "Oh, Tommy boy, shake off your spell and eat," Tommy boy had something to say and guess what he said, "Daddy, you and mother wait until I thank God for the best Christmas of my life."

There were some tears rolling down their cheeks now, but they worked hard to be brave, however, Daddy just had to sniffle a little for he was ashamed that his little boy had to bring them the reality of Christmas. Tommy's prayer ran like this:

"Dear God, we thank you for the day  
That Jesus lay upon the hay.  
We thank you for the angels' song,  
And for the star that shone so long;  
For wise men and the shepherds found  
By your own light the sacred ground.  
Help me, a little child to start  
To build a manger in my heart;

## GOD REST YE

By Dinoh Maria Muloch Craik

God rest ye, merry gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,  
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.  
The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,  
When Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,  
For Jesus Christ, your Savior, was born this happy night;  
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,  
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn,  
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born;  
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;  
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day.

Make me like Christ, if you don't mind,  
A gift of God to serve mankind."

Mother and Daddy both thought they had never heard such a sweet little prayer; only really it was big, because it had such a big request for such a small boy, but Tommy had his heart enlarged with goodness until surely it looked big enough to God for a manger. Tommy was ready to eat a hearty breakfast now, but Mother and Daddy couldn't eat but just the least bit. They looked at one another kinda funny like across the table, and then at the bright face of their boy. They realized for the first time that God had really been generous to send them such a gift as sat at their table that morning, and they had not realized so much in their lifetime how much Christmas meant either.

"I know this morning why Santy brings gifts on Christmas, Daddy," Tommy spoke, breaking the silence.

"And, why?" ask Daddy.

"'Cause Christmas started by giving, Daddy. God gave His Son, and He brought peace and goodwill to the whole world—that is what the angels told us."

"Right, my boy, altogether right," said Daddy.

Mother and Daddy, you may be sure, did not send their boy to Sunday School today. They took him. And as they walked along through the snowdrifts, each held a hand which this morning held them not only together as one family, but linked them with the Unseen Hand that guided them all in the same direction as the star led the wise men to Jesus. The bells rang for them the same song that Tommy had heard at the window: "Christ born, Christ born;" and every little bird along the way sang "Sweet peace, sweet peace."

## THE NEW DOG

There was a new dog in the yard next to Ruddy and Ben Brown's.

One day, after Ruddy had been over next door on an errand, he came running into the house. "O mother," he said, "that is a lovely dog next door. He barked at me when I went in but I petted him and he stopped barking, and wagged his tail, and followed me all around and jumped up to me, trying to play."

Then Ben came in. He looked a bit cross. "Mother," he said. "that is a terrible dog next door. I was suspicious of him and I took a big stick with me. Then as soon as I went in he began to bark and I shook the stick and told him to go and lie down (Continued on page 21)



# Helps for Tempted and Tried

## What Do You See in Your Clouds?

OSWALD CHAMBERS

"Behold, he cometh with clouds."—

Rev. 1:7.

In the Bible clouds and God are always connected. Clouds are those sorrows or sufferings or providences without or within our personal lives which seem to dispute the empire of God. If there were no clouds we should not have faith. Seen apart from God, the clouds or difficulties are accidents, but it is by those very clouds that the Spirit of God is teaching us to walk by faith. Faith must have an autobiography; until I know God, I have no faith. Faith is the spontaneous outgoing of my person to another person whom I know.

"Behold, he cometh with clouds"—the clouds are the very sign that God is there. What a revelation it is to know that sorrow, bereavement and suffering are the clouds that come along with God. God does not come in clear shining; He comes near in the clouds. "If I had not come\*\*\*\*they had not had sin." The sign that Jesus Christ has come to us is the sense of our utter unworthiness.

It is not true to say that God always wants to teach us something in our trials. It may be that God wants us to unlearn something. God's purpose in the cloud is to simplify our belief until we are in exactly the relationship of a child to Him. Every cloud that comes in our physical, moral or spiritual life, or in our circumstances, is meant by God to bring us nearer to Him—until we come to the place where our Lord Jesus Christ lived—and do not let our hearts be troubled. Christianity does not add to our difficulties; it brings them to a focus, and in the difficulties we find Jesus Himself.

All the clouds and mysteries of life ought to be interpreted by us in the light of our knowledge of God. In everything that happens to us we are beginning to unlearn that which keeps us from simple relationship to

God? Sometimes we have to leave certain things alone until we come into the simplified relationship—God and my own soul; other people are shadows. Until other people become shadows, clouds and darkness will be ours every now and again. Is the relationship between you and God becoming simpler than ever it was?

There is a connection between the strange providence of God and all that we know of God Himself. As I see it, unless we can look the darkest, blackest fact full in the face without damaging God's character, we do not know Him. There are no such things as "calamities" or "accidents" to God's children, but "all things work together for good." Sin and evil and the devil are not God's order;

but they are present by the direct permission of His providence. If we governed the universe we would clear them all out at once, but God does not work in that way. He did not work in that way with us—think how patient God has been with us! When the world, the flesh and the devil do their worst, it is for us to understand where our true life is to be lived—not in the outer courts, but "hid with Christ in God." Whatever happens, happens by God's permission, and we have to unlearn the things that hinder us from knowing God!

What is your cloud just now? Is it something you cannot see through, something that is foggy and indefinite and perplexing and that makes you shiver

with fear? There are clouds, clouds of thinking, for instance, which make you afraid as you enter them. The revelation in God's Book is that the clouds are but the dust of our Father's feet. Then thank Him for them.

"And suddenly\*\*\*\*they saw no man any more, save Jesus only with themselves." Have you any one "save Jesus only" in your cloud? If you have, it will get darker. You must come to the place where there is "no man save Jesus only," all others are shadows. Spiritual education is to know God, and nothing simplifies our lives more than learning to see in our clouds the goings of His feet.—From "God's Revivalist."

## Bear Ye One Another's Burden: Gal. 6:2

By EDWIN W. CASWELL, D. D., in *The Bible Champion*

It is true in a certain sense that every man must bear his own burden. There are works and duties, trials and troubles, that no one can carry for another. Daniel Webster felt that personal responsibility to almighty God was the greatest fact in human existence. No other can bear his accountability for you for every one must give an account of himself  
(Continued on page 29)

**IN THE GRIP OF GOD**

**HOLD ON TO THE LAST**

When all the world's against you  
And your strength is failing fast,  
Just grit your teeth—don't whimper,  
But hold on to the last!

If the weight of burdens crush you,  
And your die in fate seems cast,  
Just do your best—don't dare give up,  
But hold on to the last!

When the thread of life is breaking,  
And you'd feel all hope is past,  
Bend on your knees in silent prayer,  
And hold on to the last!

Many a captain has won his fame  
While tied to his ship's mast;  
We must, like them, if we succeed,  
Just hold on to the last!

Sel.



# Father's & Mother's Page

## MAKE CHRIST THE KEYNOTE OF CHRISTMAS

By MARY T. GALBRAITH

Christmas in the home . . . what does it mean to your family? Holly wreaths in the windows, branches of pine or spruce adding a festive air to the room, a Christmas tree with its weight of sparkling ornaments, perhaps even a bit of mistletoe hanging from the chandelier. Yet among all these decorations, familiar in thousands of homes, where shall we look for something that would definitely speak of the One whose blessed birth we are celebrating, unless perchance, we should find a star topping the tree?

This was the thought that impressed itself insistently upon the mind of one mother. As Christmas Day approached she resolved that this year she would in some way so plan her decorations that the Christ Child Himself would be the keynote. At last while selecting from her folios some pictures of the Nativity for use in teaching her class of Juniors she found her cue. "Why not use a few of the most beautiful of these pictures as a part of my home decorative scheme?" she thought.

With happy enthusiasm she went to work on her idea. The usual greens, holly, and tree were used, but so skillfully did she work out her plan that these played only a secondary part in the finished whole. On piano, mantel and bookcases she arranged copies of such masterpieces as Correggio's "Holy Night," "Angels and Shepherds" (Plockhorst), "Arrival of the Shepherds" (Lerolle), "Star in the East" (Dore), and others. These pictures were arranged so as to bring out the Christmas story consecutively as one followed around the room. On the table Hoffman's "Head of Christ" held the place of honor.

Many visitors to the home expressed their pleased approval of this most unusual but wonderfully appropriate plan of Christmas decoration. And on Christmas Eve, when the family gathered in the quiet, dimly lighted room to listen to the beautiful Christmas music coming over the air, each one present felt keenly the impressiveness of the hour. It seemed indeed that the

Savior, the Child of Bethlehem, was an actual Presence in the home that night, with a blessing for each and every one.  
—*Mother's Golden Now.*

## VIA THE STORY ROUTE Objects Help Impress Bible Stories

A mother who believes that Bible stories, when well told, have a wonderful influence toward the mental and spiritual culture of a child, has a method that should be of interest to other mothers. When she decides on a story that she wants to tell, she finds some object about which to build the story. For example, a piece of olive wood has been used as a center about which to construct many interesting stories, that the children will never forget. The wood suggests the Mount of Olives and the little garden where Jesus loved to go for meditation and prayer.

When the mother wished to tell the children the parable of the mustard seed in a more striking way, she took a bottle shaped like a test tube, and filled it about half full of the seeds of our common black mustard, which is the kind found in Bible lands. It is surprising how these small seeds, that can be shaken about in the tubular bottle, will add to the interest of the story. The time and trouble we take to prepare objects of this kind is of little consequence when compared with the satisfaction children get from seeing something real that is related to the story. A sling and a few smooth stones will give a peculiar interest to the story of David and Goliath.

This mother has found that the objects have a stimulating effect on the one who is telling the story as well as the children

who are listening. She also enjoys finding new objects about which she can build her Bible stories. The story hour is coming to be looked forward to with pleasure by mother and children and is having a desirable effect in the development of that which is noblest and best in the lives of the children. — J. W. Atteberry in *Mother's Golden Now.*

## Look to the Fireside Story

What fireside stories do your children hear? We hope you have a fireside and that in the cool evenings and the cold nights you gather the children around it. And when you do, what are the stories you tell them? Do they hear the tales of pioneer days that our fathers heard in the olden times, stories of Indian and buffalo and deer and bear, of adventure and romance that make the background of this wonderful country of ours? Do they hear stories of the Revolutionary days when our forefathers gave all—or offered all on the altar of liberty? Some of these pioneers did give all. Some came through the trials of the old times and founded the solid government that is ours today with religious freedom and the liberty to choose our work and our play. Do your children hear fairy tales that point a moral (without saying so), or sordid stories of lawbreaking that fill the papers today? By all means see that the right sort of stories is told the children. See, too, that they learn to "tell them back." There is no surer way to insure their conversational powers, as well as to give them a character and a motive for right thinking, than through the stories they hear at the fireside. "I can't tell a story," you say. Well, if not, do not let the children know it. Take a book of fine adventure or romantic stories, either true or fictional, and one by one learn them, so that you can tell them. It will be a means of development to yourself, and what it will mean to the children, time only can tell.

Fortunately, at this time, most schoolbooks have good stories and teachers are trained in story telling values. Often we can merely ask the children what stories they are reading at school, and a beginning is made in linking the life of the past and the dreams of the past with our school life and the home life by our own firesides. So, look to the fireside stories! They will entertain, and more than that, they will instruct, and most of all they will build character, if we choose the right ones.—*Ila Earle Fowler, in M. G. N.*

## WHEN IT'S CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

By Mary T. Galbraith

'Tis Christmas in the crowded streets. The people hurry by.  
A shopping list is in each hand, a tense look in each eye.  
The hally sellers loudly cry their wares and push and dart;  
But it's only truly Christmas when it's Christmas in the heart.

'Tis Christmas in the market place. The shops are filled with toys;  
At every door a Santa Claus to thrill the girls and boys.  
There's a Christmas tree a-glitter in the window of each mart;  
But it's only truly Christmas when it's Christmas in the heart.

'Tis Christmas in the churches, with music sweet and low.  
'Tis Christmas in each happy home, with candles all a-glow.  
And everywhere the Christmas Star still plays its shining part;  
But it's only truly Christmas when it's Christmas in the heart.

Dear Jesus, Lord of Christmas, dwell in my heart today.  
Let not the glint and tinsel turn my thoughts from Thee away.  
O blessed Babe of Bethlehem, Thy love and peace impart,  
And may this day be really, truly Christmas in my heart.



# The Inner Circle Page

## QUESTING YOUTH

BY FREDERICK P. WOOD  
(Used by permission of Zondervan  
Publishing Co.)

(Continued from last issue)

### Children Have To Be Nursed

They are always dependent upon others. They have to be watched and tended and cared for, but they cannot be relied upon to help any one else. Again, how true this is in the spiritual sense? What a multitude of spoon-fed, nursery Christians there are today! Always being helped, but never helping others. Content to be served, but never serving; counted as church members, but of no use to be counted upon as soul-winners. They are splendid at listening to sermons, but they never broadcast the gospel to others. They remind me of a lady who, in the midst of her Christmas shopping, remembered that she needed note paper and envelopes, so she hurriedly asked a man standing in the aisle of the big departmental store, "Do you keep stationery?"

"No, madam," was his reply, "I am a shop walker! If I kept stationary, I should lose my job!"

But how many Christians "keep stationary"! They never, as we say, "get a move on" for God. His command, "Go ye and make disciples," has not meant anything to them. They are content to leave that to missionaries and clergy and ministers. They are like the girl who escaped from a fire in a blazing theatre. Away in the safety of a friend's home she sobbed and sobbed, and would not be comforted. Through her tears she cried, "I saved myself, but only myself."

Here then are some of the tests by which we discover our spiritual condition, whether we are "babes," immature, undeveloped, living our lives merely for ourselves, less than the best; or whether we have "grown up," as Paul puts it.

In our Lord's ministry He too suggested that there were various grades of spiritual life. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10. Every Christian has life, eternal life, spiritual life; but every Christian has not entered into abundant life.

Again Christ says, "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest." Then follow, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me . . . and ye shall find rest." Every Christian has the first rest, the rest of sin forgiven, but every Christian has not the

second rest, the rest of a yielded will.

When our Lord raised Lazarus to life, He first gave the command, "Lazarus! Come forth!" At once he stood up, alive, with the blood coursing through his veins, and the flush of health once more on his face. Yes, alive, but something more was needed. A second word of command was uttered, "Loose him, and let him go." Bound hand and foot with the grave clothes, he could not move. He needed liberty as well as life, and so with everyone of us. Yet with many it is a case of life but no liberty. They are bound hand and foot with the grave clothes of doubts, fears, old habits, besetting sins and worldly desires. They have no liberty in prayer, witness, fellowship or service of any sort. They are tongue-tied, lock-jawed, and like rivers in the Arctic Circle—frozen at the mouth.

Now in the light of such Scriptures we cannot, we dare not, be content to be less than the best. There are at least three people who take note of our second-rate Christianity—the devil, the world, and our Lord Himself.

What does the devil think about it? He is estimating the strength of our witness. Would it not be very revealing if we could know just what his opinion of our Christian lives is? The old couplet says,

*"Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees."*

I wonder if he ever trembles when he sees me on my knees? We may well ask if we are any menace to the devil in the places where we live and work. Does he find it any harder to get on with his evil intentions in the office or business house, because we are there? Or does he chuckle with satanic glee, knowing that there is nothing in our life and witness to hinder him? It is possible for us even to help him by inconsistencies, by slackness, and by sin.

The world around us is forming an estimate of the value of our Christian profession. The tired, restless, feverish world

has high ideals of what the Christian life should be. It expects a great deal, and how stumbled those around us can be if we come short of their standards for us. The very least inconsistency makes them less likely to accept our witness, and more inclined to ridicule our faith. They watch to see what difference Christ has made in our lives, and if we fail at any point, we are written off as hypocrites, humbugs, and our religious profession is condemned as can't.

In an American magazine there appeared the following:

"She didn't want to go to the picture show, and had stood out for Jesus and Jesus only; but one night her husband said, 'There's a dandy show, a good, clean show on, and I am going to take the boy, but I think a woman ought to go with her husband when he asks her to.' Her mother and his mother were living with them, and they both told her a thing or two, and finally she said, 'I'll go with you.' She put on her hat and walked out on the street with him. He walked away from the main street. 'You are not walking toward the picture show,' she said.

"I don't want to go to the picture show,' he said. 'What did you come for?' she asked. He said, 'The sun has all gone out, and every hope I ever had. I thought there was something in this Jesus business, and I just put you to the test to see whether there was something worth while. If you had stuck tonight, Fanny, I would have come through. I'm sick of the whole business, and was wondering how long you would keep your religion, but you fell. I thought you had a real Jesus!'"

Most of all, our Lord Himself sees if we are living subnormal Christian lives. How disappointing we must sometimes be to Him who has suffered so much for us. He knows that He has accomplished all that was needed to make possible an abundant, overflowing life of power and blessing. Yet how often we "let Him down." If we are less than the best, then to that extent, as far as we are concerned, He has suffered and died in vain. He counts on our faithfulness. In the mystery of His purpose, He has no other plan for bringing blessings to the needy world. What must He feel when we forget our responsibilities, ignore our privileges, and neglect our opportunities?

"He is counting on us. If we fail Him, what then?"

The divine intention is that we should be "the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour . . ." Moffatt translates the passage thus: "If the salt has become insipid . . ." The dictionary definition of the insipid is without tang. How like some of us! Many a Christian is as tangless as the white of an egg, or a cup of weak China tea! Disappointing?

(Continued on page 23)





# Treasured Gleanings for Ministers and Christian Workers

## Obedience

Somewhere I have read a little story of a child in a woodland camp whose father sent him with a letter to the village, pointing out a trail over which the lad had never gone before. "All right, father, but I don't see how that path will ever reach the town," said the boy. "Do you see the trail as far as the big tree down there?" answered the man. "Oh, yes, I see that far." "Well, when you get there by the tree you'll see the trail a little farther ahead, and so on until you get within sight of the houses of the village." There is in our pilgrimage of faith an element of sheer faith, not seeing.—*Sunday School Times, Frederick Robertson (Brighton).*

## Transformed Lives

Out in that yard of yours in the springtime, you clean up the ashes that have been accumulating during the winter season. Piles of ashes out there in the yard grow through the winter, and then in the spring you hire someone to come and cart them away. Ashes are from coal—coal that has been burned and consumed. Coal is carbon, and that beautiful shining white stone in the engagement ring on your hand, lady, is carbon also. The diamond the king wears in his crown and the ashes out there in the yard are made of the same stuff!

Down in the state prison are some cinders of men, clinkers, burned out, only the ashes of life left. Down in some sections of the city are the women of the streets, burned out, clinkers, cinders, only the ashes of life are left. But the gospel is the good news that Jesus Christ can take the carbon (clinkers, if you will) and transmute it into a diamond, a gem for His own crown, made out of the ashes of sin.

A little girl made a strange misquotation of a verse but she told the truth when she said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save cinders." Yes He did! He takes the clinkers, the cinders, the ashes, the burned-out, hopeless lives, and makes them glorious and new.—*Will H. Houghton, in the Living Christ.*

## The Danger of Self

Don't get into the Moorish Palace, whatever you do. It had a small grotto-like entrance into which we were invited by placards announcing its wonders and

beauties, but once inside there were only mirrors, and whichever way you turned you saw only yourself. You looked in one direction and you had grown tall and thin, and in another short and wide. Your face expanded or lengthened in the most astonishing way. In every direction the mirrors lured and deceived you, promising exits where there were none and only bringing the bewildered wanderer face to face with some other distorted reflection of himself—always himself. There are people who spend their lives in the Moorish Palace. Whichever way they turn they see nothing but self, and soon it grows to be an exaggerated and distorted self. They see it made little by fancied slights and they are resentful. They see it grow into importance by some success and their pride is gratified; and even when they think they are working for God self comes slipping into their foreground.—*Kate Hamilton, in The Queen's Garden.*

## Love One Another

A Scotch Highlander, wounded in the World War, was stroking a German spiked helmet as he lay upon a cot in a London hospital. A nurse said to him, "I suppose you killed your man?" "No, indeed," was the reply. "It was like this: he lay on the field, badly wounded and bleeding, and I was in the same condition. I crawled to him and bound up his wounds; he did the same for me. I knew no German, and he knew no English; so I thanked him by just smiling. He thanked me by smiling back. By way of a token I handed him my cap, while he handed me his helmet. Then, lying side by side we suffered together in silence till we were picked up by the ambulance squad. No, I didn't kill my man."—*Christian Herald.*

## What Are Christians For?

A Christian woman who was engaged in work for the poor and degraded was once spoken to by one who was well acquainted with both the worker and those whom she sought to reach.

"It does seem wonderful to me that you can do such work," her friend said. "You sit beside these people, and talk with them in a way that I do not think you would if you knew about them, just what they are, and from what places they come."

Her answer was, "Well, I suppose they

are dreadful people. But, if the Lord Jesus were now on earth, are they not the very people He would strive to teach? Would He feel Himself too good to go among them? And am I better than my Master?"

A poor, illiterate person, who stood listening to this conversation, said with great earnestness and simplicity, "Why, I always thought that was what Christians were for." The objector was silenced, and what wonder! Is not that what Christians are for?—*Christian Herald.*

## What Constitutes Success?

The word is used but once in our Bible. Some one gives a prize definition as follows: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the trust of pure women and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction."—*Author Unknown.*

## God's Majority

When Saladin beheld the sword of Richard the Lion-hearted, he marveled that a weapon so ordinary could have wrought such mighty deeds. The brave Englishman bared his arm and said, "It was not the sword that did these things: it was the arm of Richard." It was the arm of God that fought against the Midian host. What mattered it to God whether Gideon's army numbered one hundred thousand or one thousand or one? One with God is a majority. Anyhow, God measures men; never counts them.—*W. E. Biederwolf, in the Man Nobody Missed.*

## The Weight of Sin

A flippant Indian youth once interrupted an evangelist, saying, "You tell about the burden of sin. I feel none. How heavy is it? Eighty pounds? Ten pounds?"

The preacher replied, "Tell me, would a corpse feel a four-hundred-pound weight if you laid it upon him?"

"No, because it's dead," replied the youth.

The preacher then said, "That spirit, too, is dead which feels no load of sin!"—*Paul Hutchins, in the "Know-So" Christian.*

See ad for new Christmas plays on P. 34



# Christmas Eve on Forest Heights

BY HOPE DARING

"O Daddy! The view is far-reaching, more so than I thought."

A complacent smile came to George Graham's face. His daughter, Kathleen, had just arrived at Forest Heights, her first visit since the completion of the house and the spacious grounds that surrounded it. The place had received the name of the long, easily sloping hillside upon which it stood.

"Glad you like it, daughter. When my business ventures at Birmingham first doubled and then trebled my income I decided to build you and me a country home up here in the Alabama hills. This is high enough so we will be comfortable in summer and far enough south so you can bring your friends for an occasional week in winter. When you are through high school and college you will like it."

"You have had some of the lower woods cut away, Daddy, to widen the view?"

"Yes. It is perfect, all but that one clump of trees. When that is cut away and the shabby old buildings behind it are leveled, then we will have a glimpse of the river in the valley."

"Why, I didn't know your land went down that far."

"Our land, daughter. It doesn't, but it will. Here comes the old fellow now who has dared refuse to sell me this scanty holding, I'll show him."

Kathleen looked at the two persons who were approaching the terrace where she and her father stood. One was a man no older than her father, but his form was bowed, as if with care and toil. The girl at his side was about sixteen, tall and slender. Her dark face was flushed with the rose of perfect health.

"Ah, Lane! Come to whine a little and let me have my way."

"No, Graham." Andrew Lane straightened his bent shoulders. "I came to tell you that there was a misunderstanding when you got possession of the mortgage on my farm. It was due last year, and I was not able to pay the interest, on account of sickness. Morgan said it didn't matter, and he says he told you I was to have more time. And now you have begun foreclosure proceedings."

"I'm within the law. You and Morgan should have both known such an agreement was no good. I am going to push the matter. See here, Lane, even now if you'll get off this fall so I can have that point of view cleared at once, I'll add a hundred to the little that will be left you when the place is sold."

"I'll never give it up. It will take you a year and more to get me out. Something will happen in that time; God will not let

a man ride over his neighbor like that."

They argued hotly for ten minutes. With grieved faces both girls listened. Kathleen learned that the Lanes had occupied that old but comfortable house for three generations. There were only two children, the girl, Nora, and John, a lad of twelve. As the two men talked, Nora turned to Kathleen.

"Can't you persuade him to give it up, Miss Graham? Why, the farm is like mother and us children to father. There was never a mortgage until five years ago when my brother was desperately ill with spinal meningitis. We carried him to a Birmingham hospital, and they saved his life, but all his days he must walk with a crutch. There was no way to pay the hospital bill but to mortgage the farm."

"Oh, I am so sorry. There is no use of my saying anything now, while Daddy is angry, but later I'll—"

"Not another word, Kathleen! I forbid you ever mentioning this to me." George Graham who had, in a momentary pause overheard his daughter's faltering words, walked toward the girls. His flurid face was flushed purple with rage.

There was a brief pause. Nora Lane looked into her father's face, to find it white with anger. Then she stood still, looking at the scene before her, the scene the two men both loved but in such different ways. The golden days of October had but just passed into the russet ones of November. The air was still mild. Upon the hills and the valley the setting sun was spilling its pale, autumnal light. Among the somberness of the conifers, birches, maples, oaks and beeches lifted their bare, silvery-brown branches skyward, but to the oaks the maroon-brown leaves still clung. Suddenly Nora spoke to George Graham.

"Why do you do it, sir?"

"No need for you or any of your tribe to ask that. It's my way; and I am going to have it."

"You do not understand, Mr. Graham. It is not ourselves for whom we are asking mercy. I have a position in Birmingham and had hoped to earn the money to catch up with the interest and help pay the debt. It is for my sweet, worn mother and my crippled brother that I ask mercy."

Angry as the man was, the pathos of her voice and words stirred him, but he would not yield. Angrily he bade the Lanes go.

They went with no more words. Before Kathleen could regain her composure the arrival of a carload of friends from the neighboring city prevented more being said.

The next week Kathleen returned to

her school in Chicago. There she shared the home of a married brother. It had been arranged that he, his wife, and Kathleen should arrive in Birmingham the day before Christmas, to spend the holiday season at Forest Heights. A housekeeper and a retinue of servants had been installed there, and a half dozen guests were to be entertained.

When Kathleen left the train, late in the afternoon of the appointed day, she recognized the man who came to meet her as the proprietor of a garage in the city. He lifted his hat.

"Your father left the big car with us yesterday, Miss Graham, for a thorough going over. He rode back home with De-Long, one of his guests. We promised to deliver it here, ready for your brother to drive out. I brought it down myself."

Kathleen explained that the sudden illness of her brother's wife had compelled her to come alone. The man looked vaguely uneasy.

"I wish I could drive you out myself, Miss Graham. You see all our men are engaged for the evening. I'll find someone, someone reliable."

Kathleen smiled. "That's not necessary, Mr. Collins; I drive as well as brother Tom does. Then I know the car and the road, with all its turns and hills."

"But a snowstorm is predicted, Miss Graham, heavy snow even here. And it is due any time now. I'll feel better to see you start with a driver."

Kathleen dismissed his fears lightly. Five minutes later she was in the car, her baggage arranged by Collins. "Here's the first snowflake," and she lifted her face to it. Then, by the station light, she glanced at her wrist watch. "It will be dark before I reach Forest Heights, but I'll be there in time for dinner. Thank you, Mr. Collins," and she was off.

Her exit from the city was a little delayed; the streets were filled with cars and the crosswalks thronged with foot passengers. In her absorption in her driving Kathleen failed to notice how the storm was increasing in fury. When she was out in the open country where there was only an occasional group of buildings she shrank from the blast of wind that seemed to bring a mass of snow with it.

"It is growing colder. After I make the Mitchell turn, the wind will be in my face. Well, the road is fairly good, if only I can keep on it."

A half hour later darkness shrouded the scene, a darkness hurried and increased by the heavy snowfall. Kathleen pushed on as fast as she dared drive the powerful car. Constantly she peered into the blurred light cast by her lamps.

"Why didn't I have the sense to ask Collins to telephone Dad that I was coming alone?" she asked herself. "Some of

(Continued on page 29)



# Our Church



## Silver and Gold Have I None

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

The Senior Deacon was very much troubled. He said to the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, "We might as well face the fact that our church is in a very critical condition. We have been without a pastor for nearly six months. If ever the people needed the Bread of Life it is now, while we are passing through these trying times. We may have to close up if we cannot find someone to come in and shepherd us."

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees did not reply at once. He was looking down at his hands that were rough and knotted with his farm work. The Senior Deacon had the same sort of hands. Both farmers sat there in the little country church after the folks had gone from the brief service, and their faces were troubled. Finally the Chairman of the Board of Trustees said:

"You know we cannot pay any salary for a pastor, at least any man who would be of any help to the church. Money is about the scarcest thing in this community. We can't pay our taxes, and some of us have had to take out our phones and may have to give up our cars and go back to horses. Where can we find a shepherd for the people?"

"We need one. But as you say, it begins to look as if we will have to close up," the Senior Deacon spoke sadly. "And we never needed the church ministry more than now. Look at the children in the Sunday School. There were over seventy on the roll today. But I don't see how we can continue without a pastor."

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the country church suddenly spoke: "The Reverend Strong over at Smith Center has recently resigned. Perhaps we

could secure him for a pastor."

"But I understand," said the Senior Deacon, "that his church began to consider him to be growing too old to carry on the work of a church of that standing in the country seat, and after more than a hint to that effect, he resigned in order to avoid any controversy among the members. Besides, we can't pay him any fixed salary, and he is getting old."

"And so are we. He isn't any older than we are and we expect to keep on working for several years yet, don't we? He has a well-known record for faithful service. Report says he has been a good preacher, an excellent parish worker, and he and his wife are deeply spiritually-minded. If we can secure him for our shepherd I believe he will be just the most

helpful minister we can get. Our church cannot disband. It would be a tragedy for this whole community."

The two farmer members of the country church talked over the matter a long time. That week the Chairman of the Board of Trustees called a special meeting of the Board with the Deacons in conference, and after a long and earnest conference on the following Sunday with the church members, a letter was sent to the Reverend Philip Strong which he received and read to his wife as they sat in the church parsonage, which would soon be occupied by the new pastor, a young man this time.

Reverend Philip Strong

Dear Sir and Brother:

Our church at Ferndale, as probably you know, has been without a pastor for six months. Our last pastor was obliged to leave because of our inability to pay him any stated salary. Our membership is composed almost entirely of farmers who live within a radius of twenty miles of Ferndale. It is the only church for this entire community. There are many children and young people, although the older ones have moved away to the towns.

We are writing to ask if you would come to be our pastor on these conditions: We are not able to pay any stated salary. Money is very scarce. Practically all the farmers are in debt, and cannot meet their taxes. We can promise to furnish you and your wife with the best of food and the use of the small parsonage near the church. This letter has the unanimous vote of the church, and we hope you may consider our action favorably. "Silver and gold have we none" but we will give all we can of what we have.

(Signed by the clerk and trustees.)

The Reverend Philip Strong looked over at his wife. They prayed silently, together. The next day they accepted the call to the Ferndale church on the conditions named, and began their services there the following Sunday.

The little church was filled with the farmer members and their families. The members were delighted with their new pastor. He was a plain looking man, but his sermon was so plain that even the children could understand it. He took for his text, "But what are these among so many?" And the point he made was that if Jesus is added to a small amount of anything in the way of service we can do all things through His power. It was just what those anxious farmers and their wives needed. It ministered to their soul needs. In his closing prayer the minister united all their hearts in his simple faith that God would supply all their needs through the riches of His grace.

As the new pastor came down from  
(Continued on page 30)

## A Pastor's Prayer

BY REV. N. E. SINNINGER  
*Trempealeau, Wis.*

Dwell deep, O inner Christ, dwell deep

Within my inmost soul;  
Only Thy blessed self can keep,  
Aye, cleanse and keep me whole.

Perfect Thy holy will in me  
Till all my will is stilled,  
And "power beyond my power"  
from Thee

My poor, weak life has filled.

Then send me with Thy saving Word

To those who need Thy grace;  
Illumine, cleanse, and use, dear Lord,  
Until I see Thy face.



# Mission Page

## A LETTER FROM INDIA

BY MILDRED (Blackwell) CASE

These are such busy days I hardly have time to write, but the events are so interesting. I do want to keep you posted as to what we're doing, for I know you are all interested, so I will hurriedly write a few lines ready for tomorrow's post.

Last Wednesday we left here about 6:00 a. m. for our farewell visit to the Cooks and for the workers' meeting there. We took two workers from here (the main leader and another low-caste worker) and Tobitha. We stopped in one town at a Travelers' bungalow, place for keeping travelers, where there is a refrigerator and bought a cold drink of water, paying about 5c for it. 'Twas surely refreshing. I do get very thirsty for good, fresh, cold water. We had a lovely trip—just a little trouble with the T-model, (otherwise it wouldn't be a Ford, would it?). The Cooks loaned us the T-model while they made their trip to the United States. We had a good meeting and visited with the Cooks, and arrived back home about midnight. We were tired all the next day, but we did enjoy the trip. It was the first time I had been away from the house any distance since we came from the Hills. I had gone to only three meetings away from here in that time.

The natives have given the Cooks a very royal farewell, giving them presents, souvenirs and a generous silver offering from their own poverty and penury. Certainly many people have been brought to the Lord through their efforts and they love these dear gospel warriors. I do hope that whatever the length of our stay here we may be rewarded with the sight, as we leave, of precious souls here whom we have led to Christ, who promise to pray faithfully for us in our absence, as these precious ones have done for Brother and Sister Cook.

The Cooks left their home last evening to begin their trip to the United States. The saints of Chengannur chartered a special bus to accompany them twenty-five miles to the railway station. So I imagine Blossom and George are plenty lonely today. Cooks will arrive in Colombo, Ceylon, tomorrow and sail there the same day. They have passage booked to London only and are taking a chance of getting a cabin on some boat across the Atlantic. They are not eager to come, now that the war situation seems so unsettled. I don't blame them. I'd hate to leave two children in India, should war

be declared, if I were them. The war clouds look dark, but we trust God for our protection.

An independent Pentecostal church about eight miles from here has been wanting to come into our fellowship and deed their church building to the Church of God. Hoyle told them to make all their legal arrangements and agreements themselves—unanimously among their members, then we would visit them and accept them, but he could not afford to go there, nor have anything to do with making arrangements. So on last Friday they completed their arrangements by law and gave the deed to Hoyle and asked us to come there for meeting Saturday at one o'clock, so we went. As we neared the church (walking where the Ford couldn't go) a man who had been turned out a good while ago, came to say a few words to us, which were: "I understand Sahid (Hoyle) has come here for trouble and that this property has been deeded to the Church of God. I was not consulted or willing for this, so you cannot go into the church!" When Hoyle started into the door this man grabbed his hand and tried to hold him out, but, of course, he just shook his hand loose and walked on in. The man followed and violently sat himself down beside Hoyle on the bench in front of the stand. When we began to sing, he began to quarrel (he had three other men with him—objectors, but not members). When Hoyle was speaking, he jumped up and stood in Hoyle's place and talked and talked. Oh, it was terrible. We began to rebuke the enemy. Hoyle fell on his knees in prayer. Soon the man quieted, but only for a short time, then he would begin again!

Samuel asked him to please respect an American missionary and he said, "Phoo, what right does an American missionary have in this place?" Then Samuel told him, "I (Samuel) request or demand that you respect him." Then he said, "You're from Chengannur and you have no right to speak here." He would heed nothing anyone said, he even preached while we all prayed; so he finally broke up the meeting, as they said he had been doing in the past. Among other things his sermon included, "You must not pay any attention to Sahib. The Church of God does not believe in the Holy Ghost, or divine healing. You must listen to me; I will tell you right, follow me!" Hoyle was very patient with him. He asked him to be quiet or he could cause him to be put in jail or fined and he shouted, "Let

there be a 1,000 rupee fine, I don't care," and his buddies chimed in. But before we left one of his buddies came and begged pardon and gave his hand in penance. The rest remained very bold. So we came home after announcing service for Monday 1:00 p. m. Yesterday two chief police went with us, one of whom everybody fears, as he is a good policeman and he surely proved it yesterday. That man started to the meeting as usual to break it up, but when he saw the police, he never came inside, neither did any of his buddies, except the one who repented Saturday. The policeman fully inquired into all the matters and saw for himself that the actual members had taken the proper step unanimously and of their own accord. Then he went outside while we continued the service inside. He had an open air meeting among those rowdies. They gave him their complaints, but he found them all ungrounded and told them publicly that if anyone disturbed worship there again he would see to it that they came to town for a rest in a certain house near him! (jail). Those men became very fearful, the leader disappeared and the others begged pardon, promising they wouldn't disturb any more. The main policeman sent the other one to find the leader and tell him to come and ask pardon, if he wanted to, but the man escaped. The policeman said this was against him, for now he would have to send a warrant for him and then he would make him come to us and apologize or else be prosecuted! Anyway, it is certain those people will not be disturbed in worship any more. It would do your heart good to see their approval and appreciation of our help in this matter.

It cost us about \$2.50 or \$3.00 in all, as we had to go to a distant place from here to arrange for the police and get them and take them back, etc. (as the place of meeting was not in Muvatupuzha district), but we're glad the enemy is defeated and those precious children of God have liberty. Yesterday we gave twenty the right hand of fellowship into the church, nine men and eleven women. It made me feel so good to shake hands with those dear souls. Their building, erected by themselves, is very nice. It is better than either of the two we have in North Travancore. The police was very nice, though you'll be surprised to know he was a Hindu. You see how broad-minded he was. He said, "You must have undisturbed worship." So we are very grateful for government protection. How long it will last we do not know, but the future is in God's hands.

Last Sunday a worker, Samuel, and Tobitha went with us to a new place eighteen miles from here where Hoyle cycled a few weeks ago. We had a good service out in front of a house there.

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# Exchange Page

Dear Sister Harrison:

I just want to tell you how grand I think the Lighted Pathway is. I became acquainted with it about eight months ago, and it has been a blessing to me many, many times since. I had inquired about it several times, but could never get any satisfaction, as it did not seem to be at all known here in Montana. I had purchased the 1935 yearbook but had never seen the monthly issue. By the way, I am one of the group of that picture of the Northwest Bible and Music Academy students. I am now a graduate of the school and it was there last winter that I read my first Lighted Pathway, given to me by Beatrice Dodson. She tells me she knows you personally, so I feel like a friend of yours too, having heard so much about you. Since then I have certainly been a booster of your paper. We just recently received our delayed August issues and as I read how the paper began I am not at all surprised that God has blessed it so wonderfully because He originated it. I am so glad because it is so filled with spiritual food from cover to cover that one can scarcely afford to miss reading one line. It is my ideal of a good Christian paper.

Since it is so new in our territory here, we have been paying for the roll out of our Sunday School and Y. P. E. treasury and then we hand the papers out, one to each family free of charge so it will be obtainable for everyone to read and enjoy.—Bessie Carpenter, Billings, Mont.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have been reading the Lighted Pathway now for nearly two years, and I can say that it has really been an inspiration and help to me. There are so many encouraging talks and writings. I enjoy reading about the founding of the Y. P. E. and Lighted Pathway. It is so encouraging that someone was interested and had the young people at heart enough to try so hard to help them. Praise the Lord for Sister Harrison.

We don't have a large Y. P. E. here at Riviera and very many young people who have salvation, but praise the Lord, they surely will cooperate and help with the Y. P. E. services. We are praying for the Y. P. E. services every day. We are encouraged to press on. Pray for us.—Mary Lee Wells, Riviera, Fla.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I want to write a few lines in regard to the Lighted Pathway. I truly praise God

for the paper; it's the most wonderful book I have ever read. It does me so much good. The beautiful stories, also the mission page, bring joy to my heart.

I am group captain of the Y. P. E. and have been for several years. I really enjoy that work. Many times the devil tries to discourage me, but praise God, I mean to work until Jesus comes.

My husband is afflicted and has been for several years. I want everyone who reads this to pray that God will heal his body. He is a backslider.

Please pray for our Y. P. E. here at Middlesboro that God will undertake and that lost souls will be saved.—Mrs. Maude Everly, Middlesboro, Ky.

Dear Sister Harrison:

In the name of Jesus I greet you. As I have been reading the new Lighted Pathway it has been food to my soul. Two years ago I found the Lord precious to my sad heart and He sanctified me wholly. Later I realized that I needed more of God. I began to hunger and thirst after righteousness and He baptized me with the Holy Ghost. It's joy to know that God will speak peace to our lonely hearts. I feel the great call to work for Jesus. Surely it's time we need to lift Him up more than ever before.

I visited the Church of God at Hope Mill. I never knew before that Church of God people were so consecrated.

I am a young girl eighteen years of age. Pray for me that I may obey the sweet voice of Jesus and endure till He comes.—Dorothy Lee Berry, Clarkton, N. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I have begun reading the Lighted Pathway and find it a great help to me today. It gives me a new light on different things. When I bought my first Lighted Pathway, I was greatly discouraged. I went home from church and began reading. It was not very long until I took new hope. The story, "The Narrow Path," was food to my soul. Please pray for me that I will endeavor to grow stronger and go on till Jesus comes.—Eva Perline Mulling, Kew Turks Island.

Dear Sister Harrison:

This morning finds me saved and I have victory over sin. The Lighted Pathway means so much to me. By reading it I feel closer drawn to God and encouraged much to go on.—Mary E. Capron, Kew Turks Island.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I feel that I should write something to the Lighted Pathway. It means very much to me. I can be blue and disheartened and when I get the Lighted Pathway and read the Editor's message and the other good articles of the paper it uplifts me and encourages me to fight the battle to the end. Oh, bless His name, I can hardly wait.

May God bless you in your work, Sister Harrison, and I'm sure your reward will be great at the end of the way.—Ruby Lee Smith, Woodruff, S. C.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a word about our young people's work in the state of Georgia. I'm the evangelist for the Y. P. E. and Sunday School superintendent here in this state. We have started the new assembly year off with a determination to work harder than ever before.

The Lighted Pathway can't be beat and we praise God for it. Look out, people, you had better work hard or Georgia will carry the banner home from the next Assembly. Our young people are going to work hard and by the help and grace of God we are going to put it over the top for God in the state of Georgia this year.

I'm in my first revival now, at this present time in Toccoa, Ga. Last night there were twenty-eight in the altar seeking God, mostly young people. Pray for us.—W. O. Boheler, evangelist.

I want to thank those who helped me to secure Lighted Pathway subscriptions and also those who subscribed. May God bless you. If you have never had the paper in your home, you will find it a blessing and something that you will look forward to get each month. If you have had the paper before, I hope you receive more good from reading it than ever before.—George E. Brazell, Sevierville, Tenn.

Dear Sister Harrison:

I wish to write you a few lines to let you know that God is blessing the young people here in Richmond. A little over a year ago the Y. P. E. was started with a handful of unsaved girls and boys, today we have about thirty members and many of them are saved, some sanctified, and a few have the sweet Holy Ghost. God has really blessed. Please pray that God will help us in the future.

One of our dear brethren is a music teacher and he is giving lessons free of charge to any member of the Y. P. E. who brings an instrument. Thank God for this brother. Pray that our band will increase in size and knowledge.—Eugene Furr, Richmond, Va.

Dear Sister Harrison:

Just a few words in honor and praise  
(Continued on page 23)



# Temperance Page

## A Mother's Folly

The spacious drawing room of the Manner's home in Manville was filled with gay young people whom Jean had invited for lunch before the football game in a distant town.

Mrs. Manners, who was popular among Jean's associates as a hostess, was at her best. Sandwiches were passed around and, "Here's something to drink," said Mrs. Manners as she placed a jar of sparkling beer on the sideboard. "Help yourselves every one."

She felt a slight twinge of conscience as she watched the hilarious group freely partake of the jar's contents. Maybe so much was not good for them. And John's mother, "grandmums" to Jean, had severely taken her to task about this matter. "But," she excused herself, "they'd better drink it here than in some saloon. If only the mothers would realize that their children would stay at home more if allowed to treat their friends to beer as elsewhere."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the crowd as they surged around her, thanking her for her hospitality.

"Sorry to rush off, but we've only forty-five minutes to make the trip," said Bill Goring, "Come on!"

In a few minutes the crowd had dispersed and the hum of their motors could be heard in the distance as they speeded down the highway.

In spite of objections from Jean, who was sharing the front seat of the big car with Charles, the crowd decided in favor of a race with Bill.

"But you don't know the road," objected Jean.

"Well, what of it? Don't you suppose the boys know how to drive?" retorted someone from the rear seat.

So the race began. Bill, driving his light roadster, led on the straight stretches but Charles led on the curves.

"Step on the gas, Bill," cried someone from the rumble seat. Bill did. So did Charles. The cars rounded a curve racing abreast at a terrific speed—and they saw directly in their path the flying bulk of an oncoming train.

"Stop! Stop!" screamed Jean.

At the same instant Bill and Charles slammed on their brakes with all their strength, but too late. The cars skidded head-on under those grinding wheels.

Mingled with the moans of the dying was the hissing sound of the train's powerful brakes as they were applied. When the train came to a standstill the people

poured out from the coaches and raced back to see what had happened. Women, sickened, returned to the cars. Men grew pale but stayed to help.

One man shouldered his way to the front. "I'm a doctor. Give a hand here and maybe someone can be saved."

As the mangled, unrecognizable bodies were drawn from the debris it became apparent that every one here was past human aid; few bodies had been recovered.

"Does any one here know who they are?" the doctor queried.

"This tag says Manville," exclaimed someone.

"Manville! That's my home . . . maybe"

The doctor's words were cut short by a low moan and then another. It seemed to come from somewhere down the road embankment.

"Wait," said the doctor, "I'll see who it is and call for help if necessary."

He turned and made his way down the embankment. It seemed like hours to the waiting crowd before he called.

"Here's two of them, someone come and help."

In a few minutes the suffering boy and girl were carried up the bank into a warm coach.

The girl was struggling, but the boy lay inert and helpless. The doctor examined him swiftly. "Broken up but he'll live," he said—then looking closer he continued, "if I'm not mistaken this is Charles Layton, of Manville." He paused again to regain control of his voice. "Bring the girl here now," he commanded.

As the girl was brought under the bright light, the doctor in the act of bending over her suddenly uttered an exclamation of horror. "Oh, it's Jean, my daughter! Jean—darling, it's daddy—say you're really all right honey—speak." Turning aside he said abruptly, "Get Mrs. Manners quickly; also another doctor, I can do no more." He turned back to Jean and sobbing heartbrokenly knelt beside her. His practiced eye, taking in all details, told him that another doctor would be unnecessary.

Her eyelids fluttered, then opened slowly. "Daddy — daddy," she whispered, "Where am I? What—oh—I remember. The train—it was terrible—oh. Where are the others?"

"They're in God's care now, Jean, don't worry about them," answered Dr. Manners brokenly.

"It wasn't that bad—oh, Daddy." She

lay quiet.

The door opened and Mrs. Manners entered the car, closely followed by Grandmother Manners.

"Who is it?" queried Jean. "O Grandmums, I—wish—I'd—stayed—home with—you." Then catching sight of her mother she raised herself on her elbow and pointed a trembling finger at her.

"It was—you," she said fiercely, "who caused this. They got—drunk and reckless—and you—made them—drunk. God forgive you."

Mrs. Manners cowered before the awful truth. "Jean—f—forgive me," she gasped.

"I—forgive—but—will—God—and—the other mothers? It's s—so—dark—Grandmums—Daddy. I'm not—ready—to—meet—God. No—one—ever—told—me—death—was—like—this." She gasped and lay still. Then rallying once more she said, "Never—serve—beer again—mum—sy—it—is not—right — t h a t — we — should—go—so—young—oh—it hurts. It's hard—to—k e e p—going —Grandmums—life is so funny. Turn—on—the—light—Daddy. It's so—dark." With these words Jean fell back on the pillow. Her shoulders twitched once — twice. Then she lay quite still.

Mrs. Manners walked as one in a trance during the intervening days between Jean's death and burial.

At the church after the minister had spoken a few words, Mrs. Manners suddenly stood up. With one hand on the casket, as though for support, she faced the crowded room, her voice hollow as she said, "You all know what caused this. Jean forgave, but I cannot ask you to. Yes, Jean forgave but I shall never forget that accusing look in her eyes as she lay dying. Oh, fathers, mothers, never make the blind mistake I did and have to endure the torture of being accused of murder by your child. I pray God that I may go soon to meet . . ."

Suddenly with a deep sigh she quietly slipped to the floor—her hand still clinging to the casket. Her prayer had been answered all too soon. The shock had been too much and Mrs. Manners went out to meet her Maker with her hands stained by the blood of the eleven who had so recently preceded her to the judgment bar of God.—By Faith L. Freeborn in "Exchange."

## THE KEY IN WHISKEY

There is a key in whiskey: whiskey. This key fits many locks. It locks up the human brain, and unlocks the doors to insanity and the "bug house;" it closes the door of a husband's affection for his wife, and at the same time opens the doors to roadhouses, brothels and "strange women;" it locks the door of modesty, and unlocks the door of coarseness and

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# Advice to Young People

## "WHOM SHALL I MARRY?"

CHARLES G. PASCHAL

This questioning headline is the vital query of literal millions of our unmarried youth of today. Questions without number are asked each year on this subject. Dorothy Dix, Ruth Campbell, and others receive thousands on top of thousands of similar questions regarding matrimony each year. Fathers, mothers, married friends, teachers, pastors are often consulted by those planning marriage. Multitudes of questions like this gush from hearts and mouths of the love-stricken. "I'm undecided—who would you marry if you were I, Thomas, Richard or Harry? Thomas is a drunkard, but I love him. Should I marry him or try to forget?"

"Mary has a questionable character but I can't forget her. What would you do?" "Bill is a sinner, would it be wise for me as a Christian to yoke myself to him? He says he loves me dearly," etc.

Of all the sources of information, dear young people, there are for you to consult, none are as reliable as that "old tear-stained Book" that your mothers love so well, coupled together with a good earnest prayer. Very good advice is often given by staff writers for large newspapers but they often give the wrong advice or fail to give the best. Father and mother, as dearly as they love you, are often at a loss to advise you right. Pastors, in their spiritual position, would not give you ill advice knowingly, but they often cannot advise you satisfactorily. And different sources of information will give you different answers to that marital question of yours. I maintain that you can get the best advice from God's Word and prayer. This wonderful source of information has never failed to provide the right and best answer to every problem that you or I have had if we diligently sought this information. In the following paragraphs I shall tell you why.

Since marriage is, as is often said, a lifetime piece of business, you who are planning to marry should be very prayerful as well as careful whose hand you're holding when you say I WILL.

Do not be so foolish as to grab the first chance you have. Better chances are ahead. Choice is far better than chance, in this great step. The one and only choice you make will either bring you happiness or bitterness. Seek to make the right one.

Limited space prohibits my dealing with the individual's tenor of this question, but I can point the entire group who desires the answer to the proper information.

Marriage is an honorable thing in all. God's favor and divine approval is upon

it. He instituted it; performed the first ceremony; and has promoted it in all ages. There is nothing disgraceful about it. Still it has been often abused and misused. Those who use it rightfully are in favor with God even though they may displease Him in other ways.

The first thing I would have you young friends who plan marriage to consider is this: Make sure that your marriage is not an unequal yoke. Throughout the scriptures there are warnings of the danger of this. I suppose that the majority who read this article are Christians. Then that brings us to the question our Christian young people often ask, "Is it wrong for Christians to marry sinners?" Let's seek a scriptural answer to this. Turn to 2 Cor. 6:14. Here we read Paul's solemn warning, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." We all admit, I suppose, that marriage is the most binding yoke that can be placed upon us. Since this is true it behooves you who are about to marry to seek your spiritual level. Those who did not marry their spiritual equals—with few, if any exceptions, have suffered defeat. Gen. 6:2-5 tells us the results that followed the marrying of the sons of God (equivalent of Christians) to the daughters of men (equivalent of the unregenerated or sinners). Solomon with all his wisdom sinned in marrying outlandish women who worshipped other gods and very likely was lost because he never repented of the idolatry he committed to please them that I know of. The daughters of Lot, who were righteous, who married the unrighteous Sodomites, perished with their husbands and no doubt they were the main cause of Lot's wife, their mother, looking back. On down through the ages we have the warning examples of being unequally yoked with unbelievers. Even today, among the holiness ranks, there are broken and unhappy homes because of this very thing. I have heard them, perhaps you have too, tell how their husbands would prevent them from coming to meeting. How they were mistreated because of their religion. Listen, girls, before you tell that liquor-soaking, cigarette swain of yours, "yes," think of this. You must receive the caresses of one whose breath fairly reeks with the foul, putrid smells of tobacco or liquor—often both. Worry will put gray streaks in your hair far beyond your years. Your load will be far beyond your strength. It will sap your victory, blight your heart and shorten your years. As a Christian would you want a man like that to be the father of your children? Do you know that their little lives will be blighted by such a bad example in their own home? Yet you answer, "I love

him"????

The general answer to this headline is: "Marry for love." This is good advice, if rightly followed. The sad part about this thought is that young people often mistake something else for love. They get enthused or infatuated over some of their opposite sex and marry before they discern whether it is true love or not. Then comes the question, "How can I tell whether I am truly in love or not?" Let me answer from the scriptures. Christ says, "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." As a Christian, don't you think that God is interested in your marriage, especially since He plays the most active part of all? Then let me ask you these questions: Does God join together saints and sinners in an unequal yoke? Does God forbid members of Christ (saints) being members of an harlot (or those of vile character)? Since you admit that God does not act contrary to His Word and that His eyes are over the righteous, His ears open to their cries, do you not think that God through His Spirit will not join you to a proper companion in true love?

A young minister once withstood me on this point of saints marrying sinners. I maintained that God was displeased with it, even if some of our good Christian young people do marry sinners through lack of knowledge of God's will concerning them. He maintained that if you loved a sinner that was sufficient. I trounced him with this question after I made him admit that God forbids our being yoked together with unbelievers. I asked him, "Do you mean to tell me that God would forbid His people being yoked together with the devil's people and then turn around and join or yoke them together in marriage for a lifetime?" He was unable to answer me. I was happy to know that he later married a fine young Christian girl, the daughter of a holiness minister.

Well-meaning holiness girls sometimes make statements like this, "I'd rather marry a Christian but there are no Christian boys in our community. What else can I do?" Let me suggest that you take the matter to the Lord in earnest prayer. Then, wait upon Him and He shall bring it to pass. At the proper time He will either send some boys with good religion into your community or make some good Christians out of some of them already there. And above all do not be so foolish as to ignore the good Christian boys you know and latch on to some "drug-store cowboy" or "pool parlor lounge." You may live to regret it. I know some that have.

After earnestly consulting God's Word about the matter you'll find enough to teach you whether or not your future companion is eligible for you or not. Then

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## Contributions by Young Writers

Y. P. E.

This "Y" is for young folks,  
Who gather to sing  
And worship and study  
Of Jesus our King.  
We're working for Jesus,  
And doing our best  
To carry you with us,  
To the home of the blest.

This "P" stands for young people  
Who are serving the Lord,  
Who sing of His praises  
And study His Word.  
"P" also stands for pardon,  
That's what we receive  
When we give all for Jesus,  
And His truth believe.

"E" for Endeavor,  
That's trying real hard  
To fight for the truth;  
The Bible is our sword.  
If you would like to join us,  
Just fall in line,  
Jesus is our Captain  
And He wins every time.

—Lois White, Warrior, Ala.

### Little Things

1 Cor. 3:6. Little acorns make large oaks. So a little beginning will make a large ending.

Let us take advantage of the little things that we can do. Now all of us can take a part in the little things, Even if it's only a word, smile, song or gift. Let's cultivate the deed, or seed, by watering it with love and kindness, and watch it grow.

You may never go to the mission field, Sunday School teachers, but there may be a boy or girl in your class that needs such cultivating as you could render. By teaching them the Word of God, with faith in Him, you will have a reward in their labors.

You mothers, who are home keepers, keep the fire going with your prayers. The minister and evangelist will then have a holy anointing to stir the souls of the lost.

You, who can't give as you would like to, financially, give your love and encouragement to those you see in need of it most. And you will be surprised to see the wonders it will work. Encouragement will go a long way and love is stronger than death.

If everybody puts his shoulder to the wheel, and is careful and prayerful about the little things, at the end of the year he can sit back and see fruit of his labors.

After all the large position seeks the man qualified and how can he be qualified unless he has been faithful in the little things? We should live so we can hear Jesus say, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many (larger) things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," Matt. 25:23.

Let us sow and water, looking for God to give the increase. — *Exelma Holley, Ninety Six, S. C.*

### Trust in God

Courage, brother, do not stumble  
Though thy path is dark as night,  
There is a star to guide the humble,  
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be long and dreary  
And its ending out of sight,  
Foot it bravely, never weary,  
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish not, my brother,  
All will perish that fear the light,  
Whether losing or winning,  
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate and some will love,  
Some will flatter, some will slight,  
Cease from man and look above,  
Trust in God and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,  
Inward peace and inward light,  
Stars upon our path abiding,  
Trust in God and do the right.

—Earl Johnson, Columbia, S. C.

### The Shepherds

The moon had sunk behind the cold barrier of mountains in the west, leaving the night as dark as the lives of the group of shepherds who hovered around their little fire. They presented a sad picture sitting there on the solitary Judean plains at this lone hour of the night. They broke not the silence of the hour with words but each knew the thoughts of the other as they moved restlessly about from flock to flock. The chilly winds which swept the lonely plains were like the chill within the soul of the Jewish nation. Herod pressed them sorely. Even now these shepherds could see the lights of Bethlehem where the thousands of Jews had come to be taxed. And the Messiah, God's promised Deliverer for His people, had not come. Aye, many said He was not coming. But in the hearts of the more faithful patriots there was a ray of hope with which they might inquire, "Watchman, what of the night?" and to these faithful shepherds who voiced not their doubts but, amid the bitterness and unrest

of their obscure life, awaited the coming of the Messenger from their God, there came the oracular answer, "The morning cometh!"

But on this particular night there seemed no omen of good will. There was anxiety and discord in every heart. Even the shepherds were about to give up all hope when "lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Then the angels departed into the heavens. The night was dark and chill again, but the shepherds did not know it. They left their flocks and hastened to Bethlehem to see this thing which their God had revealed unto them. And as the angel had said, they found "the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger," for there was no room for him in the inn. But these humble shepherds who had watched for His coming, made room in their hearts for the Christ-child and with rejoicing they returned to their flocks.—*Louise Burgess, Monroe, La.*

### The Time of Snow

Adrene Ross Sanders

The time of snow has come.  
Clean, white, beautiful snow,  
Emblematic of freedom from guilt and corruption.

Only He, whose providence is just and glorious can know  
The sanctity of snow.

The time of snow has come;  
Quiet, refreshing snow,  
Symbolical of rest in the Lord when forgiven.

Only He, the Ancient One, with garments dazzling white can show  
The cleanliness of snow.

The time of snow has come;  
Blithe, free, dancing-glad snow,  
Dramatizing the bliss of the angels in heaven.

Only through the cleansing fount can mortals enter in to know  
The mystery of snow.

The honor men give to us they can take from us, but true honor cannot be given by man, neither can it be taken away by man.



# The Garden of My Heart

*From the Y. P. E. of the Church of God  
at Hamilton, Ohio*

BY HAZEL MULLINS

In the spring of each year a great many people plant a garden. There are different kinds of seeds planted and many different plants are raised in the gardens.

I want to talk about the garden that is planted in a person's heart. Everybody plants a garden. If one is a sinner he has a garden in his heart. That garden contains all the ugly things of sin. If a man has accepted Christ he has planted a garden wherein everything is beautiful and of the finer things of life.

There is a man living near us and the other day I was looking at his garden. There were weeds growing there, all kinds of rubbish was thrown over the ground and the fence was broken down. I could tell at a glance that this man had never plowed his garden, had never accepted Christ, had never tried to plant the kind of seeds that a Christian would plant. An ugly, careless, sinful place is the garden in the heart of a sinner.

People can very easily see the things that are planted in one's garden. A person should be very careful, therefore, what he plants and how he cultivates it.

All Christian gardens are planted on the same plan. When a man becomes saved from sin he plants first a beautiful rose bush just in the center of the garden. This rose bush has one lovely red rose blooming on it. The name of it is the "Rose of Sharon." You never saw a more beautiful or perfect rose, and it is the purpose of every Christian to keep it continually blooming, for the "Rose of Sharon" is Jesus planted in the garden of our heart.

And then just close beside the rose bush is a pure white lily. It has a sweet fragrance and there are several blooms on it. This lily plant is called "Brotherly Love." When the "Rose of Sharon" is planted the lily called "Brotherly Love" always is placed beside it. The two are inseparable.

Over to one side is a small green-leaved plant called "Faith." When it is first planted it is just a small plant but as it is tended and cultivated it grows taller and spreads out.

Then around on the other side is a tall, leafy plant covered with little pink blossoms. The name of the plant is "Peace." The leaves are "Joy" and the pink blossoms are "Happiness." This plant is also given along with the "Rose of Sharon." Just to look at this plant makes a person feel happy. When people have this plant in their garden there is always contentment, a calmness, and a feeling of safety, even though troubles and trials of

life come upon them. The pink blossoms of happiness keep putting forth continually for there is constant joy in serving the Lord.

Over in one corner of the garden is a plant that Christians glory in. It is a pretty plant. It is short and is somewhat bushy. It does not bloom all the time and there is no certain season for it to put forth flowers. This plant is called "Tribulation."

There are many tribulations that arise in a Christian's life. There are things to be overcome, burdens that sometime seem almost too heavy to bear, but through our determination to serve Christ and our love for Him we can overcome and emerge victorious over them. Then is the time the plant of "Tribulation" begins to bloom. It has a large blue, lovely flower on it with a sweet fragrance. The name of the flower is "Patience." And my! when that flower blooms you should see the effect on the plant of "Peace." The leaves of "Joy" just keep trembling all the time and there seems to be hundreds of new flowers of "Happiness" that bud and bloom. It's worth a lot to make a blue flower of "Patience" appear on the plant of "Tribulation."

After some time the petals fall off and a seed pod forms. These seeds fall to the ground and soon little, tiny plants with a small star-shaped white flower on each one just cover the ground beneath the plant of "Tribulation." The name of these tiny plants is "Experience" and the little flowers are called "Hope."

Then over to one side, but in view of everyone, there is a short, stubby-looking plant. It looks like a small tree. The queer thing about it is there are no leaves, no blossoms nor anything, just brown, bare branches. Some people think it is positively ugly. Some don't seem to mind it much. It looks like it's dead but it is very much alive.

The other day I saw one of the sisters get an ax and try to chop it down and get rid of it but she struck and struck at it and didn't even knock the bark off. I saw one of the brothers try to pull the little old tree out of his garden. He tried with all his might but his hands just slipped off and he fell. "The ugly thing," he said, "I can't get rid of it and I can't overlook it either. I'll just have to do something about it."

Then I went home and yanked on the tree in my garden but it wouldn't move. A short time later I saw another brother try to cover his plant up with paper and hide it but the paper blew away. Then he tried another plan. He tied some sacks called "Excuses" over it, but the thing looked worse than ever and when people

passed by on the street they always pointed and laughed. He had to uncover it.

The name of this brown, bare tree is "The Tree of Tithes." There is only one way to make this tree grow beautiful and that is to pay your tithes. For each and every time you pay your tithes a green leaf puts forth on its branches. The beauty of the tree is its leaves for they are a glistening, shining green. To make our gardens really beautiful, let's put leaves on the "Tree of Tithes."

There is another plant that grows in the garden, but this plant is not given along with the Rose of Sharon. This plant comes up without being planted. It grows just as near the center as it can get. It is a thorny, sticky cactus plant. It draws the nourishment from the soil away from the other plants and it seems to try its best to choke out the Lily of Brotherly Love and its ultimate aim is the destruction of the Rose of Sharon. This cactus plant is called the Tongue.

Some people's cactus plant grows faster than others. The one sure way of keeping it from growing is to cut it down every day. Every time a person talks about his brother or hurts his influence by telling idle gossip about him, the cactus plant begins to grow rapidly. The stinging, hurtful, cruel things that the tongue can say is just what the cactus needs to make it flourish. This cactus plant, when allowed to grow, is ugly, has sharp stickers, and an unpleasant smell.

The cactus plant in my garden appears to grow unusually fast. Sometimes this doesn't seem to bother me because I like cactus plants real well anyway. It's a lot of trouble and bother to most people to keep the cactus cut down.

Not long ago I noticed my cactus plant and it was getting a pretty good start toward a tall growth. I didn't bother to cut it down that day for I thought it did look rather nice. That night we came to church and while I was talking to one of the sisters she said, "Don't you breathe a word of this but I heard the most awful things about one of the sisters." And then she told me what she had heard.

It wasn't so bad but after we both had exclaimed and said, "Isn't that terrible?" and "I wouldn't have believed it," it did seem like the best piece of gossip we had received in a long time. "I'll be careful how I let this get to anyone else," I told her. After service I went to different sisters and said, "Now, I'm telling this to you confidentially, so don't you tell anybody." And then I told the whole story. If I sort of got it mixed up each time I didn't mind because the main thought was there. In all I know I told over a half dozen. Some listened and others wouldn't. It was rather late when we arrived home but I just had to tell

(Continued on page 31)



# From My Scrapbook

MARY ELIZABETH HARRISON

## The Lowly King

*Rev. Luther B. Cross*

O Babe in the manger, how lowly Thy bed,  
No robe to adorn Thee, no crown for Thy head;  
Yet saints will adore Thee, bright angels now sing  
Of peace and good will that Thy coming doth bring.

How fondly Thy Mother regardeth Thee now!  
She knew not that thorns would encircle His brow;  
She knew not a spear would be pierced in His side;  
That He would be nailed to the Cross where He died;

The winepress alone He would tread to redeem;  
The light from the Cross on our pathway would gleam;  
For man through the valley of death He would go;  
The life-giving fountain from Calvary flow.

O gracious Redeemer, of Thee will we sing,  
The Son of our Father, our Savior and King;  
With joyful thanksgiving we'll join in Thy praise,  
And honor our Master, the ancient of Days.

## Hymn For Christmas Morning

*By Sterling Bunch*

In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem,  
The Prince of Peace is born—  
Bow down, ye worldlings, worship him,  
All hail! Another Christmas morn.

Forget today the rush for gold.  
Amid this unavailing din,  
Forget, and sing this song of old:  
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

"Good will to men," ah! fain were I  
That o'er the clouds of hate and war  
These words were blazoned on the sky,  
Where once was seen a flaming star.

To Bethlehem the magi came  
With precious gifts to leave,  
Led thither by that starry flame  
On that far yester-eve.

But we forget that heavenly gem—  
Forget, or smile with scorn,  
Forget that there in Bethlehem  
The Prince of Peace was born.

## L'Envoi

The world is sad, the world is gay,  
The world is bright or grim,  
But let us only on *this* day  
Remember Bethlehem.

## Truly Wise Men

I know not whether those who came  
Were worldly wise or no,  
Nor know I how renowned their fame,  
How much that each did know.

I know not if they read the stars,  
Or could their lessons show,  
Or whether, when the sun grew dark,  
Their spirits, too, sank low.

I know not what they knew of earth,—  
Its treasures pure and rare,  
Or whether they could tell to men  
How through this life they'd fare.

But this I know: they came from East  
Unto the manger stall;  
And when they saw the swaddled Child,  
They on their knees did fall.

They may have even not been called  
The wise of all the earth.  
But this I know: they knew the Christ,  
The KING of lowly birth.

They knew Him, though in stable born,  
Though ne'er a crown He wore;  
They knew the heav'n-giv'n baby Boy  
Asleep upon the floor.

They knew Him! For they opened wide  
Their gifts of priceless worth,  
And placed before this King of kings  
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

If never they were deemed as "wise"  
This humble act of theirs  
Does surely show to us that of  
True Wisdom they were heirs.

—By Norman Willis Ross,  
*Hartwick Seminary, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

## The Star

*By Mary B. Tyrell*

Star-lit the night. Through darkness and  
through danger

Along the way the light of heaven's  
star

Led those who followed, on their way  
untravelling,

Until they found the King they sought  
from far.

Star-led the searchers, seeking for a Sav-  
ior,

Though weary was the way their foot-  
steps trod,

They followed, as the star rode high be-  
fore them,  
Until they knelt before the Son of  
God.

Star-crowned the home that gives the  
Christ-child shelter,  
Bathed in the glory of a radiant light,  
Our human candles fail and flicker fee-  
bly.

The Christmas Star must make our  
whole world bright.

Star-blest all people who have heard the  
chorus,

Ringing adown the ages—"Joy and  
Peace,"

And ours to echo on the blessed tidings,  
The music of a song that ne'er shall  
cease.

## A Christmas Wish

*By Joseph Taylor Britan, D. D.*

One night the minor chords of earth's  
keen pain  
Were merged into a glorious major strain.  
It was the night when God's bright an-  
gels sang

"Peace on the earth," and hallelujahs rang  
Across the spaces of the starry dome  
Because the Savior of the world had come.  
I wish Christ's major chords of Joy and  
Cheer

To be your melody this coming year.

## Christmas

When Jesus left that world on high,  
And came to earth to bleed and die,  
My fellowmen, that you and I  
Might have a home beyond the sky,  
'Twas Christmas.

When in the manger he was laid  
In only swaddling clothes arrayed,  
'Twas then the sacrifice was made.  
Our debt of sin was partly paid  
That Christmas.

No wonder that the shepherds heard  
That midnight anthem, every word,  
No wonder that their hearts were stirred,  
For such a thing had ne'er occurred,  
Till Christmas.

No wonder that the bright star shone,  
For God was guiding to His own  
Three Wise Men, men unknown  
To all that group at Herod's throne,  
That Christmas.

And when at last they did appear  
With gold and frankincense and myrrh,  
The little fellow didn't stir,  
For Mary held him close to her  
That Christmas.

He never cared a single mite,  
He only gazed upon the light  
Or other objects somewhat bright,  
As other babes He was that night,  
That Christmas.



# Reading Circle



Dear Reading Circle Members:

We are looking for great things from our Reading Circle this year. Let us remember that God's Word says, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." This commandment is just as binding as any other and God will hold us responsible for our ignorance if we do not take advantage of all the good literature that we find in the world today.

Reading the Lighted Pathway through is just a little thing and if you read it through and are not a better Christian after reading it, then we suggest that you discontinue reading it, but if it helps you, make an effort to read it from cover to cover.

Now we are running our Bible readings through another year as many will want to read the Bible through next year. Newly converted people should do this and as new converts are coming in all the time, we will keep this running each year. Fathers and mothers, make your children presents of new Bibles for Christmas. We have some nice ones here at the Church of God Publishing House. They are all prices. Boys and girls, make mother and father a present of a nice Bible for Christmas. They are advertised elsewhere on this page. Don't forget that a good book makes a lasting gift for your friends. Search through the old Lighted Pathways for other books we have mentioned from time to time. They will make nice presents also.

## Some Christmas Suggestions

No. 188X, Scofield reference Bible with concordance, Oxford India paper. Price, \$18.00.

No. 677X, Oxford concordance Bible, self-pronouncing, Oxford India paper. Price \$10.00.

No. 177X, Scofield reference Bible with concordance, Oxford India paper. Price \$10.00.

No. 961X, Oxford Teacher's Bible, self-pronouncing, Oxford India paper. Price \$6.75.

No. 133, Scofield reference Bible, with concordance, Oxford India paper. Price \$6.00.

No. 760X, Oxford Teachers' Bible, Oxford India paper. Price \$4.00.

No. 441, Oxford Teachers' Bible. Price \$2.75.

No. 01153X, Oxford Text Bible, Ox-

ford India paper. Price \$3.50.

No. 0131X, Oxford Testament and Psalms, India paper. Price \$1.50.

## Books for the Christian Worker's Library

Universal Self-pronouncing Dictionary, price \$1.25.

Smith's Bible Dictionary, by William Smith, LL. D. Price \$1.50.

Cruden's Complete Concordance. Price \$2.00.

## Suggestions for Christmas Presents For the Home

"The Home of My Dreams," by Roy A. Burkhart. A plain talk with young people on the art of homemaking.

"Friends of God," Bible example stories retold for children, with objective tests and exercises by J. E. Potzger and H. A. Mertz. Price 25c.

"Happy Hours at Home," by Isabel C. Byrum, paper binding. Price 25c.

"Our Darlings' Bible A. B. C. Book," by Isabel C. Byrum, author of "Grandmother's Lily." Price 35c.

"Bible Picture A. B. C. Book," by Elsie E. Egermeier, cloth binding. Price \$1.00.

"Happy Hours at Home," by Isabel C. Byrum, clothing binding. Price 60c.

"Egermeier's Bible Story Book," boys and girls of today, the citizens tomorrow, need Egermeier's Bible stories as a basis of their moral training.

This best written popular book of Bible stories presents the whole Bible narrative in chronological order from Genesis to Revelation. It is free from doctrinal discussions. Parents, teachers, ministers, and child psychologists join in endorsing this book as an indispensable aid in child training. Price \$2.00.

DON'T FORGET that you need The HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF GOD, by E. L. Simmons. If you belong to The Church of God, you will want one of them in your home to show your friends the great progress your Church is making. Order from the author, Rev. E. L. Simmons, 2519 Trunk St., Cleveland, Tenn. Price \$3.00.

## "Bible Lessons for Children"

By L. A. Richard

There is a great responsibility on parents and Sunday School teachers. We

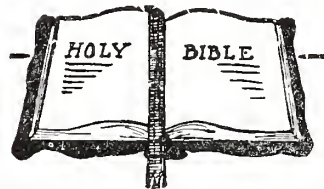
should use great care in training our little ones. Paul said that Timothy had known the Scriptures from a child, 2 Tim. 3:15, and that it was able to make him wise unto salvation. If it made Timothy wise unto salvation then let us do our best to help our children to know the Scriptures better. Price 10c.

## Special Notice

If good references are furnished you may pay one-third down and \$3.00 per month on any account over \$5.00, but remember you must furnish good references.

## Reading Circle

Organize a Reading Circle in your church and build you a good library. We will give you more information about this in our next issue. To belong you must be a reader of the Lighted Pathway. Then take up some good books for study and meet once each week or month as your group decides and discuss the book. We are advocating "Personal Evangelism," by Wm. Evans as one study book.



## Read the Bible Through This Year

These are the suggested Bible readings for December:

	Morning	Evening
1	Hosea 3-4	2 Pet. 3
2	Hosea 5-6	1 John 1
3	Hosea 7-8	1 John 2
4	Hosea 9-10	1 John 3
5	Hosea 11-12	1 John 4
6	Hosea 13-14	1 John 5
7	Joel 1-3	2 John, 3 John
8	Amos 1-2	Jude
9	Amos 3-4	Rev. 1
10	Amos 5-6	Rev. 2
11	Amos 7-8	Rev. 3
12	Amos 9	Rev. 4
13	Obad. Jon. 1-4	Rev. 5
14	Micah 1-3	Rev. 6
15	Micah 4-5	Rev. 7
16	Micah 6-7	Rev. 8
17	Nahum 1-3	Rev. 9
18	Hab. 1-2	Rev. 10
19	Hab. 3-	Rev. 11
20	Zeph. 1-2	Rev. 12
21	Zeph. 3	Rev. 13
22	Haggai 1-2	Rev. 14
23	Zech. 1-2	Rev. 15
24	Zech. 3-4	Rev. 16
25	Isaiah 9	Luke 2
26	Zech. 5-6	Rev. 17
27	Zech. 7-8	Rev. 18
28	Zech. 9-10	Rev. 19
29	Zech. 11-12	Rev. 20
30	Zech. 13-14	Rev. 21
31	Mal. 1-4	Rev. 22



# The Sinner's Page

## The Mysterious Christmas Envelope

CLARABELLE HOPE

Adoniram Cameron was speaking in the same tone of gravity he had always used when warning his congregation of coming judgment. And Rodney wished with all his heart that this were the last instead of the first end of the interview.

"Mother and I," the minister continued, "have a special gift for you this Christmas Eve."

The minister's voice was tremulous as he pressed the long envelope into Rodney's hand.

Rodney tore open the seal.

"Your and Mother's will! Why, Dad, you're not old enough to die. Neither one of you! You will both live years yet to carry on the work you so love."

"We may, indeed, son, we cannot tell. In another sense, I know I shall live always, for I have in turn been presented with a gift from my Father—the gift of eternal life. But I doubt if my dwelling place shall be much longer in this sphere."

"Sit down here, Rodney, and listen. I want to explain fully just why Mother and I have planned this special gift for you. You see God has told us in His Word—"

The minister had reached for his Bible and was turning over the leaves.

"Here is just the passage I want." And he began reading aloud:

"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

"Well, Dad? What does that have to do with your making your will just now? Those verses were always there, were they not?"

"They were, indeed," the minister replied, "but there comes a time for the fulfillment of every jot and tittle of the Word of the Lord. And according to prophecy the time for this occurrence is almost here."

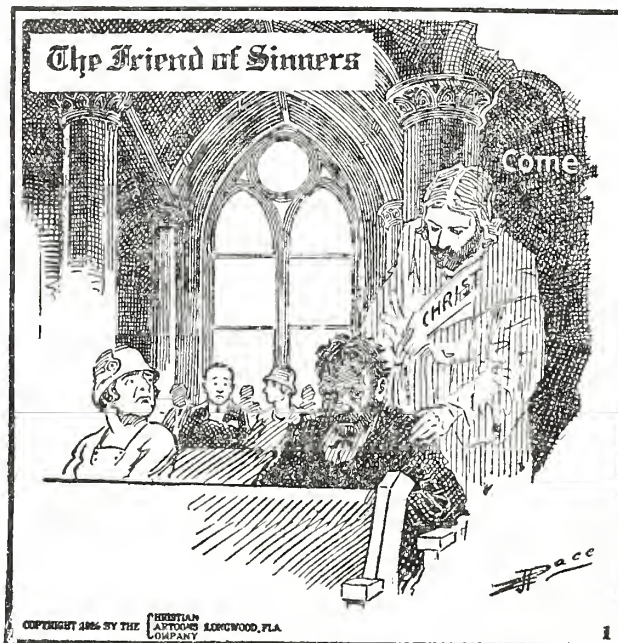
"Some of the very last things to take place before His coming are the return of the Jews to their own land, and the falling away from the faith of the gospel. And you are well enough 'up' on

current events to know that these and many other prophecies are being fulfilled in this our day.

"The day is approaching when we shall behold the appearance of the 'man of sin,' Dictatorship, Bolshevism, Communism, Fascism, etc., are already stalking fearlessly and boldly through every land, preparing the way for His appearing."

Rodney moved about restlessly in his chair, and his face in the firelight's glow looked deathly pale.

"About two thousand years ago," continued his father, "our Redeemer came to earth as the Savior of mankind. But His coming was revealed only to a few lowly



shepherds on the hillsides who were watching their flocks by night. And from the far, far East wise men saw His star, understood its meaning, and came to worship Him."

"Don't I know that old tedious story by heart?" Rodney wanted to say, but if in it lay the explanation of this strange envelope in his hand, he would willingly listen to the end.

"But the heedless world went on," the father continued, "not knowing the day of His visitation. The innkeeper refused Him a birthplace, a type of the millions who should afterward refuse Him a place in their hearts and lives."

"And they will continue to refuse Him and to drift farther from His love until He comes again. But the inspired writer has said,

"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin

unto salvation.'"

Stout-hearted though he was, Rodney, in his cold, backslidden state, would have preferred being caged with a hungry lion than facing his father there. He hoped secretly that his father had not discerned the seeds of infidelity that had already begun to take root in his heart. He now felt that these were being literally torn away, and that his trying to hold them fast was only vain.

Turning to Luke's Gospel the minister read:

"Two men shall be in the field; the one shall be taken, and the other left."

"This event is the next one to take place, my boy. Just when, we do not know, but we know it can't be long, and it may be very soon."

"So, as you will notice, Rodney—" the speaker's voice trembled,—choked,—"we have all the papers legally arranged so you will have no trouble getting possession of the small home we are leaving behind, when Mother and I are gone."

"If He should come tonight, my boy—"

The aging Mr. Cameron looked out across the glistening hills as if he expected at any moment to see the sky ablaze with glory light and hear the trumpet blow.

"Come on, Carole. Step lively if you can."

Rodney had forgotten to knock. Lightly he lifted Carole into the seat beside him and then plunged madly down the highway covered now with softly falling snow. For Rodney knew of a road that ran beside a swift, dark river where the moonbeams, soft and dreamy, danced like roving fairies all night long; and these, Rodney hoped, would

drive from his brain the haunting memory of his father's words.

"Rodney!" His speed was checked slightly by Carole's restraining hand upon his arm. "What is the trouble, anyway? I'm afraid something terrible has happened and you are keeping it away from me! Has it, dear?"

"Not exactly—that is, not yet," he stammered. "But there's something I want to talk over with you when we reach the river road. It's the Christmas gift I received tonight from Dad and Mother."

"Christmas gift! My, but I shall be happy to have you show it to me. I do love the Christmas season—with its softly glowing lights—makes me think of childhood days,—days when I loved to dream of the Manger Babe sleeping on His cunning bed of hay."

(Continued on page 33)



# The Cobbler and His Guest

There lived in the city of Marseilles a hundred years and more ago, an old shoe-maker, loved and honored by all his neighbors, who affectionately called him "Father Martin."

One Christmas as he sat alone in his little shop reading of the visit of the wise men to the infant Jesus, and of the gifts they brought, he said to himself:

"If tomorrow were the first Christmas, and if Jesus were to be born in Marseilles this night, I know what I would give Him!" He rose and took from a shelf two little shoes of



softest snow-white leather, with bright silver buckles. "I would give Him these, my finest work. How pleased His mother would be! But I'm a foolish old man," he thought, smiling. "The Master has no need for my poor gifts."

Replacing the shoes he blew out the candle and retired to rest. Hardly had he closed his eyes, it seemed, when he heard a voice call his name, "Martin!" Intuitively he felt aware of the identity of the Speaker. "Martin, you have longed to see me. Tomorrow I shall pass by your window. If you see me and bid me enter, I shall be your Guest and sit at your table."

He did not sleep that night for joy. Before it was yet dawn he rose and swept and tidied up his little shop. Fresh sand he spread on the floor and green boughs of fir he wreathed along the rafters. On the table he placed a loaf of white bread, a jar of honey, a pitcher of milk and over the fire he hung a pot of coffee.

When all was in readiness he took up his vigil at the window. He was sure he would know the Master. From childhood had he not gazed in love and reverence at His image above the great altar in the cathedral? And as he watched the driving sleet and rain in the cold, deserted street, he thought of the joy that would be his when he sat down and broke bread with his Guest.

Presently he saw an old street-sweeper pass by, blowing upon his thin, gnarled hands to warm them. "Poor fellow, he must be half frozen," thought Martin. Opening the door he called out to him, "Come in, my friend, and warm, and drink a cup of hot coffee." No further urging was needed, and the man gratefully accepted the invitation.

An hour passed, and Martin next saw a

poor, miserably-clothed woman, carrying a baby. She paused, wearily, to rest in the shelter of his doorway. Quickly he flung open the door, "Come in and warm while you rest," he said to her. "You are not well?" he asked.

"I am going to the hospital. I hope they will take me in, and my baby," she explained. "My husband is at sea, and I am ill, without a soul."

"Poor child!" cried the old man. "You must eat something while you are getting warm. No? Then let me give a cup of milk to the little one. Ah! what a bright, pretty little fellow he is! Why, you have no shoes on him!"

"I have no shoes for him," sighed the mother.

"Then he shall have this lovely pair I finished yesterday." And Martin took down the soft little snow-white shoes he had looked at the evening before, and slipped them on the child's feet. They fitted perfectly. And shortly the young mother went her way, full of gratitude, and Martin went back to his post at the window.

Hour after hour went by, and many needy souls shared the meager hospitality of the old cobbler, but the expected Guest did not appear.

At last, when night had fallen, Father Martin retired to his cot with a heavy heart. "It was only a dream," he sighed. "I did hope and believe, but He has not come."

Suddenly, so it seemed to his weary eyes, the room was flooded with a glorious light. And to the cobbler's astonished vision there appeared before him, one by one, the poor street-sweeper, the sick mother and her baby, and all the people whom he had aided during the day. And each smiled at him and said: "Have you not seen me? Did I not sit at your table?" and vanished!

Then softly out of the silence he heard again the gentle Voice, repeating old, familiar words:

"Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."

"For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Selected.*

## The New Dog

(Continued from page 5)

and he growled and showed his teeth. I kept the stick with me all the time. They shouldn't have such a dog."

I wonder which was the more to blame, Ben or the dog?—*Unknown.*

## The Key in Whiskey

(Continued from page 14)

shame; it closes the door against decency, and opens the door to filth and impurity.

This key slams shut, in the face of emaciated mothers and starving children, the door to plenty, and opens wide the door that leads to poverty and rags; it locks the doors of comfortable homes, and thrusts the inmates into the streets as beggars and pariahs of society.

This key, this whiskey key, locks hard and fast the door of good health, and unlocks the door of gaunt disease; it locks the door of happiness, and unlocks the door of misery, woe and broken hearts; it closes the door of reason, and leads men into the fanciful land of delirium tremens where, with horrified vision they behold demons, snakes, and "pink elephants."

This key closes the door of Life, and opens the door of the House of Death; it opens wide the doors of funeral homes and cemetery gates; it opens the unsatiated mouth of the new-made grave to receive its latest victim.

This key, this whiskey key, locks the door of heaven against all drunkards, and unlocks the door of the dark dungeon of despair and eternal damnation for its countless millions of doomed dupes. Beware the whiskey key!—*Marion Daniel Claybourne, in the Watchman Magazine.*

See ad for new Christmas plays on P. 34

## Mountain Peaks of Experience or

### The Story of My Life

BY ALDA B. HARRISON

We would appreciate your helping us place these books. We must sell 900 to pay the Publishing House. If I have friends in the different churches who will order a few of these books and sell them, I will appreciate it more than I can express.

Those of you who have written in expressing your appreciation for the Lighted Pathway now have a chance to express your appreciation in this way and I thank you in advance. Read letter below.—*Editor.* Price, 35c.

I want to say to all who have never read "Mountain Peaks of Experience" by Sister Harrison, you should by all means read it. It will inspire and encourage anyone who has to fight against opposition. It certainly encouraged me to press on regardless of how the enemy might oppose me. Any one will be doing well to order this splendid book. Order from Alda B. Harrison, 2905 Parker St., Cleveland, Tenn.—*Benlah Osborn.*

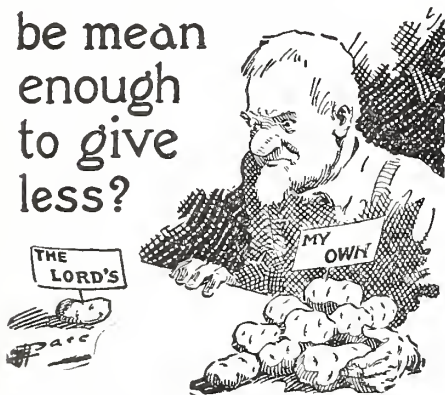
## Silver Lining

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# Tithing Page

One lone tater out of ten! My goodness, how can a man be mean enough to give less?



## SIENTING HONORS GOD

*"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."*—Proverbs 3:9, 10.

It happened in a foreign land; but it did happen.

Sienting was a good mechanic and made much money for his employer. He was faithful and dependable, and Lei Tu loved him dearly.

The foreigners came to the town with a "new" religion, and Sienting, a great lover of music, went to hear them. The music was sweet, restful—Sienting had a very unhappy home with a quarrelsome wife—and the preaching was simple, and very appealing. Sienting soon found himself sympathizing with their teaching, and it was not long until he accepted the Lord Jesus as his Savior, and gave evidence of a fully changed heart.

In the course of time his wife, too, renounced her idols, and accepted the Jesus-way. But she had a very violent temper and did not learn to control it at once—nor did she know to let the Holy Spirit control it. So one day, when Sienting returned from his work he found his precious Bible torn to shreds and scattered over the floor as a result of one of Lee Wu's tirades.

Now in Aman, where this occurred, it is the right and privilege of the husband to beat his wife for any act of disrespect or insubordination on her part toward her spouse. So that Lee Wu was looking forward with considerable trepidation to Sienting's return.

But the truly transformed man stepped into the room, took in the situation,

quietly stooped and gathered up the scattered pages of his precious Book, and said, very sadly,

"Is that the way you treat my Lord, Lee Wu?"

"It broke my heart all up," confessed Lee Wu, when she was telling the missionary wife a while later. "Please, I want to be the kind of Christian Sienting is." And the Lord did help her, and she grew more Christlike from that time on.

But Sienting was the more spiritual of the two, and grew faster. One day, when for some reason Lee Wu did not accompany him to the meeting, he came in all aglow and announced,

"My dear, I have received new light today. The missionary teacher was reading to us in the Bible where every child of God owes Him the tenth of his wages—and He blesses those that observe this command."

"That is a very good thing, I am sure," remarked Lee Wu, indifferently, and continued her sewing. Now shortly before this time, Sienting's employer, who loved and trusted Sienting more than ever since his conversion—though he, himself was as great a heathen as ever—had raised Sienting's wages from twenty, to eighty piasters a month—about forty dollars, American money, which was splendid wages to an Amanese.

"I think we shall begin to tithe at once," pursued Sienting, quietly.

"We'll do nothing of the kind!" exclaimed Lee Wu in sudden rage. "That would be eight whole piasters a month! Such nonsense! Why! aren't you a deacon in the church now? And the missionaries tell how faithful and good you are. No! let the others tithe, but for us, never!"

But after a time, Sienting reasoned her into his way of thinking, and from that on, every month eight piasters were taken first from the wages. And God blessed and prospered them. Soon his wages were again advanced to one hundred piasters, and ten were withdrawn for the Lord each month. And Lee Wu came to see the wisdom of the course her august husband was following, and fell more willingly into line.

On another occasion, Sienting went to church alone, for Lee Wu was detained at home. And again he came home with new light.

"Lee Wu, the missionary says God wants us to keep His day holy and not work. Now I want to do it. But if I do, Lei Tu says I must get someone to take my place, and the pay must come out of

my wages. He is willing that I should do it, but it will cost me twenty piasters a month. What do you think?"

But Lee Wu was beginning to catch up with her husband. She was learning that God's laws were just and merciful, and profitable to follow. She said,

"I think you had better do it, Sienting. The Lord will help us. We got along very nicely on eighty piasters before. We can do it again."

So the arrangements were made, and Sienting gave the whole of every Sunday to the work of the Lord—and was rested, refreshed, and blessed in so doing. And his missionary friends rejoiced in his and Lee Wu's growth.

And then one day, very unexpectedly, Lei Tu went bankrupt. He had been a wealthy man, but had gambled it away—what had not gone up in opium smoke. And now he must sell his business. And what was Sienting to do now?

But Lei Tu loved Sienting, like his own brother, and calling him to one side, he said,

"Sienting, you have been faithful to me. I love you dearly. I am having to quit business, but I want you to have all these tools and this machinery over here"—indicating a certain pile of tools and equipment off to itself. "I am sorry to lose you. But I trust you will prosper." And with profound thanks and expressions of gratitude, Sienting accepted the gift of love.

Now he would start his own business! He had a small nest egg he and his wife had saved, and he would open a small garage of his own. How nice! And he did. The first thing he did was to go to his missionary friends and tell them of his good fortune.

"And now, my good friends, I want that you should come to me with all your repairs. When your cars get out of order, or your motor boat refuses to run, please, I am at your command—your humble servant."

"But Sienting; you are too generous. Do you realize what this means? You know this city is the mission headquarters for Aman—and there are many cars coming in from all over the province," reminded the missionary.

"Yes, my friend, I understand well. You missionaries do not have new cars,—generally old ones. They break easy. You have breakdowns on the roads. It is very expensive to be towed in. Don't do it. Send for me. I save you all I can. You have done too much, anyhow."

And so they did—at Sienting's urgent insistence; they brought their disabled cars and the boat's motor, and when they sent from a distance, he always went, or sent an assistant. Nor would he ever accept one cent of pay. "The Lord Jesus pays me," he would insist. "I get much

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**Editor's Message**

(Continued from page 2)

tiliously observed." There was a quaintness also that gave the revelry a peculiar zest. After reading about these customs and ceremonies one agrees with the writer who said that nations, as well as people, have reason to sigh to be children again.

There are the Yule log and the mistletoe customs handed down to us from our pagan ancestors. The Scandinavians, at their feast of Juul, used to kindle huge bonfires in honor of their god Thor. The bringing in of the log was quite a ceremony, and all wayfarers raised their hats as it passed on its way to crackle a welcome to all comers, for they well knew that it was full of good promise. And as an accompaniment "two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished table," and shed their light on the festive board. A custom that we still closely adhere to is the one of decoration. In the words of a quaint old writer, "Our churches and houses decked with bays and rosemary, holly and ivy and other plants which are always green winter and summer, signify and put us in mind of His Deity, that the Child that now was born was God and man, who should spring up like a tender plant, should always be green and flourishing and live for evermore."

Perhaps the most beautiful custom of all is that of the waits and carollers. No one seems to know clearly whether the term "waits" referred to the instruments or the players. But we do know that there was a company of waits established at Exeter as early as 1400. "I had scarcely got to bed," says Mr. Irving, "when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened and found it proceeded from a band which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring villages. They went round the house, playing under the windows. The sounds, as they receded, became softer and more aerial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight." Bishop Hall and Robert Herrick were the two great English carol writers, and as the waits were the last thing Mr. Irving heard on Christmas Eve, the first thing he heard in the morning was the pattering of little feet outside his door, and the sweet childish voices came to him singing that old carol,—

*"Rejoice, our Saviour, He was born  
On Christmas Day in the morn."*

At the service in the church, which was attended by all the household, more of the quaint and beautiful carols were sung by the village choir.

The old time English Christmas was very beautiful and even if we do not observe all the quaint customs, Christmas, 1939, will be just as beautiful as we make it. Let us fill our hearts with

peace and goodwill towards all, and sing with the angels,

*Glory to God in the highest,  
Peace on earth and goodwill to men.*

It may seem to some as mockery to mention peace at this time, when our nations are in such commotion, but there is peace, thank God, that remains forever in the hearts of men when everything outwardly is turmoil. And this is the peace angels sang of on that first Christmas morning. This is the peace that passeth all understanding, yes it is the peace that will go with us down into the valley of the shadow and it is the peace that shall remain with us as we walk the golden streets in that city, where this Christ, whose birthday we celebrate, has gone to prepare a place for us. He is coming the second time for His bride. Let us be ready.

Read poem below as a closing thought:

**"MY PRESENCE"**

By Aliee F. Dunlap

They tell me that "His coming" is very near at hand,  
When the glory of His presence shall fill this shadowed land,  
Made dark by many a shadow, many a cry of human woe,  
Where the good seem overburdened and oppressed by carnal foe.  
They tell me that His kingdom shall be set upon the earth;  
That peace shall reign forever from the hour of its birth;  
That the good shall be released from every sorrow, care and pain,  
And like their glorious Master they with Him shall rule and reign,  
But I see in those around me bearing sorrow day by day,  
Such a peace and such a glory, such a victory 'long the way;  
Such a triumph o'er oppression, and submission under pain,  
That I know the Lord of glory has already come to reign.  
In the hearts of many lonely—many longing, waiting ones,  
He's already set His kingdom, and His reign has there begun.  
And His will to them is holy, and sweet, and full of joy,  
While their lives are crowned with sunshine in their Master's rich employ.  
They have caught the blessed vision through the eye of simple faith,  
And they hold with Him communion as with Him face to face,  
And earth's sorrows seem to vanish, and earth's burdens lighter grow,  
For the Master walketh with them, and His presence now they know.

—Chattanooga, Tenn.

**The Beggar at the Rich Man's Gate**

(Continued from page 4)

en like Lazarus. If you serve the devil you will go where the rich man went, to hell.

Questions:

What was the name of the beggar? Lazarus. Where did he go to get something to eat? To the rich man's home. When Lazarus died where did he go? The angels carried him to Abraham's

bosom. Where did the rich man go when he died? To hell.

**Sienting Honors God**

(Continued from page 22)

joy from Him."

And his business has prospered and grown. It is twelve years, now, that he has kept the missionaries' cars in repair. He is only an auto mechanic, a quiet, unassuming lay member; he occupies no prominent public position in the church, but when the missionaries are having a hard pull, and the work seems to be dragging, a visit to the garage—which is now almost as big as Lei Tu's was—will bring to their remembrance that God is still on His throne, and operating in the hearts of men—poor, benighted heathen men, so-called,—to His eternal praise and honor.—*The Wesleyan Methodist.*

**Exchange Page**

(Continued from page 13)

to our great Redeemer. I feel like writing a few words to the Lighted Pathway, as I have never before written. I think the Y. P. E. is one of the greatest movements in the Church of God. I am proud of our boys and girls who are taking a stand for the truth. We have the greatest opportunity now to win souls for Christ. I hear each boy and girl over the whole world say: "We are going to do our best for the Church."

Young people, as we look around us and see so many of our precious old people who are going on to meet their reward, how we need to pray for God to give us more grace and knowledge to stand for Christ.

May God bless each one is my prayer.  
—Charles W. Sullivan, Dahlonga, Ga.

**Children Have to Be Nursed**

(Continued from page 8)

Yes, disappointing to Him who expects so much more. Anything less than the best is disappointing to Him and to everyone. We cannot be content with it.

There is no need for us to be a disappointment to our Lord, a stumblingblock to the world, and a laughing stock to the devil.

No! The divine promises are the same as when the apostle wrote, "God is able to make all grace abound (overflow) toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work," 2 Cor. 9:8.

Then let our response be,  
"Nothing less than the best. Nothing less than the best,  
My wonderful Savior has pardoned and blest.

He saves me. He keeps me. He gives to me rest.

He is worthy! I'll give nothing less than the best."



# Y. P. E. Programs

## OUTLINE FOR PROGRAMS

Call meetings to order and ask for a few moments of silent prayer. Then call on some one to lead in a short opening prayer asking God's blessings on the meetings. This will make the short song service which should follow more impressive.

Song service: Do not make your opening song service too long but intersperse songs between your talks further along in the meetings. This will give variety to your program and will keep the talks from being tiresome.

Leader should then announce the topic, read the scripture and have a season of prayer, perhaps having the young people to pray short prayers or one person to lead as you may desire. Young people need to be trained to hear their own voice in prayer. This will be a great blessing to them when they are called into the field of service for the Master. So often the leader will call out older ones who are experienced. This is a training class for young workers. Let us bear this in mind.

The leader should then make her opening talk from the "THOUGHTS FOR LEADER" in Lesson Program.

The sub-topics in the lesson should be handed out a week before and the different ones should be ready now for their discussion of the topic. Each one should be well prepared. Do not take a topic unless you intend to put your whole heart into it. It is a great disappointment to a leader when one who is on the program is either absent or unprepared. Ask God to make you one of those Christians who can always be depended on.

After each one has responded and the topic been thoroughly discussed by those on the program, it might be well to ask others if they have any thought they would like to give. Sometimes God gives others good thoughts during the meeting and they should have a chance to give them. Give what you have to give in as few words as possible. Long, tiresome talks will drive young people from your meetings. No one is supposed to preach a sermon in a Y.P.E. meeting.

At the end of the program sing some good invitation song and give the unsaved a chance to come to the altar of prayer and accept Christ.

Leaders, pray much over your meeting, asking God to direct you in everything. Pray for the salvation of your unsaved friends.

### Bible Lesson

By the Editor

Topic: "HELPS FOR SOUL WINNERS"

Scripture: Prov. 11:30

### Leader's Thoughts

We are sure that many of our young people who are anxious to be soul winners are many times at a loss what to say when they are endeavoring to lead a soul to Christ. It is a puzzling question to most of us to know what to answer at all times when they begin to make excuses.

I am giving some helps along this line in this lesson so that you may be prepared for service of this kind.

A good way to conduct this lesson is to use it as a dialogue. Let the platform be arranged as a living room in a minister's home. The minister is seated at his desk and a young man enters in great distress, being under conviction. The minister gives him instruction, using the scriptures from this lesson for those under deep conviction.

Next, let a young woman enter and she may be disturbed about having committed the unpardonable sin. The minister may help her and show her the way of salvation through the scripture given under this heading and so on until all excuses and inquiries have been answered.

Let this be well arranged and put on by those who are experienced and it will

be a very interesting and helpful lesson. Use special appropriate songs between acts. Let someone read Part Two in connection with this lesson. This will be a change from the usual lesson program and will increase the interest.

Use as many characters as you can to bring out the different thoughts in the lesson or use one character to bring out all the different thoughts.

### Those Under Deep Conviction

Isa. 53:6, All we like sheep have gone astray.

Isa. 55:1, Ho, everyone that thirsteth.

Rom. 5:6, Christ died for the ungodly.

John 3:16, For God so loved the world.

John 1:12, As many as received Him.

Isa. 1:18, Though your sins be as scarlet.

Rom. 5:8, While we were yet sinners.

### I Will Not Be Accepted

Luke 19:10, To seek and to save.

Isa. 43:25, Will not remember thy sins.

### I Fear I Have Committed the Unpardonable Sin

John 6:37, Him that cometh to me.

Rom. 10:13, Whosoever shall call.

2 Pet. 3:9, Not willing that any should perish.

### It Is too Late

Matt. 20:6-7, The eleventh hour.

### My Heart Is too Hard

Ezek. 36:26, 27, A new heart will I give thee.

### I Cannot Give Up My Sins

Gal. 6:7, 8, Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

John 8:36, If the son therefore shall make you free, ye are free indeed.

1 John 2:17, The world passeth away.

### I Am Afraid of Persecution

Matt. 5:10-12, Blessed are they.

Rom. 8:18, The sufferings of this present.

2 Tim. 2:12, If ye suffer with me.

### The Backslider

Hos. 14:4, I will heal their backsliding.

1 John 1:9, If we confess our sins.

Luke 15:20-24, Prodigal son.

### The Christian Life Is too Hard

Matt. 11:30, My yoke is easy.

Prov. 3:17, All her paths are peace.

Prov. 13:15, Way of transgressor is hard.

### I Shall Have to Give Up My Companions

Prov. 1:10-15, My son if sinners entice thee.

Psa. 1:1-2, The man that walketh.

Jas. 4:4, A friend of the world.

### I Couldn't Hold Out

1 Pet. 1:5, Kept by the power of God.

2 Tim. 1:12, He is able to keep.

1 Cor. 10:13, Not suffer you to be tempted.

Phil. 4:13, I can do all things through Christ.

### I Am Too Young

Luke 18:16, Suffer little children.

Eccl. 12:1, Remember now thy Creator.

## Part II

Miss Amy Carmichael tells the story of a waking dream she had. It was a dream of far away India where she had labored. One wakeful night she stood on a grassy sward and at her feet a precipice broke down into almost infinite space. She could see no bottom—only great shadow-shrouded hollows and unfathomable depth. She saw forms of people, moving in single file along the grass. They were making the edge of the precipice. There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another little child holding to her dress. She was on the very verge and she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step, it trod air; she was over and the children with her. And she cried as she went over. Then streams of people came from all quarters. All were blind, stoneblind; all made straight for the edge of the precipice. There were shrieks as they suddenly knew themselves falling and tossing up of helpless arms, catching, clutching of empty air. But some went over quietly and fell without a sound. Then she wondered with a wonder that was simply agony, why no one stopped them at the edge. She saw that along the edge at intervals sentries were set, but the intervals were far too great; there were wide unguarded gaps between and over these gaps the people fell in their blindness, unwarned, and the gulf yawned like the gulf of hell.

Then she saw like a little picture of peace, a group of people under some trees with their backs turned toward the gulf. They were making daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them, it disturbed them and they thought it a rather vulgar noise; and if one of their number started up and wanted to go to do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down. Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite call to go. You haven't your daisy chain yet. It would be really selfish of you to leave us to finish the work alone. Once a child caught at a tuft of grass that grew at the very brink of the gulf. It clung convulsively, and it called, but nobody seemed to hear. Then the roots of grass gave way, and with a cry the child went over, its two little hands still holding tight to the torn off bunch of grass. Then there came a sound like pain of a million broken hearts rung out in one full sob. Then thundered a voice, the voice of the Lord, and He said, What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. God forgive us. God arouse us. Shame us out of our lethargy. Shame us out of our sin of indifference.

Dr. Jowett said in his little book, A Passion for Souls, "As I look into my own



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heart, I marvel that I am within reach, but I am constantly praying that my own heart may be more deeply stirred and spiritually passionate." We can never heal the needs we do not feel. Tearless hearts can never be the heralds of the passion. We must pity if we would redeem, we must bleed if we would be the ministers of the saving blood.

Samuel Rutherford said in his prison days in his dumb Sundays in Aberdeen, "If I could speak to a few herd boys of my Lord, I would be content to be the meanest and most obscure of the pastors in the land."

Matthew Henry, the commentator, said, "I would think it greater happiness to myself to gain one soul to Christ, than mountains of gold and silver."

George Whitefield said, "I think I should die if God did not give me souls."

Joseph Alleins, (the author of *The Alarm to the Unconverted*), went from house to house seeking to win men to Christ. His biographer said of him that "He was infinitely and insatiably greedy for souls of men."

David Brainerd when he came to die, left this testimony. "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I passed through, so that I could gain souls for Christ. While I was asleep, I dreamed of such things! and when I waked, the first thing I thought of was this, of winning souls to Christ."

Duncan Matheson, the godly and much-used Scottish evangelist prayed, "O God, write eternity on my eyeballs." How little we know of this intensity today. Yet souls need as much saving today.—*Sel.*

#### Bible Lesson

Hazel Sloan

Topic: "THE CHRISTIAN LIFE"

#### Leader's Thoughts

"Christian" is a word meaning Christ-like or a follower of Christ. The name was first given to the disciples at Antioch, Acts 11:26. In order to live a Christian life or be a follower of Christ we must live according to the scriptures; holy, righteous, good, just, guiltless, sinless, spotless, obedient to God, subject to parents, meek, compassionate, forgiving, etc. We want to tell you a few ways how we may live a successful Christian life.

#### Begin Right

John 1:12 shows what a right beginning is. It is to receive Christ as a personal Savior who died for the sinner. Rest upon the fact that God had put the entire penalty of sin on Christ, 2 Cor. 5:21, "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." It is entirely the work of Christ that saves—no one's own works enter in. He not only saves from the guilt of sin, but from the power of sin. Rom. 6:4, 5, 7.

#### Study the Bible

1 Peter 2:2, "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby."

God's Word is the Christian's food. The new life is nourished by it. No one has ever backslidden who has fed upon the Word of God regularly. The Bible should be read and studied for one's own soul growth and also to enable one to intelligently witness for Christ.

#### Pray Always

1 Thess. 5:17, "Pray without ceasing." 1 Tim. 2:1, 8, "Prayer . . . for all men. I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." A life of prayer is absolutely essential to a Christian life. In order to do this there must be set times for prayer. David and Daniel prayed three times a day. The day should begin and end with prayer and thanksgiving. Three things should be prayed for:

1. Wisdom, James 1:5.
2. Strength, Isa. 40:31.
3. The guidance of the Holy Ghost, Luke 12:12.

#### Go to Work for Christ

Matt. 25:29, "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." The one who uses his talents, whether one, two or five will gain others. No Christian should be content to be idle. Seek some work for the Lord and do it faithfully.

#### Give Freely of Money

Prov. 11:25, "The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." 2 Cor. 9:6, "But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

#### Give Systematically

1 Cor. 16:1, 2. "Now concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come."

#### Press On—Don't Give Up

Phil. 3:13, 14, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Forget your sins which have been confessed.

1 John 1:9, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Forget our successes and achievements. Perfect manhood in Christ is the goal. Eph. 4:13, "Till we all come

in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

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By Esther Holland

Topic, "THREE TRAGEDIES OF EVERY-DAY LIFE"

#### Leader's Thoughts

##### A Lost Soul

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Matt. 16:26. These words of Jesus portray to us the great value He placed on a soul. The richest man that has ever lived gains only a very, very small portion of the world during his lifetime. Yet how many lose their souls for that which is of so little value even in this life. In Luke 16:19-31 we read the story of the rich man and Lazarus. The rich man had enjoyed all that the world could give him here in lifetime, but when he left this life, he was very, very poor; he lifted up his eyes in hell. All the riches of this life were of no profit to him after this life was over; he could take none of it with him and it did him no good after he had to leave this life. He was unwilling to yield his riches to God, and many others lose their souls because of their unwillingness to yield some other idol to God. The great tragedy of his condition is seen when we realize that his doom was sealed for eternity. There was no remedy for his condition after he left this world. It is possible that those who are concerned about their salvation may be lost because they never *do* anything with their concern. A young girl who belonged to a church in one of our northern cities realized she was not saved. She talked to her family about it, but they treated the affair very lightly, and assured her that of course she was all right. Then she took seriously ill, and before she died she said, "Yes, I'm dying, I'm going into eternity lost. And you folks are to blame. I knew I was unsaved and tried to tell you so, but you wouldn't listen." Oh, the tragedy of a lost soul! We should not be content to know we ourselves are saved. The tragedy of losing one's soul should stir us to give ourselves in trying to win others to Christ.

##### A Lost Life

A life that is given to Christ at the close of life is practically a lost life. We read in Luke 23:39-43 the story of the dying thief. When he repented he was saved there in his dying hour, but his life was a lost life. He had lived it all for the devil, and though he went out into eternity a redeemed soul, he had no opportunity to live a consecrated life for the Lord Jesus. How different was the young man, Timothy. Coming to Jesus in his youth, he could give his



whole life in glad return. How much Timothy was worth to the kingdom of God! Coming up under the teachings of the great Apostle Paul, he was taught and accepted the full gospel of grace and became a real soldier for Jesus, enduring the hardness of a soldier's life, and suffering imprisonment with Paul. But his life was fully consecrated to God and God used his life to be a blessing to many others. Once an old man about eighty years of age came to Christ. Later the minister who had led him to Christ noticed that he wept much during one of the services. As it closed he made his way to the troubled man and said, "What is the trouble?" "Oh," said the man, "it's wonderful to be saved, but think of the life I've wasted." He was ready to go to meet God so far as his soul was concerned, but he was going empty-handed. A life that is lived for the things of time is a lost life. A life may be lost, even though the soul may have been saved when one was young. Lost, because the person was content to be just saved, and made no more consecration than was necessary. How many people are willing to be Christians, but try to enjoy this world as much as possible, too. Many people fritter away hours that could be spent in prayer, personal work and Bible study. A life lived out of the will of God is largely a lost life. God has a plan and a purpose for every life. How tragic when one misses that will through just drifting into his life work, or when one refuses to follow the path he knows God has chosen for him! It is true that God will give His second best, and will meet a person in the consecration he makes after having missed God's highest, but such a life can never be what it might have been had one been fully yielded to God. Paul wanted to go into Asia to preach the gospel. It was God's will that he go to Europe. What if Paul had not chosen to do the will of God! He would have missed the wonderful ministry God gave him in Europe. A woman said this, "When I was just a girl God called me to be a missionary. But I came to love a young man who had no call. I gave up my call, and settled down in a happy home. But oh, how I now wish I had obeyed God's call." She knew her life had not counted for God as it would if she had moved in the will of God.

#### A Lost Reward

Suppose a gem worth thousands of dollars were given to you and you lost it. What chagrin would be yours! It was a gift and you were as well off afterwards as you were before it was given—but you could scarcely stand to think you had let something so valuable slip through your fingers. Yet every day we let opportunities to earn rewards, heavenly rewards, go by. We read in Daniel 12:3, "And they that be wise shall shine as the

brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Yet, many times we miss the opportunities God has given us to win souls. Bent upon the thing we want to do we often fail to even notice our chance until it is gone. Many rewards are missed through indifference. Faithlessness is another cause of losing our rewards. We read the story of the talents in Matt. 25:14-29, and find here that faithlessness caused the servant to miss his reward. We also find a similar story in Luke 19:11-26. Jesus said, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much." He intrusts unto us all that we will accept with faithfulness, but when we prove unfaithful to Him, in the tasks that He has assigned unto us, He will take away that task and give unto one who will be faithful, and that faithful one will reap the reward that we would have reaped had we been faithful. Every sacrifice we make for Jesus will bring a reward. He notices the little tasks, the little sacrifices. Rewards may be lost through doing things from a wrong motive. In the parable of the eleventh hour laborers we see how much the Lord appreciates service that is given without any thought of reward. Those who went out for a penny a day were given that for which they had agreed to work. But how lavish was He with those who went out content to take whatever He wished to give. They received for one hour's work as much as those who had worked all day. What made the difference in reward? The attitude of the laborers. Although the Lord does not owe us anything, yet it pleases Him to reward us from His bountiful storehouse when we serve Him with a heart full of love and are willing to sacrifice for His service.

#### Bible Lesson

By the Editor

#### Topic: "THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM"

Scripture lesson: Isa. 9:6, 7.

The world's first peace convention was in the Judean hills. It was there and then that men caught a vision of better things. Isaiah caught a vision and said, "And the government shall be upon his shoulders."

Let us hearken to the songs of the angels, borne on through the spaces of night, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men. Thrice glory to God in the highest, we sing, for Jesus was born on this day. The Word became flesh and did dwell among men, the life, the truth, and the way."

#### Mary's Consecration

Luke 1:38

The words "Behold the handmaid of the Lord" have always sounded like music to my ears. A beautiful young girl, perhaps in the very best standing in her

community, a girl admired by all because of her chaste and beautiful character, is now called upon to take the narrow way and be misunderstood by her friends and loved ones. How did she know but what Joseph would forsake her? Oh no, it mattered little to her, the Lord had called and she was saying, "Yes." "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."

#### No Room in the Inn

Luke 2:1-7

I am not sure that the majority of inns, hotels, restaurants, and cafes have, as a class, made any progress in the last two thousand years in making room for Christ.

Some American cities are full of hotels where a man can't spend a single evening without being immoral and paying the price for the same when he registers.

Often there is no room for Christ in man's intellect. The chief feature of the present day is the emphasis it places upon intelligence. No other age has ever idolized or deified intellect as has the present.

Have we made room for Christ in our social life? We believe that God made us social beings and a man or woman who is not socially inclined is terribly handicapped in the Lord's work. But we should always make room for Jesus wherever we go and do nothing that He could not sanction.

Have we made room for Christ in our reading? Do we read the books that Christ can use for the developing of our character? Have we made room for Christ in the home? One of the saddest places in all the world is a Christless home, where precious children are being reared without Christ.

#### The Shepherds

Luke 2:8-18

We have always believed that these shepherds were men who had studied the prophecies and had been looking for the Lord's first coming. Without a doubt there were many other shepherds keeping watch over their sheep that same night, whose ears were closed to the beautiful song the angel sang. Just so it will be when He comes the second time, only those who are expecting Him will hear the voice of the archangel and the sound of the trumpet of God.

#### The Wise Men

Matt. 2:1-11

The wise men were Chaldeans and had been star gazers from childhood. They had a passion for the study of the nightly heavens, and now by the aid of the stars they loved so well and on which they had meditated with such unwearied devotion they are brought to the feet of "The Babe of Bethlehem."

We believe also that these wise men had been watching for this star and were looking for His coming. God spoke to these different groups in different



ways according to the way He saw they could understand. The reckless world rushed on as usual, not knowing that the hope of all the ages slept in that manger bed.

#### Many Herods Today

Matt. 2:12-15

There are many Herods today who are trying to destroy the Babe of Bethlehem and say He was not divine, but some of us are not concerned about these Herods, only that we pity them and would help them if we could. We believe that as God brought Herod to naught He will bring these modern Herods to naught also.

#### God's Gift to Us

John 3:16

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

This is what God gave to us on that first Christmas morning. What more could you ask? What have you given for Him? Here is where our "Inner Circle" comes in. Can you sign the pledge?

*I gave my life for thee,  
My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might ransom me,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave, I gave my life for thee,  
What hast thou given for Me?*

Memorize a Bible verse containing the word, "gift."

#### Under Whose Wings

(Continued from page 3)

had sometimes done. They talked to her about the party, but evidently took it for granted that she was provided for and would be there with Mr. Levermore. One couple she was sure would have taken her if she had asked or even hinted at such a thing, but she could not bring herself to do so, at least not without some suggestion from them.

Day after day she waited and hoped and even prayed that some way would open for her to go, but the evening of the party came, a beautiful night, and she was still alone. She tried to read a while, then turned to her music, but it was no use. About half past eight, when she knew that happy crowd she so loved to be with was even now gathered together and she left out of it all, Hilda bade her parents good-night and, going to her room, dropped down on her knees beside her bed and cried as though her would break.

She was a sensible girl, however, and in the days that followed she thought herself through many things. She knew she had laid the right foundation, and that there was One who had promised and He would "satisfy the longing heart and fill the hungry soul with goodness," and "no good thing would he withhold from them that walk uprightly." She had sought first "the kingdom of God and his right-

eousness" and well she knew the promise that "all these things shall be added unto you." Why, then, was she not happy? She prayed for wisdom and guidance that she might solve this thing that to her seemed a puzzle.

In her Bible reading she had often been impressed and somewhat startled at the important place which was given to thankfulness, and the fact that unthankfulness was sometimes classed with other downright evils. Now it seemed to come to her like a flash of inspiration that one way to be happy in her natural everyday life would be to cultivate a spirit of thankfulness for little things. It seemed to come to her as a thought from God Himself, and a direct result of her prayers and Bible study. She saw that her desire for friends and companionship,—yes, for love and home and family of her own, was but right and natural and the highest earthly good that could come to her, if it was in God's will for her. But she saw many to whom it evidently was not given, and she knew only too well of the many, who to procure these desirable things, had sacrificed that close walk of fellowship with Christ that she felt was the all-important thing. She prayed that God would keep her from this and help her to find His own solution to her problem of how to be happy, naturally, normally, even though denied all those things which her heart naturally desired and longed for.

She did not lose sight of the fact that above all else she should seek to be filled always with that supernatural "Joy of the Lord," which neither the world nor anything in it could either give or take away. That was supernaturally a part of her heritage in Christ forever. Remembering her lesson in the grace of thankfulness, she would often lift her heart in profoundest gratitude to God for just Himself, for the salvation that was hers in Christ and which gave her promise of that endless life where she knew perfect, satisfying happiness would be hers for an endless eternity. She deliberately cultivated a thankful heart, and was blessed with a growing personal love for Christ her Saviour.

"But," she said to herself, "God has made us with a Godward side and also a manward side, I am young and my life is before me, and if it is to be of any use or blessing to others I must cultivate also the manward side." She began to look always for the best in those around her, and to lose no opportunity that offered itself to make or strengthen a friendship, especially with older people and with little children. She went to the superintendent of the Sunday School and offered her services as a substitute teacher in whatever place he chose to put her, and only regretted that her return to the city made a regular class an impossibility.

Another thing which she seemed to see with growing clearness through these days was the fact that so many in looking for the big pleasures in life overlook the thousand and one little rays of sunshine that God had put in their path to brighten their way, but they never saw them nor breathed a prayer of gratitude and love to Him in return.

When she started to look for them, she was surprised to find how many pleasant little things surrounded her common daily walk. The sunshine, or a wonderful sunset, the shy, sweet smile of a little child, the sight of a flower or bird, a letter, or an unexpected mark of affection or regard from someone, an amusing happening on the street, or even the funny antics of the little boy and his dog next door, were a few of the countless things ridiculously small in themselves and all of them but the pleasure of a moment, but she took them from that moment with a thought of gratitude to God, and added them to the sum total of the sunshine He meant to brighten and sweeten her life. Sensible, sunny and sweet, it began to be a usual thing for her pastor to ask her to call on some sick or shut-in one in his congregation. She did this whenever she could, and left a fragrance as of sunshine and flowers when she went away, while she herself always took from such a visit another cause for gratitude to God that she was young and her body straight and strong and well.

This was not all the work of a week or two, but began with a definite effort and gradually became a settled mental habit of her life, and to the end of her days she could never cease to be grateful to God for the few hard weeks out of which was gathered a lesson so valuable.

Just before returning to the city she gave a party to some of her friends. The evening was happily spent with games, music, conversation, and dainty refreshments. On this occasion she learned that Mr. Levermore had attended the big party with the girl she had seen riding with him in his new car. Hilda's friends were greatly surprised at this and at the absence of Hilda, who was always missed, particularly on account of her music, as well as her lively interest and friendliness. The girl had boasted that night that she had won Mr. Levermore away from Hilda Carroll. Hilda said nothing, but there were some who guessed the truth.

A few weeks later found her back in the big city boarding house. She had learned some precious lessons in contentment, but at times the old temptation to dissatisfaction with her lot would come over her. But she was learning by the grace of God to trust and to depend upon that joy that was not her own, and she was living a life of real victory, a blessing to those about her.

Then something happened. She came



home from work one night and there was a great square envelope in her mail, a valentine, old-fashioned and sweet, mailed in a far western town and addressed in writing somehow strangely familiar, yet unknown. There was no word of writing, but the legend on the card was full of meaning and it stirred her heart in an odd way. She did not know who sent it. Did she dare attempt to guess? No, it could not be, but who was it, and why was it sent to her? It had been forwarded from her home postoffice and reached her several days late, but it brought a vague, sweet joy. She took it to Jean and they talked it over, but the mystery remained.

#### A NEED CONFESSED

On a bright, sunny day in early June two men wended their way through the quiet, residential section of a pretty little suburban town in one of the middle western states. They had the appearance of prosperous business men enjoying a few hours of leisure and companionship together. While there was evidently a happy congeniality between the two, there was noticeable a marked deference of the young man toward the older, and a closer look at the face left it not to be wondered at. His keen, dark eyes were softened by a kindness of spirit, and every feature from his thick iron-gray hair to his firm square chin betokened gentleness and strength and a goodness and truth that would make any glad to call him friend.

But perhaps most eyes would rest with as much or greater pleasure on the young man. His tall, athletic frame, and fine, strong, yet almost boyish, face were good to look upon, and he seemed tingling with life and energy, the abundant health and vitality of a young man of clean habits and wholesome, well controlled life.

They were returning from Sunday School, these two, and it was not hard to surmise that they stood in relation of teacher and pupil. Mr. Rodman was teacher of the Young Men's Bible Class at the Green Avenue Church, and Warren Hethrington a popular member of the group that met week by week under his leadership. They were all fond of their teacher, who was as well a friend and confidant, a wise and loving counsellor on every problem of their lives.

"By the way, Warren, where are you going to spend your vacation this year?" As he spoke, Mr. Rodman glanced down at his Sunday School Times which he carried with his Bible on this particular Sunday.

"I do not know, Mr. Rodman. Had not thought very much about it yet, I guess. We've been awfully busy."

"All the more reason why you should take one, my boy," smiled the older man.

"I guess it is." Warren shrugged his shoulders, and added a moment later, "I only know that last year I decided to do something different this year. You know

for several years a bunch of us fellows have been taking a tent and camping out for several weeks near the foot of Iron Mountain. There was plenty of rest in the out-of-doors, good swimming and fishing, and some fine hikes we took. I enjoyed it, but there were some things about it I didn't like."

"Yes?" queried his companion.

"All the fellows were not,—well, what you would like, Mr. Rodman. It was not only the things they said and did, but after a week of it I began to wonder whether there was not some way to gain the rest and change without such a let-down on everything else."

"Warren, why don't you go to that Bible Conference at Keswick Grove, New Jersey? You remember I have spoken of it once or twice in class, and last year I met a couple of young fellows who had been there and they said it was great."

Warren gave his friend a keen, searching glance. "That's where they preach the victorious life, isn't it?" he asked.

Mr. Rodman laughed outright, then his face was quickly grave again. "You speak as though that name represented something only a shade less terrible than smallpox," he bantered. "What does that term mean to you, that you seem to look so askance at it?"

Warren grinned rather sheepishly. "To tell the truth, I really don't know. I only imagined that it meant something awfully religious."

"See here, Warren," the teacher laid his hand on the other's arm, "you know what success is in the business world, don't you? It is to accomplish the thing you propose to do, the thing that is best to be done, in the best and most efficient way. Is it easy? Have you found it easy?"

"Not very. I have worked pretty hard."

"But you have been very successful?"

"I am counted so," Warren answered modestly.

"Are you sorry?"

"Sorry? Why,—no. Why should I be?"

"It has cost you a good bit, hasn't it? Time, money, the surrender of every bit of your powers and talents, really all you have—you have put into making that growing concern of yours a success. Was it worth the price?"

"Mr. Rodman, I see you are driving at something, but I don't know what. You are catching me up somewhere. Sure, it's worth the price! I expect to enjoy it as long as I live, and I mean to keep it just as successful as it is now. Why, even if it were not for the future, all that it has cost me to get where I am now has been good for me all along the way."

"How long did you say you expected to enjoy it?"

"Why, I guess always, as long as I live."

"And then what?"

Warren made no answer.

"Warren, if success in the business world is a good thing, a happy thing, and greatly to be desired, is it inconceivable to you that success in the Christian life is desirable also?"

"No, sir, not when you put it that way."

"That is all the victorious life is. And the most wonderful thing of all is that the only Man who has ever lived a perfect life makes His success yours, His capital as it were, and guarantees your success through His power, not your own. It's a glorious partnership, lad. You would never turn it down on any other kind of a proposition."

His clear, low voice had a ring of earnestness, and his eyes kindled as he spoke. His hearer knew that his was a life in which Christ was the senior partner, and it was a success, in the finest sense of that term.

They walked a few moments in silence, then Warren spoke slowly, hesitantly, and with a note of wistfulness in his voice that went straight to the heart of this friend who loved him as a son.

"I know what you have told us from time to time about this Victorious Life Conference, and I have read about it in your Sunday School Times you have given me every now and then. I'll tell you," and he turned and looked straight into the sympathetic eyes, "there was a time when I would have jumped at the chance to attend such a conference. When I was a boy in my teens Christ was real, so real, to me, and I lived for Him and was so happy in His service."

"And He changed, did He?" all sympathy and honest concern.

Warren gave him a quick look. "You know He didn't, but I did."

"Oh, then He is just the same, just as worth while? What made you leave Him, boy?"

A hard, almost bitter, look came over the young man's face for an instant. "I lost Him in college," he replied in a low tone. "I didn't mean to. I don't know when they took Him from me. I believed what they taught me, I studied and believed Evolution. I was happy and thought I was gaining in wisdom and culture. I went to religious meetings and heard Him praised as a great man, a wonderful teacher, a model and pattern, our example, the Master. It was new and beautiful and wonderful to me. But I know now that the man they talked of was not my Savior and Lord. But, Mr. Rodman, the harm was done, and the Bible has never been the same to me since. I have even wondered if the joy and enthusiasm of those early years was not something of a delusion and boyish ignorance."

A look of unutterable sadness came over the older man's face, and he winced as though with sudden sharp pain. He



knew his friend was unconscious of the sore spot he had touched, for Mr. Rodman's own son had gone away to college with a bright belief in Christian things and had come home a confessed agnostic regarding all things spiritual. He had married soon after and gone to live in a distant state, and to all human appearances the persistent, agonizing prayers of his father were all that linked him to heaven now. It was this fact, and the hope of salvaging the faith of some other young man, that made this busy man of affairs give himself without stint to the young men in his class. He sent up a desperate, pleading prayer for wisdom now, and showing scarcely a trace of the depths to which his feeling was stirred, he tried to speak almost lightly:

"Warren, I wish you would go to this conference. I know something of what the meetings must be like, and I have heard some of the speakers and leaders. Christ is real,—the Christ of the Book. It is this new and modern 'Christ' you have taken that is unreal. Give the real Christ a chance to speak to you again, to manifest Himself to you. Seek the company of those who know Him, go where you are sure to hear only what is true of Him."

A few moments more they walked without a word, while one heart at least was lifted in earnest prayer.

"Do you know, I have a good notion to do it," Warren said finally. "I haven't been East for a long time. I could afford it this summer. I would like something new. And, Mr. Rodman," his voice a little unsteady, "since you have taken our class you have made me feel and know that there is a something to Christ, that spiritual things do count after all. I guess it is because we fellows like sin,—and our own way, that we are afraid to seek too much for the real Christ. But I do want to know Him better, as you know Him."

Was the throb of joy, as real as the pain had been, some foretaste of the reward God had in store for this faithful servant of His?

They had reached Mr. Rodman's home, and with a grip of the hand that left the other tingling long afterward, they separated.

A few days later they met again, and Warren was all interest to know everything that could be told him about the Keswick Conference. He had fully decided to go, if he could persuade his chum to accompany him. In glowing terms he described the beauty of this trip to his friend, who had never been East. He spoke of the boating and swimming they could enjoy, the change that such a trip would be to them both. Warily he touched on the spiritual side, but convinced his chum that the friends they would make there would be certain to be the kind of fellows—and nice girls too,—

that they would be glad to know. It would be a vacation trip of profit and pleasure to mind and spirit as well as body, and leave no bad aftertaste. They sent in their registration well before the time, and enjoyed the interval speculating as to what the whole thing was going to be like.

(To be continued)

### Bear Ye One Another's Burdens

(Continued from page 6)

to God. We cannot travel another's road or stand in his place.

Parents often try to do too much for their children, leaving only pleasure and recreation as the child's occupation. Children should be educated and disciplined to work out their own business salvation. The truest philanthropy helps others to carry their own burden, rather than seeking to relieve them of their load.

It is equally true that no one can assume for you your physical pain, mental troubles or deepest heartaches, any more than they can enjoy happiness in your place. Such privileges are your own personal property for the development of life and character. Burdens and crosses make strong shoulders and heroic Christians.

Paul's words, "Bear ye one another's burden," is not a contradiction to the command, "Let every man bear his own burden." Christian sympathy, financial aid, friendship and fellowship, all help to make the roadway of life plainer, safer and surer for the journey.

We may help keep our friend from wandering, stumbling or falling. How beautiful is life when we hear the gentle voice of a kind companion, whispering to our troubled heart, "Art thou weary? Art thou languid? Lean upon me; rest your aching head on my heart that your need may be fully supplied."

How like the voice of Jesus when He said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest. Cast thy burden upon me and I will sustain you." He is the great Burden-bearer for weary, sinful souls.

Sins are vaster burdens than sorrows; we should remember that the heavenly Father hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He will carry you and your load. He can relieve body and soul at the same moment, saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; take up thy bed and walk."

By prayer, sympathy and benevolence we can help bear the burdens of hundreds of millions of soldiers and civilians, suffering under the shadow of the monster Moloch of war.

"And so I know

That day is lost wherein I fail to lend  
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;

But if it show

A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,  
Then do I hold the golden hours well  
spent,

And lay me down to sleep in sweet content."

### CHRISTMAS EVE ON FOREST HEIGHTS

(Continued from page 10)

the men—Miles DeLong for one—would have come to meet me."

It was an hour later. That had been one of the hardest hours in Kathleen Graham's sheltered life. She breathed a sigh of relief, she must be near the turn that would bring the lighted house within her range of vision. The next moment the first sense of real fear came to the girl. She must be out of the road; twice the car went over some obstruction that jolted her terribly, and the last time there was a grinding, breaking noise. She stopped the car, then sent it ahead. The soft purring of the engine was changed into a guttural, rasping sound. Then the car stopped.

No effort of the trembling girl could start it. Again and again she tried, but with no success. Then, spreading on the snow a blanket from the back seat, she stepped down, a flashlight from an inner car pocket in her hand. It would do no good for her to lift the hood and peer into the intricacies of the machinery, but she could think of nothing else to do.

"And I must do something," she said aloud.

After her futile exploration of the machinery Kathleen waded far enough out into the snow to learn that she had indeed left the road.

Two small trees stood before her car and only a little distance from it. The snow was soft and already deep enough to clog her footsteps.

"What shall I do? I dare not leave the car and attempt to find the house. I've no idea in what direction it is." Then she bowed her head. "O Father above, help me! Guide me! Save me!"

She climbed back into the car, pulling off her wet overshoes, and wrapping herself in the robes and blankets. Then she put out her hand, to touch the car's horn. It responded.

"That and the lamps will last, last until someone comes," she murmured, summoning all her strength. "I've the flashlight, and I'll send out a call as loud and long as I can every ten minutes. Someone will come. If not—?" and she stopped, trying to shut from her mind the thought of what might be the result of the condition in which she found herself.

Late that afternoon Nora Lane left a farmhouse several miles from her home. She had ridden out from the city with the man and had eaten dinner with the family. Nora was on her way to spend Christmas at her own home. Strapped on her back was a light pack containing Christmas gifts for her family. She dismissed the woman's plea that she should



wait until morning with a laugh.

"Then John would not have his new books until tomorrow. We Lanes always have a Christmas tree, have it from our own woods. Somehow the night of our Lord's coming to earth as a babe means much to me, and I want to spend it with my own."

"It's snowing now, Nora," the farmer said.

"We never have snow enough to amount to anything here. And I know every inch of the way. Thanks for the ride and the dinner and the present for John. Merry Christmas to you all."

She went along easily. The increasing snowfall did not make her uneasy; she looked momentarily for it to lessen. When darkness veiled the land, the girl had to slacken her pace. "I never saw such snow, and it is not often as cold as this," she said to herself. "Let me see. This is Jim Carter's land, and it's fenced, I'll not wander from the road. Next comes the Graham woods, and no fence. I am glad I have a flashlight I bought for father a Christmas present, in my cloak pocket."

Occasionally she had to pause to rest. On reaching the woods she had to go slowly to make sure she was in the road. Once she slipped and fell. Her light escaped injury, and she sat in the snow a few minutes, thinking. Suddenly she arose, saying aloud:

"I'll follow the woods along to the opening, instead of taking the turn off for home. When I come to where I can see the lights on Forest Heights, the lights of the house by that name, I can strike a course across their ground to our line of woods. From there I will be able to see the lamp I know mother has in the window."

So it came about that just as she was on the edge of the grove she heard a car's horn. It came again and again. Nora stood still.

"Can that be someone calling for help? It must be a car's gone off the road and is stalled. How can I make them understand that they must keep it going to guide me to them?"

She waited until she had regained her breath, then began to sing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing." Her voice was sweet and strong, but untrained.

Kathleen Graham, shivering in the car, fighting a fear for her life, praying for courage and strength, heard the singing. She sat erect, putting aside the heavy woolen scarf she had wound around her head. From out of the blackness and the storm came the words of a loved Christmas hymn.

*"Hail, all ye nations rise, join the triumph of the skies;  
With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.  
Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn King."*

"I thank Thee, thou 'newborn King!'" Kathleen murmured. Then she put out her hand, and again the car's horn sounded.

Soon the two girls were clinging together. Each was telling her story, laughing, crying. Nora offered to go on to Forest Heights for help, but Kathleen would not let her go alone. They stumbled along in the darkness, hand in hand. Suddenly a cry broke from Kathleen's lips.

"See? See the lights of Forest Heights! I was so near, and they did not know. Have we the strength to go on?"

"We must have. Lean on me. God will help us."

They toiled on, their breath coming in gasps. To each it seemed as if the beating of her overworked heart must be heard by the other. It came to be only a resolute lifting of first one foot and then another. Further than that they dared not think. Slowly the great house seemed to come nearer. Shades were up; nearly every window was aglow. Within were shaded lamps, open fires, tables spread with savory food, kind faces, tender hearts, safety, Christmas cheer.

"And we must go on," Kathleen murmured.

At the foot of the steps leading up to the front door Nora slipped and went down. She was unable to rise or to restrain her moans of pain. For a moment Kathleen bent over her.

"You have saved my life, dear girl. Always we will be sisters, children of our heavenly Father."

She struggled on, to throw the door open and enter the hall, calling, "Daddy! Miles! Aunt Kate! She fell on the steps, she fell on the steps, the girl who saved me."

It was the next morning before Nora was fully aware of her surroundings. The older of the visiting DeLong brothers was a physician; he had bound the bruised and sprained ankle and administered a sedative. When Nora opened her eyes it was to find Kathleen bending over her.

"Everything is all right, Nora, dearest. The boys went down to your home, through the storm last night, to tell your folks you were safe. As soon as you have had breakfast they will have a car ready to take you home. Much as I would like to keep you with me, I know you want to spend Christmas with your own."

Nora smiled and turned her head to look from the window at her side. The earth was covered with snow and flooded with sunlight. Overhead the sky was of the deepest blue. As Kathleen bathed her guest's hands and face and helped her sit up in bed, the two talked eagerly. The telephone at Forest Heights was out of order. Alarmed at the threatening weather reports George Graham had sent into town, by some workmen returning there, a message to the garage where he had left

his car. This was to bid his children remain in the city until daybreak.

"For some reason it was not delivered. So my people were not uneasy about our coming, and they had no idea I would come alone. Your father thought you would not venture out from the home of your friends. Nora?"

"Yes, Miss Graham."

"Kathleen to you, now and always. Last night shook my father. He renounces all claim upon your father's farm. You Lanes shall have plenty of time to pay your debt and help to earn the money to do it. We will be neighbors, we two families."

"But you are rich and—"

"Don't say that. What does it matter? It's Christmas, dear one. We will open our hearts for the entering anew of Christ's spirit.

*"Life and light to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings."*

### Silver and Gold

(Continued from page 11)

the platform he picked up a little boy who had come up trustingly to meet him, and he held the child in his arms as he shook hands with his flock. The Senior Deacon said to the Chairman of the Board as the people were going out, "Well, we made no mistake. We may not have much money, but this minister is true gold." He spoke with real feeling, and one reason for it was the fact that the child in the minister's arms was the Senior Deacon's favorite grandchild.

When the morning offering was counted out on the communion table, the Chairman of the Board was visibly embarrassed. "Four dollars and seventeen cents," he said slowly. The new minister smiled. "It will buy gas for my car for two weeks. Of course I have to have a car to visit all my people, and I plan to see all of them and be of all the service I can between two Sundays." The Chairman did not say anything audibly, but inwardly he breathed a prayer of thanksgiving: "O Lord, I thank thee for a man, the man we needed."

The minister's wife pleased the farmers' wives. She had a very winning smile. She looked happy and she was.

When the minister and his wife went over to the little parsonage, they found a whole dinner on the front porch, in the shape of fresh vegetables and eggs and fruit; and that became a habit as the weeks went by.

The country church at Ferndale is very happy. The minister and his wife are tremendously interested in their parish work. They are doing all they can to help the farmers solve their great problems. But as he tells them, smiling, "We cannot reform this universe before breakfast." The climax to his ministry, in one sense, came a few weeks ago when one of



the boys' classes in the Sunday School managed by the sale of some of their own chickens and pigs to raise money enough to have a peace poster made, after hearing their minister tell the people that the World War was one of the chief causes of the farmers' troubles and the shortage of money.

The poster's been put up at the county seat at Smith Center, where it gets the interested attention of a stream of tourists. It is said that some of the members of the church who thought the Reverend Philip Strong was too old, when they hear of the remarkable ministry he is giving at Ferndale country church, begin to wonder whether they did not make a serious mistake in hinting that he was too old to be a pastor any more.

NOTE: This story is based on an actual fact that is true of one of the country churches in one of the middle states. It has been thought best not to use the places or the ministers, but they are a part of the religious map in America today. There is an unfortunate surplus of ministers in this country. If some of them would be willing to serve on the same conditions as the minister at Ferndale, might it not help solve a very perplexing and sorrowful problem for many ministers and churches?—*The New Century Leader*.

### Advice to Young People

(Continued from page 15)

comes the matter of prayer. The value of prayer should not be underestimated in this great matter. Through it you can definitely ascertain whether or not God is pleased about it. However, do not be like the boy called "Bill" who was praying for God to direct him in his love affair. He said, "Lord, I want you to show me which girl you'd have me marry, but let her name be Mary." You can receive just as clear impression as you have ever received about a matter like this. I have put God to test in my own life.

In this concluding paragraph let me give you dear young people ten commandments to observe if you want to have a happy marriage:

1. Marry for love but be sure you love that which is lovable.

2. Do not, by any means, marry those who have questionable characters. Dreadful diseases, immoral children, broken hearts and unhappy homes almost invariably follow such marriages.

3. Never consent to marry a person with a living companion. Although it is possible that he or she may be justifiable there are too many eligibles for you to take chances. Happy homes are few and far between that were made by such unions.

4. If you are a Christian seek a Christian companion. Do not be unequally yoked in matrimony. If you do you'll

gall the shoulders of your soul with the heavy load you have to carry.

5. While health is not absolutely important, yet it is best to consider this in making your final decision. A physical wreck for a companion is not much more desirable than a mental or spiritual wreck.

6. Never marry a total stranger. Yonder in some distant city a broken-hearted wife and mother may be trying to console her crying children while their slick-tongued daddy seeks to wreck your life.

7. Before you stand at the marriage altar above all things be sure your mind is settled. If some other man or woman haunts your life you are not yet ready for marriage. Put it off until all others fade into insignificance. Then, you can safely go ahead.

8. Acquaint yourself as much as possible with the forthcoming duties of marriage. Many young couples have been shipwrecked on the rocks of ignorance.

9. Never by any means marry a drinker or drunkard. (Vice-versa with the women as they drink too, in these modern days.) Gray-haired, wrinkled-faces, and broken-hearted mothers with haunting voices warn you from all ages of the folly of marrying a drunkard. Hungry children, needing clothes, bear record too, with needless suffering.

10. Last of all seek God's divine approval through prayer. His approval is better than that of your parents, pastors, or friends.

To you, dear young people, who are about to embark upon the good ship matrimony, do I dedicate this work of my heart, mind and hands in wishing you a long, happy voyage with "smooth sailing" all the way.

### The Garden of My Heart

(Continued from page 17)

my husband. He rebuked me and told me I should never repeat or believe anything until I knew for certain that it was so.

Well, after that my conscience began to hurt. I had to pray over talking so much and I determined I'd cut down my cactus as early as possible next morning. But when I went out into my garden I could hardly believe my eyes. The cactus plant was fully five feet tall! My, it did look so pretty to me. I was tempted to leave it stand and then I noticed the Rose of Sharon. It was beginning to droop and the leaves were faded. Just then two men passed by and saw the cactus and pointed and laughed. I just had to cut it down after that and I got stuck several times doing it. I didn't know what to do with it for it looked too pretty to burn or destroy, so I laid my cactus plant, the Tongue, carefully on the ash can for it was collection day. The next day I received a note from the

ash man that read, "Please keep your garbage out of the ash can." I was ashamed and went immediately to pray for forgiveness and I received a determination then to keep the ugly cactus trimmed every day and since then I haven't had much trouble with it.

Not long ago I heard a man say to Brother Hughes, our pastor, "I have planted my garden and it is growing good, but I have an awful lot of trouble with crab grass coming up. I pull it up in the morning and it looks fairly clean but by the time I get angry two or three times a day, by the time I get through overcoming the desires for worldly pleasures, and by the time I do a dozen other things I shouldn't do, but can't seem to help, the crab grass is as thick as ever. Then there are old dry leaves and sticks that blow in some way. It makes the garden look bad."

Brother Hughes answered and said, "That crab grass is inbred sin and you need to be sanctified in order to get rid of it. You can just keep pulling at that tough grass but you won't be able to get it out. Jesus, through His suffering and His blood, is the only one who can take care of it."

The man knelt at the altar and prayed for the Lord to sanctify him and when he arose I looked at his garden. Every trace of the old crab grass was gone and you should have seen how happy that man was. Later I heard Brother Hughes say to him, "Now, about those leaves and sticks which blow around over your garden. These are called hindrances. You've got to keep your life clean, live holy, keep your thoughts clean, and keep your garden clean of these leaves and sticks called hindrances."

About a week later this same brother came to Brother Hughes and said, "I'm keeping my garden clean but I have a hard time keeping the dogs from running across it. I can't watch for them all the time and it is a hard matter to keep them chased away. There are three that give me more trouble than the others. I heard a woman call them the other day and they have the queerest names. They are called Doubt, Fear, and Lonely. I need something to help keep them out. Can you tell me what I need?"

Then Brother Hughes said, "Brother, you need the Holy Ghost. He will bring comfort, give you power, and furnish protection."

The man knelt again and prayed and because he had swept out all the leaves and sticks of hindrances, God filled him with the Holy Ghost and as proof of it the man spoke with tongues. He was about the happiest man I ever saw. After he stopped shouting, I looked again at his garden and it was completely surrounded by a beautiful, heavy, green

(Continued on page 33)



# 50,000 CIRCULATION IN 1940

## Here Are Our Prizes for B. T. S. Students

**FIRST PRIZE** A full year's expense to Bible Training School at Sevierville, Tenn.; that is, board, room and tuition for the one securing the most yearly subscriptions.

**SECOND PRIZE** Tuition for one year in Bible School for the student securing the second largest number of subscribers. Subscription price, \$1.00 each.

### Contest Begins with This Issue and Closes Just Before the Assembly in 1940

Send in your name and address and we will publish it and will give anyone the privilege to vote for you by sending in his subscription. A subscription will count one vote if sent in your name.

Every subscription will count for your state. One for each month of the year, that is, according to the month the subscription is sent in. If in November, it will count eleven in your state contest. If in December, it will count ten; January, nine, and so on, throughout the year. So if you want to work for your state, begin now and make your work increase the state circulation and win your Bible School scholarship also.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE

Please send in your order for extra papers by the first of the month as we do not want to run short of papers, nor do we want to have an oversupply.

We now have an oversupply of August, the birthday issue, and the October issue, the Assembly number, which we will sell at three cents (3c) each while they last. These special issues would be especially good to start your work off with. The November issue, with its splendid picture of your General Overseer and family, will be advertisement for your church and will help build up your work. We are getting letters from our young people saying, "We are going to help you go over the top this year." We are proud of these faithful ones. Our state Y.P.E. superintendents are starting off with vim. Let us all lift our hands and say, "Praise God," together.

Yours for a great year in the service of the king.—

### TO STATE SUPERINTENDENTS AND Y.P.E.'s EVERYWHERE

The price of our paper has not been changed. The first three rolls will cost you \$1.00 per roll. After you have sold three rolls each month, you may have all you can sell at 5c each.

Our reason for charging more for the first three rolls is that we do not give the reduction in price until you have sold at least three rolls.

We will still give \$5.00 to the Y.P.E. or individual selling the most papers each month.

If you are building a new church you can find no better way to raise money than this.

Do you want to buy a new piano or repair or beautify your church in any way? If so, here is your chance.

A certain minister said to me at the Assembly, "It would be easy for one to make a living at selling this paper," and he is right, if you go at it in the right way. Establish a route and go over the same ground each month. You will soon have a regular business. Put it in the business offices in your city.

### ADVERTISING YOUR CHURCH SERVICES

We have made arrangements to use your church announcements on the back cover of any number you may order and as you scatter the paper you will be advertising your church.

This page can carry the picture of your church or the pastor's picture and your monthly program of services. Each month they can be changed or left the same, as you desire. You may order any number with your own announcements. All orders must come to us by the first of the month if you are to have the back page.

The only charge for this will be \$3.00 for setting the type.—Editor.

### RULES FOR AWARDING THE NATIONAL Y.P.E. BANNER

I have discussed with a number of our brethren the rules relative to the contest. Brother R. P. Johnson has also helped me considerably in this matter, and we have formulated the rules, which in our opinion, will be fair to all the states. We appreciate also the suggestions and assistance of others in this matter, and trust that this contest will be the greatest and best we have ever had.

We offer this eight-point contest, which is as follows:

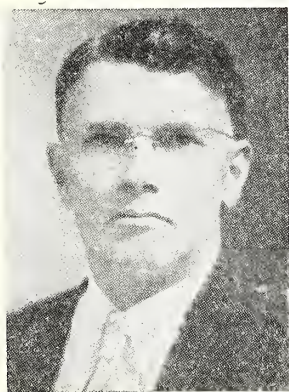
1. Largest average Y.P.E. attendance in proportion to church membership.
2. Largest gain in attendance over the previous year.
3. Greatest number of Y.P.E.'s organized this Assembly year.
4. Largest number of Young People's Endeavors, according to the number of churches.
5. Largest circulation of Lighted Pathway in state in proportion to church membership.
6. Largest Lighted Pathway circulation.
7. Highest percentage of prompt monthly reporting to state superintendent.
8. Highest percentage of district conventions.

—J. H. Walker, General Overseer.





This is a group of people from the Princeton district of Princeton, W. Va.—T. J. Meade, district overseer.



REV. E. L. SIMMONS

Editor, The Church of God Evangel

Every member of The Church of God should have this paper in your home. It is the official organ of The Church of God, and is filled with good articles and information from our workers on the field. You should know what your Church is doing. Price \$1.00 a year.

### The Mysterious Envelope

(Continued from page 20)

"It must have been a night just like this when Christ was born—don't you think—with the hills all diamond-studded, maybe, and feathery crystals dropping softly down upon the moonlit vales?

"Here's a little song I used to sing in those sweet days gone by; shall I sing it for you now?"

And before Rodney could reply Carole's sweet voice was ringing out as they sailed along:

*"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,*

*All seated on the ground—"*

"Carole stop!" Rodney demanded. "I thought you were a fraternity girl, and didn't believe in those ancient ballads any more."

"What? Not believe in the Christmas story? Why, indeed I do, Rod. All the girls up there believe in them—in Christmas, I mean. They're making and buying all kinds of gifts for one another. I think though, they have almost forgotten the Christ-Child Himself, and what His coming meant to the world. I had, that is, just about. But today I received a letter from Mother and this lovely Bible for a gift. I brought it along to show you, Rod.

"And really, dear, I am beginning to feel I'd like to come back to Mother's way. Shall I finish the song I was just singing for you?"

"You shall get that Bible out of its box and read through the Book of Luke till you find that verse for me that Dad read tonight,—about somebody getting 'left,'—if you want to save me from distraction.

"If this thing is real,—and Dad almost made me believe it all over again tonight,—I'm not going to be such a fool as to pass it up. Look here."

He showed her the ominous looking envelope and tried to rehearse all his father's words.

"Tell me, Carole, do you honestly believe all this?"

"Of course, I do, Rodney. I have always. But I had just gotten cold and drifted into a careless and indifferent mood."

They had now reached the river, and by the aid of a flashlight Carole found the text Rodney wanted. She then read to him the story of the five wise virgins—and the terrible fate of the five foolish ones.

"I'd hate to be one of the five who had no oil and had to be left outside, Rodney, wouldn't you?"

"I feel I really would, Carole. I'd like once more to have some of that 'oil' you were reading about and get my lamp

ready to light if the Bridegroom should call for me."

The hour was late.

The minister and his wife sat side by side before the grate, watching the Yuletide logs burn low, each breathing a fervent prayer for the return to the Shepherd's fold of the one who had gone astray.

A car rumbled into the driveway.

Leaving Carole to find her own way, Rodney flung the door wide open and caught his father in his arms.

"Here, Dad," Rodney said, handing him the long envelope, "you may make out your papers to somebody else. Carole and I want to go along when you and Mother go. Thanks just the same for your gift,—but we have decided to seek the real gift,—God's own Son, and have come to ask for your prayers."

And the carolers' song rang sweetly through the star-gemmed night, and was wafted softly into the room where tears of contrite sinners fell.—*Gospel Gleaners.*

### The Garden of My Heart

(Continued from page 31)

hedge. And did his garden look beautiful! It was just what his garden needed. All the plants on the inside were protected and what a comfort it was to that brother to know his Rose of Sharon was safe.

All Holy-Ghost-filled Christian gardens are like this brother's. Yesterday I heard two sinner men talking and one said, "Did you ever notice those Church of God folks' gardens? They must be proud of them because everyone plants his garden in the front yard where everybody can see it. Every time I see a garden in the front yard, I always say, 'They belong to the Church of God.'"

There is a way that the garden of our heart is watered to make the plants grow and that is by prayer. Prayer is absolutely essential to keep your garden from drying up. The more you pray the more the plants will flourish and grow and the happier you will be. There are times when your brothers and sisters become discouraged and have trials and tests. They don't pray and water their gardens as they should and the plants begin to wilt and the ground begins to dry up. When we see this, it is the time all the rest of us must start praying for that person's garden and get the rain to fall on it until they themselves have overcome and can water their own garden.

There are different plants that people themselves can plant in their gardens. There are a few plants I've noticed lately in people's gardens that have been cultivated more than most people's.

In Brother Massey's garden there is a plant called Humbleness. I can't seem to make that plant grow very much in my garden. It's because I don't water that



plant enough with prayers.

Sister Bruce has a beautiful plant called Godliness and another called Encouraging Words.

Sister Weaver and Sister Johnson have wonderful plants of Prayer. In my husband's garden there is an outstanding plant called Steadfastness.

Sometimes God waters our gardens by pouring out showers of blessings. Then is when people feel so happy and glad that they shout and dance for joy. All gardens should be level so that when God does pour out His showers, that garden can be blessed and some can run off onto other gardens.

Most of you know how badly I want to shout and never get to. Well, I've just discovered the reason I can't. Maybe you have the same trouble. The other day I was looking at my garden and instead of being level, it all sinks toward the center. When showers fall they never do the plants any good but it all runs to the center.

I went to Brother Weaver and said, "Do you know where I could get some good soil to fill in my garden and make it level?"

He said, "Yes, I found some of the very best you can get. Just lately I prayed to God and received some. The soil you need is Consecration."

I said, "I've noticed your garden keeps looking better all the time. I'll need at least three or four loads for mine."

As I started to leave he said, "After you get the soil of Consecration you will need some sod to keep the moisture from drying out. Ask for the grade of sod called Work."

I thanked him and went home and prayed and I received a load of soil and when you see me shout you will know I have my garden leveled off with Consecration and sodded down with Work just right.

Maybe some of the rest of you need to fix your gardens this way, too.

The reason we need to care for our gardens and keep every plant fresh and green is because the Lord is coming soon to reap each garden that is ready. He will not take any except those that have met every requirement.

The harvesting of the Lord will be a great day. Those of you who have never planted a garden should start now to get ready for that day. Those who have the Rose of Sharon blooming in their hearts prepare now to make that garden more nearly perfect and beautiful.

Let us all be ready to go with Jesus when He comes.

### A Letter From India

(Continued from page 12)

About one hundred were present, about one-fourth of them Hindus, one-half other church members and one-fourth

our people. Then we went to a good-sized stream for baptism where eight were baptized. So this makes two new churches since we came from the Hills on June first.

Sunday after next we're going to another new place, where a worker has been for some time and has a new work started. So we are so glad God is blessing. We are very busy, but glad of it. Sister Cook asked what she should tell our people. We said, "Tell them we are all well, happy, and doing our best, and we are glad for these privileges."

### Mabel Foster

Greenville, S. C. is the happy winner of the cash prize of \$5.00 this month for selling the most papers and having the money in on time.

### Honor Roll

S. T. Stalcup, Honea Path, S. C.  
Mrs. Rosa Bell Cassell, Ninety Six, S. C.  
Lois Goff, Greenwood, S. C.  
L. G. Levearett, Langley, S. C.  
Willie Bowman, W. Durham, N. C.  
Elnora Dalehite, W. Durham, N. C.

### "The Unbroken Circle"

Order this splendid play at once and put it on at your Y. P. E. It is very impressive and may be the means of the salvation of souls. This is very easy to put on. Price 25c.

### "Home Scenes"

Send for your copy of the new play, "Home Scenes," and use it in your church. It will make a more lasting impression on the minds of your people than a dozen sermons on "The Home," will make. Price, 25c.

### PROGRAM BOOK JUST OFF THE PRESS

Here is some very important news. We have compiled a book of plays that we know you are going to want. This book contains two splendid Christmas plays, one is "The Birth of Christ." The other, "The Mysterious Christmas Envelope," a very touching play on the coming of Christ.

"A Search in Vain," the pageant which was given on Young People's night at the Assembly.

"A New Year's Play" and service for the whole evening on watch night. Very impressive and inspirational. Send for your copy now. Price 25c.

### NEW GIDEONS

William E. Stone, Mechanicsburg, Pa.  
Melvin Strong, Lepanto, Ark.  
Waymon Hendrix, Woodruff, S. C.  
Mrs. J. E. Sosebee, Blackstock, S. C.  
Noami Corley, Murphy, Okla.  
E. H. Brock, Burkburnett, Texas  
Vaniel Patterson, Alcoa, Tenn.  
Ethel Lee Dowdy, Princeton, W. Va.  
Inez Lovelace, Ripley, Tenn.  
Guss Wilkerson, Fyffe, Ala.

Walter Raffield, Old Fort, N. C.  
Morris Moss, Hayesville, N. C.  
Mrs. Denson Pate, Boaz, Ala.  
Mrs. L. W. Brown, Olney, Ill.  
Mrs. Sophie Green, Shawnee, Okla.  
Floy Kendrick, Kentwood, La.  
Darline Huffstutler, Lacoochee, Fla.  
Virginia Maguire, Grand Ledge, Mich.  
Mrs. Ada Anderson, Bonifay, Fla.  
Ivy Cantrell, McDonald, Tenn.  
H. M. Hunt, Zellwood, Fla.  
Marie Hewitt, Mayo, Fla.  
Florine Petty, White Hall, Ga.  
Harold Henry, Little Rock, Ark.  
Beatrice Lyle, Greenville, Tenn.  
Gladys Boyd, Cantwell, Mo.  
Lucy Dulaney, Oak Hill, Ohio  
Mrs. R. P. Cook, Austinville, Va.  
Herbert Stone, Bonny Blue, Va.  
Nora Railey, Lancaster, S. C.  
Vernon Ballard, Hot Springs, N. Mex.  
Mrs. Thelma Atkinson, Shannon, Ga.  
E. E. McNeely, Hickory, N. C.  
Mabel Foster, Greenville, S. C.  
Lottie Rosenbalsy, Abingdon, Va.  
Austin Jones, Lavonia, Ga.  
Mrs. Lyle Jackson, Paris, Mich.  
Vessie D. Hargrave, Simms, Texas  
Mrs. Earl Mounts, Vulcan, W. Va.  
D. G. Kitchen, Birmingham, Ala.  
Carl Henry, Clayton, Ga.  
Ed. Griggs, Leoma, Tenn.  
Margaret Cooper, Lakeland, Fla.  
Mary McElroy, Heflin, Ala.  
Virginia Bennett, Lockhart, S. C.  
Carl Wolfe, Decatur, Ala.  
Mrs. Alice Mae Kirkland, Starke, Fla.  
O'Neal Hughes, Haines City, Fla.  
Mrs. E. L. Mitchell, Bisbee, Ariz.  
Jason Austin, Rhodhiss, N. C.  
Mrs. Rosia Martin, Forrest City, Ark.  
Ethelyn Boatwright, Waycross, Ga.  
Mrs. O. B. Garner, Starkey, Va.  
Mrs. M. H. Lamb, Jonesville, N. C.  
Nora Lee Jones, Brilliant, Ala.  
Frances Shelton, Gainesville, Ga.  
Mrs. John A. Nelson, Anadarko, Okla.  
Mrs. Ernest Ammons, Pemberton, Ohio  
Effie Mae Boyd, Monclo, W. Va.  
Miss Elsie Mae Jenkins, Mount Union, Pa.  
Miss Maida Yates, Pierson, Fla.  
Pauline Gibson, Pratt City, Ala.  
Lucille Jackson, West Monroe, La.  
Mildred Dubley, Patterson, Ga.  
Dephene McCraw, Galax, Va.  
Rebecca R. Crowley, Chincoteague, Va.  
J. J. Dees, Winter Haven, Fla.  
Harold B. Jackson, Blackshear, Ga.  
Mrs. S. M. Miller, Iron City, Ga.  
Pauline Howerton, Lamar, W. Va.  
Mrs. Joe Campbell, Jasonville, Ind.  
Mrs. H. A. Anderson, Ensley, Ala.  
Garmon Smith, Empire, Ala.  
Leo Hollifield, Candler, N. C.  
Joseph Daniel, Cairo, Ga.  
Cecil B. Bellamy, Alabama City, Ala.  
Helen Walker, Shelby, N. C.  
C. L. Smith, High Shoals, N. C.  
Jewel Ginn, Iva, S. C.  
Gladis Parker, Dunn, N. C.  
Mrs. Luna Ott, Selma, Ala.  
Jewel Parker, Sebring, Fla.  
Mrs. Clara Stowers, Baldwin Park, Calif.  
Mrs. Burel Ridge, Paxton, Ind.  
Mrs. Margaret Hamilton, Knoxville, Tenn.  
Helda Weber, Bismarck, N. Dak.  
Juanita Mumpower, Bristol, Va.  
Mrs. Vanda Hicks, Lenoir, N. C.  
Jess Millwood, Woodstock, Ga.

## THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

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uplift of our young people  
everywhere

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# Glints of Knowledge

By REV. WILLIAM E. HARRISON

## Catholic Claims Are An Absurd Invention

Protestants need to be no more disturbed about the extravagant claims of the Catholic church as to the great numbers within her fold than the world is about the propaganda of Hitler.

The supposed 400,000,000 Roman Catholics in the world no more exist than does divinity in Father Divine, the negro who claims to be God in New York. It has recently been published that France has 40,000,000 Catholics. The British Weekly of March 9, 1939 says (p. 415) France has a population of 41,000,000; of these some 30,000,000 have no connection with the church. The presidents of France have made similar statements.

Brazil has 47,000,000 inhabitants, and the Catholic claim ninety-five per cent of them. But President Getulio Vargas utterly ridiculed the idea in a speech made when senator. He says that not even a large fraction of that number are Roman Catholics in either faith or practice.

If Charles A. Lindbergh's father in the last war was driven out of public life and his political career ended because of his alleged pro-German proclivities, will not America today slam the door of political opportunity in the face of his pro-Nazi son?

When Hitler is through administering his, "Most frightful blood bath in history," America may not be found offering political preferment to pro-Nazi youth.

I have never entertained fears that America would go communistic. Their record of achievements in this country has no terrors for me now. America is simply not communistic soil. They are not communists now but only modified leftists. They have never elected a man to high office in America. They have few members and less money. They have 75,000 members enrolled. In their last May Day parade in New York they expected 300,000 but mustered only 43,000.

Their present slogan is peace and democracy and they sing the Star Spangled Banner along with the international. They have changed their clothes but the wolf is still in hiding.

For the present, Hitler and Stalin have the upper hand; they have gotten out of control. But it is not too late to stop them in their mad reach after dominion. Could we but see it we have common

cause with France and Britain. If ever in the history of man there was a time to get together to face a common foe and reach a common salvation, that time is now. If some great leader might arise to bring the Allies, and Sweden, Norway, Finland, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the Balkans, Africa, Asia, Australia, North and South America—all of them equally and eventually menaced by this new revolution of nihilism—if he could bring them to union now, the problem would be solved and the world saved.—*A. B. McCormick.*

The Allies have a naval advantage over Germany of four or five to one. In early days they lost two capital ships. In the first World War Great Britain lost thirteen battleships and three battle cruisers, but not one capital ship went down before a U-boat.

Until November Germany has lost 20 U-boats in this war, which is one-fifth of their under sea fleet.

During October the Italian press came out with savage attacks on Russia and all its marks. This typical editorial appeared:

"We are born anti-Communists, and we intend to remain so. Not a grain of esteem, not an ounce of sympathy, for the Bolsheviki! For us they are and will be tragic buffoons, professional magicians, models of gross bestiality, living monsters at the service of the maddest and most infamous undertaking of insolence, cruelty and human degradation that universal history records."—*Selected.*

After a survey of Alabama marriages, the State Department of Health reported: 1. Eleven men past eighty and seventy-four girls fourteen years old or under were wed last year. 2. One octogenarian married a girl nineteen, another a woman of twenty-one. 3. With one-fourth of all women in Alabama getting married, 7,097 of the 1938 brides were eighteen years of age or under.—*The Pathfinder.*

## Jews in Germany

The census figures show that of the 650,000 Jews in Germany in 1933, only 300,000 remain free in the Reich. 200,000 have emigrated, 300,000 are detained in prisons and concentrations camps, 20,000 have committed suicide, 8,000 have been murdered by the Nazis, and 90,000 have died a natural death.—*The Gospel Minister.*

The nation's tax bill for 1938-1939, the American Newspaper Publishers' As-

sociation informs us, will approximate \$14,000,000,000, or \$110 for every citizen in it. Some colossus! But, walking by his side, is one that outtowers him. The cost of crime, according to Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, will be over \$15,000,000,000. How long can Uncle Sam carry both of these big boys without breaking his shoulders?—*Baptist Standard.*

While meeting the expense of the present war it might not be amiss to think of the cost of the last war. Let us hear Rev. A. B. McCormick on the subject:

Killed and died, 8,538,315; wounded, 21,219,452; prisoners and missing, 7,750,919; total casualties, 57 per cent of the total mobilized forces. Total money cost, \$300,000,000,000. It wiped out the Hohenzollern, Hapsburg and Romanoff dynasties, turned Russia Bolshevist, spread communism over the earth, gave the world Hitler and Mussolini, bankrupted nations, changed the boundary line of twenty-six nations, made unemployment the major world problem, drove the world off the gold standard and filled the whole earth with the poison of hatred and fear.

Julius H. Seebach, in the Lutheran says: The influx of Chinese students into American colleges casts an illuminating light upon the temper and patience of their nation in this time of trial. The number of students has been increased by 2,338 (8%) during the last year. The courses pursued are significant. Engineering claims one-fifth of all the students, twice the number enrolled in the liberal arts and educational courses. There is also a steadily increasing number taking courses in the medical sciences and agriculture. Evidently the emerging generation intends to develop and conserve the resources of their nation for itself when the kind of peace they want has come at last.

In Illinois there are now 728 dry areas. Of these, 204 are cities, towns, and villages and 524 are townships.

*The Youth World* states that the most densely populated place in the world is Monaco, where Monte Carlo, the great gaming resort, is located. There are 7,500 per living on each square mile of this tiny country. Australia is the most sparsely populated country with 1.84 persons to a square mile. In the United States the population is 35.5 to a square mile.



# Annie's and Willie's Prayer

By Sophia P. Snow

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,  
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;  
There were tears on their pillows and tears in their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;  
For tonight their stern father's command had been given  
That they should retire precisely at seven—  
Instead of eight—for they troubled him more  
With questions unheard-of than ever before.

He told them he thought this delusion a sin—  
No such person as "Santa Claus" ever been,  
And he hoped, after this, he should nevermore hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.  
And this was the reason that two little heads  
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.  
Eight, nine, and the clock in the steeple tolled ten.  
Not a word had been spoken by either till then.

When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,  
As he whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fas' asleep?"  
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;  
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,  
For somehow it makes me so sorry because  
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus.  
Now we know there is and it can't be denied,  
For he came every year before mama died.

"But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray  
And God would hear everything mama would say.  
And maybe she asked him to send Santa Claus here,  
With the pack full of presents he 'brought every year."

"Well, why tan't we pray dust as mama did, den,  
And ask God to send him with presents aden?"  
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more

Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,  
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,  
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.  
"Now, Willie, you know that we must firmly believe  
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;  
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'  
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,  
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.

"I want a wax dolly, a tea set and ring,  
And an ebony workbox that shuts with a spring.  
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see  
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he.  
Don't let him get fretful and angry again  
At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."  
"Please, Deesus, let Santa Taus tum down tonight  
And bring us some presents before it is light;

"I want he should div me a nice 'ittle s'ed,  
With bright shinin' 'unners and all painted red:  
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy.  
Amen, and den, Deesus, I'll be a dood boy."  
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads  
And, with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.

They were soon lost in slumber; both peaceful and deep,  
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.  
Eight, nine, and the little French clock struck ten  
Ere the father had thought of his children again.  
He seemed now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,

And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.  
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,  
"And should not have sent them so early to bed.  
But then, I was troubled, my feelings found vent,  
For bank stock today had gone down ten per cent;  
"But, of course, they've forgotten their troubles ere this,

And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;  
And just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,  
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."  
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,  
And arrived at the door, to hear both of their prayers,  
His Annie's "bless papa" drew forth the big tears,  
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.

"Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh,  
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh,

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,  
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."  
Then, turning to the stairs, he softly went down,  
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,  
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,  
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet!

Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,  
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring!  
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store  
That the various presents outnumbered a score.  
Then homeward he turned, his holiday load,  
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.  
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,  
By the side of a table spread out for her tea.

A workbox well filled in the center was laid,  
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;  
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,  
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red."  
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,

And birds of all colors were perched in a tree;  
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,  
As if getting ready more presents to drop.

And, as the fond father the picture surveyed,  
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;  
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,  
"I'm happier than I've been for a year,  
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before—  
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent more.  
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,  
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,  
And, tripping downstairs, he retired for the night.  
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun  
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,  
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,  
And at the same moment the presents espied;  
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,  
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.

They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,  
And shouted for papa to come quick and see  
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night  
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light.

"And, now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,  
"You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus' papa, I know."  
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,  
Determined no secret between them should be,

And told in soft whispers how Annie had said,  
That their dear blessed mama, so long ago dead,  
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,  
And that God, up in heaven, had answered her prayer.

"Den we dot up and prayed, dust as well as we tood,  
And Dod answered our prayers; now, wasn't He dood?"

"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,  
And knew just what presents my children would please.

(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf;  
"Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.)"  
Blind father. Who caused your stern heart to relent,  
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?  
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs,  
And made you His agent to answer their prayer.











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